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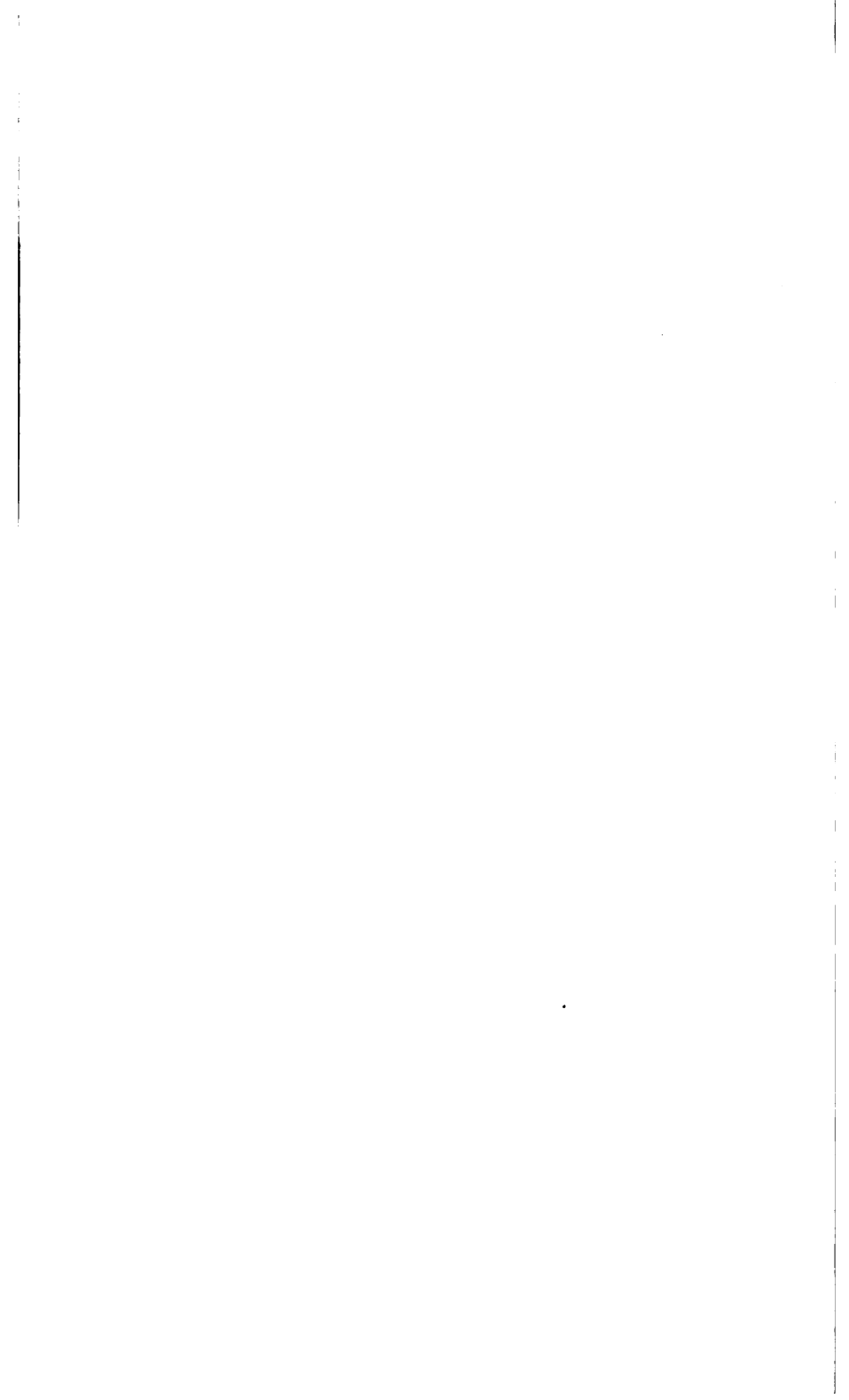


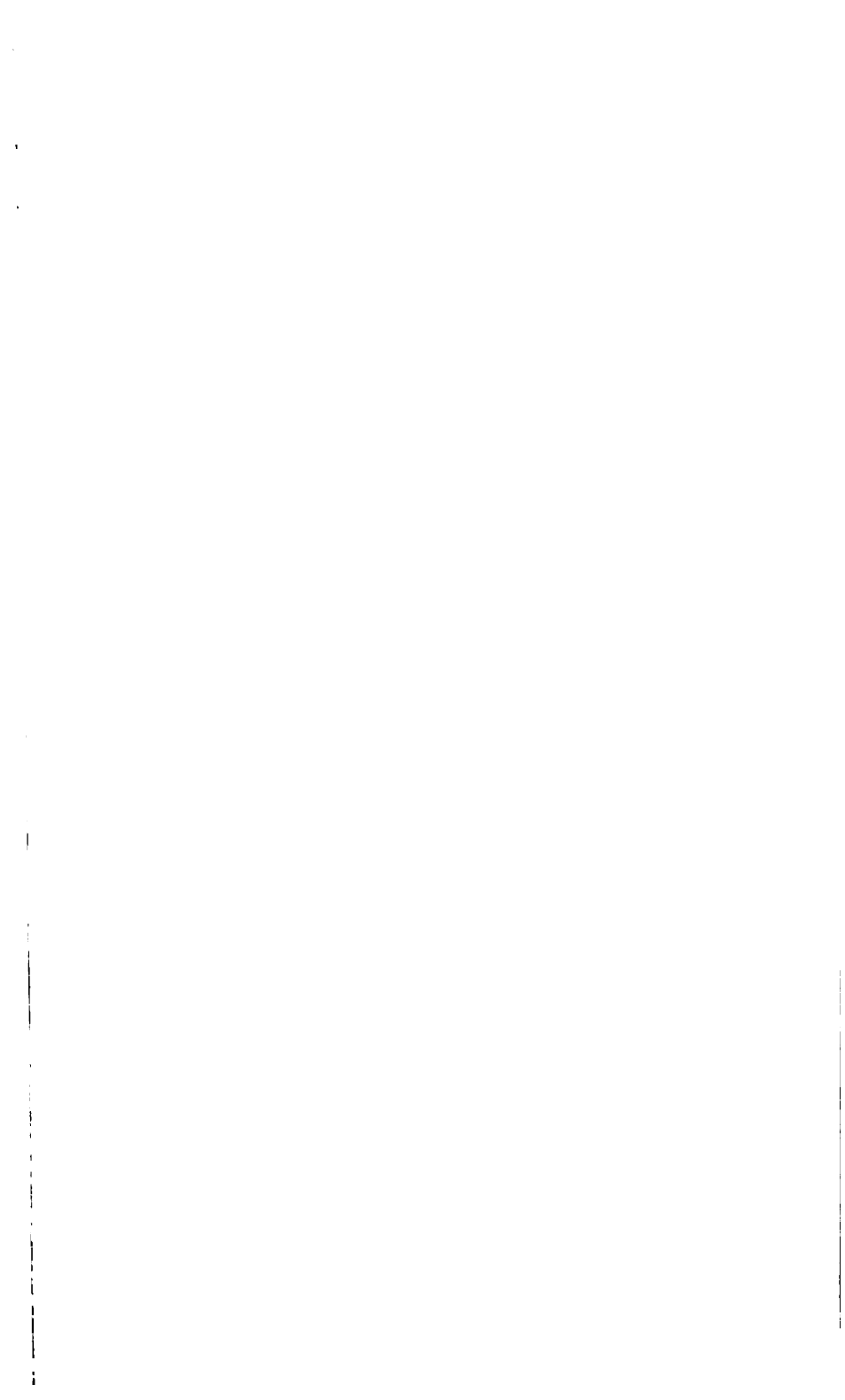
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NEW SERIES.

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MAY to AUGUST,  
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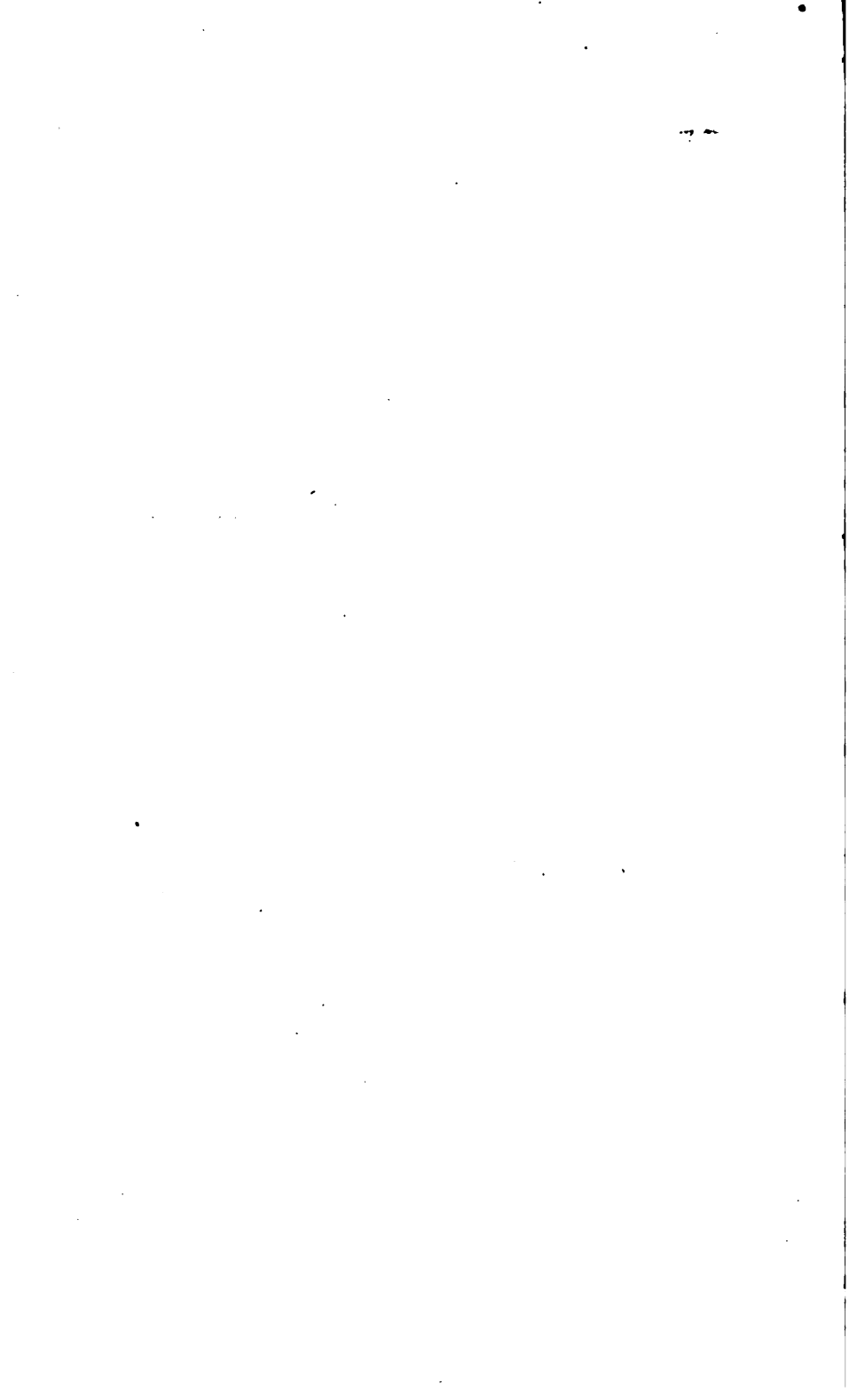
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## ERRATUM.

Page 525, note, for *gnus*, read *emu*.



# THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

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MAY 1, 1827.

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## THE HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM.

Nothing is more difficult in this transitory state than to choose the proper medium between modesty and quackery. In the management of useful ideas, it is equally fatal to pretend too little and to pretend too much; to let an invention die for want of breath, or to burst it by excessive puffing. It is not in the way of modesty that the inventor, as he calls himself, of the Hamiltonian "System," as he calls it, is likely to fail.

At the outset, it must be confessed, that the weakness of human nature affords a great encouragement to extravagant pretensions. A man who promises to creep into a pint bottle, will attract a greater crowd than he who promises to creep into a quart; but when, after a trial, the multitude have been satisfied that they cannot be deceived by the greatest pretender, he will have a smaller chance of obtaining attention when he shows them that he can really thrust his finger into the neck of the bottle.

It is the business of those sanguine and inventive geniuses who are somewhat unjustly, though compendiously, classed under the general name of quacks, to catch at all events public attention. For this purpose, they not only give the greatest air of improbability to the pretended results, but the greatest possible novelty to their means; they pretend to attain by expedients altogether new, an end altogether impossible; this would be the perfection of quackery; and towards this unattainable point of perfection quacks always strive.

As people are too apt in the first instance to attribute undue importance to such pretenders; so they are also too ready when they discover gross instances of exaggeration and absurdity in the pretensions, to set them aside as altogether worthless.

The acquisition of a knowledge of languages is so useful, but so tedious a process, that it is worth while to examine whether there is really any thing in "the Hamiltonian system" which is calculated to shorten it. Our opinion of it may be shortly expressed in the old French sentence:—There is much in it novel and valuable; but that which is novel is not valuable, and that which is valuable is not novel. The subject is, however, too important to be thus summarily dismissed.

MAY, 1827.

B

"The Hamiltonian System" which is applied in exactly the same fashion to all languages, to the simple and the complex, to the uninflected and the deeply inflected, is this.—Some easy book in the language to be acquired is chosen, in which the teacher reads aloud each word with a literal translation, after the mode which is known in grammar schools, as *construing*; but without any regard to elegance in the English version. Each word in the original is rendered by him uniformly by the same English word. The learner repeats after him sentence by sentence. In this way, without paying attention to the grammar, or looking into a grammar or dictionary, the mind is furnished with a stock of words. After the pupil has made some progress in this kind of knowledge, "A grammar," says Mr. Hamilton, "containing the declensions and conjugations, and printed specially for my classes; is then put into the pupil's hands, (not to be got by heart, nothing is ever got by rote in this system,) but that he may comprehend more readily his teacher on grammar generally, but especially on the verbs." The teacher then explains the grammatical rules, and illustrates them by examples; and finally, the pupils translate from English into the language to be acquired. According to this plan, it is pretended that a pupil will in ten lessons of an hour each, acquire ten thousand words; and that he will acquire a knowledge of any language with very little labour, and in a very short time, compared with that employed in the ordinary methods of teaching.

What *is* and what is *not* new in this system? We shall refer, in answering this question, not to barren speculations or forgotten books—which it would be unfair to plead in bar of the pretensions of a practical teacher, but to the general practice of other instructors and to ordinary school-books.

In the first place, the practice of furnishing learners with a stock of words at the very commencement of their study of the modern languages, especially French and Italian, by the practice of literally translating after the masters, or by the help of interlineal translations, is not new even in England. It has been the common practice of French teachers in this country, at least from the commencement of the present century, and was at a much earlier period general on the Continent. But the Hamiltonian System is peculiar in this, that while the process of fixing these words on the mind is going forward, attention to the grammar is altogether excluded. The teachers of the simple languages, according to the received system first taught (by *rote*, which Mr. Hamilton so much dreads) the articles, the plurals of the nouns, then the verbs, step by step; while they acquire that stock of words which serves to give interest to the study of a language. Mr. Hamilton endeavours to give them the stock of words *first*.

It is peculiar also to Mr. Hamilton, that he applies this plan rigidly to deeply inflected languages.

Now in these his peculiarities, a little reason and a little experiment would show Mr. Hamilton to be wrong.

There is one grand error in his system, that he considers the knowledge of grammar as a matter quite distinct from the knowledge of the signification of words. But a grammar of any language is a system of rules concerning the signification of words, and intended to facilitate the knowledge of them; and it is only a good grammar

in as much as it answers that purpose. Thus by the conjugations of verbs are taught the meanings which in each mood and tense are superadded to the simple signification of the root; or the time and manner which are *connoted*, as logicians call it, with that root; when certain terminations, inflexions, or prefixes are employed. Now as these terminations, inflexions, and prefixes are the same in many roots, and are, by reason of their analogy, easily remembered, as compared with the radical syllables, it has been commonly deemed worth while, first to commit them to memory, in order that the learner, abstracting himself from the consideration of them, may the more easily remember the roots themselves. This is the methodization of memory, which it is the purpose of Mr. Hamilton to confuse.

We will give in Hamilton's own words the account of the manner in which he supposes his pupils learn grammar. After an account of the first ten lessons, in which the learners read the Gospel of St. John (in Greek) in the way we have described, he says:—

From what has been stated, it would seem that it is intended to communicate a knowledge of words only in this section, [he chooses to call ten lessons a section,] and this certainly is the primary and ostensible object of it; but from the mode of teaching, pronouncing, repeating, analytical transposition, and translation, a correct pronunciation, and a familiarity with the construction, idiom, and grammar of the language, are also infallibly obtained.—[Good Lord!]

To these advantages the teacher must not hesitate to sacrifice the harmony of English periods; nay, his translation must not be the English of the phrase, but the English of each word, taken according to the grammatical construction, which must never be deviated from; the teacher rendering each word by a corresponding part of speech; and giving to each word one definite, precise meaning, and one only. So far is the accuracy in this point carried, that should the English language furnish no word which exactly corresponds with the word translated, then a word must be made for the purpose, as for the Latin word *tenebræ*, or the French word *ténèbres*, the word *darknesses* must be used in English. In the thirteenth verse of the first chapter, the Greek word *hæmation* occurs, it must be rendered *of blood*, to show that it is used by the Greeks plurally, and that it is the genitive case. Thus is every case of every declinable word marked by its corresponding preposition; and thus also is every verb marked by such a sign in English as will point out its mood, tense, and person to the pupil (each tense having its appropriate and exclusive sign). In the participles and in the infinitive and imperative moods, these signs are used to the total neglect of all rule of language, as respects the English, which is used only as a vehicle to convey to the mind of the pupil the mode in which a Greek expressed himself. Thus, the twenty-second verse of the first chapter must be translated thus:—*iva* that, *δύμεν* we might give, *ἀπόκρισιν* answer, *τοῖς* to the, *πέμψασιν* sent-ing, *ἡμᾶς* thus; sending being intended to mark the Greek word, is the participle derived from the aorist. - - - - The pupil having thus read and translated the whole of the Gospel of St. John, has acquired a practical knowledge of the verbs, and of the construction of the language generally, much more accurate and extensive than is acquired by the study of grammar during many months; he may then occasionally read the verbs as they are found in grammars, during the second and third sections, and thus unite theory with practice.

Five sections of ten lessons each have been found abundantly sufficient to communicate the knowledge of any modern language, to write and speak it with correctness and facility.—*Preface to a Key to the Greek Testament, executed under the immediate Direction of James Hamilton.*—p. xii.

This last sentence we have not been able to refrain from quoting, though we shall endeavour to subdue our enormous indignation at the quack who ventures, in a sentence which shows that he cannot write English—not to assert, for nothing is asserted in this string of words—but to insinuate, that he can, by his mummary, teach a man or boy of common capacity, to write and speak *any* modern language, German for instance, in fifty hours. Neither will we remark on the blunders in

detail—on the improbability that his pupils, learning from his “appropriate signs” the modes, tenses, and persons, when, by the supposition that his instructions only have been listened to, they cannot know in this section, that there are such things as modes, tenses, and persons, in nature—or the impossibility, with all his barbarisms, of his noting, by one invariable, and at the same time appropriate and exclusive sign, each Greek tense. We only look, at present, for the object he blunders in the pursuit of—which is, the attempt, in his section of *few* hours, to make a learner form for himself a Greek grammar. A person of ordinary capacity is expected, while he is listening to the teacher, attending to the pronunciation, and fixing in his memory the primary significations, so far to abstract and compare, as to be more familiar with the grammar than a man, of the same capacity, who has studied it for months—that is, he is to make a grammar, and learn it also; in a thirtieth part of the time in which he could learn it when made for him. Oh, fie! James Hamilton. But this is not all—he is *obiter* to make a grammar, containing, of course, all the persons of all the tenses of all the moods of the verbs, out of a book, in which—the odds are Lombard-street to a China orange—not half of them are to be found. Fie, James Hamilton!

Now, let the experiment be made in the body of a school-boy of the brightest capacity, who shall have the advantage of knowing previously the Latin grammar—let it be “executed under the immediate direction of James Hamilton,” and we will bet five shillings to James Hamilton’s reputation, that after the first section the learner shall not be able to decline any one noun in the Greek language, whatever process be applied to him. How could a boy, even if he possessed the ingenuity of Young, or Champollion, give the duals of nouns, from the perusal of a book in which there is not, we think, one instance of that number?

But if we take a language of a simple construction, the French for instance, what rational man can doubt that much time would be saved, if, instead of setting the pupils to learn by rote, (for that is the real process,) words in a language, of the connexion and analogies of which they have no previous ideas, for an hour each day—half, a third, or a quarter of that time were devoted to the perusal of the articles, substantives, adjectives, pronouns, verbs, not perhaps in the order of their arrangement in the grammar, but in that of the frequency of their recurrence, and their practical importance. To begin early with translations is of use, because it gives an interest to the study of a language, flatters the pupil with the appearance of progress, and induces him to encounter that labour for which it would be otherwise difficult to find a motive. But to continue and go on with it, to the exclusion of the grammar, which is Hamilton’s peculiarity, is a waste of time; because it is an attempt to teach grammatical rules by a method the most difficult that can be devised.

The plan of Hamilton is defended by a reference to the mode in which foreign languages are acquired, by men who pass into foreign countries. There can not be any more practical and ready method of proving its absurdity. Let two persons make the experiment in a country, of which the language is unknown to them, the one aiding himself by a grammar of the language, the other dispensing with it,

and the result will soon be apparent. Or let one of these persons use a grammar from the beginning, and the other take it up after attempting for a month to learn some of the words by rote—who can doubt which of them would be found to have lost his time?

Voltaire's History of Charles XII. has been published with a double translation,\* to which are prefixed, some observations on the Hamiltonian System, which—though somewhat too indulgent—though they attribute too much importance to Hamilton's peculiarities, are the best we have seen on the subject. The writer of the preface introduces Roger Ascham's (Queen Elizabeth's tutor) account of his own method of teaching, with the following remark:—

Ascham's favourite method of double translation, would form a most useful supplement to (say substitute for) the system; and as many of his remarks are strictly to our purpose, we shall extract some of them from his "*Schoolmaster*," together with two very remarkable illustrations of their truth.

"After the child hath learned perfectly the eight parts of speech, let him then learn the right joining together of substantives with adjectives, the nouns with the verb, the relative with the antecedent. And in learning further his syntax, by mine advice, he shall not use the common order in common schools, for making of Latines; whereby the child commonly learneth, first, an evil choice of words, then a wrong placing of words; and lastly, an ill framing of the sentence, with a perverse judgment, both of words and sentences. These faults, taking once root in youth, be never, or hardly, plucked away in age. Moreover, there is no one thing that hath more either dulled the wits, or taken away the will of children from learning, than the care they have to satisfy their masters in making of Latines.

"There is a way touched in the first book of *Cicero de Oratore*, which, wisely brought into schools, truly taught, and constantly used, would not only take wholly away this butcherly fear in making of Latines, but would also with ease and pleasure, and in short time, as I know by good experience, work a true choice and placing of words, a right ordering of sentences, an easy understanding of the tongue, a readiness to speak, a facility to write, a true judgment both of his own and other men's doings, what tongue soever he doth use.

"The way is this: after the three concordances learned, as I touched before, let the master read unto him the Epistles of Cicero, gathered together, and chosen out by Sturmius, for the capacity of children.

"First, let him teach the child cheerfully and plainly the cause and matter of the letter; then, let him construe it into English, so oft as the child may easily carry away the understanding of it; lastly, parse it over perfectly. This done thus, let the child, by and by, both construe and parse it over again; so that it may appear, that the child doubteth in nothing that his master taught him before. After this, the child must take a paper book, and sitting in some place, where no man shall prompt him, by himself, let him translate into English his former lesson. Then shewing it to his master, let the master take from him his Latin book, and passing an hour at the least, then let the child translate his own English into Latin again in another paper book. When the child bringeth it turned into Latin, the master must compare it with Tully's book, and lay them both together; and where the child doth well, either in choosing or placing Tully's words, let the master praise him, and say, *Here you do well*. For I assure you, there is no such whetstone to sharpen a good wit, and encourage a will to learning, as is praise.

"This is a lively and perfect way of teaching of rules; where the common way used in common schools, to read the grammar alone by itself, is tedious for the master, hard for the scholar, cold and uncomfortable for them both.

"I had once a proof hereof, tried by experience, by a dear friend of mine; when I came first from Cambridge to serve the Queen's Majesty, then Lady Elizabeth, living at worthy Sir Anthony Denny's in Cheston. John Whitney, a young gentleman, was my bedfellow; who, willing by good nature, and provoked by mine advice, began to learn the Latin tongue, after the order declared in this book. We began after Christmas; I read unto him Tully's *de Amicitia*, when he did every day twice translate out of Latin into English; and out of English into Latin again. About St. Laurence's tide after, to prove how he profited, I did choose out Torquatus' talk *de Amicitia*, in

\* A great improvement (especially as it is extended in this instance) on a single interlinear translation, which is generally either unintelligible or unfaithful.



the latter end of the first book *de Finibus*; because that place was the same in matter, like in words and phrases, nigh to the form and fashion of sentences, as he had learned before in *de Amicitia*. I did translate it my self into plain English, and gave it him to turn it into Latin; which he did so choicely, so orderly, so without any great miss in the hardest points of grammar, that some in seven year in grammar schooles, yea, and some in the University too, cannot do half so well.

"And a better and nearer example herein may be, our most noble Queen Elizabeth, who never took yet Greek nor Latin grammar in her hand, after the first declining of a noun and a verb; but only by this double translating of Demosthenes and Isocrates daily, without missing, every forenoon, and likewise some part of Tully every afternoon, for the space of a year or two, hath attained to such a perfect understanding in both the tongues, and to such a ready utterance of the Latin, and that with a judgment, as they be few in number in both the Universities, or elsewhere in England, that be in both tongues comparable with her Majesty. And to conclude; - - - - surely the mind by daily marking, first, the cause and matter; then, the words and phrases; next, the order and composition; after, the reason and arguments; then the forms and figures of both the tongues; lastly, the measure and compass of every sentence, must needs, by little and little, draw unto it the like shape of eloquence, as the author doth use, which is read."

The principle upon which both these systems are founded is the same, i. e. that the structure and peculiarities of a language are best learned by habitual observation and imitation; by considering the structure as a whole, (and not in its disjointed parts,) and by noting its peculiarities as they occur.

To fix these peculiarities in the mind, one of two ways must be resorted to; either they must be made the subject of distinct and separate rules, and impressed on the memory by the ordinary process of learning by rote, or they must be translated so literally as to arrest the attention by their very discordance with, and remoteness from, our own idiom. This is the real secret of the Hamiltonian method; and therefore the observation of an intelligent foreigner, that "the more barbarous the translation, the better," however startling at first, will be found, on reflection, to be the result of an accurate consideration of the subject. If your translation be such, as to be at all readable,—if it fall in with the language which is familiar to the pupil's ear, with his accustomed manner of arranging his words and clothing his thoughts,—he will read it, and will understand that a given sentence in French is equivalent to the corresponding one in English; but he will not acquire a habit of putting his thoughts into a French dress. The repetition of the un-English turns of expression, which it is impossible he should read glibly, will, it is presumed, impress on his memory whatever is usually learnt by rules.

It never was imagined by the enlightened advocates of the system, that the use of interlinear translations ought to supersede the study of grammar. It is obvious that a language might be acquired, in its purest and most correct form, by what is called the natural mode, that is, by mere imitation, without so much as the consciousness that speech is the subject of rules. To this end nothing would be requisite but the absence of all vicious models. No such situation of things can, however, be commanded; nor, if it could, would the knowledge so acquired be any thing more than vocabulary knowledge. The mind, having gone through no process of generalization, would, of course, neither be furnished with principles applicable to other languages, nor trained to habits of accurate thinking. It is therefore, on all accounts, necessary to master the rules, both general and particular, by which language is governed. But the advocates of the Hamiltonian system contend, that the study and application of the rules of a language ought to follow, and not to precede, the acquisition of the words and phraseology: that the examples being already in the mind, the rules are learned with great comparative ease, and take rapid and deep hold on the memory; whereas nothing can be conceived less likely to engage the attention of a child, or even to baffle the perseverance of a man, than a series of unapplied grammar rules.—p. xii.

With regard to inflected words, we are strongly inclined to think the old way the best, particularly with young children, whose ear is caught with the jingle of sounds. We believe that a child would learn the parts of a noun or verb with much less trouble in the sing-song way, than by picking them up detached as they occur. This is, however, a question of fact and experience. Whichever way it may be determined, it has nothing to do with the learning of grammar rules, which take no hold on the ear, nor, with very few exceptions, on the understanding of a child. Ascham, as we have seen, sets out with supposing the accidence learnt; and his royal pupil, though all her knowledge of the syntax and idiom of the Greek and Latin tongues was gained by reading and imitating the best authors, began by learning the inflexions of the nouns and verbs.—p. xvi.

What the ingenious writer of this preface is strongly inclined to think with regard to inflected words, and in the case of young children, we feel confident with regard to all simple grammatical rules, and people of all ages. It is, in short, easier to understand any rule when it is framed, than to frame it from our own observation;—a principle so simple and universal in its application, not merely to grammar, but to all branches of science, that if we did not know the effect of juggling and bold assertions, we should think the man crazy who seemed to doubt it. It is certainly necessary that, in order to fix a rule in the memory, and to ensure the understanding of it, the pupil should be exercised in the application of it; and it is better that the correct application should be made the test of the pupil's remembrance, rather than the repetition of its words. We must not suppose, because Queen Elizabeth never took a grammar in hand, after learning the accidence, that having, as she had, a careful tutor, the rules of Syntax were not carefully pointed out to her attention, and impressed on her memory.

When the comparative facility of different modes of acquiring the knowledge of the parts of speech is spoken of as "a question of fact and experience," it is necessary to say a word or two of the experiments on which the advocates of the Hamiltonian in part rest its pretensions. It is not fair to compare the weeks or months spent in a grammar-school, with the weeks or months spent by a boy under an experiment on the Hamiltonian System. In a grammar-school, scarcely an hour in the day is spent by each boy in learning, or in being taught, and that hour is not spent well. The greater part of the time is spent in mere mischief or idleness; in cutting desks, skinning books, dog's-earing leaves, drawing profiles, dreaming of tops, speculating on marbles, whispering, scribbling. No task is set which the dullest boy of a class cannot overcome with moderate diligence, during a moderate portion of his time. He is not taught, but ordered to learn—as Hamilton observes, and it is the best observation he has ever made. This does not arise so much from the defect of the system, as from the insufficient number and idleness of the teachers; the number being insufficient, as compared with the pupils, to admit of the utmost efficiency in teaching, and forming an excuse for not aiming at that degree of efficiency which it might admit of. When two lazy parsons, as sometimes happens, undertake to teach eighty or a hundred boys, how is it possible that the time of the lads can be employed to the best advantage. To lead them by hand up the thorny path of knowledge seems impossible; they are urged like a drove of pigs, by a cart-whip, some bolting aside into the ditches—some scrambling back between the driver's legs—some before, others behind, all irregular, but all slow; while the divine swineherd revenges himself for his tardy progress, by laming and ham-stringing the most refractory. On the other hand, if a Hamiltonian teacher (supposing him to understand any thing he professes to teach) makes an experiment on a half-dozen boys, perhaps chosen for the quickness of their talent, he can make sure that the whole of their time is really employed in learning; and as in six months they will really have spent as many minutes and hours in that labour as in a grammar-school in three or four years, he may astonish all beholders at their progress, and throw the world

into ecstasies at the wonderful effect of beginning at the end. A pedestrian, some time ago, walked backward for a number of days, and covered, in the time, a much greater quantity of ground not only than many gouty gentlemen who followed their noses, but than some sturdy persons who sat at home; the "enlightened advocates" of retrogression will, on that account, contend, that it is the most rapid mode of locomotion—but if the fellow had gone forward with the same perseverance, he would have accomplished a still greater number of miles.

We may sum up the good points in Hamilton's practice and observations. First—It is much better to be taught than to be flogged for not learning. Second—It is good in most cases not to have the trouble of hunting words in a dictionary. (A proposition which follows naturally from the preceding one.) Third—It is interesting to fancy you make some progress in a language by translating, before you have a very accurate knowledge of grammar. Fourth—It is better to fix rules in the mind, by the practice of applying them, than by committing them verbally to memory. No one of these points is new.

The novelties are the following: First—Attempt to get a number of words by rote, before you know any thing of grammar; that is, obstinately reject the aid of general rules. Second—Endeavour to collect all the inflexions of words, by observation, and that in a book where only a few of them are to be found. Neither of these novelties is good.

Perfectly literal translations may have some novelty and utility, for the purposes of self-instruction; though, inasmuch as they form part of the plan for preventing the pupil from learning systematically, and from a grammar, the articles, auxiliaries, and other short words of frequent recurrence, they are delusive and troublesome. At any rate, they are very inferior to the double translation, after the manner of the edition of Charles XII. the preface of which we have referred to.

The ordinary mode of teaching Latin is certainly unsceptible of improvement; but of the advantages which it possesses for the instruction of children, the advocates of the Hamiltonian plan seem to have no conception. Of the system of instruction by which a language is acquired, not by rote or imitation, but by the application of general rules, and by research founded on those rules, the smallest benefit in the case of children, is the acquisition of the language itself. The habits of exercising the reason, and of rendering the stores of memory available, which children acquire by being well grounded in grammar, are of much greater advantage than the smattering of one or two languages. A boy in a frontier town may pick up the jargons of two or three nations, by talking and hearing—a Negro who is kidnapped on the coast of Africa, learns the language of his kidnappers on the Hamiltonian system, without dictionary or grammar: but these linguists will be in a state of mental culture very different from youths who have received grammatical instruction. The latter may not know more—"the facts of language" may not be more familiar to them; but they have acquired greater powers of learning; they have better trained and exercised minds.—This is what is wanted for the purposes of civil life.

SHAKSPEARE MEETING AT THE GARRICK'S HEAD,  
BOW STREET.

THESE are few under the age of twenty-four, who have not felt the indescribable charms, the irresistible fascination produced by any thing approaching to the smell of the lamps, I mean any thing connected with theatrical matters; it is not therefore to be wondered at, that I, somewhat under the prescribed age, and insanely devoted to theatricals, should, on my reappearance in London, after some years absence, have my attention much excited by an advertisement which set forth that a second Shakspeare meeting would take place at the Garrick's Head, Bow-street, on such a day, when a gentleman of theatrical celebrity would take the chair; dinner on table at half-past five for six; tickets, including a bottle of wine, 15s. In the country I had always interested myself greatly about the London stage, and I knew by name almost every actor at either of the theatres. I only longed for an opportunity of changing my nominal acquaintance with them into a personal one, and here, thought I, was an unlooked for, heaven born opportunity, which seemed made for me. A *Shakspeare* meeting at the *Garrick's Head*—those two great names coupled together, gave me an exalted idea of the nature of this theatrical entertainment, the company I should meet with, the conversation I should listen to, and the information I should gain concerning much dramatic literature of former days; seasoned with the wit, anecdote, and green-room gossip of the present time, which the company of the celebrated theatrical chairman and his friends promised to ensure.

Highly elated with my good fortune in happening to fall in with such a dramatic literary treat during my visit to London, I immediately proceeded to the tavern with the inviting name, to make inquiries, and ensure my ticket. The waiter received me and my money with great satisfaction and civility—showed me a long spacious room where we were to dine, and was profuse in his assurances of the delightful evening I should pass among the many theatrical gentlemen who would attend the dinner. Upon my asking him to particularize a few, he ran over several names, which were not quite familiar to my ear, and which I could not exactly catch, from his rapid manner of pronouncing them; however, those of *Young* and *Matthews* I distinctly heard, which was quite enough for me, as it sufficiently proved the high respectability of the party, knowing, as I did full well, there are not two men in the profession who rank higher in the better circles of society than those gentlemen. The waiter and I parted with low bows on one side, and high anticipations on the other.

The next day being that of the dinner, I entered the house a few minutes after six, and in the dining room I found about fifty persons already sat down, busily, it struck me, rather voraciously engaged with the dishes before them: these seemed good enough of their kind, though not very elegant, plenty of boiled beef, stewed beef steaks, boiled pork, hariboned mutton, some large roast fowls, ditto boiled, &c.; with numerous side dishes of mashed potatoes, enormous carrots, the vegetable called cabbage, pickled walnuts, pease pudding,

and parsley and butter. This might have passed with me, but to my great amazement, and no small mortification, the company did not seem as good as the dinner, though quite as elegant. I easily got a place about the centre of the table, and looked about me with some very disagreeable misgivings. The people around me were dressed well enough, as far as clothes went. Blue surtout coats were, I think, most prevalent, interspersed with bottle green jackets and white buttons, neckcloths invariably black or coloured; I was the only white neckcloth among them, and I felt a little annoyed at being also the only one of the party who was duped. The looks, style, air, bearing, and conversation of the company was not certainly of the first class, and did not give me, in the least, the idea of first-rate London actors. Could the aristocratic Mr. Young and the gentlemanlike Mr. Mathews be of the party, as the waiter informed me they surely would? I looked round the room in vain, for faces which I could fancy theirs, and then applied myself in silence to my portion of boiled pork, and awaited patiently the conclusion of dinner, and the removal of the cloth, which I knew at public dinners was generally attended with the removal also of a great deal of restraint; while the lesser trouble of drinking gives opportunity for more sociality than the more serious and solemn task of eating allows.

As it was, little passed between me and my neighbours, except some well meant attentions on their part, and in their phraseology, such as "shall I *assist* you to some turnip, sir?" "Allow me to *pass* you the salt;" and when I offered one of them the cheese plate, he thanked me, and said, "Allow me, sir, to *retaliate* with the celery." I must not forget to mention here what appeared to the company, by their boisterous and continued laughter, a pun or joke of the first order. I had taken the last piece of celery in the plate, which the chairman perceiving, called out to the landlord of the house, who was in the room, "We want some more celery, Mr. Harris," upon which the wag of the company (such I found him to be afterwards) cried out in a loud voice, "Yes, Mr. Chairman, there are a pretty many of us gentlemen who would be glad of *an increase of salary*." The laughter which followed this, as I said, was excessive, and continued till the cloth was taken off, when the usual royal toasts were given and drank. The chairman, whom I now recognized to be the same man I had seen a few evenings before at Covent Garden, acting, or rather singing, the part of the game-keeper, in a Roland for an Oliver, Isaacs by name, now rapped the table for silence—I had seen him evidently chewing the cud of a concocted speech some minutes before, and he thus delivered himself of it: "Ladies and gentlemen—I mean gentlemen—when I look around and behold the many highly respectable members of a highly respectable profession, who have honoured this meeting with their presence, (*I* looked round too, but the chairman, I suppose, had better eyes than mine,) and when I look round and behold the numerous assemblage of gentlemen of *every* honourable profession, gentlemen of the first rank and respectability, who grace by their presence this convivial board, (*I* looked round again, and the only object my eyes rested on was a large pier glass,) I cannot but feel the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, as an actor,

as a gentleman, and as a man of conviviality! (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, as your chairman to-night, however unworthy I may be to take that office upon me, but as your chairman to-night, I pledge myself to do every thing which lies in my power to promote the harmony and conviviality of the meeting—(oh, those cant words "*harmony and conviviality*," they are uttered nineteen times of an evening by every chairman and speech maker at every public dinner for any kind of purpose.)—Gentlemen, continued the chairman, you come here with the expectation of hearing some good singing, (*I never expected or wished for singing at all*,) and you shall not be disappointed, gentlemen, for I see several singing faces about me, and I have several promises from kind friends which will keep us in uninterrupted harmony for these several hours. (Devil seize it, thought I, is there to be no talking then? Surely I might hear better singing than this for less than 15s. to say nothing of dinner and company more to my liking.) Gentlemen, it is beginning rather early, but my friend, Mr. Gibbon, is obliged to attend his professional duties at the theatre almost immediately; however, before he goes, he is willing to oblige the company with a song.\* This address was received with "unbounded applause," as the playbills call it, throughout; but when the speaker came to mention this Mr. Gibbon, I thought the din would never cease. The table was thumped, the glasses danced, the wine was spilled, (no great loss,) and in the midst of deafening *bravos* arose Mr. Gibbon, a gentleman of a singularly self-sufficient deportment, hard featured, and of a plebeian cast of countenance—Gibbon, Gibbon, Gibbon, I repeated to myself, this must surely be some famous singer, by the tremendous importance the people here attach to his singing, and he is going to perform to-night. I pulled out the little penny Theatrical Observer from my pocket, and began conning over the names of the different performers at both houses, but no Gibbon could I find, and was just returning the paper to my pocket, when my eyes fell on the sought-for name—it was in a line with many others at the bottom of the list of principal characters, and I read, "monks, peasants, alguazils, &c. Messrs. Tims, Simmons, Allgut, Gibbon, Potter, &c. The specimen of singing which this gentleman gave us, would not, I think, have induced the manager, had he been present, to have promoted him on any future occasion from the horizontal line which he now occupied to the more honourable and perpendicular one of favourite performers. The man had not a bad voice, but execrable taste, and appeared extremely proud of his falsetto; his song was about "crossing the foaming sea, and kissing a tear from his Nancy, a loyal bold tar, and a true hearted maid, braving the cannon's roar, and heaving a sigh for his lass, &c." and was given with all the alternation of a good bass voice, and high falsetto, which the change from "foaming sea" to "kissing a tear," "bold tar, and true hearted maid," "cannons roar, and heaving a sigh," seemed to him to require.

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\* I suppose this was done in humble imitation of what took place at the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund dinner, where the chairman called upon Mr. Braham for a song, very soon after the cloth was removed, as Mr. Braham had an engagement elsewhere, "*Sic magnis componere parva solebam.*"

After Mr. Gibbon had gone to his professional avocations, as they were called, the singing went on, as the chairman had promised it should, with little intermission. The object of every body seemed to be the hearing, or the more wished-for gratification of *singing* a song, and how like was each succeeding song to its predecessor. We were drinking our bad port wine out of little, thick, stunted, funnel-shaped glasses, yet every other song enjoined us to "fill high the sparkling goblet," "drain the foaming bowl," or "quaff from jovial cups." Finding several had lighted their segars, I gladly called for one, and tried to puff away the growing disgust I was feeling for every one around me: but previous to settling myself with my segar, I could not help asking my next neighbour whether Mr. Young; or Mr. Mathews ever had been detected by any accident in coming to this house—I should not have asked such a question, said I, apologetically, had not the waiter, a lying fellow, told me they would be here to-night. "To be sure they are," said my neighbour, to my great surprise—"They are both here to-night, as I have good reason to know." I stared, and asked, where? He laughed and said, "I can answer for my own identity, for I am Mr. Young, and the gentleman who just sang the 'Flowing Bowl,' is Mr. Mathews." "What," said I incredulously, "did you play *Pierre* last night?" "Pierre, no!" said he, I never played *Pierre* in my life—I see your mistake, my name is spelt Y-o-u-n-g-e, and I belong to Drury Lane." "I beg your pardon, sir," said I, "and that gentleman who sang the 'Flowing Bowl,' is not of course Mathews of the English Opera House?" "Oh no, to be sure not, Matthews of the *Surrey*, at least he used to sing there—I don't think he has got any engagement now." My neighbour on the other side having nearly finished his bottle, and therefore anxious to talk, seeing me for the first time inclined to do the same, began to be communicative, and I, who had quite finished mine for want of something better to do, and on whom the segar was beginning to produce its sedative power, calming the ruffled spirit, and causing my incipient disgust to evaporate with the smoke, was well disposed to enter into conversation with him. He asked me if I did not think the society to-night was highly respectable and gentlemanlike; and on my saying I was not acquainted even with the names of the gentlemen present, he kindly pointed out to me some of the best fellows, as he called them, about town, and some of the best actors, too, I assure you, said he. "Yarnold, my boy, (he halloed across the table,) come, let you and I finish the remainder of our bottle together: your health, old chap." "There," said he, turning to me, "that gentleman I spoke to, is Mr. Yarnold of Drury Lane; he is one of our right-hand men at the *Coal-Hole*, (good heavens, what a nasty place that must be, thinks I,) many and many's the order he's given me for the theatre. That fresh coloured gentleman with the dark eyes, next to him, is Mr. Baker—you've heard of Baker, haven't you? plays every night at the Garden—they could not do without him. By the bye, have you seen the pantomime at the Lane?—That fair gentleman with the runaway chin is the Man in the Moon. How are you, Comer? What, I say, you've cut the Moon to-night; you're not the Man *in* the Moon, you're the Man *out* of the

Moon—not bad, eh?” He then sang, “How do you do old good Mr. Mooney—how do you do—oo, how do you do—oo?” Thus addressed, what could Mr. Comer say, but answer very naturally in the words of his part—“None the better, Mr. Spooner, for seeing you—oo, for seeing you,” which of course “set the table in a roar.” I asked the name of a round-faced, good-natured looking man, who sat opposite to us, and who had been singing one or two anacreontic songs with a very good voice.—“Don’t you know him?” said my friend; “that’s Evans of Covent Garden, the prince of good fellows, and landlord of the Cyder Cellar. Haven’t you been to the Cyder Cellar this year? rare work there of a Tuesday and Friday night—why, to my certain knowledge, Evans could not have been in bed till six o’clock this morning; I did not leave till five, and I then left eight or nine of them up to their noses in gin and tobacco—heats Offley’s hollow, sir, not but what I like Offley’s too very well; Lord bless you, there’s the first tip-top set of men at Offley’s, aye, and at Evans’s too. If one lives in town, you know, one must do the thing a little bit fashionably, so I generally contrive to go to one or other most nights; and it is not very often I miss one of the theatres, I can tell you,” said he, with the most satisfied air, as if convinced he had been giving me unquestionable evidence of his supreme bon ton. “Indeed,” said I, “you must be very fond of theatricals; I suppose you are a little bitten that way.” “Not I,” said he, “I only go for the lark, and because, as I said, one likes to do the thing in style—’tisn’t once in twenty times I know what’s doing on the stage; trust me I can find plenty of amusement without sitting hum drum in the boxes! I’m engaged all the morning, you must know, so I make the best of my time at night; to be sure, Sunday morning I’ve got to myself, and then I never miss the Park except it rains—aye, and always go well mounted too, and make the man clap me on a bright new saddle; might as well be out of the world, you know, as out of the fashion.” “Oh Lord! oh Lord!” I muttered to myself, quite *accablé* with the fellow’s vulgarity and volubility, “is this the high dramatic entertainment my foolish fancy had pictured?” “But I haven’t told you half the people yet,” rejoined this unsteppable piece of loquacity. “All these are actors that you see now talking in a knot together: there’s Mr. Mercer, and Mr. Thompson, Mr. Henry, and Mr. Atkins; and that one marked with the small pox is Lodge of the English Opera House. “And have all these gentlemen engagements?” said I; “what sort of characters do they play?” “Oh, I don’t know,” said he, “some of the best characters I believe.”—“Yes,” said I, “no doubt they represent great characters, senators, lords in waiting, high priests, courtiers, warriors, gentlemen in dominoes at a masquerade, *et id genus omne*.” “No doubt, no doubt,” said my friend, not in the least understanding what I meant; “and now, though we’ve been talking during the last song, we must be silent now, for Sloman’s going to sing, and I’ll warrant you something good—Go it, Sloman;” and accordingly Mr. Sloman went it; and the people laughed, while my friend, to my great delight, left me to go and talk to him.

His place was taken by a thin, white faced, light haired simpering sort of man, looking very yard-and-ribbonish, who had evidently taken



the vacant chair with a view to get a listener in me. I anticipated his opening; "Delightful evening we've ad sir—fond of the drama, I presume, sir?" "Very," said I, lighting another segar, to act as a soother in case of any fresh excitement of bile. "Don't you admire Mr. Kean very much, sir?" "Very much," said I, not thinking it worth while to give my real opinion; "Ah, he's an ero indeed, sir; but I'll tell you who I think almost comes up to him, and that's Mr. — of the Coburg. Oh, he *is* a first rate actor—I don't very often go to Drury Lane or Covent Garden, but don't you think now with me, sir, that they've quite as good, or better actors, at the Coburg and the Surrey? I seldom go anywhere else, indeed, and I'm sure they play much more interesting pieces there." "Do they really?" said I. "Oh yes, I'm passionately fond of the drama, and knows what's what pretty well. I know what stage effect is, and there's more of that sort of thing at the Coburg, by ever so much, than at the big theatres—you've seen Hobson in *Grimdolpho* I suppose; what does Kean do better than that? See his face, sir, when the dagger and bloody handkerchief are produced, see the real blood a flowing when he stabs himself after strangling his wife—that's what I call acting—I like good tragedies, sir;" "Bloody ones it appears," said I. "I've got a picture of Hobson in *Grimdolpho*," he continued, so I have of Jenkins in the 'Dæmon of the Flood.' I'll tell you where you may get them, at that shop at the corner of Bow-street, nearly opposite Drury Lane Theatre—oh, I've a great many more theatrical portraits, for, as I said, I'm a true lover of the drama." He drew his chair closer, and said in a whisper, "I can get orders for Sadler's Wells whenever I like—did you ever see Miss Hopner that sings there sometimes? We carry on *such* a flirtation, sir; she *is* the sweetest creature; do you know she has promised to take me behind the scenes one night; that would be something like, wouldn't it—I do so long to go behind the scenes, my whole soul's in the drama, as you perceive, sir; come, sir, drink Amelia Hopner with me; 'pon my word, I'd marry her to-morrow if my aunt did not make such a fuss about it."

How many more of his theatrical secrets he would have confided to my unwilling ear I know not, for a squabble at one end of the room interrupted our conversation, if such it could be called; the harmony was certainly all over, and a little discord beginning to take its place, for sundry double goes of gin and water, acting upon the previous port, had put the senses of many a little out of their equipoise, and as the balance was rather descending with a little weight of black-guardism, sending good breeding up aloft, I determined, in the phraseology of the room, to "cut the stick;" or as some of the gentlemen of "theatrical celebrity," who were present, might have said, I made my exit at the door in the left wing, upper entrance, and the curtain was dropped on a very unsuccessful attempt, on my part, at an *entertainment*.

## THE REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

[The following article was sent to us "in proof," by an anonymous correspondent. It had been accepted by the editor of another periodical; but after it had been set up, as our correspondent states, the severity of its remarks prevented it from appearing, the editor being "compelled" to countermand it. It is most true, that the fellow-feeling which exists among publishers, stifles a great deal of truth in its birth, while the more direct interests of each, serve to put much falsehood in the world. For this reason, and for little else than this reason, we shall give the paper insertion. Our notes will show, that we are far from coinciding with the writer. The public are little aware of the sinister motives which dictate the judgments of nearly all the periodical publications of the day. Some day we shall make an exposition of many of them, and accompany our assertions with details which must carry conviction along with them, and at length open the eyes of the innocent public. Whether we take this step or not, we shall certainly not be deterred by the power which booksellers possess, by a thousand petty arts, of injuring the sale of a journal which is independent of, and frequently hostile to their interests.—Ed.]

## THE REVIEWERS REVIEWED.

*The Quarterly.**Notes.*

WE are surprised that articles of this character have not been given before in the higher order of monthly publications (a)—especially when some of the reviews are imitating magazines in the mode of getting up their articles, but without the variety, vivacity, or usefulness of those entertaining periodicals. Is it that the formidable and often ferocious air of the "great reviews" has hitherto deterred the conductors of magazines from submitting them to the ordeal, through which they drag the writers whom they mangle?—or that the public is content to submit to their dictatorship, and is satisfied with a political touchstone for the trial of literary merit? We think neither—but that it is simply owing to inveterate habit, which makes readers lose the changes of times and circumstances in things to which they have been long accustomed, and causes them to overlook the decline of old works, and the existence of new and superior tests in the dictates of a more generally cultivated intellect. That a work solely literary should be judged by the author's political dogmas, did very well when the spirit of party, a few years ago, precluded the

(a) It has been repeatedly done in the *London*; where we have not only reviewed some of the particular Numbers of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh*, but had more general articles on their conduct, as, for instance, the paper on occasion of the death of Mr. Gifford.—Ed.

exercise of cool judgment. One clan was arrayed against another—the same weapons were adopted by each—and thus the balance of the combat was prevented from inclining too much to either side. That day is gone, and with it should have passed away its follies. Reviews should have changed with the times, and taken the real character of literary works established for legitimate criticism; nor longer, under the mask of reviewing, put forth nothing but political essays, and continued appeals to the world, made under false pretences (b). If it be true that Mr. Murray says, “the age of reviewing is past”—(in the sense *Quarterly* reviewing is to be understood, we presume)—we congratulate the public on so beneficial an event. That bibliopolist is no bad authority upon such a question, and, we think, could tell us a ground for the observation which has convinced him, *feelingly*, of its verity. It is amusing to take the three reviews, and compare their opinions together upon the same work. It will be found a most convincing argument of the fallacy of putting faith in what are little more than outpourings of political vituperation.

The attention of the editor of the oldest of the three great reviews has been so absorbed of late years by professional pursuits, that its readers have painfully experienced his neglect. The age and infirmities of another editor have had a still more fatal effect upon the conduct of his review. The third, and most youthful publication of this class, has attained a circulation beyond which it can hardly be expected to rise, being confined principally to the disciples of its venerable projector (c). Giving these publications credit for all to which they can lay claim, we see nothing to exempt them from occasional scrutiny—from our doing for them what they have “done for thousands.” Even in their age of decline, they have no right to murmur at any severity in our remarks. They have never hesitated to hew and lacerate writers and their works. Provided their victims have been political opponents, no sanctities of life have been spared, and delicacy towards them is out of the question.

We intend, therefore, to give an article on them as they come out; and shall begin with the number of the *Quarterly* which has just

(b) The fact is just the reverse. The *Edinburgh* began with being, in reality, a literary review, and has ended, as well as the *Quarterly*, in being a pamphleteer. Such also is the *Westminster*; which though not by any means liable to the censure of unjust partiality in the text, is conducted far too closely on the plan of the other two.—Ed.

(c) Supposing this charge were true, we see no reason in it which should limit the circulation of this review. We believe, from all we have heard and seen, that a greater effect was never produced upon the opinions of large classes of the most intelligent part of society, than by the few Numbers of the *Westminster Review* which have already been published.—Ed.

appeared. But, first, a word or two on the vicissitudes this review has undergone. Projected by the late Mr. Gifford, in imitation of the *Edinburgh*, but ultra-Tory in politics, and supported with all the vigour, virulence, and partizanship of that critic's pen, it attained its *maximum* of circulation with great rapidity. (d) This was, in some degree, owing to its becoming the organ of the aristocratic faction of the country; but it was also uncommonly well managed. Mr. Gifford was not a man of genius, nor an original writer; but he was an acute scholar, possessed of sound judgment, the result of long years of experience—subtle—splenetic—acute—gifted with tact, and that knowledge of minutiae in conducting a work of this nature, which, in the aggregate, is of infinite importance. A writer of first-rate genius and talent is rarely equal to such a task; his attention is generally concentrated on one point, and he is unable to view more at a time. (e) No man of this class who attempts it will meet with Mr. Gifford's success: a wriggling, shrewd, persevering, unsensitive mind is best adapted for it. Mr. Gifford saw a writer's weaknesses at a glance: he knew how to gloss over strong truths, or to distort them, so that the reader could scarcely suspect the deception practised upon him. He was well acquainted with the disposition of mankind, and had the power of multiplying the fears of the timid for his own uses, and of marshalling all his readers' prejudices on his side, to promote the end of his party, and torture the victim of his political designation. Mr. Gifford had no powers of humour—the most vulgar was too polished a weapon for his coarse hands; his satire was “horse-play,” as Dryden terms it; the lap-stone and hammer of his early years were his favourite weapons to the end of his career. His unflinching obduracy of purpose, and sacrifice even of reason herself, to serve his political views, were rarely before equalled, and never will be surpassed. These were the best qualifications for supporting such a work as the *Quarterly Review*. Mr. Gifford, too, was invulnerable where most of his party were defenceless. He was no renegade in politics; chance threw Tory-bread in his way in early life, and gratitude was his subsequent principle of action. (f) He must have been amused

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(d) We believe that it did no such thing. The *Quarterly* had existed for some time, and without much success; and the publisher had begun to despair, when the acquisition of Mr. Barrow, and more abundant means, enabled him to give the work the benefit of a longer trial.—Ed.

(e) Can a man of second-rate genius view more than one point at a time? It is a vulgar error to suppose that a man of genius must be unfit for every thing. That which at present would most especially tend to make a good editor of a *Quarterly Review*, is sound judgment, extensive information, and a warm interest in the progress and advancement of knowledge. If these were joined with fertility of mind, a graceful wit, and a well stored memory, we presume that it would be all the better; and this is not a second-rate person, though probably he cannot look two ways at once.—Ed.

(f) Mr. Gifford never wrote more than three or four articles in his own review.—Ed.

at being ultimately assisted by contributors to the *Quarterly Review*, furious in their new-fledged politics, whom he had badgered unsparingly in the *Anti-Jacobin* for their revolutionary enthusiasm. Of these, Mr. Southey was one. The present editor, such as he is, is said also to be a deserted Whig.—But to our subject. On Mr. Gifford's retirement, Mr. Murray beat about for a substitute; and, with a peculiar felicity of selection, picked up a harmless barrister, who itinerated the circuit, having the contributions of the *Quarterly* in a blue bag with his briefs—if, indeed, the said limb of the law

(g) We believe this to be an ill-natured and unjust sketch of Mr. Coleridge. If he had been briefless, his law would not have interfered with his literature. It is very possible that Mr. Coleridge was not peculiarly qualified for the editorship of the *Quarterly*; but we believe it true that it was he that abandoned the *Review*, and not the review him.—Ed.

were not briefless.(g) From town to town traversed the unlucky articles of the contributors, like goods in a pedlar's pack, on which might have been marked not inappropriately, "Wares for the *Quarterly*." This "incestuous connexion" of literature and law could not last long; its offspring was abortive. The readers of the review soon detected the operations of legal dulness after the narcotic dose which had been administered. Another hand must be tried.

(h) We have no love for Mr. Lockhart; but if the novel of Valerius is here meant, the writer has either not read it, or prefers to say a severe thing in preference to a just one. Mr. Lockhart we believe to be a man of a fertile imagination, when warmed; possessed of some scholastic information, but utterly destitute of critical taste. His gall may serve to mix up well the *Quarterly* twaddle; but under his management it can never be either the sober or the infallible oracle it ought to be, to suit the wants of the great mass of its readers. Mr. Murray should contrive a dull piece of gentlemanly correctness, which should neither offend nor delight anybody.—Ed.

The next step taken was considered a master-piece of bibliopolic acuteness, and was expected to be overpowering. Because the transcendant talents of the once "Great Unknown," unrivalled in his line of subject, were universally confessed—*ergo*, Sir Walter Scott must excel in every other department of literature; and not only Sir Walter, but all ever so remotely connected with him by relationship, and who sat under his shadow, must partake of his inspiration! This happy notion of Mr. Murray's (brilliant as the Utopian scheme of the *Representative* newspaper) was instantly carried into execution. The next supervisor of the *Quarterly*, therefore, was a person said to be a relative of Sir Walter Scott's by marriage, and who, from having been a contributor (if not something more) to "Blackwood's Magazine," at least laid claim to literary character. He was author of a novel, which, if it ever crossed the Tweed, is at present slumbering on bookseller's shelves, or gone to supply covers for "defrauded pies." (h) The rumour of the coadjutorship of Sir Walter himself was also insinuated; and thus the falling periodical mounted higher than ever in Mr. Murray's

parental anticipations. The town was to be astonished at the new display. The *beau idéal* of a provincial *litterato* was to crush the London men of letters into obscurity. The resuscitation of the work from the puling feebleness it had acquired in the arms of its forensic nurse, was to be effected at once for more than the vigour of a prize-fighter's condition. An *aurora borealis* was to illumine its re-glorified pages; and even its dun covers were in future to dazzle the beholder's vision with a halo, like the radiance round the head of one of Raphael's Holy Marias. But the coal-fire smoke of the metropolis casts shadows which at times resist even the sun's power. The self-opinionated ones of the provinces, who think to carry things here with a high hand, find their level. "Pert, prim praters of the northern race," here pass unnoticed in the crowd. The Scottish peer, who inherits half a county of irreclaimable land, beggarly pride and a title, for which the income of his acres will not find decent trappings, but who is a demi-god among his thistles, is here jostled by a porter, or mistaken for a city grocer. In short, there is nothing more humiliating than this reflection to provincial self-inflation. But can it be otherwise, when the focus of every thing great, wise, learned, and noble is here; and, to attain consideration above the crowd, diligence, time, and skill are indisputable essentials? The noontide hopes of Mr. Murray are again clouded. The learning, judgment, tact, and experience of Mr. Gifford have left not a wreck behind: the present editor has presumptuously grasped the thunderbolt he is incompetent to wield. No gleam of the anticipated *aurora* appears. Thick darkness encompasses the margin of the ultra-apostolic *Review of England*. "The age of reviewing is over!" The *Quarterly* is said to have lost more than a thousand readers. The public too is beginning to feel a distaste for its Muscovite doctrines, now that free constitutions are patronized at court, and liberal principles in politics by that part of the cabinet which is neither in the intellectual obscurity of age, nor owes its station to intolerance and intrigue. In place of Gifford's learning, vigour of pen, and bold sarcasm, intermingled with instructive observations, and the fruits of

long and laborious research, we have a conceited flippant work, full of unfounded pretensions—self-consequential in tone—jesuitical in religion—vain in fashion—austere in political creed—and over all this, an air of foppishness—a lawyer's clerk's dandyism, strutting in the pride of intellectual poverty, and inflated with ignorant self-consequence. Under the present Hyperborean management, most of the old contributors write in the review no longer. Of these, Mr. Southey is reported to be one. Indeed, it is impossible that a writer of his standing and experience, can feel proper spirit if he submit to the degradation of having his articles judged by any one whom chance and Mr. Murray may call from the provinces to eke out their livelihood by editing the *Quarterly*. But if he have returned again as a contributor, we are convinced he stipulates independence of such control for himself.

It is now time we proceed to analyze the contents of No. LXX. The first article is a review of the "*Report of Ulloa and Juan on the Provinces of South America*;" and the "*Collection of Spanish Voyages, published by the authority of the Spanish Government at Madrid in 1825.*"—This article is very carelessly executed: it bears singular marks of editorial slovenliness. We are pompously informed, that the value of books of travels depends upon the characters of the writers; that Ulloa and Juan were sent by the king of Spain to Quito, to measure a degree of the meridian; that Ulloa and Juan were not "smugglers," nor "wily traders," but true men. What school-boy, or boarding-school girl, who has been taught geography, did not know this? Pseudo-metaphors, endless repetitions of words, odd phraseologies—as, "touches of a traveller's feelings dropping,"—"selfishness engrained on the part of the *Madre Patria*,"—"societies destitute of all right principle of cohesion,"—"the wickedness of climate;" surgical similes—such as, "dislocations" from animosities, and "unsparing amputations;" inversions of language, and "precisely downright" inelegancies and confusions of all sorts abound. (i) But though the reviewer is thus reckless of the English tongue, he lets us know enough to prove that

(i) There is some truth in this allegation; the successors of Mr. Gifford might have studied his art of polishing with some advantage. From the time of his retirement from the *Quarterly*, the correctness of its phraseology declined. At present, in every number, and especially in the last, vulgarisms and Scotticisms (perhaps they are, for they are not English) abound. We could quote more glaring instances than are recorded in the text.—ED.

the book he is noticing is a most important one, and deserved to be treated better. Mr. Gifford would have had this article re-written. It is wonderfully liberal for the *Quarterly*, with which the South Americans were lately "insurgents;" but the *Quarterly* reviewers change their opinions with each new ministerial arrangement. This is a "fundamental feature" of their conduct, as Castlereagh would express it.

The next article is "*Milman's Anna Boleyn*," which, as well as that on "*Historical Romance*," is, we imagine, manufactured by the editor himself: it is a lecture on Shakspeare, at Mr. Milman's expense. Wordsworth and Milton, and Wilson and Dryden, are, in his mind, on a poetical equality. This pleasant arrangement of the poet of *Paradise Lost* with the river Sonneteer, (k) Dryden with cat-baptism, (l) is a lucid discovery of the *Quarterly* editors—quite "refreshing!" as Theodore Hook says, and a proof of his superior talent in criticism and adaptation to his post. It reminds us of a stanza of comparisons by the merry Wolcot:—

"Jove's eagle and a gander—  
Matthias and the tuneful Pope—  
Lord Rolle and Alexander."

The critic has wisely contrived to say as little as possible about Mr. Milman's play. He laments every poet's misfortune who is born after Shakspeare, whom he quotes and dissects upon by wholesale. He shows that Mr. Milman has given one couple of "natural touches" to a character in his play (*Angelo*); compares his heroes to Shakspeare's, yet still insinuates that he is but an "artificial poet;" and, after a remark on a hacknied subject—the dearth of good dramatic productions—closes by damning Mr. Milman with "faint praise;" having made the title of *Anna Boleyn* a peg on which to hang his profound observations upon the drama. Mr. Milman is a respectable clergyman, and has denied seeing the copy of a play on the same subject, which was put by the author into Mr. Murray's hand before his own appeared, and in which there were passages which strongly resembled some of the reverend gentleman's. We are in fairness bound to believe that the simi-

(k) The manner in which the writer speaks of Wordsworth, shows him either utterly unacquainted with his works, or utterly incapable of perceiving and feeling the beauties of poetry. Neither the partisans of Mr. Wordsworth, nor any intelligent and able critic, can hold such language concerning him.—Ed.  
(l) This, perhaps, alludes to some piece of scandal with which we are unacquainted.—Ed.



(m) This is too serious a charge to be made except on much better authority. There was nothing in the case of *Buckingham v. Bankes* which proved this fact, though the circumstance alluded to was certainly highly disgraceful to Murray.—Ed.

(n) There was no occasion for Mr. Milman's assertion; for the resemblances were only in the brain of Mr. Glover.—Ed.

Itude was accidental. The world, however, has lately come to the more than suspicion, that manuscripts of authors, put into Mr. Murray's hands for publication, are shown to his contributing reviewers, and information taken from them for the *Quarterly*. (n) The late Captain Cochrane, the Siberian traveller, openly stated his ill-usage in this way; but it did not become undeniable until the case of "*Buckingham v. Bankes*," when this custom received open confirmation. The knowledge of these doings on the part of Mr. Milman's publisher, naturally gave a suspicion that the charge of plagiarism might be founded on truth; and it was unfortunate that it seemed to render stronger the suspicion against Mr. Milman. We believe Mr. Milman's assertion of his innocence sincerely. (n) Incidental resemblances are too often charged as copies from the works of others. Original ideas are few. There are a thousand modes of telling the same things; and the greater or less skill displayed in putting them into form, constitutes, after all, the scale of literary merit.

"*Henderson's Biblical Researches, and Travels in Russia, &c. by the Chevalier de Gamba*," form the cue for the third dissertation in this number. In this paper—Mr. Barrow's, we presume—there is nothing remarkable. "Lord Fanny might spin a hundred such a-day." There are sneers at the late excellent Dr. Clarke of Cambridge, (o) on account of his correct statements respecting Russian civilization, and the same at Dr. Lyal's confirmation of them; while the unlucky Gamba, as a matter of course, is not to be credited. All he says is heresy; for he was French consul at Teflis!

(o) The late excellent Dr. Clarke of Cambridge was a man whom nobody entirely believed, who knew him; not from any suspicion of a deficiency of moral worth on his part, but from an awkward accident of temperament, which led him to view every thing through the medium of his imagination. A more unhappy character for a writer of travels cannot well be conceived.—Ed.

Then comes the chapter on the "*English Synonymes of Taylor and Crabb*," which is worth perusal. Under the mention of "*Tooke's Diversions of Purley*," a note is added about a castrated edition of that work—(we suppose a speculation of Mr. Murray's)—which is announced as "omitting every trait of personal virulence or political animosity." This is peculiarly graceful in the *Quarterly*, which might be subjected to the same operation with infinite advantage, both on the score of politics and economy in bulk, and consequently

price. A shilling's-worth of its paper and print would hold all the number contains worthy of perusal.

"*Byron's Voyage in the Blonde to the Sandwich Islands*," and "*Ellis's Account of Owyhee*," follow. There is little in this review worthy notice. The "Blonde" article is a meagre review of a most meagre performance: but what more could Mr. Barrow make of it, or any one else? We are told nothing but what the newspapers told us long ago, except that Lord Byron was crowned by some of the savages with a garland—whether or not on the credit of his cousin's great poetical name, we are left in the dark; and also that he gave these islanders a scheme of a good and perfect government. This he glories in not being constitutional, like Bentham's (p)—nor allowing, like our own, a "liberal university" for "Christians and Pagans" united. It may be curious for the reader to know that this scheme is admirably simple, though purposely arranged under eight heads—for the profit of Owyhee advocates, we presume! The people are sworn to obey the king: property, save of rebels, is to be sacred, except what the king may fancy for his own use and dignity, and that of his establishment. The "king or regent," (for Lord Byron's admirable foresight extended to futurity,) with the consent of twelve of his courtiers, may put any one to death: he alone can pardon; the people are to be free from any other chief. The establishment of taxation, an Owyhee custom-house, and a preventive service, closes this admirable system. Happy savages! A tyrant and council of twelve—property sacred from all robbers but the king—life at the mercy of thirteen—taxation in its vilest shape! Why, by and by, these people will erect statues to Lord Byron, for this precious gift of his legislative wisdom, and to the *Quarterly* for its praises of it! Ellis's account of Owyhee has been fully as well noticed in many of the minor publications of the day; and this is now frequently the case with the reviews of many other works. (q)

A review of "*Missionaries' Registers*" and "*Funeral Sermons on Calcutta Bishops*," we shall not go into; it contains, however, a biographical notice of that amiable and ac-

(p) What is the meaning of being constitutional, like Bentham's?—Ed.

(q) We are not aware which publication the writer calls minor, but if he means the *Weekly Gazette*, his eulogy should make him blush. The ignorance and incapacity shown in these periodicals, are a disgrace to the public who supports them. We grant that their extracts are amusing, but why not publish them without the form and phrase of a review, since they have not the substance. A general judgment these writers are usually unqualified to give, and even the task of choosing extracts might be in better hands.—Ed.

(r) This article, into which our correspondent will not go, is a most interesting sketch of the labours of Heber in India. His letters there quoted are, without exception, the most valuable morceaus relative to the state and character of British India which we possess. The loss to England, in Heber, is great, were it for this one thing alone, that we should have had some information communicated to the world which might have been relied on, not only for its clearness, but for its *unbiased* truth.—ED.

(s) The writer here shows that he is totally ignorant of the Burmese war. The article in the *Quarterly* was got up for no such reason as he supposes. It was got up because Mr. Murray published Major Snodgrass's book, and because it afforded materials for an abridgment of curiosity and interest. This abridgment is a very close and workmanlike performance, done, as we should think, by one of the regular hands of the *Quarterly*. Our correspondent rashly blames the Indian government for going to war—it is one of those shallow accusations that one often hears from fast and frothy talkers in society, whose declamations are always despised, perhaps, except by the ignorant. Whether war could ever have been prevented by the Indian government, is a point difficult of decision. It had become inevitable long before Lord Amherst was called upon to declare it. The writer talks about "thousands and tens of thousands of brave lives being wasted:" he is little aware of the fact that the amount of the whole army that was sent to invade the Burmese empire, reckoning reinforcements and additional levies, did not altogether equal ten thousand men. The number when dead, we

complished man (r) the late Reverend Reginald Heber, bishop of Calcutta. We shall not analyze the next paper, which is a notice of "Snodgrass's Burmese War," got up to justify Lord Amherst and the Indian Government for entering into a contest, in which discipline and courage were employed in combatting unworthy enemies; (s) thousands and tens of thousands of brave lives wasted, and millions of money consumed, to an extent, which the more than Spanish system of secrecy in India affairs will prevent the present age or history from ever knowing; while a useless territory has been added to the Company's overgrown possessions. Thus, by avoiding concentration, their means of defence are weakened, and their finances burthened; hastening the time when their debt must be shouldered upon the groaning people of England. With the reviewer, all this is, of course, the result of *sound* policy and *infinite* wisdom.

An essay on "*Historical Romance*," comes after Snodgrass. It professes to review twenty volumes of Sir Walter Scott's novels, six of those of Mr. Horace Smith, and Mr. Coleridge's 'partial translation' of "Wallenstein."\* What an "intolerable quantity of sack" to the crumb of musty bread, which is its accompaniment. Twenty-six volumes, and a play cast in to make measure! Really Falstaff himself was not so intolerably greedy of his potations as thou art, Mr. Editor of the *Quarterly*! This is, no doubt, written by the grand bashaw himself: it is the *experimentum crucis* on his powers, and, we think, well worthy the attention of the public, as it shows of what flights he is capable, what critical *acumen* he possesses, how judicious and experienced he is in his vocation; how admirably calculated he is, by his literary opinions and accomplishments, to obscure even the memory of —, the Literary Cerberus who preceded him.

It has been whispered that Sir Walter Scott is the author of this article, because it was given out, as already hinted (perhaps for Mr. Murray's trade objects), that he occa-

\* For our opinion of this "very excellent and perfect" piece of translation, see our Article on it in our last No.—

\* A very excellent and perfect translation of this piece of Schiller's has just appeared in Edinburgh, anonymously.

sionally writes in the *Quarterly*. (t) No one ought to credit such a report. To review his own works, to praise himself, and show jealousy of writers who make no pretence of rivalry, to attack them with cold sneers, and unjust aspersions of their talents, because the public has chosen to take off three editions of their works, is an offence of which Sir Walter Scott never could be guilty. (u) The over-officious and injudicious zeal of his son-in-law, has thus far injured him, even by the rumour, if any thing can operate to do this with so great and good a man. But, in truth, the cribbed, mean, narrow spirit of jealousy which this article exhibits, must make him condemn such zeal *in toto*. Sir Walter is a kind man, and has acquired too much fame and respect to be hurt by the literary labours of any who may choose to follow in the track of historical novel writing, which his transcendent abilities first opened to the world, and which one man is as free to do as another. We, therefore, do not believe one word of Sir Walter's authorship of this paper. (v) In respect to the editor of the *Quarterly*, standing as he does in relation to the great novelist, and possessing no more talents nor better judgment than we give him credit for, it is probable he may have thought by this article to make the review of service in a family sense, by preventing the circulation of books which, in his contracted ideas, he deems the fee-simple of his house. But the meridian glory of Sir Walter Scott's literary career can receive no aid from the feeble ray reflected by his son-in-law's microcosmic talents in or out of the *Quarterly*. As well might a rush-light be held up in a summer's day to assist the noon-tide splendour. We, moreover, believe Sir Walter Scott no adorer of the puling of Wordsworth, in "Peter Bell," nor likely to degrade Milton by any sympathy with the poetical green-sickness of the lake school. Yet this article begins by the exaltation of Wordsworth with Milton, and a comparison between the two poets—between "Jove's eagle and a gander," as we have before said. Long ago would Mr. Wordsworth have been forgotten, but for the incessant puffing of his literary disciples in ode, elegy, review, and ballad. Still, as in free-masonry, none but

(t) This is all mightily absurd and malevolent.—Ed.

(u) Sir Walter's fault lies the other way. He is too fond of praising. The compliment to the author of "Brambletye House" at the end of the preface to Woodstock was sickening.—Ed.

(v) There never was any such rumour.—Ed.

the initiated understand; the world is not yet enlightened enough to comprehend what of Wordsworth is not incomprehensible. Wordsworth's books are never bought or read. "Well," say his disciples, "it was the same with Milton." But there were but four millions of people in England in Milton's time, and little public education; yet thirteen hundred copies of "Paradise Lost" sold in two years. The population has increased to fourteen millions, and every one reads: yet who have purchased thirteen hundred copies of "The Excursion" in any ten years! Then the obscurity of Wordsworth is compared to the sublimity of Milton, by his votaries; and if his forty unreadable pages in "The Excursion" for one readable, are mentioned—"Oh! it is the same in "Paradise Lost!"

Shakspeare—as before, in the review of "Milman's—Anna Boleyn"—is again brought forward for comparison and dissertation. He is the editor's Gunter for gauging every depth of power, poetical, dramatic, or metaphysical. Numerous pages are consumed to show the resemblance between Shakspeare's and Sir Walter's genius; not very intelligibly done, and sufficiently self-opinionated. Then there is a comparison between Sir Walter and Schiller, in Quentin Durward and Wallenstein, with copious extracts from Mr. Coleridge's translation of an imperfect copy of that tragedy. (w) The reader is told a vast deal of what he knew already; and the object of all is to make a shew of proving what all know *not* to be true—that there is no falling off in the later novels of Sir Walter Scott,—that Quentin Durward is as good as Waverley, and Woodstock better. But we will not go on—attributing, in charity, to a blundering feeling of serving objects at home not literary, this jumble of Scott, Shakspeare, Schiller, Coleridge, Smith, and the editor, and to prove that none but Sir Walter has a right to attempt historical novel writing; and, finally, that Mr. Smith is an ass. If this display of the preceding four writers, and, above all, the exquisite tact, judgment, and experience of this Mr. Gibson Lockhart (the reputed editor of the *Quarterly*) do not completely put him down, he must have more than common powers of buoyancy! How dares Mr. Smith attempt that which the afore-

(w) Ignorance truly ridiculous. Mr. Coleridge's translation was from a prompter's copy; and the alterations afterwards made by Schiller, are unimportant, and do not weigh one moment against the excellence of the old translation.—Ed.

said editor insists shall be a branch of literature as exclusively for his family, as a German college once insisted for *hereditary* mathematics? The whole of the precious display in this paper—the marshalling three or four great names, and placing Sir Walter Scott's inferior productions with Schiller's best—is a sort of Scotch *ruse* to depreciate Mr. Smith by the contrast. (y) The whole matter and truth is that, just as Sir Walter published one of his least successful works, "Woodstock,"—the best part of its story borrowed from Dr. Plot, and re-printed in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," from "Plot's Oxfordshire," many years ago,—Mr. Smith brought out "Brambletye House." The writer of this chanced to go into a library at the west end of the town to ask for "Woodstock;" he was there told that more copies of "Brambletye House" were asked for than of "Woodstock." At Cheltenham, at the libraries, it was altogether preferred by many readers. If perusing memoirs and chronicles be a sin, God help Sir Walter! He may be charged with the same crime. In some of his noblest productions, he has inserted whole pages, translated from the German. We say this, not to depreciate the great fame of Sir Walter, which neither our power nor inclination will allow us to do, but to show how far the "uncharitableness" of the editor of the *Quarterly* will carry him—we beg our own pardons for using so decorous a word, in describing his virtues.

The "Rejected Addresses" are first cited, to prove that Mr. Smith is a mere mimic. The reviewer travels out of the record to gratify the bias of his own malign spirit, to the utmost possible extent. Then there is the charge of his perusing the chronicles, and borrowing from the same sources that Sir Walter has done—this, in the writer's eyes, is sedition towards Sir Walter, who, we are sure, thinks it no such thing. The exclusive care of the Chronicles of England, is, no doubt, to descend to the aforesaid editor, with the mantle of his father-in-law, and so on to his bairns' bairns, in *secula seculorum*! The reviewer then gives three or four of his sneering pages to the plots of the novels he is labouring to slander and sink beneath their merits—apologizes for doing it, in an affected

(y) Nothing can be more just or sensible than the criticism of the *Quarterly* on these very dull and absurd novels of Mr. Smith's. The observations in the review are not brilliant, but they possess the higher merit of being very true. Mr. Smith's novels are the merest pieces of journey-work that ever came from the press. They are the elaborate works of a servile imitator, with some little portion of taste, but who is wholly destitute of talent. No task is easier, no merit is more cheap and vulgar than the power of making a resemblance, which shall be exact in all its parts, and utterly false and unlike in its general effect. Such are the novels of "Brambletye House" and "Tor Hill," as regards their originals. The facts which the writer mentions respecting the circulating libraries which he frequents, may be explained in a very different way. These books were published by Mr. Colburn, whose name is the fashion just now. Mr. Murray's used to be. Now mark how good things may come by mean. Had not this bookseller been jealous of his brother publisher, Mr. Horace Smith would never have been so justly appreciated in the *Quarterly Review*. So much for the oracles of the public—Eo.

regard for the patience of his readers!—recommends Mr. Smith to Dryden and Wilson—"Jove's eagle and the gander" again!—to learn how to *define* (*we* recommend him the *Quarterly* too, for this, both in precept and example)—and then proceeds to vituperate the "*Tor Hill*;" a work by no means equal to "*Brambletye House*;" and, therefore, less severely treated on the whole, because it is less feared. Sir Walter Scott and his Crusaders are again lugged in as a contrast. Mr. Smith is styled a "specimen," not superior to a "regiment of writers" of the same kind; a poor compliment to the public, by the bye, who purchased as many or more copies of *Brambletye*, than of *Woodstock*, which never would have sold at all but for the great and honoured name it bore. The reviewer next returns to his eternal dissertations upon Shakspeare, Lessing, the Germans, but not to Milton's fearful rival, Wordsworth—we miss him at the winding-up of this exquisite morsel of criticism. This article displays no power, but of cunning, and proves the reviewer deficient in judgment, guilty of gross impolicy towards his father-in-law's honest fame—(by affording ground for the inference that he was jealous of Mr. Smith.) Had the author of "*Brambletye House*" been thought as miserable a scribe as the reviewer insists he is, the *Quarterly* would never have noticed him.

We should have preferred noticing this article, paragraph by paragraph, but we have not space, and the little history of the *Quarterly* at our commencement occupied some portion of our room; this, however, cannot happen in future; and we assure the editor of Mr. Murray's review, that we shall return to him again, nor suffer him to go forth as a literary Colossus, because he fights from behind the shield of his predecessor's name.

There is still another article in this number, which, we imagine, is the production of a lawyer; it is both subtle and absurd. It is on the law of libel; and its principal design is to defend indictment proceedings, and to support the doctrine that "truth is a libel." It shows an artful defence of the existing law, under the mask of disinterested argument, and is curious from *convicted libellers*; the last proceeding against the *Quarterly* was,

we believe, by action. Hence that mode is undervalued. No one doubts the convenience of the "indictment" practice when the *Quarterly* is concerned. The judges always precede their gratuitous harangues to jurors in libel cases, by avowing their sincere attachment to the freedom of the press, as the *Quarterly* does, with much the same sincerity, we think. We must leave this paper to be refuted by the daily journals. The lesser papers will find it no hard task; for with Tory, Whig, or Radical—with all—it is a common and serious subject. The editor of "Bell's Life in London," or any of his police-reporters, may expose its sophistry, provided he *dare* try an article under the apostolic covers of the *Quarterly*, and stand not in awe of the flatulent criticism, and overweening pretensions of a work, the name of which is now sunk to pretty nearly the level in merit of its contents.

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SIBYL LEAVES.\*

It is one of the commonest delusions for a man to fancy that he is a poet, when in fact he is very far from being any thing of the kind. Why do men fall into this mistake, and not into similar ones? No one erroneously imagines that he is a mathematician—no one sets up for a carpenter or a watchmaker without a knowledge of the craft. Until it is settled what poetry is, men will never know whether they are poets or not. The uncertainty as to what it is that constitutes the art leads to the uncertainty as to the qualifications necessary to practise it. In the works of *real* poetry there is so much trick and shallow artifice, that we must not be surprised if young men, finding that they can perform the trick, and understand the artifice, suppose that they are thereby poets. In the poetry of Milton, for instance, there is a sustained march, a pomp of diction, and an affectation of learning, which are very easily reached by men utterly destitute of ideas. It is the same with Byron—his starts, his fitfulness and his gloominess are all particularly easy to imitate. The truly valuable and original part of his writings is hardly that which gained him his fame, and rarely that which arrests the attention of the would-be poet. When strut, and frown, and start are acquired, it is conceived that the thing is done; the only circumstance which ever occurs as being wanted to the young versifier is that he is not a lord. There is some truth in this notion—the union of peer and poet is a powerful recommendation. It will not however do every thing, as may be seen

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\* Sybil Leaves; to which is added, A Vision of Eternity. By Edmund Reade, Esq., author of the Broken Heart, and other Poems. London: Longman and Co. 1827. 8vo.



in the instances of Lords Thurlow and Porchester. In the case of Lord Thurlow, his title has even thrown a ridicule upon the portion of merit which his poems really possess. In the case of Lord Porchester \* it has not even gained him a hearing. These are exceptions which might easily be explained. But to return—a stock of phrases acquired from a popular poet, and properly arranged in a tolerably retentive memory, are the raw material. The aspirant, on beginning to weave them together, finds the process one of great simplicity and ease. The paper is rapidly covered—he reads his production aloud—the swell and roll fill the mouth, and there remains nothing but the eye to be satisfied. A printer and his hot-presser quickly gratify this sense. The poems follow one another in beautiful order—a neat little table of contents appears to usher in the reader to their society—the titles of each poem stand up in handsome capital letters—the SONNET, TO THYRZA, STANZAS, catch the eye. Some lines are long, and some are short; sometimes two or three start from the same point, and sometimes they set out from a shorter distance, and do not travel so far over the page. They are moreover packed up in little packets of four or six or eight lines each, and numbered with the neatness of a pin-maker, with venerable looking Roman letters. Seeing all this, how is the youthful author to help exclaiming with the Italian painter *ed io son pittore!* Then come the critics, the weekly critics, the Literary Gazettes and Literary Chronicles, which find their account in universal praise; who find “beautiful passages,” “tender thoughts,” “harmony,” “ease of numbers,” and “effusions of genius.” Backed by such authorities, who can be surprised that the versifier himself begins to wonder at his own unconscious merit: but when at the end of the month the young poet finds himself raised to the skies in the puffing department of the New Monthly—*Campbell's Magazine*—the magazine of all the talents—then, though the praise is indeed in very small type, perhaps it may be written by the poet himself, and consequently the happy man's self-satisfaction is greatly magnified. To be sure, the book does not sell, but then there are peculiar causes for that accident—the next attempt will be more successful, and doubtless bring the solid pudding as well as the empty praise,—and, at any rate, gaining or losing, great poets are not to be sordid; it is fame that raises the clear spirit; posterity must be considered, and present self wholly disregarded. *Paradise Lost* did not sell, at least so they say. Behold then the now confirmed poet daily at his task, with his phrenzied pen, scribbling more tomes, to be gathered unto those that still encumber the catacombs of the publisher's warehouses.

A gentleman of the name of Reade, some short time ago, published a little volume called the Broken Heart. We did not read it, but placed it for future notice by the side of four hundred and ninety-nine *poetæ minutissimi* which adorn our shelves, and do honour to the state of the typographical art in this country. Mr. Reade has however again opened his battery upon the public, and prefixed to his second work a preface of so much vanity and conceit, that we are tempted to pick him out of the ranks, and expose his folly, for the benefit of himself and the rest of mankind.

\* We lately saw in some unsuspected quarter a eulogy of the talents of this nobleman, that will lead us to look at his Moor once more.

Mr. Reade commences by stating, that after the publication of his earliest poem, it had been his intention to give himself up to the composition of a drama on a subject he had long meditated. This great purpose was put aside by, it seems, the limited circulation of that poem. It was noticed, he states, with much approbation by some distinguished periodicals (mark the mischief done by these Literary Gazettes, &c., who are at least critics in the eyes of all they praise) yet, says the author, "owing to his name being hitherto unknown to the public either in periodical publications, or indeed elsewhere, and from other peculiar circumstances," (want of merit of course not being in the number) the public would not lay out its money upon it. This unfortunate accident did not, he says, in the least damp his ardour, but somehow or other he assigns it as a reason why he has not gone into the great design, the completion of which perhaps the public were getting anxious about. In the mean time the poems called the Sibyl Leaves were "fitfully composed," and "from the circumstance of being detached [a rare merit], and consequently more dwelt on [by whom? and why?] are offered with an increased confidence."

If any apology be requisite for not offering pieces of greater length, I would observe, that long poems of considerable excellency already popular are almost countless: that among such, even in the very first authors, there is much of detail and otherwise inferior matter, which must necessarily be comparatively heavy; that pieces such as these cannot, at least, fatigue, inasmuch as the candidate for poetical talents, if he has any, must be felt and appreciated almost immediately, each poem standing by itself, in its own unsupported strength or weakness, open to, and challenging the most rigid scrutiny. Moreover, it is in such concentrated efforts that the nearest advances to excellence have been made, gold with scarcely an alloy of tinsel; need I make more than an allusion to such names as Gray and Collins? or from the crowd of more modern works, the "Ode in the Vale of Chamouni," by Coleridge, and "The Last Man," by Campbell, the chef-d'œuvres of either author. I need hardly observe that I do not particularly insist on the last of my alleged motives above, though at the same time I will not for a moment be guilty of any false affectation in underrating the following pieces; they cost me much of time and thought, which I feel conscious, whatever the harvest may be, has not been thrown away.

This is a most singular apology for a volume of short poems. Long ones are countless, and short ones being of course scarce, Mr. Reade patriotically steps forward to stop the gap. Then long poems contain "inferior matter;" now "inferior matter" Mr. Reade cannot tolerate; "no alloy," "no tinsel,"—all above proof, all light, all perfect. But the poet has other reasons for giving to the world these "fitful compositions."

I wish to clear my name and pretensions to be more fully admitted before I offer any composition of a higher stamp, which, whatever its merits or demerits might be, would, in this age of universal poetry, speedily sink and be forgotten, without some fixed and established recollection, even though I should prove myself ever so well qualified for the task. For my own part, I have too much indolence, and no inclination to strive in the crowd of those

"Who dabble in the pettiness of fame;"

the mark of excellence I have set up for myself in poetry is high, and so is the hope through a life of comparative seclusion and meditation, to near, or attain it; not through the hasty ebullitions of continual effort, but from "years that bring the philosophic mind."

These "Sibyl Leaves" then are to stamp the author's name with a "fixed and established recollection:" the meaning of which we take to be, that when the great drama appears, then that all the

world are tosing, hallelujah ! this is the author of the " Sibyl Leaves," the great poet—who has published another book.

From the first part of the preface it appeared that " detached poems " were offered the more confidently on the ground of their being detached, but it is not so.

It appears to me indeed almost impossible that in the overwhelming mass of poetry still increasing, detached poems, of whatever merit or demerit they may be, can endure for any length of time. It may then be asked, thinking so, why do I now publish such ? I answer, my wish is simply to be appreciated by them for a capability of rising to a higher subject, and thus establishing for myself some faint recollection hereafter, when the task to which I am now devoted is completed ; and this I think will be considered satisfactory and moderate.

Very moderate, and very satisfactory indeed ; but neither so moderate nor so satisfactory as what comes afterwards. We shall now see why it is the great poets do not now spring up to succeed the great who are going by ; and this will account for Mr. Reade's bespoken celebrity.

It strikes me that the poets of the present day (of course those who have long since taken their niche in Fame's temple excluded) want an *aim* in what they write. Dramatic poems and pieces are almost daily offered us, written with more or less force and elegance, and are admired, and then laid down ; they pleased for the hour, and attempting no loftier effort—are forgotten. I think the only chance a writer has of being named a century hence is, instead of wasting away his powers on sketches and madrigals, to concentrate his scattered energies to one point, [what point ?] to form a regular design, and build up a whole, in which he might [may] develop the *habitual philosophical bias of his mind*, and infuse all his *peculiar modes of thought and feeling*. [Here is an *aim* !] It might, or might not be, a " monumentum ære perennius," at all events the attempt would show a noble ambition, and consequently an aspiring mind, which would be honourable even in its failure. [Not a bit more honourable than any other miscalculation.] The various works of the eternal Byron all more or less point to one end : [to what end ?] those of Wordsworth, though by a very different path, do the same ; and a glow of enthusiasm, and a generous love of liberty pervade, [are these ends ? a pretty tale] and are caught alike from the strains of Moore and Campbell. As to Coleridge, I, as one among the countless admirers of his transcendantly fine genius, can only hope *his career* is not yet done.

In a subsequent paragraph Mr. Reade explains the reason (for nothing must go unexplained) why he has given the name of Sibyl Leaves his work—the reason is, " that he could find no other name." Surely it was not so utterly impossible ?—there are *other* appellations which might have been thought equally appropriate. We can see nothing so prophetic in them as to remind us of the Sibyls or their leaves. But our readers shall have an opportunity of judging. Great poetical talent would not exonerate the author from the chastisement merited by arrogant folly ; much less is he to be screened by the slight defence which these poems can afford him.

Mr. Reade's poetry is of that flatulent description which most frequently blows up young men of indifferent digestive powers, with a notion of their own sublimity. It is vague—it is wordy—it is high sounding, and altogether thin and unsubstantial—the reader knows not where to have it. The sense flickers about his brain like a shadow, and is never caught. Through this sublime no-meaning, the poet wings his lofty way, and as he toils on among fog and mizzle and rain, no doubt hugs himself with the idea that all the world is staring at the altitude of his flight. He may not be

entirely wrong; there are many people who think the better of writing because it is incomprehensible—some because it is the part of the ignorant to wonder at what they cannot understand—some because they amuse themselves with the task of depositing their own meaning in the words which the author has arranged for the reception of his own. But this is only done in the case of great names—a Kant, or a Goethe, or a Boehmen, never want a meaning—nay, fifty—in the minds of the faithful. We will take as an example Mr. Reade's poem, entitled, *The West Wind*—we consider it about the best in the book: had this poem been attributed to an Apostle in poetry, it had not wanted many fine interpretations. The words are poetical, the metre is rhythmical; and there is a kind of wildness about it such as young poets have who go about plantations, gravel walks, and canals, with an open shirt collar, and a little volume ("Boscan or Garcilasso") in their hands—and who call the said plantations, gravel walks, and canals—groves, wood paths, and fountains.

## TO THE WEST WIND.

## I.

O thou West Wind! thou breath of life decaying  
 Slowly and mournfully o'er yon red sky:  
 Where the far Day, her steep course still delaying,  
 Sinks in the bosom of eternity:  
 Her hues of beauty fade, her cheek is cold,  
 And light and warmth are gone, and yon pale star  
 Watcheth her rest, and Darkness like a fold  
 Mantles around her, and first heard afar—  
 Then nearer o'er the waters hushed and dim  
 Thou raisest o'er her couch thy gentlest requiem hymn!

## II.

Hear me, even now, thou Spirit of the Air!  
 Thou viewless thing, that as a presence dost give  
 Life and elastic gladness—Oh, that I were  
 Like thee, a bodiless essence, and could live  
 All freshness and all purity; and leave  
 The passions that do waste this clay behind,  
 Sorrow, and pain, and hopelessness; and grieve  
 No more for aught of earth, but like thee, Wind,  
 Revel before the path of that bright sun,  
 And pass away at last like melody when done.

## III.

Child of the elements! who so blest as thou?  
 When the rich twilight fades along the skies  
 Steeping in hues of heaven the earth's wan brow,  
 Thou wanderest from the gates of Paradise.  
 The flowers give thee their perfume, from above  
 The dews sink on thy wings, and thou goest on  
 Hallowing each spot thou visitest, while Love  
 Breathes to thee, bowered in his deep haunt alone,  
 A blessing when thou com'st, a sigh when thou art gone.

## IV.

I hear thee now—the scattered leaves are sighing—  
 To thy sweet breath they never more shall feel!  
 From the seared woods a voice is heard replying,  
 Where the last lingering tints of Autumn steal:  
 All breathe decay and sadness, they are dead,  
 And hope with them lies buried—unlike thee,  
 Who, while man's mightiest works as leaves are fled,  
 Still wanderest o'er the bright earth wild and free,  
 Like Love, the awakening soul, that liveth on eternally.

## v.

Requiem of Melody! chaunted as from heaven,  
 Which through great Nature's temple swells along!  
 Now, while life rests in holiest commune given,  
 I sit and listen thy inwoven song;  
 What dost thou teach me? nothing can be known;  
 Then let me dream awhile from thought oppressed  
 Lulled by the murmurs of thy dreamy tone:  
 Enough that in this bright day I am blest,  
 That I, like thee at last, shall find my place of rest.

Were we to end here, Mr. Reade might cry out upon us, and declare that we had been ill-natured, unjust, and God knows what! To avoid such a scandal, we must, greatly against our inclination, give further specimens of his quality. That we may not entirely throw away our space, we shall select the poems we are inclined to esteem the best. It is possible they may please some of our readers whose tastes differ from ours—we will at least hope so in charity. We think the poem called *Sunset* is what young ladies call “beautifully wild.” It is no doubt true, that if slipped in at the end of some of Byron’s “metaphysical” (!) poems, it would pass muster as well as several of his “dreams” and “darknesses.”

## SUNSET.

————— I adore  
 The Sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
 But knows of him no more.—*Shakespeare.*

O thou departing god!  
 Or idol of that God—before whose brow  
 The clouds, and heaven, and earth do robe themselves  
 In hues of beauty caught but from thy presence.  
 I see thee still—and feel thy warmth of rays,  
 While thou dost lighten up this inward being  
 With glory and with joy! I look on thee,  
 Dumb though I am, and darkly comprehend  
 The life—the visions of beatitude  
 They feel, who stand before the Almighty’s throne,  
 Of whom thou art the shadow! Glorious orb!  
 I yield the adoration of dim sense,  
 Absorbed and lost in light ineffable!  
 Of clay, which, quickened by thy beams, grew up  
 Expanding like thy flowers, and whence, oh whence  
 Doth the soul draw its earliest inspiration,  
 And springing thoughts, and passion, life, and love,  
 But from thine urn of fire? Thou risest—and  
 Earth in her visible creation wakes,  
 Glowing with light and beauty, and man’s heart  
 Pours forth in gratitude, o’erflowing with  
 The feeling and the consciousness of being,  
 The blessing, and the luxury—to be!  
 Thou sink’st and nature fades: her energies,  
 And all her mighty action is at rest;  
 The passion and the life from thee inspired,  
 The informing soul, is gone—and like a corse  
 Vaulted beneath night’s starry sepulchre,  
 She sleeps as in her grave.

There thou art throned,  
 Like him, on whom the angels dare not gaze,  
 Alone in trackless solitude. The stars  
 Live round thee, drinking hope, and light, and joy

From thee, their centre and their soul—but thou  
 Lost as a speck in the abyss of space,  
 With the swift motion of the heavens, and midst  
 Innumerable worlds art born along  
 In whirlwind round the Eternal! Earth grows grey,  
 Sinks and lives on through ruin, and the nations  
 Rise, change, and vanish; but they turned to thee  
 As to a visible god, and drew down thence  
 An impress of divinity—a hope,  
 A spark of kindred immortality;  
 And truth and wisdom; and knelt to thee in temples  
 Not reared by human hands, but on the mountains  
 The free and natural steps to thy great shrine,  
 Where thou wert worshipped o'er the hosts of Heaven!  
 Altar of Deity unrevealed! who first  
 From this all beautiful earth, o'ercome with love,  
 Offered his heart up in thanksgiving there?  
 Who last shall look on thee when thou thyself  
 Dost change in heaven—for worlds as atoms change  
 Before the everlasting: or wilt thou  
 Stand, and while stars as dew-drops melt before thee  
 Quenched in the abyss, still self-existent burn,  
 The life—the centre—the enduring soul?  
 O thou most living light! I have drawn from thee  
 As from a fountain, purity and love,  
 And a deep knowledge of the world; from boyhood  
 To thee the yearnings of my heart were sent,  
 A wanderer on the hills. I watch thee now  
 And feel ambition: not to rise o'er men  
 Or to be loved or feared; I would not die  
 Like them, but in the inspiration of this song  
 Live as a spirit when I am no more;  
 A record not of pride, but gratitude,  
 To tell of one who was—who blessed thee once,  
 And left his words to be forgot, or dwelt on  
 With an affectionate memory. For oh, thou sun!  
 Like the Chaldean I have bowed to thee,  
 And from the mountains, and the ocean waves  
 Stretched forth my hands to thee, while thou didst take  
 Thy glorious departure from the world!  
 Thou didst inspire me like a prophet then,  
 With thoughts sublime, and visions not my own;  
 For gazing there, I saw with inmost eye  
 The good, the beauty of things visible!  
 And through this film of sense that darkens all  
 With doubt and disbelief, and through the evil  
 That makes us what we are—the hidden love,  
 The order, and the prescience of the unknown.

Farewell—if I inherited too much  
 Of thy Promethean fire, making me here  
 Restless, and quick, and wayward, wasting thus  
 Life's wick out ere its time—yet thou hast given  
 Moments of passionate feeling and of love,  
 Which were eternities in joy; such as  
 Not even poets shape forth in their dreams.  
 And my last hour when gazing on thee shall  
 Be happy! these frail atoms which but met  
 To tremble and to suffer, then shall part  
 And sleep in calm quiescence; or through space  
 Float on thy beams, and dew earth's sleeping flowers:  
 And whither may this animating soul  
 Wander, thou glorious centre, but to thee!

To an Autumn Rose is another address in a different style, with which we shall conclude: it is indeed an imitation of Moore's "Last Rose of Summer."

## TO AN AUTUMN ROSE.

And is thy beauty gone,  
Sweet rose, for ever,  
And wilt thou, lovely one,  
Bloom again never?  
Thy boughs are all stooping  
Bent down by the blast,  
Thy leaves faded and drooping  
Lie scentless at last!  
Yon sun that shines brightly  
No more shall awaken:  
The wind passeth lightly,  
And leaves thee forsaken!  
Thy day thou has revelled,  
And those seared leaves beneath  
Shall, torn and dishevelled,  
Be tossed o'er the heath.  
Yet why should I mourn thee,  
Thou thing of a day!  
No sorrow hath worn thee  
With early decay;  
Thy life was bereft not  
Of joy unconfined;  
Thou art gone—and hast left not  
One tear-drop behind.

*St Adresse.*

## DE VERE.\*

IN our review of Tremaine, we estimated its author rather as a shrewd observer than a profound philosopher. The present work confirms this impression. De Vere is superior in every way to its predecessor, and if it has not altered our opinion of the nature of the writer's capacity, it has very much exalted our opinion of its powers. He is not, we repeat, a deep or an accurate thinker, but he has looked at the world as a painter views a landscape, with a fine perception of every variety of hue and form, though uninstructed and perhaps incurious respecting their causes. The artist may not sketch the less faithfully, or feel a less lively sense of the beauties of nature, because he is unacquainted with botany, geology, and astronomy; and our author may not paint humanity in many of its nicest phases with less exactness because he is not profoundly grounded in moral science. He has seen much of men, and seen them well, with a piercing sight and a liberal allowance for peculiarities, a just distaste for littleness in all its disguises, and a fervent love of simplicity and singleness of mind. He notes, but he does not rage, against foibles, while he portrays the virtues with a tone of calm enjoyment which indicates the depth and sincerity of his pleasure in the task, and gives a rich

\* De Vere; or the Man of Independence. By the Author of Tremaine. In four Volumes. London: Colburn, 1827.

character of repose to the picture under his hands. He has lived much in the great world, and has carried out of it a taste unvitiated, a mind stored with observations, and above all, an uncorrupted heart. This last attribute is one of the most pleasing characteristics of the work, which breathes throughout a spirit of benevolence, and bears on every page the stamp of goodness. We occasionally feel that the writer is weak, often that he is diffuse to tediousness, but he never ceases to be respectable. There is a fine temper about the book which acts as a charm on the reader, and inclines him to a congenial mood of indulgence. He sees much nobleness of sentiment, and a keen relish for the beautiful in all its shapes moral and natural, in combination with feebleness of judgment; but he grants a kindly toleration to the failing, in consideration of the amiable qualities associated with it. It is the property of sun-shine to lend cheerfulness to the dullest objects, and of goodness to grace even error. We cannot explain why it is that a man uniformly exact in taste is often signally deficient in judgment; the same faculty which we call taste in trifles should be judgment in matters of superior importance; but we see that it is not so, and that he who comes to a right conclusion almost without the aid of thought, arrives, nine times out of ten, at a wrong one, when he applies more of his reasoning powers to a subject. He has a ready perception of beauty, fitness, and concord; there is, in truth, always a beauty, a fitness, and a concord, and how is it that in graver inquiries he does not catch a glimpse of these things, of which in trifles he has almost an instinctive apprehension; and that they do not give him a clue at least to a just judgment? If taste is not an undeveloped reason, how is it that it does not come in aid of reason? We have daily examples that it does not; we observe it superseding higher principles, but never guiding to them. There are many men in public life who are enemies to injustice and oppression, not from principle but from taste. It offends them to see cruelty,—there is deformity in it, and they oppose it, because they dislike it; it gives them pain, uneasiness; it is to their minds as the setting of a saw or the grating of a slate pencil is to their ears. Others, without a particle of taste, or an atom of heart, concur with them in their conclusion, being brought to it by the light of their reason alone. Our author presents a remarkable example of the phenomenon we have noted. Wherever the demand is on his perceptions he is exquisitely exact, and discovers, without parading it, his critical apprehension of every shade of distinction in the objects he is setting before us; but when something more than perception is called for, when he has to penetrate and explore, to pierce the flimsiest disguises of falsehood, or to unhusk the truth, his want of energy and vigour is manifest. He has no wings for speculation; his strength is with sensible images. In the province of taste he is excellent, and he has certainly aggrandized this province, extended its bounds very far; but where taste ends and the higher judgment begins, he is powerless. In support of this position we could fill some pages with examples of extraordinary weakness, confusion, and inaccuracy of reasoning. Of logic we should infer that the author was entirely ignorant, and yet his writings give us an idea of so accomplished a man, that we can hardly prevail upon ourselves to assume him unpossessed of any



necessary acquirement. Certain it is, however, that some very remarkable solecisms in the forms of argumentation occur in his book. In the dialectical combats a remark is often made, and a triumphant objection is offered, having nothing whatever to do with it.

The fable of De Vere is inartificial and uninteresting, and it is barren of incident or stirring adventure. Those, therefore, who take it up as a mere novel, will probably lay it down with considerable disappointment. The plot is but the slender thread on which the author strings his pearls—his characters. De Vere is not a drama, it is rather a gallery of sculpture in which we see a number of finely chiselled forms, many of them admirable copies of nature, but having no relation with each other, except that indeed of the common kindred of truth. Our eye first reposes on one figure, and then passes over a naked space to another, and another, excellent but still—there is every feature of life, but its warm motion is wanting, and the effect, though imposing, is cold. Among these statues are some perfect performances. There is a kind of moral centaur, a being, one half knavery, and the other the keenest sensibility, which is unmatched; it is a species of rogue which has never been described in print before, but the truth of it will be confessed at once, as it is often seen. Clayton, this sensitive scoundrel, is a refinement on the Blifil of Fielding; he has his sleekness, meanness, and hypocrisy, together with the addition of *fine feelings*, which stamps him an original character on paper, though by no means a rare one in the world.

It is the custom of inferior artists to make their villains uniformly men of coarse minds and depraved, or, at least, merely animal appetites. Clayton is one of elegant desires, and when the master passion of self-interest does not possess him and turn him to roguery, he has a soul delicately sensible of excellence. An idea may be formed of his moral composition from this passage—

We have failed (says the author) in our contemplation of human nature, and particularly failed in delineating Clayton's character, if we have not shown that the strongest contrasts, nay contradictions, may sometimes be found in the same bosom, and that very keen susceptibilities are not always incompatible with considerable laxity of principle. That Clayton had an eye for beauty, and could feel even the raptures of tenderness through all the avenues to the soul, is no more than true; although beauty, rapture, and tenderness itself, could all be abandoned in a moment, whenever the finger of self-interest beckoned him away. While this beckon was not perceived, and still more, if self-interest lay in the same road with feeling, of feeling no man had a prettier stock. In short no man went beyond him in that sort of sentiment which emanates from the imagination, but has nothing to do with the heart.

The character of Lord Mowbray comes next to Clayton's in merit. He is the Lord Westmorland of the political drama. A man with about the same tenacity to office which an oyster has to its bed, which rests undisturbed by a hundred tempests, and opens its shell for every change of tide—till in an unlucky hour it is dredged up and destroyed. Lord Mowbray is the head of a noble house, and the possessor of a splendid fortune, who looks upon office on any terms as the only basis of human happiness, and is content to submit to every kind of humiliation for the retention of it. The end of existence with him is *place*; this secured, the grand object is a lasting administration. Identifying his own convenience with the nation's good, he supposes that a permanent ministry is the main point necessary to its welfare. Of its composi-

tion, like some other greater men, he is regardless. If he is in it, that is enough—all is well. "At the same time," says his historian, "there was a part of his character which, for the undeviating consistency as well as energy that he displayed in it, entitled him to all respect. This was a notion of what he called political discipline. As throughout his career he had acted upon a principle amounting to sacred, of unqualified obedience to all who were above him; so even in his first advances, he exacted, to the letter, from his official inferiors, all that he himself had paid to those above him.\* A subaltern in office, he used to hold, could have no opinion but that of his chief; a member of Parliament none but that of his party; and any show of deviation from these duties was treated by him as treason, and as such held in abhorrence. These, and other such maxims, were laid down by him in a manner little less than oracular; they were paramount to all others in his notions of government; indeed, they were almost the only notions of government which he possessed; for as to all great views of policy, foreign or domestic, he left them to those whom he at the time supported; satisfied himself with supporting them." This Lord Mowbray is the patron of the *parvenu* Clayton, who having incurred the abhorrence of all honourable minds by some dirty work, a base piece of ratting, is judged by his noble protector worthy of a sinecure, by way of a salve for his wounds in the service. The minister to whom the request is urged objects, "It may gild him, but it will be with tarnished gold."

"Gild him, however," said Lord Mowbray. This is one of those anecdotes which give a stamp to a character. It is impossible to misapprehend the manner of the man after hearing these three words reported of him. He speaks, and we know him. And this brings us to another fine stroke. De Vere reproaches his then friend Clayton for accepting the post—

"Far from accepting new appointments," said he with some indignation to the latter; "you should have laid down the old one."

Clayton, in reply, deeply lamented the miserable state of affairs; wished himself a thousand times out of politics in some calm retreat, and said he had been inhumanly and unjustly treated by the ex-minister, whose cause he had always advocated, till he found him really too dangerously ambitious. But, in regard to his keeping or accepting new offices, he pleaded that he really was not his own master, but a mere follower of Lord Mowbray on that point. Nor could he prevent his patron, if he thought his honour concerned, from insisting that his accession to the new arrangement should not be stigmatized, either in his own, or his friend's person, and that therefore a strong demonstration should be made in their favour.

"That," said De Vere, little moved, "would require some high notice of my lord himself."

"You are right," returned Clayton, "and you therefore cannot be surprised if you find that he has accepted the red ribband."

Nothing can be more exquisite than this misapprehension of Clayton. The high notice which the honourable De Vere had in his thoughts was one of a very different nature—a high notice to mark the sense of the purity of his uncle's (for such is Lord Mowbray) motives, but the *parvenu* instances the price of his meanness.

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\* It is this which always makes the truckling jack in office so insolent to his inferiors. He thinks himself entitled to exact from them the prostration which he offers to his superiors, and it soothes his self-love to compel others to be as supple as himself.

We introduce these illustrations, as we shall do others, rather abruptly, because in no other way can we deal with the book. Like *Tiemaine*, the pattern is of such Brobdingnag proportions, that we cannot reduce it to the limits of our pages, and all that we attempt is to take a bit here and a bit there, which appear to us of a kind that will bear insulation. The story we do not think it worth while to follow; it is so lumbering and void of interest. It is the waggon in which the characters are stowed, and it travels along at a snail's pace, with a prodigious creaking, and cracking, and grinding of its great broad wheels. To pursue the course of such a machine is not at all to our tastes, and our readers would derive little gratification from learning its different lingering stages; we shall therefore run before it or lag behind it, according to the temptation that offers.

The character of Wentworth is obviously a portrait of Mr. Canning *en beau*; and the political incidents in which he figures strikingly and singularly accord with those which have just surprised and delighted the world. Wentworth, like the original, is a man of prodigious talents, which are understood rather than expressed; they are of an above-proof kind, and without evidence we are called upon to give him credit for them, which of course, as in all such cases, we implicitly do. In his little moments of petulance, the likeness between Wentworth and our distinguished statesman is very strong, and we are willing to believe that it is equally so in those of his generosity. Take it all and all, however, this is not one of the best characters. We turn from it to the two Flowerdales, excellent in their respective ways. The one a man steeped and starched in office, formal, worldly, yet—here is the talent—respectable, nay amiable; the kind of person whom we meet in the world and esteem, but who never before looked well upon paper. The artist shows his powers in making a good painting of so difficult a subject. His brother, a country gentleman, the very opposite of this, is one of those beings in the existence of which it delights and elevates us to believe. We would fain transfer the portrait of him from the author's canvass, but thirty-nine pages present an insuperable obstacle to our wish, and there is not a part which we can omit without destroying the charm of the whole. We may give some idea of our author's manner by stating that this space is occupied by a dialogue over bread and cheese! Few, however, will, we think, quarrel with its length. There is, to our minds, great freshness and a fineness of tone about this quiet scene. Simple in its effect, but most elaborate in its execution, it is a sample of the style of the writer's labours, and an example of the difficulty of exhibiting his more finished performances in a narrow compass. He does not deal in bold strokes and grand efforts, but in minute touches and patient developments which remind us of the manner of Richardson, divested, however, of its repulsive homeliness.

Indeed, though the author indulges in one or two quiet sneers at this antiquated model, we cannot but think that he has moulded his conceptions of excellence on it. De Vere himself seems to us a descendant of the Grandison family. He is a man of good birth, small fortune, and much pride, who cannot advance an inch in the world by reason of his excessive virtues. His uncle, Lord Mowbray, wishes to launch him into politics, that is, to qualify him for a placeman;

but De Vere has too much honesty and independence for this vocation. He refuses to creep, and not having wings to fly, remains a cypher. He is in love with his cousin Constance, the daughter and heiress of Lord Mowbray, but as he is poor and she is rich, pride forbids him to pretend to her hand. He is in every way unfortunate. He sees his mistress besieged by a profligate nobleman, Lord Cleveland, and his seat in Parliament stolen from him by his treacherous friend Clayton, and goes abroad in despair with Wentworth, who retires from political life for a season, for reasons which it is not necessary to our rough sketch to explain. At last, by a clumsy process, after the death of Lord Mowbray, his right to a part of the possessions of Constance is established, and he is blessed, according to the dispensation of novels, with all his desires, not, be it observed, by means of any meritorious exertion on his own part, but by an accident arising from the villany of his rival. Throughout the book we take no interest in De Vere. Pride may be a good accessory, but it is a bad staple commodity for a character, and we are weary of the set parade of De Vere's. The author has endeavoured also indeed to invest him with the charm of simplicity, but has miscarried, and in effect almost made him a simpleton. There are two more prominent persons whom we must not leave unnoticed, Harclai, and the President Herbert. The first is a common-place character; a man with a heart all benevolence and a tongue all misanthropy, such as we have in scores in the D'Arblay novels, *et id genus omne*. The last is a worldly priest; a kind of trumpeter, who though he does not cage himself as a combatant, is perpetually sounding the charge for action in the field of public affairs. How the author intended this personage to be regarded we do not know, but it is impossible to imagine him other than an unprincipled rogue at bottom. By the bye, he does the orthodox duty of the work; he is the mouth-piece of the writer's theology, and a precious organ he is. We shall extract a discussion, exemplifying the weakness in reasoning to which we have before adverted. The question mooted is the perceptible interposition of Providence; we regret to see such points agitated by incompetent disputants.—

"The time, as I observed," said the President Herbert, "is over when visible interposition was the condescending mode of directing the world; for, unhappily for us, there is now

' No more of talk when God or angel guest  
With man, as with his friend familiar, us'd  
To sit indulgent.' "

"That must indeed have been a happy time," said De Vere; and to that sentiment his cousin, by her looks, evidently responded.

"Instead of poetry, give me facts," said Cleveland. "What does history say to it?"

"Will you believe history if I tell you?" asked the divine.

"I will not believe Livy's silly stories of voices in the air, any more than my Lord Clarendon, with his sleeping dream about the Duke of Buckingham, or his waking one of Lord Brooke, at Litchfield."

"You wish to touch me home," said the doctor, "in mentioning the last. But setting aside my partiality for my favourite cathedral, if you ask me seriously to say what I think, I am not one of those enlightened persons, like your lordship, who have so settled the matter as not to consider the circumstances of Lord Brooke's death as peculiarly awful."

"I have never gone by the spot where he fell," said De Vere, who had been most attentive to this part of the conversation, "without feeling it so; nor can I laugh at

Clarendon for appearing to favour the notion, (he does no more,) that this death was an absolute and immediate judgment."

"That such a mind as your's," cried Cleveland, "should think so! But I will refer you to a far better confutation than mine of so ridiculous a legend;" and he took a letter from his pocket-book, which he had just received from a man of high fashion, and some research in the olden literature of the country, though of little depth as a real philosopher, which he was even then affecting to be. He was a correspondent of Cleveland's on these subjects, on which they much agreed; but Herbert, who perfectly knew his shallowness, at the same time that he admitted his agreeable wit, observed instantly, on hearing his name, "He will make it ridiculous if he can, for he lives but to ridicule all that is serious. Barring his wit, however, which is delightful, his reasoning is in general as shallow, as his presumption is offensive."

"The cleverest man of the age," replied Cleveland.

"At an epigram if you will," said Herbert; "but at a truth no conjuror. Let us first see what is Clarendon's story, and then hear the comment. Lord Brooke, perhaps a sincere and, as it should seem, a pious man, had resolved to storm the Close at Litchfield, which held for Charles. A little doubtful, it would appear, of the lawfulness of his cause, (he should have thought of that before he commenced rebel,) he knelt down before the assault began, and prayed, if the cause he had engaged in was not just, that he might be cut off. Soon afterward he was shot. Now what does your cleverest man of the age say to this?"

"Why, he asks," replied Cleveland, "'Does the ruler of the universe inflict sudden destruction, as the way to set right a conscientious man?'"

"And is this all?" said Herbert. "If it is, and it be witty, most unfortunately for the wit, Lord Brooke had not prayed to be set right, but to be 'cut off' if wrong. So far, therefore, the wit depends upon a *false statement*, for his real prayer was complied with. But even without this, could there be no other reason for his death, than what concerned Lord Brooke? The notoriety of the prayer, and its issue, made it of the last importance to those who witnessed the facts. To them, opinion *was* set right, as far as such an example could set it right; and hence the argument against interposition, on account of absurdity, falls to absolute nothing."

This is downright folly. What can be less miraculous than the fall of a man in battle?—what more in the common course of things? Certain persons hold, that play-going is sinful. Let us suppose, that a worthy gentleman begins to feel some misgivings of the lawfulness of his favourite pleasure; that he kneels down and prays, that if it be sinful, his pocket may be picked in going into the pit—would any one regard the larceny as a miracle? And yet a greater proportion of lives are lost in battles, than of Barcelonas in crowded houses.

Nothing can be conceived more flimsy, on both sides, than these discussions of spiritual matters; the scoffer and the divine are equally imbecile. Lord Cleveland asks Herbert whether he has ever heard supernatural voices? The dignitary says he has—the voice of his Maker; and he declares, that it is like the music of ENCHANTMENT, the description of which we have all admired in certain lines of poetry!—he affirms the disputed manifestation, by likening it to a thing that has no existence! It were well that subjects of this nature were not touched upon at all in works of fiction.

We shall endeavour to cite some more creditable example of the author's powers, for the benefit of those who have not the opportunity of contemplating them at full length, and in their full vigour, in his own pages. This, as we have premised, is a difficult attempt. It strikes us, however, that the subjoined sketch of day-break in Westminster on the morning of a grand debate in the House, will bear abstraction. The truth of the introductory remarks on the effect of the repose of a great city, when all nature is in action, cannot fail to be felt; and the picturesque force of the description will be acknowledged by every observer. De Vere is leaving town

in company with Wentworth, whose health and spirits compel him to a temporary retirement from politics at the very moment of a grand parliamentary struggle.

This contrast, which often exists between the cheerful appearance of inanimate objects and the deep rest of man, is, to a contemplative person, always full of interest; nor, perhaps, of all the scenes on which such a person loves to fasten, is there one more pregnant with philosophic food than this—the exhibition of a great city at the dawn of day. The myriads which it is known to contain, and is soon to pour forth, are then invisible to the eye, and the houses, teeming with life, appear abandoned and desolate. At best they are buried in peaceful forgetfulness, from which it seems almost a pity to rouse them. How many thousands of those who were thus lost in happy oblivion, were soon to awake to care, to doubt, to struggle, or to certain affliction! Many, however, to joy; though neither De Vere nor his companion made these last any part of the visions they indulged; yet with other feelings than those which preyed upon each, the softness of the morning, and the journey before them, might have created very different sensations.\*

The sun had been up above an hour, but was now tempered by clouds which had just shed the blessing of a gentle rain on the earth, enough (and no more) to allay heat, and turn every thing to freshness. But the busy dwellers of Whitehall were still steeped in sleep, save now and then, where an earlier stirrer than the rest had opened his window aloft, to inhale the air. On advancing, however, towards Parliament-street, symptoms of bustle and watchfulness displayed themselves. At first a desultory straggler was seen, with jaded step and night-worn looks, creeping like snail (though with any thing but shining morning face) towards that ominous place of combat, where the fate of nations was often decided, and might be then deciding. Another and another still succeeded, till at length whole groupes, by threes and fours at a time, swept the pavement, arm in arm, hurrying faster and faster, in the apprehension of being too late for the question, or anxious with mutual fear at the sight of each other's strength.

These had all been summoned to vote from their respective clubs, where, tired of a ten-hours' debate, they had sought a temporary and feverish refuge. Dim as were their eyes, and furrowed their temples with watching, their countenances still gleamed with what agitated them within; and hope and doubt, and anxious calculation, and (with many, let us cordially add) real patriotism, excited them all by turns; and this gave a momentary ardour to their spirits, and an accelerating impulse to their steps.

It was a sight which neither Wentworth, nor, indeed, De Vere could view without emotion. The former saw many of his friends and many of his opponents, as the carriage rolled past them. Amongst these was Clayton, whose quick but solitary pace and disconcerted air rather surprised them. He had in fact been dispatched to bring up a detachment of hesitating, though general supporters of Lord Oldcastle; had met with a cold reception from a knot of county members; and was, in truth, ruminating on the coarseness and ingratitude too, of country gentlemen, when, with irregular step, and face full of care, he was thus seen hurrying to his patrons with apprehensions of something little short of mutiny. Both the friends observed the phenomenon, and Mr. Wentworth argued from it, that all was not well with the ministerial party. This, with the eventful discussion which was pending, and his possible power of influencing it, but, above all, the proximity of the scene, staggered his resolution. His hand was several times on the glass, to order the postillion to stop, and his heart beat high at the thought of gallant encounter; when the weakness of his chest, and the solemn promise he had given to Wilmot (of which De Vere forcibly reminded him), turned him from his design, and he too threw himself back in the carriage, that he might not be noticed either by the former companions of his glory, or the rivals of his power.

Having at length escaped by driving over Westminster-bridge, he could not help stretching through the window, to take a view of the House, which reared itself in placid and quiet dignity to the grey morning, unconscious (and it seemed almost strange that it should be so) of the agitating scene that was passing within. For

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\* The modern reader, in the foregoing description of the early dawn in London, may recollect something of the same cast in the novel of *Granby*; only (as I am most willing to allow) it is better executed in that lively and very agreeable picture of the manners of the day. Nevertheless, as the tone of sentiment is somewhat different, and as it introduces a different course of action, I am content to let this description stand.

[This note is perfectly unnecessary. There is nothing in *Granby* which can enter into comparison with *De Vere*.]

Wentworth was but right in supposing that at this moment the doors were closed, and the speaker engaged in the act of putting the question. The thought so got the better of him, that, had he not been a little ashamed of his eagerness, he would have confessed then (what he did afterwards), that though absolutely out of hearing of the House, he mistook the hailing of some distant watermen across the river, for the well-known sounds of Aye and No! Such, and so great, on particular subjects, is the power of habitual excitement and local association.

We shall extract two more scenes, and with them close our review. Lord Mowbray gives a country dinner. The invitations of course produce a commotion in the domestic circles of the district for some days. The question, to dine or not to dine, is thus characteristically discussed in a family of doubtful station:—

"I think you should go," said Mrs. Greenwood, who was a woman of ambition in her way. "The girls never have an opportunity of seeing good, that is, high company, from year's end to year's end."

"And why should it be good because it is high? and what good will it do them, if they do see it?" said her eldest son, Walter.

"It will shew them proper models, and polish their manners;" answered the aspiring mamma.

"As if the models of Castle Mowbray were fit for us of the Grange," returned Walter, in rather a surly tone. "No! no! we are too downright for such fine titled people, where nothing but my lord, or Sir John, will go down."

"Nay," answered the mother, "though we are not titled, we are as old a family as any without titles, in the county."

"And as poor," returned Walter, with sourness.

"That's no reason we should be lowered," said Mrs. Greenwood.

"But it is a reason why the girls should not expose themselves."

"Expose themselves!" cried the mother, and Miss Charlotte, the youngest daughter, bridling up.

"Yes," continued Walter; "for they will be either left in a corner, unnoticed, which will make them miserable; or they will be quizzed for want of fashionable airs. At best, if they meet with any attention, they will be spoiled for ever for their own home."

"But what says Lizzy?" asked Mrs. Greenwood, turning to her eldest daughter.

Miss Lizzy was rather a sentimentalist, and passed a very idle life in reading, without being greatly the better for it. She was even almost a woman of genius, and like many other women of genius, being rather a slattern, she affected to despise dress. In fact, her wardrobe all started up before her, on hearing the proposal, and not having a very good opinion of it, she answered with great decision, "I quite agree with Walter. I am formed for the shade, and not made to swell the train of any Lady Constance, or be triumphed over by fine London people."

"And what says William?" asked the mamma, turning to her second son, who had silently, but observingly, if not sneeringly, listened to the conversation.

"Why, that both Walter and Lizzy are prouder than Lord Mowbray and Lady Constance themselves," said William. "Charlotte, I trust, has more sense."

"I confess, I am not afraid of the great," said Charlotte; "and as to what you say of Lady Constance, I am told she has no pride in her; and I am sure her note is very pretty: for my part I should like to go."

"To be made to feel your insignificance," said the elder brother.

"Dear Walter; you frighten one," cried Charlotte. "Do, William, say what you think."

William was a man of ambition too; and, as it should seem, a philosophical one, but of the school of Aristippus, though he had never heard of him. His philosophy was, practically at least, useful to himself.

"My opinion is, that we should go," answered William.

"To what, and to whom?" returned Walter. "To a man who does not know you; and thinks he stoops in inviting you; and only invites you for the sake of getting your interest in county business?"

"And I go for the sake of getting his entertainments," said William.

"He will not know you out of his own house," said Walter.

"But he knows me in it, and a merry house it is," returned William. "And there is Foxleigh, and Fairburn, and a heap of old cronies to talk with at the bottom of the table, so what care I for what is going on at the top?"

"But, my lord," observed Walter.

"Oh! if I went to see a friend," interrupted William, "I allow it would be different. But I go as I would to a play, to see things and people I have little opportunity of seeing elsewhere. I go, too, to eat turtle and venison, which I never get any where. I generally also come away with leave for a day or two's shooting, and thus I make as much use of my lord, as my lord makes of me."

"If you called upon him in town, his door would be shut against you," said Walter.

"Therefore, I never do call upon him in town," answered William.

"Do as you will," said Walter, gloomily; and whistling his spaniel, he walked to the neighbouring market town, where, in his shooting coat and gaiters, he dined with two or three gentlemen who farmed, like himself, small estates of their own: and who, together with a tapping brewer, an attorney, and a thriving tradesman or two, formed a club, of which he was frequently happy to be chairman.

Here he forgot Lord Mowbray and his castle, and defied his invitations, in the respect which was paid him by the club, and particularly by the landlord and waiters, to whom all he said was law.

"There go pride and poverty with a vengeance," said William, as he lost sight of his brother. "For my part, I am resolved to take the world as it goes; I hope Charlotte will do so too, and if Lady Constance looks cold upon her, she may look cold upon Lady Constance, that's all."

"I love your spirit," said his mother, "it is like my own." With this, it was settled that as mamma was very infirm, she should stay at home with her two peevish children, as she called them, and send the more adventurous couple to seek their fortunes at the castle.

We proceed to the eventful jour de fête:—

It wanted an hour to dinner, and half an hour to dressing-time; and this odd half hour was dedicated to the reception of such guests as, coming from town, or a great distance, were to sleep at the castle, and dress for dinner. Some of these (as no introduction was expected before dinner-time) remained below; others sought their noble hosts.

Among these, the earliest arrived, (she never failed of being in time,) was a Mrs. Oldbury, the whimsical wife of a neighbouring and reverend gentleman, who, from being bookish and indolent, preferred residing in his prebendal house at Litchfield, to either their own mansion-house on his own estate, or a town life. Mrs. Oldbury, therefore, was one of those amiable little aristocrats of a cathedral town, to whom we formerly alluded, as being most exact in enforcing the line of separation between the provincial beau monde of the Close, and the vulgar thriving people composing the trading part of the city. Her husband was a high Tory, and as firm a political supporter of Lord Mowbray as his disposition would let him; he was, however, too indolent or too shy to attend his public days.

"Seldom at fête, 'twas such a busy life,  
But duly sent his family and wife."

We have called Mrs. Oldbury whimsical, and surely she was so; for being really as we have described her, a woman of respectable rank and consequence, who might have received as a right those attentions from the great and fashionable, which really well-bred people never refuse where they are merited, she seemed to prefer suing for them as an alms, by a pertinacity of humiliation and a too obvious flattery, to which a mere dependant would hardly have submitted. She watched the eye of a person of fashion with a sort of feline anxiety, and calculated the exact advances or retrogrades in favour which she made, or thought she had made, with those who really were, or assumed to be, higher bred than herself.

But a very high-looking personage was presently seen mounting the steps of the terrace, much entangled with his travelling pelisse, which, to Lord Cleveland's horror, he found to be the counterpart of his own. Colour, pattern, wadding, and above all, the braided Brandenburs, were precisely the same; only there having been a hot sun, the house-party rather wondered at its having been worn. Mr. Freshville, the new arrival, declared, however, it had been very cold, and he was glad to put it on.

"But how the devil did you come by it," said the Earl, giving him a finger, rather than a hand; "I thought mine had been the only one in England, and it came from Paris but three or four days ago."

"Exactly the time of mine," answered Freshville, mincing his words, but with an assumption of dignity.

The Earl looked displeased, and said he had already found it such an ugly affair



that he had resolved to give it immediately to his valet. "It may, however, keep you warm enough," added Lord Cleveland.

Both Constance and her aunt marked this little piece of insolence, but to their surprise, the Marchioness, who, with all her rectitude, as it has been hinted, loved a little badinage, where she thought it fair to indulge it, was most diverted with the solemnity of astonishment with which Freshville received it. In fact, Mr. Freshville's pride was cruelly affronted as he bowed his thanks for this speech, which was more mortifying than it seemed: for Freshville, a new man, though of fortune, had made his way into most of the fashionable classes, only by the studied stiffness of his manners. It was not that this was exactly the disposition of his nature; but having resolved to be fashionable, he had viewed the different roads to that enviable lot, and finding all others preoccupied, had pitched upon a well-pursued, though artificial, fastidiousness, as the best means of success. All his deportment therefore was serious; he seemed to be governed by rule and line; his looks, manner, voice, and speech were wrapped up in a gravity worthy a Spaniard. His dress was always most fashionably exact; he took snuff with peculiar grace; and his bow was as if from the height of elevation. The speech of the Earl, therefore, was a blow to him, and a severer one than at first appeared. For whether from his want of pedigree, or want of genius in the walk of ambition he had chosen, he still was at a great distance from the enviable point of supreme *bon ton*; a distinction higher than mere fashion, of which all, even of the fashionable, are not always aware.

But Freshville, unlike many other coxcombs, had made this discovery; and, as a remedy, he thought, that being admitted to the companionship of the Earl of Cleveland, he could not do better than become the double of that illustrious person. Accordingly, he copied him at least in the fastidious part of his manner, it not being convenient to imitate his *agréments*; and not only in London, but even in Paris, he employed the same tailor. On the present occasion, therefore, the French operator had only (according to a general order when any thing particularly rich or new had been commissioned by Cleveland) obeyed his instructions; and hence the travelling pelisse.

Lord Cleveland, however, soon resumed his good humour; for in fact Freshville was his devoted follower in politics, and not only gave him his own vote in parliament, but often aided him in elections,—all which was cheaply repaid by Cleveland, though sometimes in a manner unpalatable to his pride, by suffering his *political* to give himself the airs of a *fashionable* friend.

"I have just received a letter from him," said Freshville one day, on the eve of a ball which Cleveland was about to give at Richmond. "I wanted to go to Paris, but he says he must have me: indeed, I know he cannot do without me. This is a little unreasonable; but it is a debt of friendship, and I suppose I must pay it; still, it is really a great bore."

The sufferance of such language by the Earl, secured Freshville's vote upon every question during the whole of the session.

A landau now drove up, from which landed a gay bevy of a mother and daughters, who challenged all eyes. These were the females of a family nothing less than right honourable. Mr. Partridge, the father, had advanced through a long political life to his dignity of a privy counsellor; which, in truth, was enjoyed much more by his wife and daughters, than himself; for it had been bestowed upon him, by way of (not letting him down, but) gently pushing him out of an appointment of value.

The lady of this gentleman had the *misfortune* (as Harclai once shocked her by saying,) to be the daughter of an Irish Earl, though nowise connected with Ireland. He called it a *misfortune*, pretty much upon the principle of the Lady Lidia Loller, of Addison, whose chief reason for desiring to be sent to the infirmary for bad temper was, that she had the *misfortune* to be a lady of quality married to a commoner. It is very certain, that the inequality of birth and connexions, to say nothing of dispositions, between Mr. Partridge and his lady, occasioned some little mortification to the latter, and a great deal to her daughters: as they, through their mother, looked to be considered among the first ranks of fashion; while, through their father, they were reduced to fear (for they did not confess it even to themselves) that they might be thought a little too plebeian. This must account for the extreme jealousy which both mother and daughters showed, lest their pretensions should be called in question; and, in particular, for a sort of studied and contemptuous distance, at which they all agreed in keeping persons either on a level with their father's family, or any way approaching to a rivalry with themselves.

Both Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Partridge were the great allies of Lord Mowbray, who had more than once entreated their assistance in doing the honours of his castle

parties, and putting the natives (as Lady Elizabeth called them) into good humour with his lordship.

As, however, her ladyship, and still more her daughters, were really of extremely high monde, and the higher, from being reduced sometimes (for the reasons above stated) to fear it might be disputed, this was a favour not absolutely conferred without sacrifice. Lady Elizabeth, who had points to carry with Lord Mowbray, and was moreover his relation, consented to it with tolerable grace; but her daughters were by no means so complying. For though they liked the castle parties sufficiently, it was, perhaps, more because they there felt themselves to be members of a privileged few, who could indulge in the exaction of almost divine honours from the many, than because they felt under any obligation to submit their cloth of gold to the cloth of fries of country families. The political considerations which led to it, they were too young to understand, or to care for them if they did. Their mother had indeed given them very proper lectures upon this subject, which they heard with about as much attention, as they heard all other lectures, to which in the course of their education they had been obliged to listen.

This party had now begun to ascend the terrace steps, and Lady Elizabeth passed through the lane made for her at bottom, bowing to those of her acquaintance whom she recognized, with distant condescension, till she reached the high personages who waited for her at top. Her daughters (two in number) followed her, with a most assured air, seeming to think that several persons who saluted them as they passed, were mere statues, whom it was not in the smallest degree incumbent upon them to notice.

They were in a very fashionable *deshabille de voyage*, consisting of loose travelling gowns of scarlet, well trimmed and flounced, and clasped with gold. The face of one at least was blooming, and the figures of both tall and striking; of all which advantages they seemed to be fully sensible. There was, however, a difference between them. For, while Miss Zephyrina, the youngest, was sweet seventeen, the eldest, Miss Partridge, was at that uneasy (we had almost said unhappy) age, when the world pronounces a lady's girlhood to be gone, and the patient is not disposed to agree in the decision. What that age is, we dare not say; for it is different in different subjects, and every one must apply it for herself. "*Il n'y a qu'un printemps dans l'année*," says an old French proverb—and Miss Partridge thought so too; but then she also thought that the *printemps* lasted longer with her than it did with any body else. In short, that bloom and alacrity of spirit, which render a young girl so charming to herself and others, had left her; and she had not (yet) acquired those other graces, from sense and manner, which, by making a woman more estimable, cause her to be infinitely more attracting.

Nothing pleased the elder Miss Partridge so much as when she was classed with her sister, under the name of "the girls." She was fond of telling stories wherein her father would say, "Come along, *girls*," or talk of his *girls*; and she was even once known to be civil for ten minutes to a man she had determined to cut, because she heard he had spoken of her as a "charming *girl*."

These sisters advanced with a quick step, laughing loudly with one another, and staring through their glasses at the persons who made way for them, to the right and left.

De Vere, who met their view, was honoured with most radiant smiles; while, as to Harclai, who was standing by him, and perfectly well known to them, they almost laughed in his face. But the attraction of the great magnet, the family party above, increasing (like other attractions) in increased proportion as they approached, they were at last drawn into its focus with irresistible velocity.

But, horrible to relate! Mrs. Oldbury, whom they had settled in their way down not to speak to, was almost close to them; though having watched long, and in vain, for their eyes, which were somehow or another always averted, she was forced to console herself as well as she could, by talking to her neighbour, the unpretending and happier wife of the clergyman of Mowbray.

In time, however, and by dint of most pertinacious endeavours, Mrs. Oldbury succeeded so far as to nestle close to the objects of her envy and admiration, and deprived them of all pretext to avoid returning a part, at least, of the very low curtesy she made them. But having now advanced with an absolute threat of conversation, these daughters of fashion and ill-breeding looked at their watches, and declaring that they had not a minute to lose, scudded away to their room to dress; leaving Mrs. Oldbury in possession of mamma.

Lady Elizabeth, to do her justice, carried off the misfortune with fortitude; and knowing that Lord Mowbray had reason for courting the Oldburys in the country, as

well as that Mr. Partridge had reasons for courting Lord Mowbray in town, she deigned to speak several sentences to Mrs. Oldbury, one of which actually was, "Is that pretty looking young woman with you, your niece?"

Mrs. Oldbury was charmed; and beckoning her niece, she was presented to Lady Elizabeth in all due form. Nor did the high town lady leave it, even here; for looking at Miss Oldbury with the utmost force of condescending protection, she added, "I hear you are very accomplished, and play, sing, and dance, as if you had never been out of London."

Miss Oldbury blushed, and made a modest retreat behind her aunt, who almost bent double with acknowledgment; when Lady Elizabeth, sliding off to Lord Mowbray, whispered him, loud enough to be heard by Lady Eleanor and Constance, and all but loud enough for Mrs. Oldbury herself, "There, my Lord, you surely owe me something for that. I think I have complied with your wishes to a tittle."

"Constance," said Lady Eleanor, as she took her arm and retired to dress, "I do not like this lady, and still less her daughters. Your modest friend Euphemia Oldbury, whom she frightened away by her stare, is worth all of them put together."

Sir Bertie Brewster, who shortly afterwards joins the party, is an excellent character. His exact counterpart is to be found in Miss Austen's admirable novel, *Pride and Prejudice*. We know not whether the writer of *De Vere* is aware of this fact; we incline to think that he is not, as in his introductory remarks on the superior novelists, he has omitted to mention Miss Austen; whence we must infer that he is unacquainted with her excellent works, unrivalled in their peculiar style. When Mr. Robert Ward reads these productions, he will find, despite of their alliterative titles, ominous of trash, and a fame miserably disproportioned to their merits, that even his happiest conceptions of character will suffer no degradation by comparison with the exquisitely faithful portraits of the ill-appreciated author to whom we have referred.

Another gentleman now approached the circle, who occasioned dismay, not only to the Partridge family, but to some of the male wizards who defended it. This was Sir Bertie Brewster, an *ambitieux*, whom *Le Sage* has described as one of those *bons roturiers* whom the king converts into a "*mauvais gentilhomme, par d'excellentes lettres de noblesse*." And yet, if originality of design and perseverance in pursuing it, can entitle a man to the praise of genius, he was one of the most considerable geniuses of the age.

This gentleman, being the son of a great manufacturer of that day, was, for his sine, smitten with the love of great people, and the court. How to get among them was a question which might have puzzled a less aspiring man than himself: however, his father being dead, his first step was to dispose of all his commercial concerns; his next, to whitewash himself as well as he could by a title. He tried in vain for a baronetcy, but luckily being made sheriff of the county, where, among the potteries, he had an estate, he succeeded for a knighthood. It was going up with an address that first kindled his love for the Court, which he worshipped afterwards like an idol. No levée, or drawing-room, scarcely ever took place without seeing him, sometimes in embroidery, sometimes in his militia coat, surrounded by persons of superior rank, not one of whom he knew, much less dared speak to.

Here, however, he had a resource which we confess was original, and bespoke that felicitous genius on which we have so deservedly complimented him. For he fell upon the happy expedient of engaging in a sort of make-believe acquaintance, by inducing people to suppose that he saw friends at a distance whom he did not see, and received bows which he did not receive. With these, therefore, he pretended to engage in an interchange of nods and smiles; nay, a "How do you do, my Lord?" has frequently been heard to escape him in a low voice, as if he could not prevent it, though the noble addressee was (luckily for Sir Bertie) so far off that he knew he could not hear him.

But there was another still sner trait in his history, which made us both call and think him a man of genius: we mean the manner in which he acquired the aristocratic Christian name of Bertie, by which he was latterly known. We say *latterly*, because (believe it who will) the name given him by his plain and primitive godfathers, was the plain and primitive one of Bartholomew; of which growing ashamed,

somewhere about his seven-and-twentieth year, he actually applied to the bishop of the diocese to know whether it might not be changed, and was mortified to be told that no power in Christendom could effect it. He therefore made a virtue of necessity, and remembering that in his extreme youth, the long, old, scriptural Bartholomew had been, *per syncope*, shortened into Barty, the transition from that to the noble name of Bertie was so easy, that he contrived not only to call himself, but to make his friends designate him also, by that high-sounding appellation. He was even knighted by it by the sovereign, and was so recorded in the Heralds' College when the fees came to be paid : and thus originally vamped up, he was now universally known by the name of Sir Bertie Brewster.

Upon the whole, this personage reaped some of the benefit which surely his genius and perseverance deserved ; for, by dint of his regular appearances at Court, he at least got his name enrolled in those high lists of fame—the lists of the persons who frequented the drawing-room. He even obtained a bowing acquaintance with two or three old lords, one of them absolutely of the bed-chamber, and once had the glory of being servicable even to the Partridge family themselves. This happened when their coach broke down in drawing up to the gate of the palace, when, alas ! no acquaintance was at hand, and it was impossible to get chairs for so many. To complete the ill-luck it rained hard, and the crowd prevented their making their way back. In this emergency their ill (and Sir Bertie's good) star ordained, that his own fine roomy coach stop the way. It was impossible not to offer it, and scarcely possible not to accept it, and Lady Elizabeth and two of her daughters were that day conveyed to Berkeley-square in the carriage of Sir Bertie Brewster.

We may be sure, a circumstance so joyful did not fail to be blazoned to the world. It appeared in the finest colours of a Court Circular, in all the papers of the next day. What was worse, the incident produced a call of enquiry ; cards were left, which Mr. Partridge was forced to return ; and, worst of all, Lady Elizabeth was obliged by her husband to send an invitation for her earliest rout, (it was, luckily, when few people were in town,) which Sir Bertie joyfully and thankfully came fifty miles from the country on purpose to attend. 'Tis very true that none of the Misses Partridge spoke a word to him, Mr. Partridge very little, and Lady Elizabeth less. But he went early ; stayed to the very last ; and made himself familiar with the face, air, and dress, of one or two persons of fashion, who happened at the time to be in London.

Such was the redoubtable person who now approached the females of the house of Partridge, and (to their horror,) with all the ease and intimacy of an old acquaintance.

The young ladies had no resource but to turn their backs upon him, which they did as suddenly, and with as much precision, as a rank of soldiers ordered to face about ; so that Lady Elizabeth was forced to bear the brunt of the attack, as she had just sustained that of Harclai.

Lord Cleveland, who, though he allowed *all* her pretensions to be a woman of quality, knew also, and secretly laughed at her finery, was inwardly amused. In fact, dismay and anger clouded her brow, turning by degrees to scorn itself, when Sir Bertie, with the familiar tone of an old friend, asked her how she did ; how long she had been in the country ; and reminded the young ladies of the happy evening he had once passed in Berkeley-square.

"I have no hesitation," observed he, "in saying it was by far the most elegant party in London during the season."

Nothing could exceed the contemptuous and scarcely suppressed laugh which he received in return for this sally.

Sir Bertie is now in the seventh heaven, seated at dinner next to Lord Eustace, a young nobleman, whose whole soul is given to party politics.

Sir Bertie now began to revel in the delightful opportunity he had achieved of cultivating such a neighbour as Eustace, and conceived it behoved him to show some knowledge of high acquaintance ; he therefore began to criticise the party assembled, observing it was a very mixed one.

"These parties generally are," said Lord Eustace.

"They must be very amusing sometimes to *vous autres*," added Sir Bertie.

"You ought rather to say *vous autres*," replied Eustace, with as much gravity as he could command.

Sir Bertie bowed till his nose almost touched the table.

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"There is, however, some good company," continued the Knight; "and how very well Lord Westbrook looks."—Here he fixed his eyes on a gentleman in Lord Mowbray's neighbourhood, of the name of Stapylton.

"Lord Westbrook!" exclaimed Eustace, "he is in Italy!"

"Oh! I see I am mistaken," replied Sir Bertie, taking out his glass; "I am really quite blind: I see it is Lord Melton, whom I have sometimes met at Court."

"Lord Melton is in France," replied Eustace; "and is at least twenty years older than that gentleman, who is a Mr. Stapylton, and who, indeed, is often at Court, having a place in the household."

"I knew I had seen him there," rejoined Sir Bertie, *almost* disconcerted; and, willing to forget Mr. Stapylton, immediately added, "I am afraid the poor Bishop of Salisbury begins to break;" and he looked pointedly at Dr. Herbert, over against him.

"If you mean the dignitary over the way," said Eustace, excessively amused, "that is Dr. Herbert, Head of — College, Oxford."

"Impossible!" returned Sir Bertie, now much confused; "I cannot surely be so blind!" and here his countenance fell, and he was silent for three whole minutes.

But Harclai, who, as we have said, sat next him, and to his great enjoyment had heard the whole conversation, was kind enough not to let him languish in obscurity; and knowing his history, observed, loud enough for Eustace to hear, "Yours is a very fine christian name, Sir Bertie."

"Are you related to the Ancaster family?" asked Eustace.

"No; not related," answered Sir Bertie; but not disliking the question.

"Perhaps a godson of the Duke?" pursued Harclai drily.

The Knight had no wish to destroy the supposition, but could not decently confirm it; he therefore was silent, wisely considering that if Harclai was wrong, it was no part of his duty to set him right. At the same time feeling hemmed up between two persons whose curiosity he did not exactly make out, but began to suspect, he knew not which way to look, and felt, for a time at least, uncomfortable enough to give Harclai all the satisfaction he had intended to derive from him.

### BEES.\*

THE difference between ignorance and knowledge in entomology is more distinct and tangible than in almost any other study. It is the difference between blindness and perfect vision. There are many departments of science in which a man, after having made some progress, is not very sure of his quantity of improvement; but in the branch of natural history we are speaking of, a man's state of information is clear. To read Kirby and Spence is exactly like putting your eyes to the glass of a show, a cosmorama, or any thing of the sort. To look in is to see a new world—to look away is to turn the vision upon an unsatisfactory chair or table. Entomology raises a veil from myriads and myriads of beings living and flourishing where we least suspected the presence of life. A closer observation discloses to us their habits and manners. We are surprised to find the creatures excessively busy and happy; a little short-lived perhaps, but in that quite in proportion to their bodies. Further assistance from art enables us to discover their organization; a little patience, and we positively learn how insects, of whose existence we never dreamed, perform the most minute and secret of their operations with all the accuracy and familiarity of a member of their republic. The habits of insects that we see every day, are nearly as unknown to us generally as are the ways of the almost invisible tribes. It requires

\* The Honey-bee; its Natural History, Physiology and Management. By Edward Bevan, M.D. London, Baldwin and Co. 1827. 12s. Pp. 404.

nothing but the naked eye to see a bee ; but naturalists at the present day understand more thoroughly the ways of the creatures that inhabit a pore of the skin, than did the ancients those of that respectable, useful, and ingenious animal, the honey-bee. Aristotle and Virgil both alike talk nonsense on the subject; the first drily and the last poetically. It was many centuries since their time that the apiarian commonwealth began to be understood. At present, though several little things are not very clear, a flood of light has been let in upon the wonderful ways of the bee. The most amusing, instructive, and pregnant reading we know is the natural history of this animal. The facts that have been laid open by several patient and intelligent observers fill the reader with a delightful astonishment. Since these facts are scattered about in the different essays and publications of the various writers on the subject, we feel grateful to the compiler of them in a convenient form. But Dr. Bevan has done more; he has himself been a student of the laws of the apiarian republic, has weighed the evidence on which information was founded, and tried the truth of the facts by the test of his own experience. Thus while he communicates the opinions of others, he corrects them by his own, and having maturely and patiently passed the whole subject through his mind, his book is so far from being a crude collection of extract, that it is a well-digested, freshly conceived, and elegantly composed compendium of the present state of apiarian science. Dr. Bevan's book comprises all that is really known of the bee, and all that is supposed, and the evidence on which such suppositions are grounded. We propose to run over the principal points of his agreeable little work, partly out of gratitude for the pleasure it has afforded us, and in the hope of communicating some of the amusement to our readers which we have ourselves derived.

Dr. Bevan first occupies himself with the history and physiology of the bee. The occupants of the hive are of three descriptions, the queen bee, the workers, and the drones. The queen is the parent and mistress of the hive, and is born to sovereignty. The workers do all the business of the establishment, rear the young, guard the entrances, elaborate the wax, and store the provision. The drones are the males, and the only way in which they promote the welfare of the society is the sexual one. The queen bee is distinguished from the other two kinds by the greater length of her body, by the shortness of her wings, and her bent sting. Her colours are likewise of a more brilliant hue, and her legs are of a deep golden yellow. She lays all the eggs of the colony. The workers are sterile females with undeveloped ovaries. In a single hive the number of workers varies from 12,000 to 20,000: they are the smallest members of the community, are furnished with a long flexible proboscis, have a peculiar structure of the legs and thighs, on the latter of which are made hollows, or baskets, adapted to the reception of the propolis and farina they collect. The drones in a hive amount to the number of perhaps 1,500 or 2,000. They make their appearance about the end of April, and are never to be seen after the middle of August. They are one-third larger than the workers, and are of a dark colour. They make a greater noise in flying, and have no sting.

Among bees, the females alone exhibit activity, skill, diligence,

and courage, whilst the males take no part whatever in the labours of the community, but are idle, cowardly, and inactive, and possess not the offensive weapon of their species.

*Immunis que sedens aliena ad pabula fucus.*—*Virgil.*

It has been imagined that the drone sets upon the eggs as the queen lays them. The opinion, however, is probably founded in a mistake. Mr. Morris, of Isleworth, says, that he has often seen them sit in a formal manner on the combs when the brood is hatching. But Dr. Bevan suspects that Mr. Morris mistook *sleeping* for brooding, and that the drones were only taking a nap. Fabricius says that insects never sit on their eggs. Messrs. Kirby and Spence, however, have observed that the female *ear-wig* does so; they also make one other exception in favour of the *field-bug*. De Guer has given, says Dr. Bevan, a very interesting account of both these insects. The female of the *ear-wig* assiduously sits upon her eggs as if to hatch them, and after they are hatched, broods over the young as a hen over young chickens. And when the eggs of the *field-bug* are hatched, she also goes about with the brood, consisting of thirty or forty in number, and never leaves them; they cluster round her when she is still, and follow her closely wherever she moves (interesting family—Mrs. Bug and the forty Miss Bugs!)

It is the duty of the queen bee to lay eggs, which she deposits in cells constructed for their reception by the working bees. Mr. Dunbar gives a peculiarly edifying description of the manner in which the queen disposes her royal person in the performance of this high office.

The Rev. W. Dunbar, minister of Applegath, who has recently added some important particulars to our general stock of knowledge respecting bees, states that when the queen is about to lay, she puts her head into a cell, and remains in that position for a second or two, probably to ascertain its fitness for the deposit which she is about to make. She then withdraws her head, and curving her body downwards, inserts her tail into the cell: in a few seconds she turns half round upon herself and withdraws, leaving an egg behind her. When she lays a considerable number, she does it equally on each side of the comb, those on the one side being as exactly opposite to those on the other, as the relative position of the cells will admit. The effect of this is to produce a concentration and œconomy of heat for developing the various changes of the brood.

In four days the egg becomes a *grub*, and in five or six days more the grub nearly fills the whole of its cell. The *nursing bees* then seal it up with a light brown cover. It is no sooner perfectly inclosed, than it begins to labour, alternately extending and shortening its body, whilst it lines the cell by spinning round itself a whitish silky film, or cocoon, by which it is encased. It is now a *nymph* or *pupa*. The *working bee-nymph* spins its cocoon in thirty-six hours. When it has reached the twenty-first day of its existence, counting from the moment the egg is laid, it quits the exuvie of the pupa state, and comes forth a perfect winged insect.

The royal bee passes three days in the egg, and is five a worm; the workers then close her cell, and she immediately begins spinning the cocoon, which occupies her twenty-four hours; on the tenth and eleventh, as if exhausted by her labour, she remains in complete repose, and even sixteen hours of the twelfth. Then she passes four days and one-third as a nymph. It is on the sixteenth day, therefore, that the perfect state of queen is attained.

The drone passes three days in the egg, six and a half as a worm, and is metamorphosed into a fly on the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth day after the egg is laid.

The young bees break through the envelope which imprisons them in their cell, with their teeth: the moment they are out, the nursing bees proceed to lick them clean; and when by this aid, and their own efforts, the operation of cleansing is performed, they instantly take wing, and in a few minutes are gathering provision in the fields. Maraldi says he has seen bees loaded with two balls of wax (he should have said pollen) returning to the hive the same day they become bees. As soon as the young insect has been licked clean, and regaled with a little honey by its companions, they clean out the cell, preparatory to its being re-occupied by a new tenant, or with honey.

A curious circumstance occurs with respect to the hatching of the queen bee. She is assisted by the workers, who pare away a part of the envelope, and when she is ready to fly, they keep her a prisoner for some time, lest probably she should be subject to any failure in her first attempt to fly, or lest she should immediately proceed to destroy the other queen nymphs not yet hatched; for such is the instinctive enmity against her rivals in power, that the instant she is left alone she proceeds with full intent to slaughter all the young princesses of the blood royal.

When the pupa or nymph is about to change into the perfect insect, the bees render the cover of the cell thinner, by gnawing away part of the wax; and with so much nicety do they perform this operation that the cover at last becomes pellucid, owing to its extreme thinness, thus facilitating the exit of the fly. After the transformation is complete, the young queens would, in common course, immediately emerge from their cells, as workers and drones do; but the former always keep the royal infants prisoners for some days, supplying them in the mean time with honey for food, a small hole being made in the door of each cell, through which the confined bee extends its proboscis to receive it. The royal prisoners continually utter a kind of song, the modulations of which are said to vary. Huber heard a young princess in her cell emit a very distinct sound or clacking, consisting of several monotonous notes in rapid succession, and he supposes the working bees to ascertain, by the loudness of these tones, the ripeness of their queens. Huber has suggested that the cause of this temporary imprisonment may possibly be to enable the young queens to fly away at the instant they are liberated.

The queen is a good deal harassed by the other bees on her liberation. This has been attributed to their wishing to impel her to go off with a swarm as soon as possible, but this notion is probably erroneous; it certainly is so, if Huber be correct, in saying that the swarms are always accompanied by the older queens. The queen has the power of instantly putting a stop to their worrying, by uttering a peculiar noise, which has been called the *voice of sovereignty*. Bonner however declares that he never could observe in the queen any thing like an exercise of sovereignty. But Huber's statement was not founded upon a solitary instance; he heard the sound on various occasions, and witnessed the striking effect which it always produced. On one occasion, a queen having escaped the vigilance of her guards and sprung from the cell, was on her approach to the royal embryos, pulled, bitten, and chased by the other bees. But standing with her thorax against a comb and crossing her wings upon her back, keeping them in motion but not unfolding them, she emitted a particular sound, when the bees became, as it were, paralysed, and remained motionless. Taking advantage of this dread, she rushed to the royal cells; but the sound having ceased as she prepared to ascend, the guardians of the cells instantly took courage, and fairly drove her away. This voice of sovereignty, as it has been called, resembles that which is made by young queens before they are liberated from their cells; it is a very distinct kind of clicking, composed of many notes in the same key, which follow each other rapidly. The sound accompanied by the attitude just described, always produces a paralyzing effect upon the bees.



It is a singular thing that bees, when deprived by accident of their queen, create a substitute. One of the working grubs is elevated to the throne, but not without an extraordinary education, which fits them to perform the duties of sovereignty. Nature takes especial care that no ambitious subject shall destroy the peace of the commonwealth, by thrusting the monarch from her throne, and usurping her throne. There can be no bee-Cromwell or bee-Napoleon, for the moment the intruder found himself in the royal palace, he would perceive himself entirely deficient in the organs of reigning. What bloodshed and confusion would it have prevented in the world had it been necessary for a monarch not only to wield the sceptre, but to lay a peculiar egg. This is a test which can admit of no doubt. A usurper might be instantly called to account. Lay your egg, sir, or madam; prove your legitimacy, or vacate the place for the occupation of one who *can* perform the royal functions.

Bees, when deprived of their queen, have the power of selecting one or more grubs of workers, and converting them into queens. To effect this, each of the promoted grubs has a royal cell or cradle formed for it, by having three contiguous common cells thrown into one; two of the three grubs that occupy those cells are sacrificed, and the remaining one is liberally fed with royal jelly. This *royal jelly* is a pungent food prepared by the working bees, exclusively for the purpose of feeding such of the larvæ as are destined to become candidates for the honours of royalty, whether it be their lot to assume them or not. It is more stimulating than the food of ordinary bees, has not the same mawkish taste, and is evidently acescent. The royal larvæ are supplied with it rather profusely, and there is always some of it left in the cell, after their transformation. Schirach, who was secretary to the Apiarian Society in Upper Lusatia, and vicar of Little Bautzen, may be regarded as the discoverer, or rather as the promulgator of this fact; and his experiments, which were also frequently repeated by other members of the Lusatian Society, have been amply confirmed by those of Huber and Bonner.

Although the sovereign bee has nothing to fear from ambitious subjects, yet the moment she arrives at her queen's estate she becomes conscious that there are rivals near the throne, and proceeding in the spirit of an oriental despot, she determines upon securing the peace of her reign in the surest manner. She will suffer no bee nurtured with the *royal jelly*, and thus qualified for sovereignty, to exist. Her first thought, on emerging from her cell, is to put to death all the indwellers of the royal cradles. Of the manner in which this instinctive animosity displays itself, we find a curious description by Mr. Dunbar:—

In July, when the hive had become filled with comb and bees, and well stored with honey; and when the queen was very fertile, laying a hundred eggs a-day, Mr. Dunbar opened the hive and took her majesty away. [Oh! treason!] The bees laboured for eighteen hours before they appeared to miss her; but no sooner was the loss discovered than all was agitation and tumult; [what loyalty!] and they rushed in crowds to the door, as if swarming. [Unhappy subjects!] On the following morning he observed that they had founded five queen cells, in the usual way under such circumstances; and in the course of the same afternoon, four more were founded, in a part of the comb where there were only eggs a day or two old. On the fourteenth day from the old queen's removal, a young queen emerged and proceeded towards the other royal cells, evidently with a murderous intent. She was immediately palled away by the workers, with violence, and this conduct on their part was repeated as often as the queen renewed her destructive purpose. At every repulse she appeared sulky, and cried *peep peep*, one of the unhatched queens responding, but in a somewhat hoarser tone. This circumstance affords an explanation of the two different sounds which are heard prior to the issuing of second swarms. On the afternoon of the same day, a second queen was hatched; she immediately buried herself in a cluster of bees. Next morning Mr. D. observed a hot pur-

suit of the younger queen by the elder, but being called away, on his return half an hour afterwards, the former was dying on the floor, no doubt the victim of the other. [Here is a tragedy!] Huber has stated that these artificial queens are mute; but the circumstance noticed by Mr. Dunbar of the two queens, just referred to, having answered each other, disproves that statement. Contrary also to the experience of Huber, Mr. D. found that the cells of artificial queens were surrounded by a guard. I have just adverted to the protection which they afforded to the royal cells, when assailed by the first hatched queen.

We have stated that the working bees are females. It is proved in two ways; first, by the fact of their having laid eggs, and next, by its being the eggs in the cells of *working* bees which are chosen for the purpose of being educated into future queens, the general egg-layers. The fertility of these workers in all probability arises from their having accidentally partaken of the royal jelly, for they are observed always to issue from cells adjoining those inhabited by grubs, that have been raised from the plebeian to the royal rank. The food reserved for the infants of the blood is so virtuous, that even an accidental drop falling on a lowly subject elevates him in part to the distinctions of sovereignty. Such is the happiness of living even next door to royalty. But it is remarkable that these fertile workers, although they lay eggs, only lay the eggs of *drones*.

It has been seen that the queen bee lays the eggs of the hive. The number laid by one bee is extraordinary. According to Huber, the queen ordinarily lays about 12,000 eggs in two months. It is not to be supposed that she lays this number every two months, but she does so at the principal laying in April and May: there is also another great laying in August.

Reaumur states the number of eggs laid by a queen in two months at double the amount of Huber's calculation; viz. 200 a day, on an average. This variation may have arisen from variety of climate, season, or other circumstances. *A moderate swarm has been calculated to consist of from 12,000 to 20,000, which is about a two months' laying.* Schirach says that *a single queen will lay from 70,000 to 100,000 eggs in a season.* This sounds like a great number; but it is greatly exceeded by some other insects. The female of the white ant extrudes not less than 60 eggs in a minute, which gives 3600 in an hour, 86,400 in a day, 2,419,200 in a lunar month, and the enormous number of 311,449,600 in a year. Though she does not lay all the year probably, yet, setting the period as low as possible, her eggs will exceed the number produced by any other known animal in creation.

The impregnation of the eggs is a difficult and disputed point. Several hypotheses have been broached on the subject; but it seems to be settled that the queen is fecundated during an aerial excursion, and that the agent is the drone.

In the course of his experiments, Huber found that the queens were never impregnated, so long as they remained in the interior of the hive; but that *impregnation always takes place in the open air*, at a time when the heat has induced the drones to issue from the hive; on which occasions, the queen soars high in the air, love being the motive for the only distant journey she ever takes. "The rencontre and copulation of the queen with the drone take place exterior to the hive," says Lombard, "and whilst they are on the wing." They are similarly constituted with the whole family of flies. A corresponding circumstance may also be noticed with respect to the queen-ant; and Bonnet, in his *Contemplations de la Nature*, has observed that *she is always impregnated whilst she is on the wing.* The dragon-flies copulate as they fly through the air, in which state they have the appearance of a double animal.

The importance of this excursion is immense—without it her majesty gives no heirs to the hive. It is also as efficient as it is important, for its virtue endures upon the eggs that are laid, for two years.

If the queen-bee be confined, though amid a seraglio of males, she continues barren. Prior to her flight, (which is preceded by the flight of the drones,) she reconnoitres the exterior of the hive, apparently for the purpose of recognition, and sometimes, after flying a few feet from it, returns to it again: finally she rises aloft in the air, describing in her flight horizontal circles of considerable diameter, till she is out of sight. She returns from her aerial excursion in about half an hour, with the most evident marks of fecundation. Excursions are sometimes made for a shorter period, but then she exhibits no sign of having been impregnated. It is curious that Bonner should have remarked those aerial excursions, without suspecting their object. "I have often," says he, "seen the young queens taking an airing upon the second or third day of their age." Yet Huish says, "It is an acknowledged fact that the queen-bee never leaves the hive, on any account whatsoever." Perhaps Huish's observations were made upon first swarms; and these, according to Huber, are uniformly conducted by old queens. Swammerdam also made the same observation as to *first swarms being always led off by old queens*. Old queens have not the same occasion to quit the hives that young ones have,—viz. to have intercourse with the drones; for, according to Huber, one impregnation is sufficient to fertilize all the eggs that are laid for two years afterwards, at least. He thinks it sufficient to fertilize all that she lays during her whole life. This may appear to some an incredible period; and Huish inquires, admitting that a single act of coition be sufficient to fecundate all the eggs existing in the ovaria at the time, how those are fecundated which did not exist there? But when we consider that in the common spider, according to Audebert, the fertilizing effect continues for *many years*; and that the fecundation of the eggs of the female aphides or green lice, by the males of one generation, will continue for a year, passing, during that period, through *nine or ten successive generations* of females, the causes for doubt will, I think, be greatly diminished: at any rate we are not at liberty to reject the evidence of fact, because we cannot understand their *modus operandi*. With respect to the aphid, Bonnet says the influence of the male continues through *five generations*, but Lyonnet carried his experiments to a more extended period; and according to Messrs. Kirby and Spence, who give it "upon the authority of Mr. Wolnough of Hollesley (late of Boyton) in Suffolk, an intelligent agriculturist, and a most acute and accurate observer of nature, there may be *twenty generations* in a year." Reaumur has proved that in *five generations* one aphid may be the progenitor of 5,904,900,000 descendants. It may be objected to me here, that the aphid is a vivaporous insect, and that the experiments which prove what I have referred to, do not therefore bear upon the question. It has been ascertained, however, that they are strictly oviparous at the close of the year (one species is at all times so), at other times ovo-viviparous; and in either case the penetrating influence of the male sperm is surely still more remarkable where there has been no immediate commerce with the male, than in the direct case of the oviparous bee! It has been observed, however, that the further the female aphides are removed from the first mother, or that which had known the male, the less prolific do they become.

The absence of impregnation produces remarkable effects even upon the form of the bee; if it be retarded beyond the twentieth or twenty first day of the queen's life, she seems to be deprived of her usual intelligence. The order in which she lays her eggs is changed, and she disposes of them in improper places. She puts the drones where the workers should be, and the workers in the place of the drones. She has been known to blunder so egregiously as to profane even the royal cell, by depositing in it the egg of a drone. But Dr. Bevan shall tell all about it:—

If the *impregnation* of a queen be by any means *retarded* beyond the 20th or 21st day of her life, a very extraordinary consequence ensues. Instead of first laying the eggs of workers, and those of drones, at the usual period afterwards, she begins from the forty-fifth hour to lay the latter, and lays no other kind during her whole life. It should seem as if the rudiments of the workers' eggs withered in the oviducts, but without obstructing the passage of the drones' eggs. The only known fact analogous to this is the state of certain vegetable seeds, which lose the faculty of germination from age, whatever care may have been taken to preserve them. This retardation seems to have a singular effect upon the whole animal economy of the queen. "The bodies of those queens," says Huber, "whose impregnation has been retarded,

are shorter than common ; the extremities remain slender, whilst the first two rings next the thorax, are uncommonly swollen." In consequence of the shortening of their bodies, their eggs are frequently laid on the sides of the cells, owing probably to their not being able to reach the bottom ; the difficulty is also increased by the two swollen rings. In these cases of retarded impregnation and exclusive laying of drones' eggs, the prosperity of the hive soon terminates ; generally before the end of the queen's laying. The workers receiving no addition to their number, but on the contrary, finding themselves overwhelmed with drones, sacrifice their queen and abandon the hive. These retarded queens seem to have their instincts impaired ; for they deposit their eggs indiscriminately in the cells, whether originally intended for drones or for workers,—a circumstance which materially affects the size of the drones that are reared in them. There are not wanting instances of royal cells being occupied by them, and of the workers being thereby so completely deceived as to pay the tenants, in all respects, the honours of royalty. This circumstance appears the more extraordinary, since it has been ascertained that when eggs have been thus inappropriately deposited, by fertile workers, they are uniformly destroyed a few days afterwards, though for a short time they receive due attention.

The workers have been supposed by some apiarians to transport the eggs from place to place ;—if ever such were the case, this would seem to be an occasion calling for the practice : on the contrary, instead of removing the eggs from the sides to the bottoms of the cells, for the sake of better accommodation, this object is accomplished by their lengthening the cells, and advancing them two lines beyond the surface of the combs. This proceeding affords pretty good evidence that *the transportation of eggs forms no part of the workers' occupation*. It is still further proved by their eating any workers' eggs, that a queen may, at any time, be forced to deposit in drones' cells, or drop at random in other parts of the hive ; a circumstance which escaped the notice of former naturalists, and misled them in their opinion respecting transportation. A somewhat similar circumstance was noticed by Mr. Dunbar in his mirror hive. (For an account of this hive see Chap. X.) Mr. Dunbar observed that whenever the queen dropped her eggs carelessly, they were eagerly devoured by the workers. Now if transportation formed a part of their employment, they would in these cases, instead of eating the eggs, have deposited them in their appropriate cells. It seems very evident therefore that the proper disposition of the eggs is left entirely to the instinct of the queens. The workers having been seen to run away with the eggs, in order to devour them, in all probability gave birth to the mistaken notion that they were removing them to their right cells. Among humble-bees, there is a disposition, among the workers, to eat the eggs, which extends even to those that are laid in proper cells, where the queens often have to contend for their preservation.

The unhappy drones, when the end of their being is answered, are ruthlessly massacred. The scene of fury to which they fall a sacrifice is thus described by Dr. Bevan :—

After the season of swarming, viz. towards the end of July, as is well known, a general massacre of the drones takes place. The business of fecundation being now completed, they are regarded as useless consumers of the fruits of others labour, "*fruges consumere nati* ;" love is at once converted into furious hate, and a general proscription takes place. The unfortunate victims evidently perceive their danger ; for they are never, at this time, seen resting in one place, but darting in and out of the hive, with the utmost precipitation, as if in fear of being seized. Their destruction has been generally supposed to be effected by the workers harassing them till they quit the hive : this was the opinion of Mr. Hunter, who says the workers pinch them to and fro, without stinging them, and he considers their death as a natural rather than an untimely one. In this Bonnet seems to agree with Mr. Hunter. But Huber has observed, that *their destruction is effected by the stings of the workers* : he ascertained this by placing his hives upon a glass table, as will be stated under the anatomy of the bee, article "Sting." Reaumur seems to have been aware of this, for he has remarked that "*notwithstanding the superiority which the drones seem to have from their bulk, they cannot hold out against the workers, who are armed with a poniard which conveys poison into the wound it makes.*" The moment this formidable weapon has entered their bodies, they expand their wings and expire.

This is a strange subversion of the laws which regulate other societies, where the male is invariably invested with power and authority. One of the most remarkable points of this curious procedure is, that the creatures seem to understand the why and the wherefore of this murderous purpose. For should it happen that the hive has

no queen, and that consequently the drones will be again wanted, no massacre takes place.

This sacrifice is not the consequence of a blind indiscriminating instinct, for *if a hive be deprived of its queen, no massacre takes place*, though the hottest persecution rage in all the surrounding hives. This fact was observed by Bonner, who supposed the drones to be preserved for the sake of the additional heat which they would generate in the hives during winter; but according to Huber's theory, they are preserved for the purpose of impregnating a new queen. The lives of the drones are also spared in hives which possess fertile workers only, but no proper queen, and likewise in hives governed by a queen whose impregnation has been retarded; but under any other circumstances the drones all disappear before winter. Not only all that have undergone their full transformation, but every embryo, in whatever period of its existence, shares the same fate. The workers drag them forth from the cells, and after sucking the fluid from their bodies, cast them out of the hive. In all these respects the hive-bees resemble wasps, but with this difference; among the latter, not only are the males and the male larvæ destroyed, but all the workers and their larvæ, (and the very combs themselves,) are involved in one indiscriminate ruin, none remaining alive during the winter but the queens, which lie dormant in various holes and corners till the ensuing spring,—of course without food, for they store none. The importance of destroying these mother wasps in the spring will be noticed in another place.

From the physiology of the bee, Dr. Bevan proceeds to a consideration of the best situations for an apiary, the best kind of hives or boxes, and the important subject of pasturage. Under the last head, that which is popularly termed honey-dew may be considered to come. This honey-dew is of two kinds; the one is an exudation from the foliage of the plants on which it appears; the other is a secretion from the body of the insect aphid. This latter kind is a favourite food with ants as well as bees, and the terms on which the ant and the aphid stand to each other is a most interesting point of natural history.

The other kind of honey-dew which is derived from the aphid, appears to be the favourite food of ants, and is thus spoken of by Messrs. Kirby and Spence in their late valuable Introduction to Entomology. "The loves of the ants and the aphides have long been celebrated; and that there is a connexion between them you may at any time, in the proper season, convince yourself; for you will always find the former very busy on those trees and plants on which the latter abound; and if you examine more closely, you will discover that the object of the ants, in thus attending upon the aphides, is to obtain the saccharine fluid secreted by them, which may well be denominated their milk. This fluid, which is scarcely inferior to honey in sweetness, issues in limpid drops from the abdomen of these insects, not only by the ordinary passage, but also by two setiform tubes placed, one on each side, just above it. Their sucker being inserted in the tender bark, is without intermission employed in absorbing the sap, which, after it has passed through the system, they keep continually discharging by these organs. When no ants attend them, by a certain jerk of the body, which takes place at regular intervals, they ejaculate it to a distance." The power of ejecting the fluid from their bodies, seems to have been wisely instituted to preserve cleanliness in each individual fly, and indeed for the preservation of the whole family; for pressing as they do upon one another, they would otherwise soon be glued together, and rendered incapable of stirring. "When the ants are at hand, watching the moment at which the aphides emit their fluid, they seize and suck it down immediately: this however is the least of their talents; for the ants absolutely possess the art of making the aphides yield it at their pleasure; or in other words of milking them." The ant ascends the tree, says Linnæus, *that it may milk its cows the aphides*, not kill them. Huber informs us that the liquor is voluntarily given out by the aphid, when solicited by the ant, the latter tapping the aphid gently, but repeatedly with its antennæ, and using the same motions as when caressing its own young. He thinks, when the ants are not at hand to receive it, that the aphid retains the liquor for a longer time, and yields it freely and apparently without the least detriment to itself, for even when it has acquired wings, it shows no disposition to escape. A single aphid supplies many ants with a plentiful meal. The ants occasionally form an establishment for their aphides, constructing a building in a secure place, at a distance from their own city, to which, after fortifying it, they

transport those insects, and confine them under a guard, like cows upon a dairy farm, to supply the wants of the metropolis. The aphides are provided with a hollow pointed proboscis, folded under the breast, when the insects are not feeding, with which instrument they puncture the turgid vessels of the leaf, leaf-stalk or bark, and suck with great avidity their contents, which are expelled nearly unchanged, so that however fabulous it may appear, they may literally be said to void a liquid sugar.

A hive of bees in the autumn ought not to weigh less than twenty-five to thirty pounds, and should contain half a bushel of bees. In the purchase of them, it should be remembered, that the weight of the hive is not alone a sufficient criterion of its value, for it may be partly made up of old materials. There is a good deal of difference as to the size and shape of the bee boxes. It is to the discovery of the glass hive that we owe almost all our knowledge of the ways of the bee. The hive recommended by Dr. Bevan is a cubical box, with windows; but if the amateur wish to watch more particularly the operations of the labourers, or to witness the survey which the queen now and then takes of them, he should have a large bell-glass surmounted by a straw hive, which latter may be occasionally raised for the purpose of inspection. The pleasure of beholding the proceedings of the queen is very rarely afforded, and apiarians, it is said, have passed their lives without enjoying it.

Reaumur himself, even with the assistance of a glass-hive, acknowledges that he was many years before he had that pleasure. Those who have been so fortunate, agree in representing her majesty as being very slow and dignified in her movements, and as being constantly surrounded by a guard of about a dozen bees, who seem to pay her great homage, and always to have their faces turned towards her, like courtiers, in the presence of royalty.

" But mark, of royal port, and awful mien,  
Where moves with measur'd pace the Insect Queen !  
Twelve chosen guards, with slow and solemn gait,  
Bend at her nod, and round her person wait."—Evans.

Mr. Dunbar's observations, upon the movements of the queen in his mirror hive, do not correspond altogether with what is here stated. He says that he did not find her majesty attended in her progress by a guard, but that wherever she moved the way was cleared; that the heads of the workers whom she passed upon her route were always turned towards her, that they fawned upon and caressed her, touching her softly with their antennæ; but that as soon as she moved onwards, they resumed their labours, whilst all that she passed in succession paid her the same homage. This sort of *homage* is only paid to *fertile queens*; whilst they continue virgins, they are not treated with much respect.

One of the most singular as well as delicate kinds of respect shown to her majesty is, that when she is in the act of depositing her first eggs in the cells, her attendants connect themselves together, and form a screen, to shroud her from the vulgar gaze while discharging her most sacred function. Among all the curious and wonderful things in the natural history of these insects, this true act of courtesy is the most worthy of note. No court in the world can boast a superior gracefulness or delicacy in the expression of its reverential homage.

The queen is very numerously surrounded, when depositing her first eggs in the cells, her attendants then cling to one another and form a living curtain before her, so completely impenetrable to our eyes, as to preclude all observation of her proceedings; unless the apiarian use the leaf-hive of Huber, or the mirror-hive of Dunbar, it is hardly possible to snatch a sight of her, excepting when she lays her eggs near the exterior parts of the combs. The manner in which bees attach themselves to each other, when forming a curtain, or when suspending themselves from a bough, or taking their repose, is, by each bee, with its two fore claws, taking hold of the two binder legs of the one next above it, thus forming as it were a perfect grape-like cluster or living garland. Even when thus intertwined with each other, as Swam-

perdam has observed, they can fly off from the bunch, and perch on it again, or make their way out from the very centre of the cluster, and rush into the air. This mode of suspension, so voluntarily adopted, must be agreeable to them, though the uppermost bees evidently bear the weight of all the rest. Mr. Wildman supposes that they have a power of distending themselves with air, like fishes, by which they acquire buoyancy.

Another trait of delicate attention to the queen is also observable in these loyal people, whose attachment endures beyond death.

Huber states that he has seen the workers, "after her death, treat her body as they treated herself when alive, and long prefer this inanimate body to the most fertile queens he had offered them." And Dr. Evans relates a case, in which a queen was observed to lie on some honey-comb in a thinly peopled hive, apparently dying, and surrounded by six bees, with their faces turned towards her, quivering their wings, and most of them with their stings pointed, as if to keep off any assailant. On presenting them honey, though it was eagerly devoured by the other bees, the guards were so completely absorbed in the care of their queen, as entirely to disregard it. The following day, though dead, she was still guarded; and though the bees were still constantly supplied with honey, their numbers were gradually diminished by death, till, at the end of three or four days, not a bee remained alive.

It was by uniting the principle of terror with that of this exceeding loyalty that Wildman was enabled to perform such extraordinary feats with bees.

When under a strong impression of fear, says Wildman, they are rendered subservient to our wills, to such a degree as to remain long attached to any place they afterwards settle upon, and will become so mild and tractable, as to bear any handling which does not hurt them, without the least show of resentment. "Long experience has taught me, that as soon as I turn up a hive, and give some taps on the sides and bottom, the queen immediately appears." "Being accustomed to see her, I readily perceive her at the first glance; and long practice has enabled me to seize her instantly, with a tenderness that does not in the least endanger her person." "Being possessed of her, I can, without exciting any resentment, slip her into my other hand, and returning the hive to its place, hold her, till the bees missing her, are all on the wing, and in the utmost confusion." When in this state, he could make them alight wherever he pleased; for on whatever spot he placed the queen, the moment a few of them discovered her, the information was rapidly communicated to the rest, who in a few minutes were all collected round her. In this way he would sometimes cause them to settle on his head, or to hang clustered from his chin, in which state they somewhat resembled a beard. Again he would transfer them to his hand, or to any other part of his body, or if more agreeable to the spectators before whom he exhibited, he would cause them to settle upon a table, window, &c. Prior to making his secret generally known, he deceived his spectators by using words of command; but the only magic that he employed was the summoning into activity for his purpose the strong attachment of the bees to their queen.

"Such was the spell, which round a Wildman's arm  
Twin'd in dark wreaths the fascinated swarm;  
Bright o'er his breast the glittering legions led,  
Or with a living garland bound his head.  
His dextrous hand, with firm yet hurtless hold,  
Could seize the chief, known by her scales of gold,  
Prune, 'mid the wondering train, her filmy wing,  
Or, o'er her folds, the silken fetter fling."—Evans.

Cautioning his readers as to the hazard of attempting, what he himself accomplished only by long experience and great dexterity, Wildman concludes his account with a parody of the reply of C. Furius Cresinus, a liberated Roman slave, who, being accused of witchcraft in consequence of his raising more abundant crops than his neighbours, and therefore cited before a Roman tribunal, produced his strong implements of husbandry, his well-fed oxen, and a hale young woman his daughter; and pointing to them, said, "*These, Romans! are my instruments of witchcraft; but I cannot show you my toil, my sweats, and anxious cares.*" "So," says Wildman, "may I say, '*These, Britons! are my instruments of witchcraft; but I cannot show you my hours of attention to this subject, my anxiety and care for these useful insects; nor can I communicate to you my experience, acquired during a course of years.*'"

Besides the attention and dexterity employed by Wildman, it is probable that he was a favourite with them on another ground. It is observed that the sense of smell in bees is particularly fine; each hive of bees has its peculiar odour, which is a sort of bond of union among themselves, and a cause of separation from others. This fact has been skillfully made use of by Mr. Walond, a friend of Dr. Bevan, in combining two weak swarms. It is well known that bees show decided hostility against particular individuals, and we have ourselves known persons who dared not venture within a considerable distance of a hive. The following anecdote of Mr. Hofer, related by Dr. Bevan, throws considerable light on the cause of the different reception which different persons receive from this curious animal.

The different reception which persons experience on approaching the domicile of bees is attributed by some apirians to the different degrees of confidence manifested in the approach: they are of opinion, that if the visitors could avoid the exhibition of all apprehension, they would not be attacked. My own experience has long convinced me of the erroneousness of this opinion: and a circumstance which occurred to Monsieur de Hofer, *Conseiller d'état du Grand Duc de Baden*, strengthens my dissent from it. He had for years been a proprietor and admirer of bees, and almost rivalled Wildman in the power he possessed of approaching them with impunity: he would at any time search for the queen, and taking hold of her gently, place her upon his hand. But having been unfortunately attacked with a violent fever, and long confined by it; on his recovery he attempted to resume his favourite amusement among the bees, returning to them with all that confidence and pleasure which he had felt on former occasions; when to his great surprise and disappointment he discovered that he was no longer in possession of their favour; and that instead of being received by them as an old friend, he was treated as a trespasser: nor was he ever able after this period to perform any operation upon them, or to approach within their precincts, without exciting their anger. Here then it is pretty evident that some change had taken place in the counsellor's secretions, in consequence of the fever, which, though not noticeable by his friends, was offensive to the olfactory nerves of the bees. I had this anecdote from Monsieur de Hofer's son, with whom I passed a very agreeable evening in London at the house of my friend Joseph Hodgetts, Esq.

So much for the sensitiveness of the bee; the following anecdote is a remarkable instance of its sagacity:

M. P. Huber of Lausanne, in his *Observations on Humble-bees*, published in the sixth volume of the Linnæan Transactions, has given a curious detail of some experiments in which the bees conducted themselves somewhat similarly to those of Mr. Walond. Having enclosed twelve humble-bees in a bell-glass upon a table, he gave them a part of their cones or chrysalids, containing about ten silken cocoons, and freeing the latter as much as possible from wax, he fed the bees for some days with pollen only. The cells containing the cones being very unequal, the mass was so unsteady as extremely to disquiet the bees. Their affection for their young led them to mount upon the cocoons, to impart warmth to the inclosed larvae: they could not do this without causing the comb to totter or lean on one side, and having no wax for fastening the work to the table, they had recourse to the following ingenious expedient. Two or three bees got upon the comb, and descending to the lower edge of it, with their heads downwards, hung from it by the hooks of their hind feet, and clung to the table by those of the second pair, which are very long; thus did they keep this piece of cell-work steady by their own muscular strength. When fatigued by this constrained and irksome position, they were relieved by their comrades; even the queen assisted. Having kept the bees in this state till nearly the end of the third day, and shown them to several persons, Huber introduced some honey, to enable them to form wax: they soon constructed pillars, extending from the most projecting parts of the cell-work to the table, and kept the cell-work in a firm position. The wax, however, getting gradually dry, the pillars gave way; when the poor insects adopted their former straining expedient for steadying the comb, and continued, perseveringly, to sustain it in this manner, till Huber took pity on them and glued the cake of comb firmly to the table. Could the most intelligent architect have more judiciously propped a tottering edifice, till adequate supports could be applied?



The interest which we take in this subject, and the fertility of Dr. Bevan's work in interesting facts, has induced us to extend this article to a great length. And if we are now compelled to leave the consideration of it by the necessary economy of our space, we turn to other topics with a very unsatisfied feeling. There are numerous points which fill the mind with that intelligent surprise so delightful to the observer, that we have not even alluded to, and those which have been mentioned are very far from being exhausted. However, the pleasure of reading and reviewing Dr. Bevan, like all other pleasures, must have an end, and we must conclude with one—only one—more extract. It relates to the collection and disposal of pollen—the farina of flowers, which serves for the food of the larvæ. The whole process puts the bee in a most respectable grade in the order of intelligent beings.

The bees may frequently be observed to roll their bodies on the flower, and then brushing off the pollen which adheres to them, with their feet, form it into two masses, which they dispose of in the usual way. In very dry weather, when probably the particles of pollen cannot be made to cohere, I have often seen them return home so completely enveloped by it, as to give them the appearance of a different species of bee. The anther-dust thus collected, is conveyed to the interior of the hive, and there brushed off by the collector or her companions. Reaumur and others have observed, that *bees prefer the morning for collecting this substance*, most probably that the dew may assist them in the moulding of their little balls. "I have seen them abroad," says Reaumur, "gathering farina before it was light;" they continue thus occupied till about ten o'clock.

"Brush'd from each anther's crown, the mealy gold,  
With morning dew, the light fang'd artists mould,  
Fill with the foodful load their hollow'd thigh,  
And to their nurslings bear the rich supply."—Evans.

This is their practice during the warmer months; but in April and May, and at the settlement of a recent swarm, they carry pollen throughout the day; but even in these instances, the collection is made in places most likely to furnish the requisite moisture for moulding the pellets, namely, in shady and sometimes in very distant places.

When a bee has completed her loading, she returns to the hive, *part of her cargo is instantly devoured by the nursing-bees, to be regurgitated for the use of the larvæ, and another part is stored in cells for future exigencies, in the following manner.* The bee, while seeking a fit cell for her freight, makes a noise with her wings, as if to summon her fellow citizens around her; she then fixes her two middle and her two hind legs upon the edge of the cell which she has selected, and curving her body, seizes the farina with her fore legs, and makes it drop into the cell: thus freed from her burthen, she hurries off to collect again. Another bee immediately packs the pollen, and kneads and works it down into the bottom of the cell, probably mixing a little honey with it, judging from the moist state in which she leaves it; an air-tight coating of varnish finishes this storing of pollen.

It is at length ascertained that the bee never visits *more than one species of flower on the same journey*. This pollen is of a cap-sular structure, and the particles of pollen from different flowers would not aggregate conveniently. Thus also is the multiplication of hybrid plants prevented.

Our parting recommendation is, that every body who loves to read an instructive and entertaining book should buy the Honey-bee. The inhabitant of the metropolis, however, should be warned, that the perusal of it will hugely dispose him to the possession of a hive, and that this is a taste that cannot be commodiously gratified either in the Strand or Oxford-street.

## DIARY

### FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL.

It is lamentable to observe the number of good stories that are daily maimed, mangled, and spoilt in the telling. Lord Holland has quoted in the House of Peers, an excellent old Joe illustrative of the true principle of retaliation, but has almost destroyed it by the clumsiness of his phrasing. It reads as if translated into the language of dulness:—

"He remembered to have read in a Spanish jest book, a story, stating that in a certain district, persons were obliged to go armed, and be attended with dogs, in order to preserve themselves from wolves, and other beasts of prey. On some particular occasion a person killed one of those dogs with his spear, and being brought before the alcalde, he was asked why he had not used the butt end, instead of the point of the spear? '*For this plain reason,*' he replied, '*because the dog ran at me with his mouth, and not with his tail.*'"

For, "*for this plain reason,*" and all that stiff stuff, read, "*So I would,*" replied the fellow, "*if he had run at me with his tail.*" The better version, however, of the story is, that the dog-slayer was an English serjeant, armed with his halberd, and that his reprover was a lady of sentiment. "Ah, you cruel wretch, why did not you strike the pretty dumb creature with the bottom of your halberd?"—"So I would, ma'am, if he had run at me with his tail." That particularly wise man of the east, Doctor Gilchrist, has also just been murdering a story. Something or other, of course not the least in point, "reminded him of an old woman in the country, who put over her door, 'whiskey sold here to-day for three-pence a gill; to-morrow to be sold for nothing. Some simple clowns went in the next day, expecting to get the gill for nothing;' but of course to-morrow never came." The origin of this is a common French pot-house jest. It is written over the door, "*pay to-day and good credit to-morrow.*" They say that a certain Irish judge, and illustrious debtor, on first going to France, and being gladdened with the promise of this notice, put up at an auberge by the road side, and stayed there six months, waiting for the day of *credit*, as his creditors had, for more years, done for that of *pay*.

In a preceding Diary, I have noticed M. Thibadeau's absurd story of Napoleon's having objected to the proposal that civil death should dissolve marriage, on the strange ground that such a circumstance would be an additional punishment, and that it would, therefore, be better to put the criminal to death at once, (the reasoning is imperial,) as in that case his wife might raise an altar of turf in her garden, and retire there to weep. Here is a letter which presents a pleasant practical illustration of the truth of this superfine sentimentality. It is written by a wife whose husband is transported; her name is omitted; because, for want of the law which Napoleon thought so severe on persons of fine sensibilities, she has been compelled to seek comfort in a capital felony. Had the honest man been hung instead

of transported, we wonder whether this fond creature would have solaced herself with a turf altar to his memory, and made a watering pot of her eyes.

(Copy.)

Feb. 2nd, 1827.

Dear husband,

I take this opportunity of addressing these few lines to you, hoping to find you in good health, as it leaves me at present, thank God for it—dear husband I am going to change my line of life and I hope it will be for the better I must tell you I am going to be married and hope you have no objection for you know you have not behaved to me as a husband ought to have done both you and your family have used me very ill But every one knows that I never gave you any reason to ill treat me—

I have been to the Overcears to ask theyre advice what I am to do and they told me I had better get another husband as I did not expect you would ever come home again. You need not fret about it nor make yourself in the least alarmed at what I say for I can assure you it is true.

The Overcears of the Parish is going to give the man ten pounds to take me out of the Parish I have invited your Brother Robert to the wedend and I wish you was at home to make one among us—I shall tell you the mans name is William —

You need not forget me for all that If you should ever come where I am I hope you will call and see me So I conclude and still remain your affectionate wife

William —

CATHARINE —

Gadameed Ship  
Woollege  
Kent.

Apropos of this subject, it is a curious fact that men stationed in light-houses are not permitted to have their wives with them, probably because it is apprehended that the trimming of the lamps would be neglected for the trimming of the husbands—and yet none but married men are to be found in these posts, which are greatly sought after by persons coveting a quiet life, and who, by a long course of curtain lectures, have been trained to watchfulness, and accustomed to sleepless nights. The wives of these monsters are unanimously of Buonaparte's opinion, that it would be better to kill the wretches at once, and to let them raise turf altars, and weep over them when they have nothing better to do in the garden.

9th. There has been a rumour, probably intended as a suggestion, that Mr. Canning is to have the premiership stripped of the church patronage. This idea has called forth the following elaborate and affecting simile in the leading article of The Times, which would draw tears from a stone. It is a prodigiously pathetic piece of writing, and places a patronageless premier in a most piteous point of view:—

“The constituting a statesman to be a prime minister, and at the same time depriving him of an important part of his power and influence—of the power and influence which others have enjoyed, we say not how properly,—is like commissioning a dove to fly over sea and over land with the behests of his master, and at the same instant tearing from him one of his wings; the maimed sufferer falls at once impotent to the earth, *and with whatever vigour and energy he may flutter and shake his other pinion, he cannot advance an inch.* “Oh,” if he could speak, would he exclaim, “Give me back my other wing—rob me not of a feather—and I will carry your orders, and procure the execution of your wishes, over all the world.”

This is too much for mortal sensibility. It is too, too touching to think of poor lop-sided Mr. Canning hopping about the treasury

chambers like a jackdaw with a clipped wing, making awkward attempts to fly, and ca-ca-ing his discomfiture at his consequent ungainly tumbles. With a soul to soar to the church steeple, the unhappy fowl finds himself unequal to the altitude of an office stool; and with the spirit of an eagle he discovers that every abject cur which haunts Whitehall, is more than his match. "Oh," he exclaims, for he can speak, "give me back my other wing—rob me not of a black feather, and I will fetch and carry, aspire, chatter, pick, and poke, and perform the part of a daw over all the world."

In the same number, *The Times* is wonderfully sublime on another subject. Some one said something uncivil to Mr. Plunkett in the House of Commons. The editor forthwith adumbrates the affair in this magnificent fashion.

"The lion of the forest, when lying under the semblance of disease or feebleness, has met with indignities from the meanest of the animal creation. *We take no pains to bring home a parallel case to the imagination of our political readers*; but if they will be themselves at the trouble of looking over last night's debate, on the presenting of a petition against the Catholics, and then examine in what manner Mr. Plunkett, the attorney-general for Ireland, was abused on account of his ministerial forbearance, and by whom,—they will, no doubt, begin to suspect that there are circumstances now on foot which may lead to the official paralysis of this great and powerful Irishman."

Mr. Plunkett is not yet then, we are glad to learn, in the state of the lion in the fable, and certainly *The Times* is not playing the part of the ass, in this cumbrous and admirably inapplicable illustration.

— Those persons who wish to understand the character of Lord Eldon, and the *principle*, if we may so abuse the word, on which he shapes his course as a legislator, should study the following brief remark which he uttered in the spring-gun debate on the 6th, and which will serve as a key to his views on matters of jurisprudence.

"The Lord Chancellor said, IT WAS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS TO TAKE UPON THEMSELVES TO SAY WHAT WAS THE LAW UPON SUCH A SUBJECT (i. e. the setting of spring-guns.) THE LAW MUST DEPEND ENTIRELY UPON ALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE CASE."

The first proposition is, that it is dangerous for legislators who make and alter the laws, to say what the law is.

The second, that the law must depend upon the circumstances of the case, or in other words, that there is to be no distinct rule of law stated, but that judges are to make it according to the taste, fancy, or whim of the moment.

This speech, containing the very essence of the most fatal error in jurisprudence, was delivered in the first legislative assembly, by the highest judicial character in this country, and passed unnoticed and unrebuked!

It has hitherto been accounted a first maxim, a truism, that law should be a clear rule of command or prohibition known and intelligible to all; but Lord Eldon, like Moliere's quack, has changed all this; he avers that the law is to grow out of the circumstances of the case; that when the man is shot by the spring-gun, it will be time

enough to inquire whether the engine was legally set, and he was legally killed or not. It is better to let it then depend on the circumstances, such as the character of the party killed, as for instance, was he a poacher, or the servant of the game preserver; obnoxious to, or regarded by the superior classes of the neighbourhood?

The doctrine we have quoted, furnishes a striking illustration of the chancellor's ideas of law, and shows on what grounds he advocates all that is vicious in our system, and resists every measure of wholesome reform.

On the same night, in a discussion on the game laws, he gave an example in an insignificant matter of the confusion which reigns in his mind on most subjects. The chancellor has as much logic as a cow.

"The great increase of crime, (poaching,) said his lordship, was owing to the introduction of battues; and if their lordships did not find some means of destroying these battues, they might as well say that the moon shall not shine, as that there shall not be poachers."

It was by this method of reasoning that the Goodwin sands were laid to the account of Tenterdon church steeple. The battues have nothing whatever to do with the poaching, and one sufficiently grand battue would put an end to poaching altogether, by destroying all the game. The evil of which the chancellor should have spoken, is the excessive game preserving which allows of battues, or great massacres. The game is preserved till it swarms, and then it is slaughtered in swarms; but it is clearly not the massacre which provokes the poaching, but the temptation of the extraordinary abundance of game. The chancellor however thinks that the cause is the battue, because since there have been battues, there has been more poaching; just as the old man thought that Tenterdon steeple was the cause of the Goodwin's, because since the building of the steeple, the sands had increased—but if Lord Eldon inquires, he will find that the battues have been introduced only where game is preserved in superabundance, and resorted to in order to thin the unmanageable swarms of birds.

10th. It is pleasing to find our legislators imbued with sound principles of jurisprudence. It is satisfactory to the whole community to know that a nobleman is born to the privilege of making laws for them, who holds such a doctrine as that laid down last night by Lord Ellenborough in the House of Lords:—

"The object of setting spring-guns," said that illustrious sage, "was not personal injury to any one, but to deter from the commission of theft; and *that object was as completely obtained by hitting an innocent man as a guilty one.*"

What a pity it is that this enlightened peer is not a chief justice, in which high office, so long and temperately filled by his amiable father, he might have given practical effect to this brilliant idea, generalizing it thus for common occasions:—

"The object of punishment is not personal injury to any one, but to deter from the commission of theft; and *that object is as completely obtained by hanging an innocent man as a guilty one.*"

The Chronicle pleasantly suggests to Lord Ellenborough, the pre-

priety of his permitting himself to be made an example of under his own rule. "Perhaps," says the editor, "his lordship would have no objection, by way of demonstrating the efficacy of his theory, to allow himself to be disposed of by that important personage who gives to the law its chief efficacy, without the formality of a proof of guilt in order to reconcile the country to the indiscriminate slaughter of innocence and guilt."

Farmers are in the habit of nailing crows, hawks, weasels, pole-cats, &c. to their barn doors, as terrible examples to the other members of these felonious tribes; but they have not yet discovered that it would answer exactly the same purpose to transfix their doves, barn-door fowls, geese, and turkeys, in the same fashion. We must not, however, expect to find Ellenboroughs in farm yards; such wisdom and fine ideas of the fitness of things, and the true principles of jurisprudence, can only be looked for in the House of Lords, where men are Solons by inheritance.

As admirable as it often is to see the grounds on which our legislators go right, as those on which they go wrong. When right, they in nine cases out of ten, give the worst conceivable reason for it, and frequently discover that their motive leans to error's side. In very properly resisting a clause legalizing trespasses in the chace, the Duke of Buckingham stated that "nothing was more annoying than the trespasses committed by those who followed game into grounds. They trampled upon *ladies' flower gardens*, and did a great deal of mischief long before any one could possibly warn them off."

To humbler men it would have rather occurred as an instance of more important injury, and one more deserving of the consideration of the legislature, that they trampled upon the poor man's kitchen garden, and demolished his cabbages and cauliflowers.

The tyrannical vagrant act in its passage through the Commons, was opposed, not on account of its oppressive enactments, but because it might prevent minstrels from serenading ladies, and further, might deprive them of the intellectual gratification of seeing Punch. Flower-gardens, serenades, and Punch, (which is now our first dramatic entertainment,) are unquestionably excellent things in their way; but there are other interests which would occur to men out of Parliament, as entitled to superior consideration.

11th. This is the session of bon mots in both houses of Parliament. Sir Francis Burdett declared last night that Englishmen have an *inheritance* in the laws. A fine portion it is! Looking at the character of our code, we should certainly appear a people eminently born to be hung.

13th. This extract of a letter from Vienna has appeared in the journals, Foreign and English:

BEETHOVEN.—The public is deeply affected by the death of this great composer; and they are not a little surprized at learning, that M. Moschelles, who, however, has himself had occasion to know the support which the numerous amateurs in this city afford to distinguished talents, should have taken the liberty to make a subscription at London for the benefit of the deceased.—This news has excited universal discontent. Beethoven had no need of such support, and nobody had a right thus to anticipate government, the protector of all the arts, and a people who are remarkably attached to them. A single word would have sufficed to make thousands of persons fly to the assistance of the great composer. Besides, people esteemed him too much to conceive such a thought,

and they knew, besides, that he received pensions from the Archduke Rudolph, and many families in the highest ranks of the nobility. Real artists in Austria, certainly have no need, considering the sense which animates our government and nation in favour of all that is noble and good, to implore the vaunted generosity of the English nation, of which C. M. Von Weber lately made a trial (1). This thought was certainly more foreign to the mind of Beethoven than of any other person.

(1) Note.—Many promises lavished in England on C. M. Von Weber were not realised. The higher classes had encouraged him to give a grand concert, the expense of which was immense, and which cost him much trouble. The concert-room (salle) was hardly half full. When Weber saw this scanty audience he nearly fainted, and said sorrowfully to one of his friends—"You see how Weber is appreciated in London." Three weeks afterwards he was no more.

On the last circumstance it is only necessary to observe that Weber died, poor fellow, of a cold, and not of a concert. But for the condition of Beethoven. The Chronicle, without a moment's hesitation, received the above statement as gospel; first, because it was written by a German, and secondly, because it inculcated the English. There are three grand points of faith with the Chronicle,—that German people are always right; that English people are always wrong; and that the Scotch are perfection, or something even plusquam German. On the above quoted thesis the Editor holds forth thus:—

*"We confess it did surprise us not a little, that in a country like Austria, in which musical genius is so highly appreciated, a man like Beethoven should be allowed to starve. We can almost pardon the sensitiveness of the citizens of Vienna on this tender point. The defence of the Austrians is coupled with an accusation of illiberality brought against the English nation, founded on the treatment of M. Von Weber by the higher ranks. But allowance ought to be made for the taste of nations."\**

The next day The Times very quietly publishes the subjoined letter from poor Beethoven to a professor in London, which shows what the fine sentiment of the people of Vienna is worth. Perhaps, as their champion says in his epistle, "They esteemed him too much to conceive such a thought," as that he needed their pecuniary aid; and this is certainly a kind of esteem which would allow a man of genius to die of hunger in the midst of his admirers. "You look squalid and cold," they would say, "but we esteem you too much to conceive that you want food or raiment, and our paternal government lets none of its children pine in penury."

*"Vienna, March 6.*

"Dear Sir,—I do not doubt but that you have already received, through Mr. Moschelles, my letter of the 22d of Feb. Having however, by chance, found your address amongst my papers, I do not delay writing to you, once more, most pressingly, to urge your kind attention to my unhappy situation. Alas! up to the present day, I see no hopes of a termination to my dreadful malady; on the contrary my sufferings, and with them my cares, increase. On the 27th of February I was operated upon (tapped) for the fourth time; and perhaps the fates will that I may expect to undergo this operation a fifth time, or even oftener. If this continues, my illness will then last half the summer—and in that case what is to become of me? Upon what am I to live until I regain my lost strength, so as to enable me to earn my subsistence with my

\* Certainly, and we are not bound to worship a composer who has produced one work of genius, and a thousand and one others of no genius at all. The Frieschutz appears to have been "a lucky accident." It is the vulgar fashion to disparage Rossini for his occasional miscarriages, and to deify Weber for his solitary successful effort—one among so many—that one indeed, grand.

pen? But I will not weary you with new complaints, but merely refer to my letter of the 22d of February, and entreat you to exert all your influence to persuade the Philharmonic Society to carry promptly into effect their former resolution, relative to the academy, for my advantage. My strength does not permit me to say more; and I am so fully convinced of your friendly sentiments towards me, that I need not fear being misunderstood.—Accept the assurance of the highest respect with which, anxiously looking forward to your early reply, I always am, dear sir, your's devotedly,

(Signed)

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.

How does the Chronicle take this discovery,—why even thus, as if it had not in any measure committed itself by its ready, its greedy adoption of the suspicious misrepresentation. The Chronicle is, on general subjects, the ablest, the most intelligent of the morning papers, but occasionally it is the most silly; and when notoriously committed by some folly, it is the most imprudent in backing out, or eating its own words, and, indeed, with the provoking air of one still delivering oracles of established infallibility, without any acknowledgement of error.

“The following letter, which appeared in The Times of yesterday, forms a more than sufficient justification for the exertions of M. Moschelles, to awaken the sympathies of the rich in this country, in behalf of the dying Beethoven. We do not think that it reflects any particular credit on the rich amateurs of Vienna, of which so pompous an account was given in the Vienna letter, in the Allgemeine Zeitung, that this poor man, after having been four times tapped, should be under the necessity of exclaiming, with all the horror of dereliction before him, “Upon what am I to live until I regain my lost strength, so as to enable me to earn my subsistence with my pen?” Out upon such amateurs! If Beethoven had been an ordinary composer, or if the amateurs were insensible to musical merit, this abandonment of him to want would be intelligible. *After all*, we fear there is not a pin to choose in the way of liberality to genius, between the nobility all the world over, and that a Prince E. or Prince D. is pretty much the same as a Lord F. or Lord G.”

Every one, we conceive, had some suspicion of this fact, except the Chronicle, which supposed that yellow-haired Scots and white-haired Germans were the cream of the human species.

#### A GENIUS DISCOVERED BY AN ALDERMAN.

It is the fashion to impute ignorance and custard to aldermen. A splendid instance has just been afforded, of the falsehood of one half of this imputation. Whether Sir Peter Laurie delights in custard or not, we are unable to say, but he has given the most decided proof of his extraordinary conversance with polite literature, and of his superior judgment as a critic. Some of us coxcombs imagine that we know all that is worth knowing in literature, and that we can call over the muster-roll of the effectives in the belles-lettres without missing a man of any “mark or likelihood.” Ask us, who are the poets? and we reply, Wordsworth, Southey, Crabbe, Campbell, and as a lyric, our matchless Thomas Moore. This is what we should say, because it is all that we know; but when we go into the city, we hear from men of more extensive reading of the names of bards whose works have not yet come within the narrow range of our reading, although they are daily bawled in our heedless ears. Ask Alderman



Sir Peter Laurie, who are the lyric poets, and he will tell you that there are two. One, a Mr. Moore, whose melodies are banged out of the pianos by young ladies of sentiment, and the other a great genius named Hudson, whose songs are sung by Charles Taylor and Fitzwilliam, and pirated by the ballad-mongers—whence it comes to pass that his merit, like the voice of wisdom, “crieth in the streets, and no one regardeth it.” Never having had the honour of being in any company in which Charles Taylor and Fitzwilliam sang, we have never heard of Mr. Hudson’s muse, and but for Sir Peter Laurie, should have past our days in a brutal ignorance of the existence of such a genius. We lay the whole revelation before our readers. The astronomer who discovers a new star, is honoured for it; is not the city knight who discovers a new genius entitled to equal respect? Herschel’s star was called the Georgium Sidus. It was an injustice to name the star after the monarch instead of the astronomer. We should propose to designate Mr. Hudson as the Poet Laurie; or else to style the alderman, Hudson’s Bayes:—

MANSION HOUSE.—Mr. Hudson, a freeman of the city, and the writer of a great number of comic songs, stated to the Alderman, that he had an application to make upon what he was informed was capable of being remedied, in some measure, by a law of local operation in the city of London, but of very ancient date, and seldom acted upon. He was the author of 500 or 600 comic songs, many of which, whatever might be their merit, had been received by the public with some degree of approbation. Of those songs he was in the habit of making sale, in the first instance, to dramatic performers, and afterwards to publishers; and the profit he derived from a great number of them was considerable, until a sort of piracy was established, which he did not know how to combat with until he heard that he could be assisted by the city authorities. The moment Mr. Clementi, or any other high musical publisher, sent forth one of the songs to the town, a number of the “twopenny halfpenny” publishers advertised it at a fourth of the price set down by the holder of the copyright. This example was followed by a still lower order of publishers, who were in the habit of uniting interests with ballad singers, and the song was hawked about the streets in a string with many others until the public were quite disgusted with it. (A laugh.) He knew that there was an effectual way of putting an end to this practice if the pirate happened to be *respectable*,\* but unfortunately the expense to which an unhappy author would be subject by a proceeding in equity, or in any of the courts of law, was so great that, except the defendant happened to be worth powder and shot, destruction must be the consequence. Under those circumstances, Mr. Hudson requested that, at all events, something might be done to prevent the dishonourable sort of publication alluded to, as those who were in the habit of dealing with him felt considerable hesitation at the idea of purchasing when they were sure of a comparison with some musical beggar. (Laughter.)

Sir Peter Laurie said, that nothing could give him greater pleasure than the power of protecting the applicant, whom he knew to be a man of great merit. He considered that a song was literary property as well as a poem, although the latter description of writing was not, he believed, sung about the streets since the days of Homer. (A laugh.) If there existed any act by which service could be rendered to a man of genius under such circumstances, he should certainly resort to it for the benefit of such a person.

Mr. Hobler said, he apprehended that there was no law to prevent the vocal retailing of songs. In the act for the punishment of rogues and vagabonds, minstrels were not mentioned as coming under that denomination. Parliament seemed to have a special regard for minstrels, and gave them great privileges. A Member even declared in the House of Commons one night that *Punch* must be protected. (Laughter.)

Mr. Hudson said, that it was too hard that an author’s brains should be at the

\* This abuse of the word *respectable* is essentially English. A rich rogue is accounted *respectable* in this trading land. Other people less idolatrous of wealth would style him only responsible. But our pirates are *respectable* if they have money in their purses. Such is commercial morality.

command of any publisher whose circumstances placed him beneath the reach of the law, and who was on the look-out for every thing that was convertible into pence, however injurious to the proprietor.

Mr. Hobler advised that a civil proceeding should be adopted.\* If one crow were shot, all the other crows would fly to other quarters.

Mr. Hudson said the remedy was as bad as the disease. The protection of Chancery would cost him 30*l*. He well knew the desperate evils of a court of equity or justice.

Sir Peter Laurie said, that there could not be a better judge, if an opinion were to be formed from the applicant's song, called "Law," which was lawled about the town from morning till night. "I think, Mr. Hudson," said Sir Peter Laurie, "you had better follow your own advice, and have nothing to do with the law, for those who live best by it will certainly revenge themselves upon you."

Mr. Hudson assured Sir Peter, that the injury he sustained was most serious. A Mr. Duncombe had pirated the very song just mentioned, for which Mr. Clement had paid him (Mr. Hudson) fifteen guineas, and as the profits of the purchaser were, of course, greatly diminished, any future effort of the muse (if muse it can be called) must fall in proportion. (A laugh.)

Sir Peter Laurie—I have heard a great number of your songs at public dinners, by Charles Taylor and Fitzwilliam, and I am only surprised that you do not offer your services to one of the theatres, particularly as you can get them up, I understand, at the shortest possible notice.

An actor who accompanied Mr. Hudson, stated that since an American manager had established himself, *something might be expected*, as Mr. Price was endeavouring to cure the stage of its literary abominations, although he came over without any knowledge of the taste of the town. The manager, however, would not be likely to purchase songs, *although he might have no objection to pirate them, as he actually had done with respect to some of the applicant's "infinite variety."*

The actor spoke, as actors always do speak when they speak their own words, like a goose. The emphatic "something to be expected" from the American Manager, by the mime's own account, appears to be piracy. The "literary abominations" therefore which Mr. Price is endeavouring to cure are probably the purchases of copyrights—things held in great abhorrence by those who have once tried the simpler mode of acquiring the property.

As a proof of Mr. Price's extraordinary virtue as a Manager, it is just stated that he offered Miss Foote a lucrative engagement on the condition of her not singing for Fawcett's benefit. Miss Foote, to her credit, rejected the dirty overture, which can be ascribed to no other motive than spite.

11th. After the division of the Court of Chancery, Counsel soon found that it would be impossible for them to earn bread and cheese in Lord Eldon's Court alone, because little or nothing was done there, while, as the superior tribunal, they could not consent altogether to abandon it; they therefore practised in the two Courts. This has led to the inconvenience that when a cause is called on in the one Court, it frequently happens that the leader is engaged in the other. Mr. Montague, who has incessantly some disinterested little scheme on the anvil for the benefit of the public, has just attempted a curious remedy for this evil. When any cause is called on in which he is junior, and the senior Counsel is not forthcoming, Mr. Montague incontinently quits the Court, thus depriving the client of the benefit, such as it may be, of his services, because he cannot have those of the leader, and so leaving him altogether deserted—a proceeding similar to that couched under the vulgar saying of "burning the candle at

\* Mr. Hobler's son is an attorney;—"there's nothing like leather," says the tanner in the fable.

both ends." Mr. Montague's pretext is, that juniors are unequal to the conduct of causes. It is a miserably shallow one. Mr. Montague's modesty is notoriously great, but it cannot have led him to such a conclusion. Junior Counsel are generally much better *prepared* than their seniors, and there are scores of young men who would desire nothing better than the opportunity of distinguishing themselves which the absence of a leader affords—an event that has made the fame and the fortunes of many. The simple truth, as we conceive, is, that Mr. Montague desired to be regularly employed in the first instance as leader, and hence this fine-spun scheme, which has excited the wrath and brought down upon him the severe but not undeserved animadversion of his brethren at the Bar. A Morning Paper takes up the affair in a particularly inept vein, and comes to some silly conclusion, adumbrated under an inapplicable illustration, to the effect that let the merits of the dispute be what they may, the public is the innocent sufferer. Newspaper writers are perpetually breaking their hearts about the wrongs and the woes of the public; in this instance we cannot, however, see that the beast has any thing to complain of, though we grant that the conduct of the Bar is not the most liberal. Mr. Heald and others give fair notice when they are tendered briefs that they will not promise attendance—that it is a chance—and if the parties with this warning force their fees on them, they do so perfectly aware of their risk, and have no reason to complain of any consequences. They must have the first practitioners on the worst terms; they might have men indeed of less business, but of sufficient efficiency and abundance of zeal on the best—with whom then is the fault?

— Mr. Justice Park, on the Western Circuit, suspecting that a *ruse* had been practised to increase the expences of a prosecution, observed with his accustomed *curiosa felicitas*—

"I don't like this trick at all, and some day or another *I shall set my face most furiously against it.*"

By the bye, the Learned Judge has been *drastic* in his treatment these Assizes. For a paltry theft, and a first and unaggravated offence, (so far as we are informed,) he calls six months in the House of Correction and two good whippings a *mild sentence*!

He whips every body, and has hinted his regret that the Legislature have rescued the ladies from this his favourite chastisement. He expressly desires in his sentence that the prisoner shall be *well* whipped. A little whipping is a dangerous thing.

15th. There is an amusing piece of discretion in the John Bull of this day. Having notified the sudden official deaths of the seven sages, it proceeds to deliver good set *éloges* on Wellington, Eldon, and Peel, after this affecting fashion:

"The Illustrious Hero, to whom the country owes, under Providence, its military glory and its honourable peace, quits the field. That venerable man, whose rigid principles of equity and justice, whose uncompromising and conscientious opposition to the innovations of those, with whose triumph comes the downfall of the Constitution, have rendered him obnoxious to the coarsenesses of Whiggery and the brutalities of Radicalism, from which neither age nor

talent, rank nor character, public service nor private kindness, has been able to protect him—the Chancellor retires from office.

“ Mr. Peel—free as air, and independent in his mind as in his fortunes—in youth, in health, in vigour, quits the Government ; *he*, who in the course of his official duties has done more (we speak it not idly, but upon the testimony of practical men of the highest character) to clear away the doubts, the difficulties, the intricacies, the inconsistencies, of the laws, to simplify proceedings, to improve the administration of justice, and whose able and intelligent mind was still directed to benefitting his fellow-creatures—this honest honourable Minister retires.”

Here he wisely stops, asking, “ But why pursue this ? ” Aye, why ? and *how* indeed ? It would not be easy, we conceive, to find any thing to say for Lords Westmoreland, Bathurst, Bexley, &c. ; these are, as little Isaac remarks, very difficult to compliment.

— It is perplexing, perhaps impossible, to define accurately what we express by the word *taste*. The masterly author of *De Vere* declares it to be a sense of proportions. This does not quite satisfy us. We require something more comprehensive than “ *proportions*.” A perception of the *το κρενον* is taste, but it is not English. A sense of fitness is a clumsy phrase, because there is an uncouthness about that word fitness, of excellent force, but rusty from disuse. *Just* perhaps is nearest to the right term. Taste is a perception of the *just* ; in this word we include exact proportions, and the approval they command. It is often difficult to account for the keen relish of pleasure which some trifle, insignificant in itself, will give to our tastes. All that we say in reply to our query, why are we so gratified ? is, that the thing is exactly what the occasion required, or, as we phrase it in our familiar colloquy, it is *the very thing* ; this, wherever it occurs, is excellence, no matter how unimportant the shape that it assumes, or homely the material in which it is found. Swift defined composition, right words in right places. Good composition is by no means uncommon, but how rare it is to meet with these right words in right places—how great a pleasure to our taste ! In what a trifle does the gratification too consist—it is but a particle perhaps, a conjunction, a pronoun, but it is just where it should be, exactly where it was wanted ; the mark has been precisely hit, and taste is pleased. The author of *Vivian Grey*, with all his many faults, is felicitous in phrasing. Who can deny the force of his description of *Ronzi Vestris*’ style, as “ the arrowy and rushing.” In a love letter in the fifth volume, I have been much struck by a verbal grace of the kind, on which I have disserted. Whether it will strike others as it strikes me I know not ; but certain I am, that if it had appeared in *Rousseau*, the fine critics would have discovered in it a gem. The writer is a lady, severed by an untoward discovery from her lover :

“ May this safely reach you ! Can you ever forgive me ? The enclosed, you will see, was intended for you, in case of our not meeting. It anticipated sorrow, yet that were its anticipations to our reality ! ”

. Now what has so captivated me is simply that little word *our*, which, applied as it is to reality, carries with it a volume of feminine

sentiment. It will not bear disquisition; the *grace* must be felt, not explained. It is not grammatical to use a possessive with reality, but as the reality is sorrowful, and it is the habit of the heart to cleave to sorrow, as the poet's nightingale leans its breast to the thorn, it is most natural to make it our own. The reality and the affliction are merely identified.

These minute beauties, as I think them, have great charms for me. I know nothing in the exquisite lyrics of Moore that delights me more than a little grace of the kind in the "Temple to Friendship." The girl rejecting the sculptor's image of Friendship, and preferring that of Love, says, "We'll make, if you please, Sir, *a* Friendship of him." The *a* there is of matchless beauty. Never before was the indefinite article so archly significant. Substitute *the* and we destroy the *naïveté* of the expression. Moore abounds in these delicious strokes. No poet in our language is so delicate in his phrasing, and graceful in his idioms. These excellencies are, however, not to be found in his prose; and perhaps they are only achievable in short pieces, which allow of the nicest labour in every part.

17th. Mr. Campbell, the poet, has delivered a speech to the Glasgow University, on his installation as Lord Rector, which, in its way, rivals Dogberry's famed charge to the Watch. Its prominent peculiarities are, inconsequence and anticlimax, together with a noble freedom from all the restraints of grammar. The orator uses relatives without antecedents, conjunctions where there is no connection, and objective particles where there is no distinction to be marked. In a word, his harangue looks in some parts like an exercise to be turned by the tyro into English, and in others like a rhetorical puzzle made by breaking up a number of sentences, and jumbling their beginnings and ends together, in order that the curious may try their skill and ingenuity in first dislocating and then re-uniting them again, according to the demands of sense. If this be indeed the design, it is certainly rendered of very difficult execution; and having ourselves no time for the arrangement of puzzles, we must give the parts as we find them, and leave our readers to guess at the process by which they are reconcileable with reason. Referring to the University of Glasgow, as *apropos* somehow or other to what began with Wickliff, at Oxford, and passed over to Bohemia, the orator says—

"Though I do not intend to bring it into an odious comparison with the institutions of England, that have formed the intellectual character of *that majestic race of men*, [What majestic race of men? *Institutions* is the only antecedent] yet, [Observe the grand point which he makes] I may remark, that *all your professors lecture daily*, which might be imitated with advantage by those great institutions.

"Amongst our professors, we can enumerate names above the meed of praise, as they are above detraction; and, I am bold to affirm, that the dynasty of professional talent is not to degenerate; *for* [Mark the closeness of the connexion—how much the one thing has to do with the other; and lastly the clenching and dignified effect of the concluding illustration] *ye are to remember*, that neither the glory of *dead men's names*, nor any such ideal sources can, of themselves,

animate the character of the student, without industry during the season of youth, the bitter fruits of mis-spending which are so obvious as to be lost sight of by their common occurrence; *like the great tree in St. Paul's Church-yard, concerning which so many wagers have been gained and lost.*"

"It would be easy, no doubt, to invest this topic with a gloomy interest, by tracing the life of a man to its end, in order to discover the bitter fruits of bad education. But we will not appeal to the ignoble principle of fear; for though I might represent this to you, my young friends—since the intimation would be all but welcome, and its colours all but bright—I will not do so. [Ye gods, what energy! This is surely the *δαιμόνιον* of the Greeks.] And, let me say, it is not a want of boldness and vigour I most admire in youth; [Who does he think does admire *most* the want of boldness and vigour in youth?]

—————"Campbell's head is made of wood,  
And pigeon-pies of water-rats are very seldom reckoned good."

These are truisms; the orator, however, implies, that he does admire the want of boldness and vigour, though not *most*, yet in some degree] the want may present a negative quality; it may, however, prevent a positive acquirement—however long be the attainment of that. ["The attainment of *that!*" of what? of the acquirement *prevented!*]

"Voltaire tells us of a youth whom he almost considered 'born with experience.' Precocious indeed is that talent that can boast of but a few of the effects of experience—and alas! we have now no such intellectual heroes, born *with this useful commodity*. [Sublime diction!] There is a stage of intellectual advancement, to which no talent, however precocious, can be conceived to attain, without the demanded process. [What demanded process?] It is *that ardour* [i. e. the stage is an ardour] with which an accomplished mind awaits the next acquisition of new ideas, or the appearance of the next new book, *to a degree equal to that with which the gainer awaits the transmission of his lottery prize.*" [A rich climax!]

We now come to something peculiarly in the spirit and manner of the learned Dogberry. The philosophy is beautiful. The orator says that there are some persons hostile to classical learning; but he tells his hearers not to inquire with what justice, and to rest content that it is quite right.

"There is a spirit at present in existence that sets itself against classical learning. I advise you not to meddle with it; but content yourselves that you are not applying at aught but the true fountain of knowledge and virtue."

This is sublime. There is something beyond description happy in the methodical manner of the allusion to pin-making. It is of a fine phlegm—

"In your studies, I would not advise that formal division of labour *that keeps the pin manufactory in such exact order*. Newton made geometry illustrate physical science; and Richter, in later times, has followed up the great example."

And this is a public instructor! It may be imagined by those unacquainted with the general style of Mr. Campbell's writing and

speaking in prose, that there must be error in the report; but from our knowledge of his manner, we are persuaded that this is not the case. We admire him as a poet; but, of a truth, he should confine himself to verse, and lisp only in the numbers of the New Monthly.

— In Captain Parry's published letter to the Admiralty, developing his plans for the present expedition, he says that it will be important to procure from Greenland the necessary number of dogs, [for drawing the sledges over the ice,] as well as *of their* [the dogs'] *excellent water-proof boots for travelling.*" The boots here alluded to are those famous seven-leagued boots spoken of in our nursery histories, which were formerly worn by Puss when in the service of the Marquis of Carabas, and which, on her decease, passed into the possession of the dogs of Greenland. With them on, Captain Parry will hop from ice-berg to ice-berg, without wetting his feet, supposing the distance do not exceed seven French leagues; and he will step from Spitzbergen to the Pole in about twenty-eight strides and a half. *Apropos de bottes*, the dogs, who are to be roasted and eaten if provisions run short, say that they do not at all like the name of *Spitzbergen*, and should prefer quarters which did not put such dangerous thoughts of the kitchen into men's heads. They quote Homer, remark with Ulysses, αὐτὸς γὰρ ἐφέλκεται ἀνδρὰ σίδηρος—the name of the *Spit* puts roast meat into the men's heads.

21st. Ours is a nation of barter and benevolence—in cheating and charity we surpass all other people of the earth. It is admirable to observe the union of philanthropy and profit among us. We can break our hearts at a bankrupt's fall, and make excellent bargains at the sale. "Oh," says Mrs. Larmoyante (drowned in tears, and with a long lank pocket-handkerchief in her hand, like the lady in the undertaker's sign) "our poor friends the Selby's are ruined, reduced to destitution, to want, to misery. Oh! Oh! people that we have known for so many years, that gave such pleasant parties, and were so obliging and amiable, and now—Oh! I can't bear to think of their distress; it will kill me, I know it will—my sympathies are too strong for my constitution—Oh! Oh! Oh! Maria, my love, ring the bell, and order the carriage; the sale takes place at Philipps's at two, and I should like of all things to have the candelabra, and dear Mrs. Selby's sweet bronze ink-stand, if they go cheap. Bless me, we shall be late, girls."

An advertisement fabricated for the English market appears in the newspapers of this day, which moves the mind to benevolence and bargains, with irresistible power. How skilfully we are first shocked at the appalling distress, then soothed and consoled by the idea of Irish linen for shirts at 1s. 9d. a yard; and silk handkerchiefs, with which to wipe our tears of sympathy, at 1s. 6d. each.

"DREADFUL DISTRESS IN TRADE!—The Public are respectfully informed, that of *nineteen Bankrupts in the City, of Wholesale Linen Drapers, Silk Weavers, and Irish Factors, seven have absconded.* The remaining stocks of the above bankrupts amount to 90,000*l.* sterling, which must be sold off forthwith. Families furnishing new establishments (with ready money) will find this an opportunity which will never again occur. The following is a brief list of the property to be sold:—17 boxes finest undressed Irish Linens, 1s.

9d. a yard, usual price 4s. 6d.; 400 pieces undressed Scotch Holland, finest quality made, 2s. 9d. a yard, worth 5s. 6d.; 12 boxes, or 700 pieces, at 1s. a yard, suitable for gentlemen's wear, worth 2s. 6d.; 300 pieces, about 9d. a yard, worth double the money; 120 pieces of Russia sheeting, requiring no seam, 1s. 4d. a yard, finest quality, 2s. 8d. a yard, trade price 4s. 6d.; 200 pieces of Russia sheeting, 8½d. a yard, worth 1s. 4d.; 37 pieces at 1s. a yard, actually worth 2s. 3d.; 2000 damask table cloths, 1s. 6d. each; large size, at 3s. 6d.; the best quality, 3 yards square, 10s. 6d., usual price one guinea; 4 yards long, 13s. 6d.; worth 31s. 6d.; and 6 yards long, 18s. 6d.; worth 45s.; 300 dozens damask napkins, 4s. 9d. per dozen; those at 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. are very rich; the largest and best quality, 16s. 6d.; worth 25s.; 200 pieces of Irish and Holland sheeting, 6-4th wide, at 1s. 4d. a yard; best quality, 1s. 9d.; trade price, 3s. 6d.; 900 pair of blankets, 1s. 6d.; those at 3s. are very large; excellent at 7s.; the very best lamb's wool, 3 yards square, 14s. 6d.; cost the bankrupt 30s.; large counterpanes, 2s. 6d. to 4s.; those at 3s. are 4 yards square; Marseilles quilts, 8s. each; 3 yards square, 12s.; the largest and best, 18s.; worth 3 guineas; 200 pieces of Welch flannel, very fine, 1s. a yard; the finest quality, 1s. 9d.; worth 4s.; 13,000 yards rich sars nets and gros de Naples, at 2s. 6d. a yard; trade price, 3s. 9d. to 4s. 6d.; 300 dozen gentlemen's silk handkerchiefs, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. each; real India, best quality, 3s. 6d. each; retail price, 6s. 6d.; 4000 rich silk shawls, at a reduction of 40 per cent. off the factor's price; 80 pieces rich damask for table cloths, at 1s. and 2s. a yard; 3000 green and blue table-covers, large size, 2s. 6d. each; 180 pieces Russia toweling, 3½d. a yard; worth 9d.; strong huckaback, 4d.—All to be sold at the manufacturers' general warehouse, 86, east corner of New Bond-street, Oxford-street.—Alderson and Thorpe, managers."

Imagine Mrs. Batem returning with muff and pockets stuffed from this sale, and communicating her joy at the cheapness of her purchases, mingled with her horror at the cause. "Oh! my dear Mrs. Tattle, dreadful doings,—nineteen wholesale linen-draper's bankrupts, and seven absconded! Terrible times! Think of their poor families! Things went shockingly cheap. Look at this beautiful flannel for my under petticoats, would ye believe it, it stands me only in a shilling a yard! And this sarsnet, ma'am,—two and sixpence! Lovely, is not it? But to think of seven bankrupts absconded! I'm sure it breaks my heart [sheds a flood of tears]. You see this handkerchief; if you'll take my word for it, I bought it for three and sixpence,—real India." Well, as dear Mr. Squintem says, it's wonderful how things accommodate themselves to our necessities in this vile sinful world. If seven bankrupt linen drapers abscond, and we weep for the DREADFUL DISTRESS IN TRADE advertised in the newspapers, why their handkerchiefs, you see, go the cheaper, and serve to wipe our eyes. Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and bandanas fall with tears! Mind you go to the sale to-morrow, Mrs. Tattle. Such an opportunity, you know, may never occur again. Nineteen bankrupts! Horrible times indeed; and such beautiful *gros de Naples* at two and sixpence a yard;—the distress is dreadful to think of;—it will make up into lovely spencers. - - -



## TENDER REQUEST AND ROMANTIC EXPEDIENT.

"GUILDHALL.—John Dixon, a young man, was charged with stealing a pair of trowsers from the shop of Mr. Oram, in Newgate-street. The prisoner, it was stated, *rushed into the shop, and tore down the trowsers from the place where they hung*, and ran off with them in the most daring manner. On searching him, some letters were found on him, from a female convict at Woolwich, assuring him of her never dying affection, and *imploring him to do something that would enable him to come after her to Botany Bay.*"

"Ye Gods, annihilate both space and time, and make two lovers happy," was, though a moderate, a foolish request, because the disobliging nature of the Gods has in all times been notorious, and it is pretty well known that they will not unbinge the universe for the accommodation of any two persons, however amiable and enamoured. John Dixon's princess showed her superior knowledge of things, therefore, instead of asking Heaven to annihilate space and time for the accomplishment of their re-union, in simply imploring her swain to commit a felony. A youth in days of romance, so circumstanced as John Dixon, would have bided him to the sea-shore, and spent his time and wasted his breath in calling upon some dolphin to bear him after the beloved of his heart to New South Wales, and other such impossible demands, which our lovers of old ever preferred to the slightest personal exertion. John Dixon, however, lives in an essentially practical age, and is evidently a practical man. He knew that the Gods were not likely to alter the geography of the globe for the convenience of himself and his princess; but that the Judges would very probably accomplish his wish in regard to time and space, by a sentence of transportation for fourteen years, provided he took the proper measures. He therefore perceived at once that a pair of breeches would be the dolphin which would serve to speed him over the seas to the desired haven of Botany Bay; and seized them as we have seen with a lover's fervour, saying, by these shall I be re-united with my beloved. The means, it must be confessed, if not romantic, were adequate, and admirably fitted to the end.

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 MR. CANNING AND HIS OPPONENTS.

Our worthy colleague, in his Diary of the Month, will no doubt acquaint those who are not already informed of it, that on the 12th of April, being the day before Good Friday, seven cabinet ministers struck work simultaneously, like so many journeymen tailors, in consequence of the appointment of Mr. Canning to the Premiership. One of them, Lord Bexley, has since become (to employ the language of refractory workmen) a *dung*, and returned to his work, or rather to his idleness, for he enjoys a snug sinecure, which nothing but an access of extraordinary fury could have induced so pious a man to tempt Providence by relinquishing. The rest continue *fints*. *Tantana*, as Mr. Canning would say, *Tantana animis celestibus ira!* *Musa mihi causas memora.* What the devil could have tempted.

seven ministers, grave reputable people, four of the seven certainly as little suspected of any exuberance of fancy or understanding as any men in the King's dominions; people far too stupid, it was supposed, even for a freak like this. What could have tempted them to throw their bread upon the waters, in the hope of seeing it again after many days? One of the newspapers called them the pillars of the state; and considering the manner in which pillars are employed in modern buildings, seldom ornamentally, never usefully, the simile was happy; and so commonly had they been considered as fixtures of this sort, that their secession excited scarcely less surprise than would be felt if some of the real pillars we have alluded to were to march from their pedestals, and make amends for their existence by breaking the heads of those who set them up.

As far, too, as can be judged from outward circumstances, no punctilio need have forced them to this desperate step. Mr. Canning is not a young man, or a man low in office, thrust over the heads of his elders and superiors. He has been about thirty-five or six years in public life, and has long held offices next in rank to the highest; and especially for the three last years has held the second place in the ministry—in the opinion of the world, perhaps the first. If we cannot explain satisfactorily the causes of the animosity which has been displayed towards him, we shall say a few words on his character and recent policy, in which perhaps some of the causes may present themselves.

Mr. Canning deserves, without doubt, the title of a finished orator—according to the oratory and the finish of this age. There is no speaker in Parliament, whose speeches are so well suited to the assembly he addresses, and so well calculated, if not to convince, to bear down those who oppose him, and to give the hearers a confidence in his power. This is what is wanted in Parliament. When the fixed opinions of the Members of the House of Commons on the main questions submitted to them are considered, the great object of speaking—beyond the effect on the country through the reports, will be found to be the confidence which is inspired on the adherents of a party, by the manifestation of intellectual ability on the part of its leaders. Though it is perfectly true that nothing is more rare than a vote gained by a speech, nothing is more erroneous than to suppose that votes are not gained by speaking. Men support strength, and desert imbecility; and a leader of a party is supported in proportion, not to the strength of his proofs of the justice of his proposition, but to the strength of the proof of his own talents, supposing those talents not to be vitiated by some extraordinary moral infirmity.

Keeping this object in view, we doubt whether modern times have seen an orator better suited to the House of Commons than Mr. Canning—better calculated to give confidence to those who follow him, and to intimidate and embarrass those who annoy him. A mode of expression as nearly approaching to the poetical, as is consistent with the gravity of oratory, a mode of reasoning as nearly approaching to the formality of syllogism, as is consistent with its ease, and with the scope of political discussion,—sentences finished, faultless and harmonious within themselves, and exactly cohering

with each other as parts of a whole, playful and brilliant wit, a rich store of allusions—all these, aided by an agreeable voice and intonation, and a fine person, form a defence for his party which, like the shield of *Æneas*,

Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,  
Yet shines with gold and gems in every part,  
And wonders on it graved by the learned hand of art.

A shield that gives delight,  
Ev'n to the enemies' sight,  
Then when they are sure to lose the combat by it.

Mr. Canning's speeches are said to be studied, his intonation artificial, and his quotations common-place; and, to a certain extent, these objections are true. Every speech in a public assembly ought to be prepared, and as far as it is possible, prepared with care. There is not a more audacious insult on an assembly of men, than to spout forth an unpremeditated harangue, as it implies the assertion that the mere froth and scum of the speaker's mind deserves the attention of listening hundreds. If it be intended to convey the charge that Mr. Canning cannot adapt his speeches for the accidental purpose of debate, and give them life and colour from the circumstances of the moment, there is no accusation less founded in fact. His speeches are not more studied in appearance than those (for instance) of Sir James Mackintosh, a speaker, who for neatness, clearness, and force, rivals him; and who, with the advantages of the same parliamentary experience in early life, might, with the exception of a good organ, have equalled him in all the requisites of an orator. The artificial or measured intonation, agrees with the highly polished character of his oratory. In regularly recurring elevations and cadences of the voice, there is a degree of pretension which makes the hearer less indulgent to blunders or negligence, and more wearied by mere triteness and common place. But when the pretension is found to be justified by the matter, we are inclined to think that this peculiarity, as far removed from the slovenliness of ordinary intonation, as the style is from the looseness of ordinary conversation, adds to the effect which is produced, and makes the hearer more completely captive of the orator. Through similar arts in conversation, though Parr grew tiresome, except to boobies, Johnson was undoubtedly imposing, even to wise and learned men.

Under the head of quotations, it may be more difficult to defend Mr. Canning. It is scarcely allowable, under any pretence, always to quote from the first half of the *Æneid*, the *Eton Grammar*, or *Gray's Elegy*. Yet it has been said, with some truth, that Mr. Canning adapts his quotations to the capacity of his hearers. They are the examples by which he brings his poetical phraseology within the cognizance of great school boys, who know not, to a certainty, the good or the bad in poetry, except what they have been taught so to consider, when exemplifying the concord between vapulant and verberant. It may be said, also, with equal justice, that to a fervid and poetical mind those passages, which are in the mouths of all men, because they are beautiful, do not lose their beauty by reason of their repetition. It is a great proof of Mr. Canning's talents, that his common-places

do not appear common place; but derive freshness from the manner in which they are introduced, and the unpalated sense of their beauties which the orator evidently retains.

The claims of Mr. Canning and his friends, grounded on his recent policy, are somewhat misplaced. The great feat of Mr. Canning is the recognition of the independence of the New American States. Of the propriety of it there can be no doubt—of its importance a great deal. If, indeed, it were correct to say, as Mr. Canning said in his speech on the affairs of Portugal, that he had called into existence these states, all the credit which he assumes, as the author of a great political change, would be due to him; but he professedly and carefully waited till the states in question had established their independence before he recognized it, nor has he since given them the slightest assistance in maintaining it. No doubt the new states owe much to the assistance of individual Englishmen; but this aid was given long before Mr. Canning's recognition. If Mr. Canning called a coach in the street, it would be too much for him to boast that his recognition called into existence a vehicle, which he would probably find to have been built in the time of Queen Anne. All that was really called into existence, by the recognition, was a crowd of consuls and ambassadors.

The affair of Portugal has been also a little magnified. We do not see that any minister could have refused to do what Mr. Canning did—could have refused to afford an ally the protection which a treaty guaranteed to her. Another minister might, perhaps, have done it more quietly.

It is the pretension of Mr. Canning, the *con strepito* of his policy, which appears in part to have annoyed the old Tories. They would have been content that he should have done what he has (and we have little doubt, in our own minds, that if Lord Londonderry had lived, he, too, would have recognized the new states and aided Portugal); but they would have him do it quietly. Their motto is Dame Quickly's, "I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater—but I do not like swaggering." Mr. Canning's demerit with them, and, perhaps, his merit with the rest of the nation, has been his swagger. He has studiously displayed his dissent from the Holy Alliance; he took an opportunity, in the discussions with Spain on the South American question, to call to mind that it had actually been debated among the Allies, whether the Bourbons should be restored, or no, to the throne of France; and in his *Æolus* speech, he reminded all the nations of the continent of the discontents of their subjects. He has thus given, rather by words than by acts, a character to his policy; a character which will be differently judged of by those who desire, and by those who dread, the alienation of the governments of the Continent from this country. The aim of Mr. Canning seems to have been to bring about this alienation, by all acts, short of hostility; or rather, by all declarations short of direct insult. The tendency of this policy has, we think, been good, whether it has been the effect of temper or of purpose.

The speeches of Mr. Canning, on the questions of foreign policy, have been condemned by the high Tories as unstatesman-like, on account of this very peculiarity. If, indeed, his tone has arisen from

mere personal vanity, from the desire to appear to play a great part; if his language can be fairly taken to convey threats, which it is neither the interest nor the intention of this country to follow up by acts, nothing can be more unstatesman-like and weak. But Mr. Canning ought not to be interpreted according to the glosses of his enemies. His language on questions of foreign policy has been that of dissent from the principles of the continental monarchs; forcible as every thing he says is forcible, but not stronger than the occasion has warranted. The despotic governments of the Continent have not been sparing in declarations of their opinions, to which the silence of the government of England, as a government, and the language of its ministers, in controversy with democratical opponents, had been taken for assent. Since the invasion of Naples by the Austrian army, it has become manifest that no union could any longer exist between this country and the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance; and if at that moment the swagger of Mr. Canning had been brought into play, it is very probable that calamities which have since fallen upon Europe, would have been avoided. Lord Londonderry did dissent from that act,—we believe; for though we have read his paper, we as little remember its contents as those do, probably, to whom it was addressed. This was statesman-like; that is to say, no one could well understand it at the time, or remember it afterwards. By this piece of statesmanship the invasion of Spain was prepared and justified.

At this sort of statesmanship the nations of the Continent would always beat us. It is really the privilege and the duty of the statesmen of this country to speak out. Their privilege, because they have rights as citizens, which they do not sink by the acceptance of office; their duty, because, being accountable to Parliament, they ought to address that body without disguise. This Mr. Canning has done. He has spoken without any of the cant of diplomacy, and there is no doubt that he has produced a good effect. His wisdom, as Lord Bacon says of the ancient mythology, has been either great or happy—great, if he intended to rally round England the affections of the world; happy, if he, intending nothing less, has been led by his temper or his genius to such a result.

Whether or no an action or a discourse is statesman-like, must be judged by its fitness to produce the end aimed at. To hear some people talk of statesmanship, it would seem that it signified to hem and haw, not to know your own will, or let others know it; to let the world slide, to be baffled and betrayed. The truth is, that many find fault with Mr. Canning's statesmanship, because his objects are not their objects, because they really wish to see the remaining liberty of Europe betrayed to those who choose to assail it.

On the subject of domestic policy, Mr. Canning has excited praise and envy by the same process, by seeing clearly and speaking out. His speech on the Silk Trade contains, in the following passage, the best manifestation of his opinions.

“Why is it to be supposed that the application of philosophy (for I will use that odious word); why is it to be supposed, that to apply the refinement of philosophy to the affairs of common life, indicates obduracy of feeling or obtuseness of sensibility? We must deal

with the affairs of men on abstract principles, modified, of course, according to times and circumstances. Is not the doctrine and spirit of those who persecute my right hon. friend, the same which in former times stirred up persecution against the best benefactors of mankind? Is it not the same doctrine and spirit, which embittered the life of Turgot? (Cheers.) Is it not a doctrine and spirit such as these which consigned Galileo to the dungeons of the Inquisition? (Cheers.) Is it not a doctrine and a spirit such as these, which have at all times been at work to roll back the tide of civilization—a doctrine and a spirit actuating little minds, who, incapable of reaching the heights from which alone extended views of human nature can be taken, console and revenge themselves by calumniating and misrepresenting those who have toiled to those heights for the advantage of mankind. (Cheers.) Sir, I have not to learn that there is a faction in the country—I mean not a political faction—I should, perhaps, rather have said, a sect, small in number and powerless in might, who think that all advances towards improvement are retrogradations towards Jacobinism. These persons seem to imagine, that under no possible circumstances can an honest man endeavour to keep his country upon a line with the progress of political knowledge, and to adapt its course to the varying circumstances of the world. Such an attempt is branded as an indication of mischievous intentions, as evidence of a design to sap the foundations of the greatness of the country. Sir, I consider it to be the duty of a British statesman, in internal as well as external affairs, to hold a middle course between extremes; avoiding alike the extravagance of despotism, or the licentiousness of unbridled freedom—reconciling power with liberty; not adopting hasty or ill-advised experiments, or pursuing any airy and unsubstantial theories; but not rejecting, nevertheless, the application of sound and wholesome knowledge to practical affairs; and pressing, with sobriety and caution, into the service of his country, every generous and liberal principle, whose excess, indeed, may be dangerous, but whose foundation is in truth.”

This is vague, it may be said, but vagueness of a very different description from that which had long been fashionable among Tory statesmen. “The progress of political knowledge,” “Turgot,” “Galileo,” “liberal principles,” are names and phrases which would not have been a few years ago found in the speech of a minister.

The twelve years which have elapsed since the conclusion of the war against France, have prepared a great change, or rather restoration of opinion in the country. Previously to the French Revolution, the tendency of this country decidedly was towards political improvement. The minister, a declared friend to Parliamentary Reform, practised severe economy in the expenditure, meditated an improvement in the church establishment, and a commutation of tithes, or other extensive plans of amelioration. Some followed, others outran him, but no very marked difference of opinion existed. A friendly feeling also prevailed towards all improvements in the political condition of other nations. The French Revolution entirely changed this state of things. The minds of some men were exalted, but of more, and those of the most influential, terrified. A few men meditated revolutions, but it became the fashion to hate changes, to stand still, or if to move at all, to go back was the chief merit of a statesman;

and any attempt at innovation in any part of the world, no matter how provoked or justified, was viewed with undisguised horror. But this condition of the mind of a large portion of the public in a country where discussion was free, could not long outlive the terror which gave rise to it. Since the peace, the nation has gradually reverted to the same position in which it stood previously to the war; the objects to which its attention are turned are different, but the temper is similar. Many of the remaining members of the Pitt party have not accommodated themselves to this change of circumstances. The cant, the catch words of the time of the revolutionary war have stuck by them; they talk of Pitt's principles, meaning thereby the expedients he adopted against dangers, the very imagination of which has passed away. They praise Pitt's actions, without reference to the circumstances in which he was placed, and, like Panurge's sheep, would follow the precedent of the bell-wether in jumping into the sea, not recollecting that their great leader did not go in, but was thrust in. Mr. Canning has had the sense to see that the time for this folly is going by; that nothing is so hopeless as the attempt to keep up the humbug alarm at the danger of innovation, which never perhaps had any foundation in fact, but which has now lost all its foundation in imagination; that the dangers to be avoided in the time of Robespierre were different from those to be avoided in the time of Ferdinand of Spain. As Mr. Canning has gained immense credit by recognizing the new states, that is, by proclaiming a fact which it was impossible rationally to deny, so he has completed his fame by adverting to a change in England which none but the purblind can mistake.

Mr. Canning is accused by the high Tories of consummate talents for intrigue as well for popularity as for power. His great intrigue seems to have been opening his eyes, a process which mole-like opponents cannot easily conceive. He has done less than Mr. Peel—he has probably not wished to do more; but he has looked to the state of the country, he has spoken of it; and by a few words of good sense and frankness, he has conciliated a great body of people who had been alienated from the government, and who had hated him. It will remain to be seen whether he will justify this popularity.

#### MAJOR MOODY ON NEGRO LABOUR, AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

WE fear calm and reasonable discussion (in which we excell) is at a considerable discount in the discussions on negro slavery. The West Indians are furious against the saints, to whom they attribute the wish to destroy their property; and the saints, in the way of humanity, are just as savage against any who doubt not merely the propriety of their object, but the expediency of any of their means. The rest of the world, we fear, do not care a straw about the matter, and leave a clear field for the contending parties. We shall, however, in the character of Wisdom, cry aloud in the streets; if no one regard us, that is not our concern.

In resolving all questions as to the mode in which slavery is to be put an end to in the West Indies, and even the question, (if any one entertains it,) whether it be desirable to put an end to slavery at all, it is necessary previously to ascertain what is the real amount of the benefit of slavery to the parties for whose supposed advantage it is maintained—that is, to the proprietors of slaves. The relation of master and slave in the West Indies implies certain rights and obligations, but mainly, the right, on the part of the master, of compelling the slave to work by physical coercion, and the obligation, on the part of the same master, to provide for his sustenance.

If it were proved that the negro would afford to an employer the same, or nearly the same labour, in return for his sustenance, in a state of freedom, as he now does in a state of slavery, the coercion which is at present employed would be proved to be unnecessary, the slavery to be a pure evil. It does not indeed follow, on the other hand, that even if free negroes will not afford labour so cheaply, slavery is desirable or justifiable; but it is important to ascertain the fact, in order that we may know whether any or what compensation is due to the slave holder; and generally, that we may not be in ignorance of all the consequences of the steps we may take to put an end to an existing system.

The last number of the *Edinburgh Review* (No. XC.) contains an article on this subject, which exhibits proofs of the disinclination, on the part of the abolitionists, as well as the slave holders, to reason calmly on this subject. The article in question is a review of Major Moody's Report to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, on the captured negroes in Tortola.

The major, who seems to have been a very observant and acute man, has certainly laboured occasionally under an excess of theory, and a defect of grammar, both of them diseases very common to men unpractised in authorship, and one of them at least very excusable in a production not published by him, or intended for publication. It is amusing to see, under such circumstances, so much eloquence thrown away by the reviewer, to prove that a man uses a superfluity of *that's*.

It is not our wish, however, to defend the major's style; and we have as little concern about his theories. He has generalized in some respects rashly. He is not the first who has done so; but the reviewer, in giving what he conceives to be a refutation of the major's theories, gives us to suppose that he settles some practical part of the question of West India slavery. He gives judgment as on demurrer, and because the objections which the major makes to the supposition that labour can be cheaply obtained from free negroes in the West Indies, are encumbered with doubtful propositions, he would evidently lead us to infer that there would be no difference between the labourer in the West Indies, and the labourer in England, if the slaves were made free.

The main question of any interest, therefore, connected with the Major's Report, the reviewer altogether shirks, viz., "Will the negroes, after they are made free, work as they now work, for such wages as the planters are able to give them?" This question, in the absence of any satisfaction from the Review, we shall attempt to argue for ourselves.



If we look at the circumstances of our principal West India colonies, Jamaica, Demerara, and Trinidad, we find countries, very small parts of the best lands of which are cultivated, and of such fertility, that a very small portion of the labour of a man is sufficient to provide him with subsistence. In such countries the land itself is worth nothing; it does not yield any rent (taking rent in the sense in which it is used by the economists); the whole value of an estate consists in the improvements which have taken place, and in the buildings which have been erected on it. According to the slave law of Jamaica, it should seem, that the only provision which it is compulsory on a master to make for a slave, is to supply him with a provision ground (which, under such circumstances, is of no value), which the slave is to till in his leisure time, that is to say, on Sundays, and twenty-six days in the year, which are allowed them for that purpose. (Consolidated Slave Law of Jamaica, 57 Geo. 3, c. 25.) The slave-owner, therefore, gets eleven-twelfths of the labour of the slave, and pays him with the other twelfth; and this is the whole of the payment,\* unless he add a rag to cover the nakedness of the animal. At any rate it is a main part of it.

Now it is impossible to conceive that if these men were free, their labour could be obtained on such terms. The negro might indeed be willing to work the twenty-six days in the year, to provide himself with yams or plantains; but that he should work during the 286 days in the year, exclusive of Sundays, for the plantation, without some payment other than the privilege of working twenty-six days more for himself, we do not believe. The saints may, for faith will remove mountains.

Major Moody considers it a part of the philosophy of labour, that man will not work without a motive, in the lowlands of the torrid zone. The reviewer objects that the same principle applies to all parts of the world; and we so far agree with the objection, that we would not work upon the terms on which it is expected that a negro is to work if we were on the highlands of Iceland. But, because the reviewer proves the Major's proposition to be less extensive than it might have been, he does not prove it to be untrue within the limits to which the Major restricts it. Under certain circumstances, says the Major, the Blacks will not work under the torrid zone. This is not answered by saying, under the same circumstances Whites would not work under the temperate zone.

The climate does make a difference in this respect—that, whether the pleasures of idleness under a burning sun be or be not greater—the wants of a negro, beyond food, are certainly less in Jamaica than in England. If the negroes are at all like whites, (the object of the reviewer seems to be to prove that they are, and for this purpose they may be safely taken to be so,) the pain of labour, and the pleasure of rest, *must* be greater under a burning sun than in a temperate climate; and the Major certainly gives us great matter for doubting whether a free labourer under such circumstances would give his labour steadily for any reward which could possibly be offered to him.

\* This is evident, from another part of the same law, where it is provided, that if no provision ground is given, the slaves shall have money wages, 8s. 4d. per week each, "in order that they may be properly supported and maintained."—Sect. 6.

But the question is needlessly complicated as far as the planter is concerned, by taking into account the known difference of climate, or the disputed difference between black and white.

"We will grant," says the reviewer, "that the free blacks do not work so steadily as the slaves, or as the labourers in many other countries. But how does Major Moody connect this unsteadiness with the climate? To us it appears to be the universal effect of an advance in wages, an effect not confined to tropical countries, but daily and hourly witnessed in England by every man who attends to the habits of the lower orders. Let us suppose, that an English manufacturer can provide himself with those indulgences which use has rendered necessary to his comfort for ten shillings a week, and that he can earn ten shillings a week by working steadily twelve hours a day. In that case, he probably will work twelve hours a day. But let us suppose that the wages of his labour rise to thirty shillings. Will he still continue to work twelve hours a day, for the purpose of trebling his present enjoyments, or of laying up a hoard against bad times? Notoriously not. He will perhaps work four days in the week, and thus earn twenty shillings, a sum larger than that which he formerly obtained, but less than that which he might obtain if he chose to labour as he formerly laboured. When the wages of the workman rise, he every where takes out, if we may so express ourselves, some portion of the rise in the form of repose. This is the real explanation of that unsteadiness on which Major Moody dwells so much—an unsteadiness which cannot surprise any person who has ever talked with an English manufacturer, or ever heard of the name Saint Monday. It appears by his own Report, that a negro slave works from Monday morning to Saturday night on the sugar grounds of Tortola, and receives what is equivalent to something less than half-a-crown in return. But he ceases to be a slave, and becomes his own master; and then he finds that by cutting firewood, an employment which requires no great skill, he can earn eight shillings and fourpence a week. By working every other day he can procure better food and better clothes than ever he had before. In no country from the Pole to the Equator, would a labourer under such circumstances work steadily. The major considers it as a strange phenomenon, peculiar to the torrid zone, that these people lay up little against seasons of sickness and distress—as if this were not almost universally the case among the far more intelligent population of England—as if we did not regularly see our artisans thronging to the ale-house when wages are high, and to the pawnbroker's shop when they are low—as if we were not annually raising millions, in order to save the working classes from the misery which otherwise would be the consequence of their own improvidence.

"We are not the advocates of idleness and imprudence. The question before us is, not whether it be desirable that men all over the world should labour more steadily than they now do; but whether the laws which regulate labour within the tropics, differ from those which are in operation elsewhere. This is a question which never can be settled, merely by comparing the quantity of work done in different places. By pursuing such a course, we should establish a separate law of labour for every country, and for every trade in every

country. The free African does not work so steadily as the Englishman. But the wild Indian, by the major's own account, works still less steadily than the African. The Chinese labourer, on the other hand, works more steadily than the Englishman. In this island, the industry of the porter or the waterman, is less steady than the industry of the ploughman. But the great general principle is the same in all. All will work extremely hard rather than miss the comforts to which they have been habituated; and all, when they find it possible to obtain their accustomed comforts with less than their accustomed labour, will not work so hard as they formerly worked, merely to increase them. The real point to be ascertained, therefore, is, whether the free African is content to miss his usual enjoyments, not whether he works steadily or not; for the Chinese peasant would work as irregularly as the Englishman, and the Englishman as irregularly as the negro, if this could be done without any diminution of comforts. Now, it does not appear from any passage in the whole Report, that the free blacks are retrograding in their mode of living. It appears, on the contrary, that their work, however irregular, does in fact enable them to live more comfortably than they ever did as slaves. The unsteadiness, therefore, of which they are accused, if it be an argument for coercing them, is equally an argument for coercing the spinners of Manchester and the grinders of Sheffield."

It follows from this (we will not call it admission, for we do not wish to consider the question as advocates of any particular solution of it, but from this) statement of the true facts of the case, that if the negroes of our colonies were free, much less work must be done, and that the payment by the planter for this work must be much greater than at present. It follows further, from such a state of things, in the first place, that a great part of the fixed capital in the West Indies, which the labourers are not now too numerous to keep in activity, must remain unemployed, and be in effect lost; that the proprietors of the rest would be unable to bear competition with those who raised tropical produce with slave labour (or with free labour, in a country where labour is cheaper); that therefore the whole value of West Indian estates would be as nearly as possible annihilated.

The notion of the superior cheapness of *free* as compared with slave labour, applied, as it indiscriminately is, to countries under all sorts of different circumstances, is one of the errors which have arisen from too hasty a generalization. In countries like England, where the population exceeded the ready means of subsisting them, the business of slave-holding would probably be the most unprofitable of all occupations. The labour of a man is obtained without slavery for his mere subsistence. If he were a slave he would still be fed, his industry would be much less to be relied upon, and the master would be burthened with the expense—which he now throws, or hopes to throw, on his neighbours,—of his maintenance in sickness and age. Some of the agricultural parishes *compel* the wealthy inhabitants to find a certain number of labouring men with employment, with no other obligation as to payment of wages than that of keeping them from starving. Some people have compared this condition of the labourer, to slavery;—but it is directly the opposite, to slavery. It is at any

rate the slavery of the capitalist, not of the labourer. The West Indian farmer forces the slave to give his labour in return for food; the English farmer is forced to give his food in return for labour.

But a state of things the opposite to that of England prevails in every country which abounds in rich and unappropriated land. There, instead of being a burthen to maintain a strong man, getting his whole labour in return, there can be no doubt that it is a great advantage to get the services of a labourer on that condition. In North America there are numerous instances in which the services of the emigrants from Europe are purchased for terms of years for a considerable sum, the temporary slaves, or bondmen, being well fed, well clothed, and even furnished with money at the expiration of their term of service. Nothing in America, it is well known, is more difficult than to obtain agricultural labourers for hire, (though in no part of the world are the people more active, if not more steadily industrious.) It is, or was, equally difficult to get rent for land, except in the immediate neighbourhood of towns. A farmer will take a lease in a labourer, who will not take a lease in a farm. In such a country, if it were possible to obtain property in labour, it would be similar in value to the property of land in England.

In the work of Adam Smith, in consequence of the want of distinction between countries in different conditions, as regards the demand for labour, a strange confusion of ideas on the subject of slave labour prevails; the more singular in the man who explained so clearly the doctrine of competition. He actually conceives (for the candour of his mind precludes us from supposing that he intended to mislead his readers, even for the sake of discountenancing a barbarous system,) that slave labour was chosen in the sugar colonies, though dearer than free labour, only because the sugar cultivation would "afford it." After observing (book iii. chap. 2), "The experience of all ages, I believe, demonstrates, that the work done by slaves, though it appears to cost only his maintenance, is, in the end, the dearest of any;" he says, "the pride of man makes him love to domineer, and nothing mortifies him so much as to be obliged to condescend to persuade his inferiors. Wherever the law allows it, and the nature of the work *can afford it*, therefore, he will generally prefer the service of slaves to that of freemen. The planting of sugar and tobacco *can afford the expense of slave cultivation*. The raising of corn, it seems, in the present times cannot. In the English colonies, of which the principal produce is corn, the far greater part of the work is done by freemen. - - - - - In our sugar colonies, on the contrary, the *whole work* is done by slaves; and in our tobacco colonies, *a very great part of it*. The profits of a sugar plantation in any of our West India colonies are generally *much greater* than those of *any other* cultivation that is known, either in Europe or *America*; and the profits of a tobacco plantation, though inferior to those of sugar, are *superior to those of corn*, as has already been observed. Both *can afford* the expense of slave cultivation, but sugar can afford it still better than tobacco. The number of negroes is accordingly much greater, in proportion to the whites, in our sugar than in our tobacco colonies."

This is one of the choicest specimens we know of the mistakes an

able man is liable to fall into when he begins by taking for granted a proposition which it is his business to investigate.\* Having pre-established that slave labour is always dearer than that of free men, yet finding in practice that those plantations cultivated wholly by slave labour are the most profitable, those partially by slave labour the next, and those wholly cultivated by free labour the last in profit, he proceeds to make the degree of profit the cause, not the effect of the employment of slaves, as if *all* sugar growers could be so overburdened with wealth, as to waste their money voluntarily in the most expensive species of labour they could find, with the great additional advantage of thereby living in constant danger of insurrection or murder. The true state of the case, evidently was, that slave labour was applied to sugar plantations, because it was cheapest—because from the nature of the sugar cultivation the superintendence of the slaves was easiest, and because on account of the growing demand for the produce in Europe a better opportunity was offered than in other plantations for the investment of capital in large masses. So long as the growing demand for sugar continued with the advantage of this cheap labour, (cheap to the planter, for the same reason, that stolen goods are cheap to the thief, applied to a fertile soil,) the profits must have been large. Whatever they are now, we have no doubt the emancipation of the negroes would make them disappear altogether.

The saints and the West Indians keep up a cross fire of falsehoods on one another; each party, by their extravagance, actually making out a case for their opponents. The saints tell us it would be better for the planters if the slaves were free; the planters tell us the slaves are actually better off than if they were manumitted. Good saints, if what you say be true, you may safely let the planters alone; good planters, if what you say be true, it is no hardship to make you manumit your slaves. But you are both wrong. Slavery *is* a good thing for the planters, and a bad thing for the slave. It is good for the master to get eleven-twelfths of a slave's labour for nothing; it is bad for the slave to be cart-whipped into working on such terms.

It may be nevertheless true, that though the slaves are not so well off as they might be, they are, for the most part, not in a very pitiable condition, as compared with many other beings in the world. Such is the fertility of the soil they cultivate, that their provision grounds afford them, we believe, an ample supply of food; it is not the interest of their masters to work them so severely as to endanger life, or to treat them with unnecessary severity. It is possible and probable, that as far as physical enjoyment is concerned, they may be on a level with the free labourers of Europe. Nothing would induce us to doubt

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\* It is observed, if we remember rightly, in some Life of Adam Smith, (Stuart's?) that his conversation on subjects which he had not thoroughly investigated, was far from being remarkable for its acuteness; and that the opinions which he hazarded would have impressed a person unaware of his real powers, with a most unfavourable idea of his mind. The same observation must not be applied to all the incidental remarks in his great works, but there are some of them which often remind us of it. He had great powers of investigation, but little of quick or ready judgment. When he pronounces hastily, he often blunders. Mr. M'Culloch is about, we understand, to publish an edition of *The Wealth of Nations*, with Notes. No work needs them more, and no man is better fitted to supply them.

this but the decrease of their numbers (though now not a rapid decrease) in most of the colonies.\*

We do not give into the cant of those who blame the saints for giving their attention to the condition of the negroes while there are other objects of philanthropy nearer home; but we cannot help thinking that the importance of the discussions, as far as the happiness of the negroes is concerned, has been much exaggerated. There are 6 or 700,000 slaves in the West Indies, in the condition we have just described; but this number includes all ages, so that, according to the ordinary calculation, there are not above 200,000 or 250,000 of efficient working negroes. They alone are subject to the caprice and the cart-whip of masters and overseers; the old and the young must be practically exempt from it. Of these, unless the West Indies entirely change the nature of a civilized man, the great, the very great majority must be well treated. A few are in the condition of the crew of a ship under a brutal and capricious commander. Here and there cases of cruelty and oppression probably occur, which, if known, would wring the soul; and they occur perhaps more frequently than in other forms of society, though no form of society will be entirely exempt from them. But this state of things will mend of itself; it is difficult to hasten its improvement, and the number of the people affected by its evils is small.

It will mend of itself, because the importation of slaves having long ceased, the coercion which was necessary to be applied to the imported savages will gradually disappear. The slave population will soon be entirely composed of persons born in the colonies, habituated to labour, acquainted with the power of their masters, and accustomed from their infancy to dread it. Obedience will follow fear, and mildness obedience. Brutal punishments will be discountenanced by public opinion. Manumission by testament will become frequent. The slaves being instructed, will be enabled to avail themselves of the protection of the law.

With your utmost efforts, can this improvement be much hastened? The power, so long as the colonies exist on their present footing, must be left in the hands of white men, who, to a certain extent, would always abuse it. How many cases of cruelty occur now, and how many less would occur under any plan you can devise? The good you do will be on a small per centage of a small number.

The 200,000 hard-working, but well-fed personages, of whom perhaps 200 are yearly flogged when they do not deserve it, occupy more of the attention of Parliament, give rise to ten times more pamphlets, more schemes and discussions, than the hundred millions of natives of Hindostan, among whom, for aught the people of England know, a hundred times as many enormities are perpetrated. It is creditable to the nation perhaps that the name of slavery catches the attention,

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\* There was, we believe, a great inequality in the numbers of males and females imported while the slave trade continued, the former being greatly superior to the latter. If we could judge from the vessels containing the captured Africans who were the objects of Major Moody's inquiries, the males would exceed the females in the proportion of fifteen to six. This would account for a considerable difference between the rate of increase of the population of the West Indies and that of other places. But the lying and exaggeration on both sides makes it difficult to ascertain the truth on any point.

and shocks the mind. The cracking of a cart-whip at a female, the marking of human beings like cattle, are offensive to the imagination; but still not more so than the burning alive of women on funeral piles, or the massacre of hundreds of men by grape shot. Yet while Parliament caused to be printed voluminous schedules concerning the condition of the Tortola apprentices, with protocols of the dispute about Kate Hodge's hog, and Venus Acomki's goat, they refused even to look at the papers concerning the mutiny of Barrackpore. The zeal and industry of the saints are fine qualities; they make the most of their subjects, and if human attention, human time, and human benevolence were unlimited, they would be worthy of all praise; but as the world goes, there are few great subjects on which the same good qualities might not be much more usefully employed.

### A WINTER IN LAPLAND.\*

THE northernmost parts of Europe are so inaccurately known, and so seldom visited by intelligent travellers, that we should have felt grateful to Captain Brooke for his publications respecting them, were their contents less interesting and intrinsically valuable than they really are. As it is, the pleasure arising from novelty is superadded to the wholesome enjoyment experienced by the person who perceives that he has added to his stock of useful knowledge. The Winter in Lapland is in reality the second volume of Captain Brooke's former travels, and relates to a corner of the globe much less justly appreciated than the principal part of his earlier route. Finmark is the most northern extremity both of Norway and Sweden, which run up to the Polar ocean in a parallel direction, and are terminated in the snowy mountains, the clustering islands, and numerous inlets and fiords of the country, respecting which we propose, by the aid of Captain Brooke's work, to communicate some intelligence.

Captain Brooke established his head-quarters in Qualôen, or Whale Island, (70° 38' lat.) which is less than a degree from the North Cape. This island, about sixty miles in circumference, is formed by a lofty mountain, rising out of the sea, and the inhabitants are confined, by the nature of the country, to the coast, on which is the town of Hammerfest. The bay of Hammerfest is a very fine port, and the harbour wholly protected from every source of danger or annoyance to shipping. If one point only of likeness may authorize a comparison, Hammerfest is a sort of northern Venice; for there is no moving about without a boat. After the purchase of this necessary vehicle, Captain Brooke considered himself perfectly independent; for he could either fish, shoot, or pay visits, as he pleased, in the boat that was moored under his window and always ready at his command. At first Captain Brooke was lodged at Fuglenæs, a point on the opposite side of the bay to Hammerfest. This water he frequently crossed, and mentions a peculiarity of the northern seas which must render them a fruitful source of amusement. Fish and fishing are the staple of the Arctic regions; and the transparency of the water is such, that the fishermen

\* A Winter in Lapland and Sweden, with various Observations relating to Finmark and its Inhabitants, made during a Residence at Hummerfest, near the North Cape, by Arthur de Capell Brooke, M.A., F.R.S., &c.

are enabled to ply their trade at an extraordinary advantage. In the following extract, Captain Brooke enumerates the fish usually *seen* in the water; and describes the manner in which, availing themselves of this circumstance, the fishermen catch the plaice.

The waters of the bay, which deepen gradually to about twenty fathoms, possess all the transparency for which the Northern Ocean is so remarkable, as has been already noticed. The passage from Fuglenæs to Hammerfest was, on this account, exceedingly interesting, when the weather was calm, the watery regions presenting a scene of as much life and animation as those above. A few feet below the boat, shoals of *småa torak* (young cod) eagerly snapped at the dangling hook; the middle depth was generally occupied by the larger sey, or coal-fish, (*gadus carbonarius*;) while at the bottom, huge plaice, (*pleuronectes platessa*, Linn.) or the enormous *queite* or halibut (*p. hippoglossus*), was frequently seen stretched on the white sand. In some parts, the bottom was thickly studded with echini of all hues and sizes, some being of a delicate pea-green, others of a reddish colour, and many of a deep purple. In other parts, where the bottom was composed of a fine white sand, innumerable star-fish (*asteria*) might be seen, extending their rays. Some of these that I succeeded in drawing up, were very large, exceeding in circumference a full-sized plaice. Very few shells indeed were to be observed, the northern shores, from their nature, being particularly barren of testacea.

The manner in which the large plaice are taken here, renders this kind of fishing more entertaining than any other. When the weather is calm, and the surface of the water unruffled, the fisherman provides himself with a strong fine cord, a few fathoms in length, to which is attached a small sharp-pointed spear-head, with double-barbs, similar to a whale harpoon, and heavily loaded, to carry it with the greater force and velocity to the bottom. This is held by the harpooner, ready over the bow of the boat, whilst a second person paddles it forward as slowly as possible, in order that the former may be enabled to discover the fish at the bottom, which, as they are found generally on the clear white sand, are thus more easily discovered. As soon as a fish is seen, the boat is stopped, and the harpooner suspending the line, drops the harpoon close to the stern of the boat, which is brought exactly over the fish. This, being firmly transfixed by the force the harpoon acquires in its descent,\* is then drawn up to the surface. By these means I have known a boat loaded in the short space of a couple of hours. Halibut are but seldom taken in this way, being found at depths too great to admit of the effectual descent of the harpoon, which is used with the greatest advantage in two or three fathoms water. These, which are caught by means of hooks, sometimes attain the enormous size of 500 lbs. weight, or even more, and instances have been known of their upsetting the boat, when they have been incautiously drawn up, without being dispatched.

At the time our traveller was at Qualøen island, the bay and port of Hammerfest were by no means unfrequented by merchant vessels. Besides four from Bremen and Flensburg, three from Drontheim and Nordland, and one hundred and fifty Russians from the White Sea, Captain Brooke found two fine English brigs, taking in cargoes of stock-fish for Holland and the Mediterranean. These vessels were chartered by a Mr. Crowe, who is the grand means of communication between the inhabitants of this remote district and the civilized world, and seems to have discovered an exceedingly snug and profitable trade. The inhabitants depend upon him for all manufactured goods, and the ladies are especially indebted to him for every article of exterior dress and ornament. The fair sex of Hammerfest are peculiarly gay in their attire; and Captain Brooke observes, that no one would imagine from their appearance, ease of manner, and dress, that they inhabited an obscure part of the world several degrees beyond the Polar circle. It may easily be supposed, that at Hammerfest there is not a more

\* This is an odd blunder for an F.R.S. The resistance of the water partly destroys the force communicated by the hand, and diminishes the influence of gravity. No force is acquired in the descent; and Captain Brooke might have learned this from the fact he afterwards states, that the halibut lies too deep for this kind of fishing. The resistance of the water then destroys the communicated force.—ED.



popular character than the English merchant. His annual departure, at the close of the year, is accompanied with tears; and his return, in the succeeding summer, looked forward to with the most lively anxiety by the females of Hammerfest.

The Laps of Finmark may be divided into two classes—the fishing or shore Laplanders, and the rein-deer or mountain Laplanders. The latter live during the winter in the mountains, and in the summer they invariably seek the coast. The interior part of Lapland, especially its boundless forests, abounds with insects, so that it is not possible for any animal to remain there in summer. The Laps are moreover led to the shore under the idea that a draught of salt water is necessary for the welfare of their deer. When the deer descend from the mountains and come within sight of the sea, they hasten forward with one accord, and drink eagerly of the salt water, though they are never observed to apply to it afterwards.

In a country where nature has so few charms, or rather where her features are so rugged, and all her ways so stern, it is to be supposed that the resources of the inhabitants are of a social kind. If jovial drinking and good-natured chat may be called social, the natives of Qualöén may challenge the world for this virtue. Captain Brooke's chamber, at Fuglenæs, every night resounded with the notes of mirth and merriment. The many little articles of British manufacture which are always turned out of the baggage of an English traveller, and which usually lie about his room, with his sketches and his books, were objects of general admiration. Notwithstanding the interruption which this caused to his pursuits, Captain Brooke states, that the good-humour and honest frankness of these people, made him willingly submit to the inconvenience. The following is a lively picture of a jolly evening, and proves pretty clearly that "Old Norway" understands even better than "Merry England," did in her old days, how to push about the bowl, which, by an excusable blunder, is in songs usually called "soul inspiring."

One evening the whole small society of Hammerfest would come in their boats to drink punch, and smoke their pipes at the Red House; and this number being swelled by the captains of the different vessels, the party was consequently pretty numerous. My little room then resounded with loud effusions of hearts unacquainted with care, and little anxious about what the morrow would produce. These drinking bouts were conducted with such spirit, that it reminded me of the good old days, when our ancestors were in like manner worthy disciples of Anacreon, and would have caused a blush in the cheeks of the degenerate water-drinkers of the present age. They were in fact so determined, that many a head far stronger than my own would have sunk in the conflict; and I really despaired, that any exertions, however great on my part, during my short residence, could render me a worthy companion to such men as Foged, Meyer, Aasgaard, or Jentof. The first of these was a giant, with powers unrivalled in Finmark. Enveloped in smoke, and swallowing streams of liquid fire, the sheriff was in fact the soul of every party; and his arrival at Hammerfest from Alten, where his presence was frequently required from his high office, was the speedy forerunner of a succession of jovial parties. At these, the only liquor drunk is punch, wine being almost unknown in Finmark; except that occasionally a few bottles of a villainous black compound find their way from Bremen or Flensburg, and enabling those who can afford to drink it to form no other idea of that wine, the name of which it bears, than what its colour may suggest. This, however, is rarely the case, as the merchants wisely prefer their own native liquor; and in the making of this the ladies of every family are so skilful, that having once tasted the nectar which flows from their hands, it is scarcely possible to resist temptation. They nevertheless do not participate farther in these ceremonies, than entering occasionally to replenish the bowls. These bouts in summer-time commence generally about six o'clock, and in winter about four,

and are carried on without intermission till after midnight. Every one brings his pipe; without this he would be miserable, and not even the punch could make him feel comfortable. The room is presently filled with smoke so dense, that it is difficult to distinguish persons.

Most of the company during this time are deeply engaged, each with his pipe in his mouth, at their favourite game of whist; while the remainder pace the room with slow and measured steps. Now the first toast is announced by the master of the house, which is *Gammel Norge*, "Old Norway!" The effect produced is electrical; the whole party instantaneously rise, the capacious glasses are filled to the brim; every one then touches with his own glass the top of each in the room, which is called *klinking*, and is similar to our old-fashioned custom of hob-nobbing; and the contents are drank off, and smoking resumed, till the national song of Norway is commenced, and sung in loud chorus by all with the greatest enthusiasm.

The national song is highly characteristic of the manners of the country. It describes the three modes of life which a settler in Finmark may follow, and the blessings which may attend each. Should I, says the song, dwell on the lofty mountains, where the Laplander, in his snow skates, shoots the rein-deer, and the ptarmigan flutters on the heath, these would be sufficient for my wants—with them would I "buy wine, and pay my expenses."

The summit of the rock which bears the pine  
Is the free town of jovial souls.

In the green valley, where there are rivers and sheep and lambs, "that play, and nibble *leaves*," and oxen—and where wealth increases fast, there would he laugh at the "boastings of fashion," (meaning, we presume, the boasting of merchants, sailors, and fishermen, who talk of the large towns they have seen, and the big churches,) and sitting safely on his grassy sod, empty his goblet to friendship.

If, again, he should live on the naked beach, on a rocky islet abounding with eggs, in the midst of the rolling sea, where flocks of birds pursue the herring, sprat, and morten, then he says, if he gets such a draught of fish that his boat is so full of roe, that it is in a fair way of sinking, that then he is happy, rich, and satisfied. At the mention of *fish*, all the hearers shout, for upon it the welfare of Finmark depends. "Long may fish swim!" is the cry of the song, and the "fishery" are drunk with loud acclamation. "Long may fish swim!" sounds in their ears like "Britons never *shall* be slaves" in ours. The cry of fish speaks to them of enjoyments as sincere, and perhaps of the very same kind as the cry of liberty with us. It all ends in a good dinner, and a pleasant evening by the fire-side. That which is the most essential, is the most classical; and though the idea of blubber is by no means among our most refined reflections, yet it carries emotions of the most tender kind to the heart of the Laplander. When the Briton indignantly repels the notion of slavery, and glories in ruling the waves, he, were his meaning closely analyzed, would be found to intend nothing more than that he hoped he should not be disturbed in the possession of such comforts as have fallen to his share. Slavery carries with it hard work and hard fare; and ruling the waves implies, keeping off intruders, and bringing home pleasant merchandize. As the jovial Lap roars out over a particularly strong bowl, of punch, and with a countenance shining like the best whale oil,

Long may fish swim! that was the toast  
On which I took my glass,  
Sang and drank, Long may the fisheries flourish!

we presume he means much the same thing.

Tea is generally taken at the commencement of these entertainments, says Captain Brooke, and about three hours afterwards the *mellem mad* is served. This, which means the middle meal, and is merely a kind of interlude, is brought in on a tray, and handed round to all, consisting of brandy, smoked salmon or halibut, with sandwiches made of thin slices of German sausages. It proves not the least interruption to what is going forward; and about ten o'clock the *aftens mad*, or supper, is announced, upon which the party retire to an adjoining room, to partake of it. The *aftens mad* consists almost invariably of a large dish of boiled fish, accompanied in summer by a *reen stek*, or piece of rein-deer venison, roasted, and eaten with the jam of the preserved *möltæbar*, or cloud-berry, (*rubus chamæmorus*,) and different pickles. Nothing but punch is drunk during this time, and the cloth being removed, the bowls are replenished, and the carousal seldom ends before midnight. These evenings are diversified by balls, when the only difference is, that females and a violin are introduced. The violin is a great favourite; some member of every family plays upon it, and thus the darling amusement of dancing is always to be had with ease. The usual dances are the waltz, the polsk, the national dance, and the hopska, which resembles our country dance, except that it possesses a greater variety of figures. In this way were Captain Brooke's apartments occupied nearly every night during the time he remained at Fuglenæs.

The mountain Laplander, who is a very different person from the Norwegian settlers, among whom Captain Brooke lived, generally commences his migration from the interior to the coast in June. The snow is by that time off the ground, he consequently no longer travels in sledges, but deposits them and all his winter necessities in the storehouse near his church, in the neighbourhood he occupies during the winter. The coast of Norway is preferred for summer residence to that of the Gulf of Bothnia, though that may in some instances be more distant from the freshness of the breezes and its freedom from insects. The principal object is the health of the deer—on his flock of rein-deer the existence of the mountain Lap depends—it is his fortune. Where they are likely to do well, and where he stands a chance of catching fish for his summer support, there the *Field-finner*, as he is called, pitches his rude tent.

The mountain Lap is, for the most part, wild and savage, both in appearance and habit. There is a ruggedness about him, which, if not properly softened by a glass of brandy, or a present of tobacco, is repulsive. He takes, however, the gift as a token of good intentions, and is then ready and willing to perform any service within his power. His costume is sufficiently like his neighbour, the bear—what nature does for one a very rude kind of art does for the other. The husk is considerably thicker than the kernel. The Lap is principally clothed in rein-deer fur; leather and woollen are resorted to, to supply the interstices. With linen, Laplanders are totally unacquainted. Stockings they have none: the women thrust soft dried grass into their shoes, and for the more effectual exclusion of the cold, wear *breeches*.

The Laplanders generally are of a diminutive race, though it is remarkable that the more northern tribes exceed in stature those of the

south. The average height of the mountain Laps may be considered from five feet, to five feet two inches. They are meagre and bony. Their mode of life makes them hardy and active. They are constantly subject to every species of deprivation, and in seasons of plenty make up for former deficiencies by excessive indulgence. A Lap, who has been without food some time, can devour the most stupendous piles of food, which will last him, as it ought, for several days, if he should be exposed to any sudden extremity. The number of deer belonging to a herd is from three hundred to five hundred. With them a Laplander can do well, and live in tolerable comfort. In summer they supply him with a stock of cheese for the winter, and he can also afford to kill deer enough to supply his family constantly with venison. Should he possess but one hundred deer, his subsistence is very precarious, and with fifty only he generally joins some other herd. Should any calamity deprive him of his deer altogether, he descends in life—joins the inhabitant of the coast, the shore Laplander, whom he considers an inferior being, and lives by fishing, until he can recover his deer. The following passage speaks of a most important article among the Laplander's sources of subsistence.

The household economy of the Laplander, it may be readily imagined, is extremely simple. His food, during the period of his summer wanderings, is spare and frugal; he no longer indulges himself in his favourite food, rein-deer venison, which forms the luxury of the winter season. In summer he is intent only upon increasing his herd, and providing against his future wants. He contents himself then generally with milk, and the remains of the curd and whey after making his cheese.

In the first he indulges himself sparingly, on account of the very small quantity each deer affords, as well as of the great importance it is to him to secure a good quantity of cheese for his winter stock, and to guard against any disaster that might suddenly befall his herd, and reduce him to want. As his herd is milked during the summer season only, when this is drawing to a close, he generally sets by some milk, for the purpose of being frozen. This serves not only for his individual use during the winter, but is prized so much for its exquisite delicacy in this state, that it forms an article of trade; and the merchants with whom he deals, and who repair then to the interior, gladly purchase it at any price.

From the naturally churlish temper of the mountain Laplander, and the value he justly sets upon his milk, it is extremely difficult during the summer to prevail upon him to part with even a very small quantity; and whenever I visited the tent, I saw with what reluctance these people offered it. By degrees, however, I ingratiated myself so much into their favour, partly from the circumstance of my being an Englishman, and partly by a few well-timed presents, that for some time during their stay near Fuglehes, I had the luxury of drinking it in a morning for my breakfast; and I must confess I found it so delicious, that I think the time of any idle epicure would not be ill bestowed in making a trip to Finmark, were it solely for the pleasure of tasting this exquisite beverage. The flavour of the milk is highly aromatic, which it is probable is chiefly owing to the kind of herbage the animal browses upon in summer. In colour and consistency it resembles very much cream: and its nature is such, that however gratifying to the taste, it is difficult and even unwholesome to drink more than a small quantity of it.

It is singular, that rich as is the rein-deer milk, the cheese made from it is extremely hard and disagreeable. Bread is a thing totally unknown. They set much value on the blood of the rein-deer, from which they procure a variety of dishes, taking care always to preserve it when the animal is killing. In this country, and we believe generally elsewhere, a strong prejudice exists against consuming blood as an article of food. It is however done in two instances—the blood of the pig is dressed in the shape of black-puddings, and the blood of geese in the north of England is baked in pies formed from the giblets

of the bird. The Laps hold the blood of the rein-deer a peculiarly wholesome anti-scorbutic. Were the blood of the ox proposed as an article of subsistence here, though the saving might be great, the proposition would doubtless be thought very shocking.

The rein-deer is so important an animal to the Laplander, and possessed of such remarkable properties, that he deserves a more particular mention.

A mere glance at the rein-deer will convince us, how admirably Providence has qualified this animal for the Polar regions; and how indispensably necessary it is to the very existence of the inhabitants of these countries. It is by no means so graceful and elegant in its appearance as others of the deer genus, owing in a great measure to the shortness and thickness of the neck; which occasions the animal, instead of holding the head erect, to carry it in a stooping posture, forming near a straight line with its back. The peculiar make and strength observable in the neck, shoulders and fore-quarters, would alone mark it as peculiarly adapted by nature for the purposes of draught; while its loins, the extraordinary degree of muscular power developed in the general formation, the thickness and bone of the legs, confirm it in as great a degree. The hoofs of the animal are wonderfully adapted to the country it inhabits; instead of being narrow and pointed, like those of the roebuck, or the fallow-deer, they are remarkably broad, flat, and spreading; and when it sets down its foot it has the power of contracting or spreading its hoofs in a greater or less degree, according to the nature of the surface on which it moves. When the snow is on the ground, and in a soft state, the broadness of the hoofs which it then spreads out, so as almost to equal in size those of a horse, gives it a firmer support on the snow, and hinders it from sinking so deep in it as it would otherwise do; though it does not prevent it at times from plunging even to a great depth, particularly after a recent fall of snow, before the surface has acquired firmness sufficient to bear the weight of the animal.

The antlers of the rein-deer are large, and highly ornamental, being entirely covered during the principal part of the year with a soft, dark, velvety down, which remain till winter.

The horns begin to shoot in May, and in the space of seven or eight weeks arrive at their full size and growth. It is said to be peculiar to this species of deer that the female has horns. The snapping or clicking noise made by the animal in walking, is occasioned by the striking of the inner parts of the semi-hoofs against each other. It is of considerable use in enabling the herd, when scattered, to rejoin one another. The rein-deer's coat is uncommonly thick and close; the hairs are indeed so thick, that it is hardly possible, by separating them in any way, to discern the least portion of the naked hide. In summer it is of a darker colour than winter; it is then thin, but on the approach of the cold season thickens in an extraordinary manner, and is then of a greyish brown. The speed of the rein-deer is very considerable, and his power in supporting the fatigue of a long journey very great. His pace, ascertained by an experiment over a short distance, is about nineteen miles an hour. Remarkable anecdotes are told of the swiftness with which rein-deer journeys have been performed. In one instance, an officer, in 1699, carried the news of an invasion, from the frontiers of Norway to Stockholm, went, with a single rein-deer and sledge, a distance of eight hundred miles in forty-eight hours. The faithful animal dropped down dead at the conclusion of the journey. The mode of travelling in *pulks*, is described in a very picturesque manner by Captain Brooke. It was by means of this conveyance that he passed through the interior.

The morning was cold and stormy: I was jaded; miserably tired from want of rest, and just on the point of being tied to a wild deer, and dragged at random in the dark, in a kind of cack-boat, some hundred miles across the trackless snows of Lapland. In

truth, I was never less inclined for such an expedition, and had something like the sensations which an inexperienced horseman feels, when mounted upon a spirited steed, and about to take the first high fence at the commencement of a fox-chase. Our pulks were ranged together in close order, and the *wappus* having performed the last office for us, by tying each of us in as fast as possible, and giving us the rein, jumped into his own, and then slightly touching his deer with the thong, the whole of them started off like lightning. I had not time to reply to Mr. Aasberg's parting exclamation of "Luk paa reise," (good luck to your journey,) as we flew past him; but I devoutly wished within myself it might be realized.

The want of light rendered it difficult to distinguish the direction we were going in, and I therefore left it entirely to my deer to follow the rest of the herd, which he did with the greatest rapidity, whirling the pulk behind him. I soon found how totally impossible it was to preserve the balance necessary to prevent its overturning, owing to the rate we were going at, and the roughness of the surface in parts where the snow had drifted away, the pulk frequently making a sudden bound of some yards, when the deer was moving down a smooth, slippery declivity. In the space of the first two hundred yards, I was prostrate in the snow several times, the pulk righting again by my suddenly throwing my weight on the opposite side. My attention was too deeply engrossed by my own situation, to observe particularly that of my fellow travellers, or to be able to assist them. The deer appeared at first setting off to be running away in all directions, and with their drivers alternately sprawling in the snow. As I passed Mr. Heinekin's deer at full speed, I observed, to my great wonder, the former turn completely over in his pulk, without appearing to sustain any damage, or his deer at all to relax its pace. My turn was now arrived; and as we were descending a trifling declivity, and about to enter the fir forest, a sudden jerk threw the pulk so completely upon its broadside, that I was unable to recover it, and I was dragged in this manner for a considerable distance, reclining upon my right side, and ploughing up the snow, which formed a cloud around me, from the quick motion of the vehicle. My deer, before this happened, had been nearly the foremost in the race: this unfortunate accident, however, enabled the rest to come up, and I had the mortification of seeing the whole pass me, without their being able to stop their deer to render me any assistance, the *wappus* being already far a-head. Among this number was Innsted, the Swede, who appeared, from the experience of the day before, to be going along in excellent style, and I could not help thinking how completely the laugh was now against me. To render my situation more helpless, on losing my balance I had lost also the rein; and though I saw it dancing in the snow, within an inch of my hands, I was unable, from the position I lay in, to recover it. Notwithstanding the great increase of weight, the deer relaxed but little of his speed, making greater exertions the more he felt the impediment. The depth of snow, however, in parts, exhausted the animal, and he at length stopped for an instant breathless, and turned round to gaze upon his unfortunate master. I began to fear I also was now going to receive some punishment for my awkwardness; but, after resting a moment, he again proceeded. In the mean time I had been enabled to recover the rein, as well as to place myself once more in an upright posture, and we continued our way at increased speed.

This accident had thrown me back so greatly, that no traces of the rest of the party were to be seen, nor could I hear the sound of the bells fastened round the necks of the deer. The fear of being entirely left behind, and the situation I should then be in, made me regardless of every thing, and I urged on the deer to the utmost. I was now crossing a thick wood of fir, which proved a constant impediment to my progress. Getting entangled among the trees, and being obliged, beside attending to the balancing of the pulk, to steer clear of these, the task was still more difficult for one so inexperienced; and in the course of a mile I had so many overturns, that at last I cared very little about them. Presently I heard the distant tinkling of a bell; and was rejoiced to find I was gaining upon the rest. It was not long before I overtook one of the hindmost, who had experienced some accident similar to my own: and on coming up with the main body, the *wappus* made a halt, to give the deer a little breathing, and to collect the scattered party. In a few minutes we were all assembled; no injury had been sustained by any one, a few rolls in the snow having been the only consequences; and we started again. We were still on the right bank of the Alten, and at no inconsiderable distance from it; but in consequence of having found it unfrozen the preceding night, we had in some measure altered our course, which prevented the necessity of crossing it.

At mid-day we reached the banks of the Aiby Elo, a stream that rises in the mountains, and runs into the Alten. Here the whole party made an unexpected stop;

the cause of which, on coming up, I found was, that the middle of the stream was unfrozen and flowing, so that, according to appearance, we should be compelled to retrace our steps back to Mickel Busk; since it was impossible for us to proceed upon our journey without first crossing this stream, as it ran directly athwart our way.

The Laplanders, to whom these obstacles are trifles, prepared, without hesitation, to leap each deer with its driver and sledge over together. This seemed no less difficult than hazardous; indeed it appeared quite impracticable, from the width of the unfrozen part, which was about seven feet, and in the centre of the stream. The whole breadth of the Aiby Elo here, might, perhaps, be twenty feet: and on each side there was a short precipitous bank, the space between that on which we were, and the open part, being about six or seven feet, and the ice of which appeared firm and thick.

The *woyppus* now getting out of his pulk, stationed himself near the open part; and the sledges then advancing, each deer was urged forward by his driver to the utmost of his speed, descending the declivity at full gallop. Nothing less than such an impetus could have carried us across, from the heavy load of the sledge and driver. The natural force which its own weight gave it, being thus so greatly increased by the speed of the deer, and the icy smoothness of the bank, it made of itself so great a bound on coming to the open space, as in most instances to gain the firm part of the opposite ice, and by the strength of the deer was dragged up the other side. In order to increase as much as possible the speed of the animals, on first starting they were urged on by the Laplanders with loud shouts, and the *woyppus* himself, on their reaching the unfrozen part where he was placed, did the same by means of his voice as well as his action. The first three or four took their leaps in fine style, carrying their drivers completely and safely over. The one immediately before me failed in the latter respect, for, though it cleared the open part, yet the sledge, from its weight, or some other cause, not making a sufficient bound, the fore part of it alone reached the firm ice, and the hinder, with its driver, was consequently immersed in the water, till the deer, by main strength, extricated it from its awkward situation. I relied greatly on mine, from its size, and fortunately was not disappointed, as it conveyed me safely across, both deer and sledge clearing the entire space. On reaching the other side, I halted for a few minutes, to observe how the rest of the party escaped. It was a curious sight to see the manner in which they came across, and the ludicrous appearance some made, who were unfortunate. Madame Lenning being extremely light, her deer carried her across with ease. Many, however, who were heavy, did not fare so well; and the open part being now widened by the breaking of the ice at the edge, several were so completely immersed, that I began to be alarmed. They were, notwithstanding, soon extricated by their deer: and in this manner the whole of the cavalcade got over, with no other injury than a ducking. This, however, was of little consequence, the thickness of the fur of the *poesk* well resisting the water, which could not, at the same time, easily find its way into the pulk, from the manner in which the driver was covered over.

We now continued our way, directing our course toward the Alten river, along which our guides intended proceeding, should we find the ice sufficiently strong to bear us. By this time I was considerably improved in the management of my pulk, the practice of a few miles having made such an alteration, that I was able to keep its balance tolerably well, in those parts where the inequality of the surface did not render it very difficult. Madame Lenning appeared also to be somewhat expert, and her deer being tied behind her husband's sledge, she could not be in better hands, as he was an experienced traveller, being in the constant habit, every winter, of making a journey of this description into the interior of Lapland. The degree of cold marked by the thermometer was nearly the same as on the preceding day. The manner, however, in which I was equipped, made me quite disregard it; and, in fact, I was as warm and as comfortable as I could desire.

The natives use a kind of skate, which they call a *skie*. We find a curious account of the manner in which it is employed.

The fall of the snow enabled me to witness now, what I had so long desired to see, the Laplanders making use of the *skie*. This kind of snow skate is peculiar to Lapland and Norway; as those that are made use of by the native tribes of the northern part of the American continent, differ both in form and size, being only about four feet in length, nearly two in breadth in the central part, and composed of thongs. The Lapland *skie*, or skate, is, on the contrary, exceedingly narrow, and often more than seven

feet in length, varying in nothing from the one used by the Norwegian *skie* troops, but in the circumstance of both skais being of unequal length.

The *skie* is more in use in Finmark than in any other part of the north, from the mountainous nature of the country; and in very early ages the natives were considered so expert in the use of it, that the inhabitants obtained the name of *skidfinni* or *skridfinni*, and the country itself, according to some authors, of *Skedfinni*, *Skridfinnia*, or *Skridfinnia*, which appellation may still be seen in maps, some of them of no very old date. Ignorance and superstition, in the early ages, entirely swayed the inhabitants of the north; and Finmark was then known to Sweden only by the extraordinary tales related concerning the country and its natives; and it is easy to suppose, that a people like the Laplanders, whose appearance is at all times so singular and uncouth, would have the most marvellous stories told concerning them, if seen in the winter season on their snow skates, gliding along the frozen lakes, or darting down the precipitous mountains of Finmark, in the singular manner which habit enables them to practise with such facility.

As soon as the snow falls, the Laplander puts on his snow skates, though it is not till the surface of the snow has acquired a certain degree of hardness, that he can proceed with any speed. In northern countries, after the snow has fallen a few days, the frost gives it such a consistence, that it is firm enough to support the weight of a man; the surface becomes hard and glazed; and the Laplander can then make his way in any direction he pleases across the country, which before was impassable. Nothing is capable of stopping him, and he skims, with equal ease and rapidity, the white expanse of land, lake, and river. His address, however, is most remarkable in the descent of the mountains and precipices of Finmark; which, to any eye but his own, would appear impassable. From the length of the *skie*, it might be thought extremely cumbersome; its weight, however, from the lightness of its materials, and its narrowness, is not great; and the skater moves forward with facility, merely gliding on, without raising it from the ground. In many parts of Lapland, the greatest use of them is in the pursuit of wild rein-deer, and the other animals with which the country abounds. When the Laplander sets out in the pursuit, and comes to a mountain, the summit of which he wishes to gain, however steep the ascent may be, practice enables him to surmount it with comparative ease, though the operation is necessarily the slowest; requiring considerable address to prevent the smooth surface of the skate from slipping, and precipitating the wearer backwards. To obviate this, the Laplander sometimes covers the *skie* with rein-deer or seal-skins; the hair of which being turned backward, hinders it from a retrograde direction.

This covering of skin, however great may be its use in ascents, in other circumstances prevents the *skie* from gliding so rapidly as when the lower surface is only the smooth hard wood. On this account it is not in such general use; and, in Finmark, I do not recollect ever seeing a Laplander with a pair of this description.\* In ascending the sides of the mountains, he is, of course, obliged to proceed in a zigzag direction; and although the ascent should be long and steep, he accomplishes it in a surprisingly short time, considering its difficulty. When, however, he arrives at a point he intends to descend, it is very different; sometimes the lofty ranges are many miles from the summit to the base, consisting of long precipitous declivities, frequently obstructed by large masses of detached rock, and in others presenting a smooth and steeply inclined surface, with many windings. When the Laplander begins the descent, he places himself in a crouching posture, his knees bent, and his body inclined backwards, to assist him in keeping his position; he holds in one hand a staff, which he presses on the snow, and which serves also to moderate his speed when too great. In this manner he will shoot down the greatest declivities. So great is his dexterity, that if he should meet suddenly with a fragment of rock, or other impediment, he takes a bound of some yards to avoid it; and such is his velocity, when the part is very steep, that it may be compared almost to that of an arrow, a cloud of snow being formed by the impetus of his descent.

It has often been asserted, that the speed of the Laplander is such, that he is enabled to overtake the wild animals he is in pursuit of. This, however, is not generally true; for, if the surface be level, and sufficiently hard and firm to bear the animal he is in chase of, he would have little chance of overtaking it. He is only able to do this after a deep and recent fall of snow, or after a thaw, when the surface of the snow is again become hard enough to bear his weight, but not that of an animal like the wild rein-deer; which, in consequence, sinking at every step through the half-frozen crust into the deep snow, is easily overtaken, and falls a prey to the Laplander.

\* This kind of *skie* is more in use in Nordland, and other parts of Norway.



In addition to the charge of ruggardliness and inhospitality, which has been urged against the Lap, that of avarice has also been alleged. But for this tolerably good reason may be found. He is a perfect Cobbett in his enmity to paper; and if he buries his silver, he considers it better to have all his money in a hole, than to run the risk of finding his wealth every now and then taking wings, and flying out of his pocket on wings of rags.

The Laplander has generally been accused of avarice, and a miser-like disposition, in hoarding up his riches, and even burying them. The reasons I am about to assign may probably, however, induce an opinion, that in so doing he is actuated by other motives than that of avarice. It is very certain, that he at all times shows the greatest eagerness for attaining silver money, and nothing is so effectual as the sight of a dollar for obtaining any favour from him. Upon Norwegian copper money he sets little value, or upon the small skilling pieces, which are made of base metal, and plated over. The paper currency, which in Finmark consists chiefly in notes of one dollar each, the mountain Laplander esteems so little, that it is very seldom any persuasion will induce him to take it. For this the following circumstances would sufficiently account, independently of any other motive. During the war in 1812, there was a very considerable reduction in the value of the paper currency; the dollar, of ninety-six skillings—by which it may readily be imagined, the holders of them suffered no inconsiderable loss. The Laplanders, who previously to this readily took the paper money, and possessed, very many of them, large portions of it, were in this manner at once deprived of the greater part of what they had saved up. It is not to be supposed, that so simple a race of men would be able to comprehend the causes of the fluctuation or reduction of the paper. They merely knew, that for what they had given the value of ninety-six skillings, they only received twelve; this, naturally enough, made them suspicious, that what had once happened might at some future occasion occur again: and they have from this period been very cautious against taking paper notes.

The mountain Laplander, in all his dealings with the merchants, makes it a point to be paid in silver, either in rix-dollars or *orts*, both of which are extremely scarce in Finmark, and hardly to be obtained. This creates a considerable impediment in the way of business; nevertheless, as the former is in possession of some things which are indispensably necessary to the latter, particularly a supply of fresh venison, which is extremely desirable to the settler, after living constantly upon fish, he is glad to procure it upon any terms. The Laplander, in this manner, gradually amasses a large quantity of dollars, which he regards with the more pleasure from their solidity, and being fully sensible of the sterling worth of the metal. He is, at the same time, a more frugal and provident being than the coast Laplander, his more precarious mode of subsistence naturally rendering him so. From having likewise less frequent intercourse with the settlers on the coast, his wants have not been artificially increased to the degree which the intimate connexion of the latter with them has produced. His wants indeed are, in reality, but few; and from thus constantly putting by the silver money he acquires, he frequently becomes, in time, possessed of a very considerable sum. This he looks on with the delight of a child, and hardly any thing will induce him to change it. He usually buries it in the ground, in some spot near his tent. In doing this, the only motive which seems to actuate him is that of its preservation.

The moving and unsettled life he leads, remaining but a few days in a place, would render it both inconvenient and unsafe, to carry always with him a large quantity of dollars; and even when he is stationary, his tent offers no secure place in which to deposit them. Nothing appears to him so safe as the ground, and he accordingly conceals them there, keeping the secret entirely to himself, and without even making his wife acquainted with the spot where the treasure lies. The consequence frequently is, that he forgets himself where he has hidden it; and his hoard of silver remains so effectually concealed, after he has been absent some time, that he is unable to discover the place, and it is consequently lost to him for ever. In this manner Sura, the Laplander, who was near Fuglenæs, was said to have lost a very large sum, which he had concealed in some spot on the mountains, so securely, that notwithstanding the regular researches he had made for it, when he paid his summer visit to Qualöen, he had not been able to regain it.

It is probable, that the extreme scarcity of silver currency in the north, is in a great measure occasioned by the custom these people have of hoarding it up; and I

have been assured, that very large sums are at this day buried in different parts of Finmark, which in all probability will remain so secure in the earth, that centuries may elapse before they again see the light.

After the rein-deer, the most useful productions of the animal world in Finmark, and those which most differ from our experience, are some of the kinds of fish, which are sometimes remarkable for their size, and sometimes for their abundance. In the latter quality, the coal or sey-fish excel, of which an account is found in the following extract.

Immense shoals of the sey, or coal-fish, having been seen in different parts of the straits chiefly about the island of Slojöen, I accompanied Mr. Ackermund and his boats for the purpose of fishing. The sey-fishery is one of the most lucrative branches of the Finmark trade, and is thus followed. A shoal having been found, to which the fishermen are easily directed by the cries of the sea-fowl hovering round, which may be heard at the distance of some miles, four boats with three men in each, follow it, provided with a large square net. On approaching it, the direction in which it is moving is noticed; and rowing quickly a-head of it, the net is extended on the surface, and then let down to a certain depth, to enable the leaders of the shoal to pass with ease, and prevent their being alarmed, in which event the whole turn aside. When the nets, thus sunk, the boats row to a certain distance and lie to, as waiting the approach of the fish, they forming a complete square, each holding a long rope attached to the net. The approach of the shoal is a curious spectacle, as it extends itself frequently for a quarter of a mile, blackening the surface, and followed by the gull tribe in numbers almost equalling their prey below. The loud deep notes of the larger fowl, joined with the shrill screams of the others, produce a very extraordinary and deafening concert. Part of these swim boldly among the fish, pecking at them: and when a small one shows itself, they strike upon it, and bear it aloft. Sometimes when on the wing they pounce suddenly upon a fish, the unexpected size of which so greatly exceeds their strength, that they are quickly compelled to let go their hold. When the shoal enters the square formed by the boats, nothing is to be seen but the heads and tails of the fish, which are forced out of the water by the great pressure of the shoal below. The capture is then pretty certain; and when the boatmen judge they are over the centre, the corner lines are quickly pulled in, and the net is drawn up. The quantity of fish sometimes taken in one haul is so great, that the whole of the boats are completely loaded, and 200 vogs (8,000 lbs.) weight are taken at one fishing. The weather should be perfectly calm and still; as, when there is any wind, the fishermen are prevented from ascertaining the direction of the sey: but when the surface is smooth, if the shoal should be suddenly alarmed, the direction it takes is readily discoverable from the transparency of the water.

The quantity of fish is indeed almost incredible, five or six large shoals being often seen within a short distance. The time they remain at the surface is not long, suddenly descending, and reappearing in a few minutes in another direction, in pursuit of their food. In this manner they are brought continually to the surface, and enable the fishermen to avail themselves so favourably of it. The advantage of the sey-fishery may be conceived, when the Russians eagerly give in exchange a vog (40 lbs.) of flour for five vogs of sey, in the state in which they are caught. They salt the fish themselves, and take them to the White Sea, and the adjoining coasts.

The Finmarker, on the contrary, sets no value upon the sey-fish as an article of food, and never touches it except when no other fresh fish is to be had. The only part of the sey valuable to him is the liver, which is extremely rich in oil, and supplies him with a great part of what is annually exported from Finmark.

The walrus is a mis-shapen monster of the deep, characteristic of the north. The relation between cold and clumsiness is striking—on the arid deserts of Africa, the sleek and elastic tiger bounds along the sands—in the north, the blubbery whale, and the portentous walrus, swell and wallow and splash, in the frigid seas of the arctic region. It is the same on approaching the cold latitudes of the south. Elegant proportions, and nice organization, abhor the Poles. It is similar with colour. As the traveller approaches the arctic circle, colours become limited to dreary white, or drearier grey or brown: whereas in the equatorial regions, more warmly embraced by the sun—

all is glare and dazzle—red and yellow and purple, blush and glow, in all their pomp and splendour. Of the habits of the mighty walrus amusing anecdotes are given by Captain Brooke.

When I was at Fuglenæs I had an opportunity of seeing the remains of a walrus, which was lying upon the shore not far from the Red House. This had been brought from Cherie Island; I could not help remarking the extraordinary thickness of the hide, which at present is applied, I believe, to no other use, than occasionally as matting to protect the masts of vessels. I brought with me to England a long strip of it, which, after undergoing the usual process, would seem to be well adapted for carriage traces and braces, from its superior strength to other leather now used for this purpose. I have lately learnt, that it is likely to prove also extremely serviceable for the purpose of making fire buckets.

Mr. Colquhoun, who lately returned from an expedition to Spitzbergen and the Finmark coasts, to try the power of the Congreve rocket against the species of whale known by the name of the finner, informs me they found the walrus lying in herds of many hundreds each, on the shores of Hope and Cherie Islands, and took a great quantity of them. The most favourable time for attacking them is when the tide is out, and they are reposing on the rocks. In this case, if the javelors be very alert, and fortunate enough to kill the lower ranks of them, which lies nearest the shore, before the hindmost can pass, they are able to secure the whole; as the walrus when on shore is so unwieldy a creature that it cannot get over the obstacles thrown in its way by the dead bodies of its companions, and falls in this manner a prey to the lance of the seaman. It does not, however, die tamely; and perhaps no animal offers a more determined resistance, when attacked on an element where they are incapable of exerting their prodigious strength, striking furiously at their enemy, and continually turning round to assist their companions in distress. When an alarm of the approach of an enemy is given, the whole herd makes for the sea.

When they reach the water, they tumble in as expeditiously as possible; but the numbers are often so immense, and the size of the animal is so great, that a short time elapses before they can escape, from want of space. In this case, those who happen to be in the rear, being pressed by the danger behind them, and finding their way blocked up by their companions in front, attempt, by means of their tusks, to force their way through the crowd; and several that have been taken at the time by means of the boats, have some visible proofs of the hurry of their comrades, in the numerous wounds inflicted on their hind-quarters.

The walrus, however, when attacked in the water, is by no means an easy animal to kill, offering sometimes a successful resistance. Instances have even been known of their staving and sinking a boat with their tusks.

The food of the walrus consists of *mollusca* and *crustacea*. Fish probably does not form any part of it, and it is not likely, as has been said, that they prey upon seals, from the structure of their mouth. The principal use of their tusks is probably to enable them to detach their food from the ground or rocks. They also employ them for the purpose of securing themselves to the rocks while they sleep; and it not unfrequently happens, that during their sleep the tide falls, and leaves them suspended by their tusks, so that they are unable to extricate themselves.

More than one instance of this, I was informed, had occurred in the Magereönsund. Though the value of the ivory and oil obtained from the walrus has latterly suffered a considerable depreciation, the fishery is still a very lucrative one; and the distance from Finmark to the seat of it not being great, two voyages may be made sometimes in the course of the season. The oil derived from the fat of the animal, as well as the ivory from the tusks, are of a very fine quality.

The Laplander has an extraordinary idea of the intelligence of the bear: the following interview between brother Bruin and brother Lap is amusing.

In attacking the larger animals, such as bears, the Laplander experiences considerable difficulty and risk to himself; as it is necessary to make a very near approach to the animal, which, if not wounded in a mortal part, and at once disabled, turns immediately upon its antagonist. This, it may be conjectured, must frequently happen, the dependence being on a single ball, not much exceeding a good sized shot.

When this is the case, the animal turns to the place whence the smoke proceeds; and if the ground be favourable to his pursuit, easily overtakes his adversary, who has then little chance of escape, except there should be a tree near, under which he

can take refuge, and puzzle the bear by dodging behind it. The skill and address necessary in the pursuit of the bear, and its comparative scarcity in Finmark, render the killing one of these animals the most honourable exploit a Laplander can perform; and it is a constant source of triumph to the successful adventurer. The Laplanders have besides exalted ideas of the sagacity and talents of the bear, and treat him in consequence with a kind respect and deference, which they do not pay to any other animal. It is a common saying among them, that the bear has twelve men's strength, and ten men's understanding; and their superstitious ideas lead them to suppose, that it perfectly comprehends their discourse. It is a frequent custom with them to speak to the beast, when about to attack it; and one instance of this occurred during the time I was at Alten, on the mountains above Knäsfjäl. A Laplander being in pursuit of wild rein-deer with his rifle, suddenly encountered a bear; and his piece missing fire, he addressed it, as Mr. Klesck related, in these words: "You rascal, you ought to be ashamed of attacking a single man; stop an instant till I have re-loaded my rifle, and I shall be again ready to meet you." The bear, however, which was a female, thought it prudent not to wait, and made an immediate retreat with two cubs which she had with her.

The beauty of an Arctic winter has been frequently described. Captain Brooke is rather happy in his sketches of external nature, and this is a favourite subject with him.

It was now the middle of November; the weather was delightful, and had assumed that calm and settled appearance, which it generally maintains throughout the winter. It is true the snow had deserted us, but how could I regret its loss, when I considered the singular beauty of the scene its disappearance had produced? The merchants, having little to do in the winter season, are not early risers; and at ten o'clock not a soul is visible, unless by chance some solitary individual, with his hands in his deep pockets, rubbing his eyes, and shrugging up his shoulders at being obliged to quit his warm feather-bed, begins his daily task of visiting his shop and the different warehouses. The view from the small battery at Hammerfest, whither I usually directed my steps before breakfast, was singularly interesting at that hour, from the extraordinary variety of the tints on the horizon, caused by the progress of the sun just beneath it, and the clear light of the moon in another quarter of the firmament. There are few who can withstand the exhilarating effects of a fine frosty morning; but how greatly is the beauty of winter heightened in high northern latitudes, when the sun creeps below the horizon only to impart an air of calmness and solemnity to every thing, from the luxuriant richness of glow which overspreads the face of the heavens!

The smallest sounds are then audible at a considerable distance; and I used to hear distinctly all that was going forward on the opposite shore at Fuglenæs, which, during summer, made no impression on the ear. As winter advanced, all appearances of the former life and bustle of the little settlement was lost. Even the Laplanders were less frequent in their visits; and every thing seemed lying torpid, to await the return of the sun. The turf on the battery, being the only level spot free from rocks, was generally much resorted to during summer; and the view it commanded enabled the merchants to look out for vessels, and discern the state of the weather. I now had fit almost entirely to myself throughout the day. Sometimes I amused myself with my rifle, in firing at the large flocks of eider ducks, which became every day more fearless. Now and then, though very rarely, a solitary seal made its appearance in the bay; and I sometimes saw a single guillemot, or ark.

The cold during the remainder of my stay at Hammerfest was never great upon any occasion, and the thermometer seldom many degrees below the freezing point.

As soon as evening set in, a thousand dancing lights would now play mysteriously through the sky, as if intended by Providence to cheer the hours of darkness by their mild and beautiful coruscations. Sometimes the aurora would form a splendid arch across the heavens of pale lambent flame, running with inconceivable velocity, and resembling the spiral motions of a serpent, which the eye could clearly distinguish. Then it would suddenly disappear, and the veil of night be once more diffused around; when, as quick as the flash of a star, the immense ethereal space would be overspread with fire, assuming quite a different form, and covering the heavens with sheets of this silvery light, wafted quickly along, like thin strata of cloud before the wind. Sometimes narrow streaks of flame would shoot with inconceivable velocity, traversing in a few seconds the immense concave of the heavens, and disappearing beneath the south-eastern horizon. Occasionally a broad mass of light would suddenly be seen in the

zenith, which would descend towards the earth in the form of a beautiful continuous radiated circle, and in an instant vanish.

The northern lights are most frequent when the weather is calm; yet I never saw them more vivid than on one occasion, when there was a brisk wind from the south-east, which, though it directly met the aurora, that was running with great swiftness from the opposite quarter, did not appear in any way to affect its motions, these continuing in a narrow steady stream of light. The altitude of the aurora on this particular occasion seemed trifling, in appearance certainly not exceeding a quarter of a mile; the light it afforded, at the same time, being very considerable, and clearly illumining surrounding objects. I invariably observed that the aurora proceeded in the first instance from the north-west, and it generally disappeared in the south-east. During the opportunities I had of observing it while at Hammerfest, it constantly rose from the northern extremity of the island of Söroe, to which part of the horizon I was accustomed to direct my attention when I watched its appearance. This was generally that of faint irregular gleams of light, rising aloft behind the mountains, and at first frequently exhibiting an exact resemblance of the reflection of a distant fire. They generally mounted up toward the zenith, rarely keeping low in the horizon, and afterwards assuming an inconceivable variety of form and diversity of motion, of which it is too difficult for an inanimate description to convey an idea.

Half a year of darkness and snow, as we have seen, disposes the settlers in these districts to the enjoyments of artificial luxuries; and really, considering the few advantages which the inhabitants have had of improving their condition, they appear to have made the most of them. There are many country gentlemen, of milder climates than Finmark, who will envy the home-made enjoyments described in the following extract. Captain Brooke himself appears somewhat enraptured with the attention, if not with the charms, of these "neat-handed Phillises."

The young women of each family have thus the whole of the household management consigned to them. They rise at an early hour of the morning, to prepare the coffee for the family, which is taken by every one in bed. This appears at first to a stranger a very singular custom, and he is little prepared to expect so luxurious and idle a habit at the North Cape of Europe. It is common, however, in other parts of Norway, and is extremely well suited in particular to the kind of life the Hammerfest merchant leads. He is never remarkable for early rising; and having little or nothing to do when the winter sets in, his bed occupies no small portion of the long night. It is composed of two soft eider-down feather-beds, between which he creeps, and if he were transported even into the midst of the frozen ocean, he would suffer little inconvenience with this protection. The heat these eider-down quilts give is extraordinary; and their lightness is such, from the materials with which they are filled, that the whole weight of them does not exceed that of a common blanket. They are on this account admirably adapted for the purposes of warmth; and every one sleeps in this soft manner, without any other bed-clothes. I confess, however, I never could endure these arctic luxuries; and always had recourse to sheets and English blankets, with the latter of which I had fortunately provided myself. On being covered up with one of these eider-down beds, it gave rise to a sensation of being suffocated, or smothered with an immense feather-bed, far exceeding in bulk our own, but at the same time literally as light as a feather. The heat produced, however, was to me insupportable, and I was always glad to throw them away after a few minutes. With their assistance, and the additional warmth of the stove, it may be easily imagined, the Finmarker is in little danger of being frozen in bed.

To return, however, to his morning beverage; the merchant is awakened at an early hour, generally about seven o'clock, and, on opening his eyes, he sees the *hushjomfrue*, or young lady of the house, standing by his bed-side, with a cup of very strong and hot coffee, which she presents to him. This being received with a look of complacency, and quickly swallowed, he again sinks into his nest of down. During the short operation of sweetening the reviving draught, he asks his fair companion concerning the state of the weather or the wind; after which she lays down his pipe ready for him, and disappears to perform the same friendly office for the rest of the family. Sitting, or half reclining in his bed, and well bolstered up with pillows, he smokes one pipe, then finding himself in fit order to recommence his slumbers, he again composes himself, and sleeps undisturbed for several hours. The custom

which the Norwegians have of taking a cup of hot coffee at an early hour, is by no means an unpleasant one, however laughable it may appear, and to a stranger is very captivating. It is true you are awakened out of a sound sleep some hours before the usual time of rising; but in what manner? You raise your half-opened eyes, and see close to you what appears a vision of the most agreeable nature, in the form of a young beauty, with a lovely complexion, and light flowing ringlets. Possibly your dreams may have been presenting such a one to your imagination at the very moment, and you now deem it suddenly realized. You are, however, soon convinced that it is an earthly substance, from her gently rousing you by the shoulder, on seeing that you are hardly in a state of sufficient animation to attend to her summons. You then discover, that the pretty intruder is the daughter of the mistress of the house, who, with the most captivating smile imaginable, invites you to partake of the refreshing beverage she has brought; and which being accepted by you with the usual expression of gratitude common in Norway, *tumde tak*, a thousand thanks, your fair attendant retreats, and leaves you to present a pleasant addition in her own image, to the scenes of fancy you had perhaps been before indulging in.

All this is much more advanced in civilization, than might be concluded from the primitive mode which they have adopted of settling their card debts. Were a respectable dowager of Cavendish-square informed that the whist-players of the north pay for their points in barrels of oil, she would doubtless turn up her nose at the savages. It is certainly amusing to think of the odd trick transferring blubber, and of grave merchants playing at double-barrelled points. A person in those latitudes given to whist, instead of a card, is obliged to keep an oil warehouse.

Cards, next to smoking, are the darling amusement of a Finmark merchant; his favourite games whist and boston. The former, as played in Finmark, differs little from ours, except in the marking, and the additional honour which they count, making the ten a fifth. Ten points are the game; all that is won over that number is added to the next game, and so on till the rubber is finished. The only singular feature is in the marking and settling the accounts, which seldom takes place till the end of the year, when it is charged generally in their books, either against fish or oil, at the current price of the article at the time of settling. One of the party has to keep the account, which is done nearly in the same manner as they mark while playing; thus, if

A has won five points, it is expressed..... A +5

B has lost five ditto..... thus B -5

and so on, as many as play. The success of the respective parties is thus simply denoted by the marks of plus or minus; and two columns are kept in this manner, which at the end of the year, or whenever the day of settlement may be, are made to balance generally by means of barrels of oil. Boston does not vary, but is played in the same way as on the rest of the continent.

These countries appear, as well as we can judge, worthy of the attention of the English merchant. The port of Hammerfest is now becoming better known, and the town, of the same name, is rising to some consequence. We shall conclude this long article by giving Mr. Crowe, who has been already mentioned, as an example to those who may be disposed to extend their views in this quarter.

It was in 1819 that the first Englishman settled himself upon the Finmark shores. This was Mr. John Crowe, who; having been some time in the naval service of Russia, had quitted it with several other officers, on the breaking out of the war between England and the former power. Accidental circumstances having thus thrown him out of the line of his profession, he turned his attention to commerce, and being well acquainted with the language, as well as the state and capabilities of the northern trade of Russia, he, after having explored the coasts of the White Sea, established a factory at Fuglinas, situate on the western coast of Finmark, and forming the arm of the bay at Hammerfest.

Anterior to this period, at least in modern times, no British vessels had visited these coasts for the purpose of commerce; and although they afford safe and commodious harbours, they are altogether so little known to our navigators, that our vessels in

their voyages to and from Archangel, Onga, and other parts of the White Sea, have, in the worst weather preferred keeping the sea, at any risk, rather than trust themselves within reach of a coast, the very sight of which is, with reason, formidable to those unacquainted with it. In this respect alone, the above establishment will be of extreme advantage to our trade in general with the White Sea, both by rendering these coasts more known, and removing the impressions of alarm and distrust: for instance, how important it must be for a vessel to know, that in the vicinity of the North Cape, on a coast considered hitherto as perfectly savage and uninhabited, a secure and commodious harbour is open to her; where not only good pilotage may be afforded her, but she may supply herself with water, and indeed almost every thing she may stand in need of.

Captain Brooke's volume contains much instruction and entertaining matter. He is a little prolix, and not very exact in his language. The Winter in Lapland might, with advantage, be contracted into half the space: half the expense of the work would thus be saved, and double the number of copies sold—that is, twice the information spread. It would ill become us, however, who have spent many pleasant hours over the volume, to complain. We should observe, that Captain Brooke is something of a naturalist, and something of an artist; by which accomplishments he is able to gratify both the man of science and the man of mere curiosity, by his descriptions, written and engraved, of natural objects and external impressions.

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#### THE MILITARY SKETCH-BOOK.\*

WE are extremely glad to see the Half-pay on active literary service. Few people have more to tell than they who have seen seventeen years of service abroad and at home; and few, that which is better worth hearing. Military authors, we are glad to observe, are accumulating; the literary fever is even penetrating the Commissariat. It is only the other day, that an officer on the quarter-master's staff gave us his "Adventures in the Peninsula," in a very pleasant manner. As he could not show his bravery, he hit upon the scheme of displaying his learning. In spite of his Greek and his classics, however, we were glad that he had become an author. But we prefer the *Recollections of the Gentlemen of the Line*. "The Military Sketch-Book," and "The Naval Sketch-Book,"† may be clubbed together, and be considered the sketch-book of the United Service. The "Officer of the Line" is, however, more to our liking than the sailor, for he is evidently a better-natured man. Generous, brave, and modest, he possesses all the virtues of the soldier—light-hearted, jovial, and spirited, he shows himself an Irishman—and the force and reality of many of his sketches, prove him in possession of considerable literary talents. His pathos, as well as his gaiety, is Irish—his romance is also Milesian—in the one he is somewhat given to the mawkish; and in the other to the improbable. The Subaltern is more scholastic and finished in his pictures—the author of the *Eventful Life* is more particular and full in his descriptions, and more striking and copious in his details, and more valuable from the rarer nature of his testimony;

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\* The Military Sketch-Book. Reminiscences of Seventeen Years in the Service Abroad and at Home. By an Officer of the Line. London, Colburn, 1827. 2 vols. 12mo.

† By an Officer of Rank. Published last year.

but then the officer of rank is a shrewder character than either; knows the world better, and is somewhat of a satirist. It is true, that he frequently fails—that his humour is often broad and coarse, as well as that his pathos is pulling—but on the whole, the book is decidedly clever, and exceedingly amusing. It may be made more than amusing—the character of the British Officer, and of the British army, is illustrated by many of the author's remarks and anecdotes; and the question of corporal punishment is well exemplified. For the purposes of instruction, and also for our own delight, we much prefer the graver parts of the work—by which we mean, those sketches which are not coloured by fiction, but pretend to be nothing more than what they are—honest recollections. Of this kind is the account of the Walcheren expedition, which is the best sketch of that ill-fated expedition. The most amusing part of it relates to the operation of a brigade of five hundred sailors, who served with the army as a kind of guerrilla force. Their playing at soldiers is highly laughable and characteristic.

The annoyance from the enemy's rifles was a good deal lessened by the brigade of sailors. These extraordinary fellows delighted in hunting the "*Munders*," as they termed the French; and a more formidable pack never was unkennelled. Armed, each with an immense long pole or pike, a cutlass, and a pistol, they appeared to be a sort of force that, in case of a sortie, or where execution was to be done in the way of storming, would have been as destructive as a thousand hungry tigers: as it was, they annoyed the French skirmishers in all directions, by their irregular and extraordinary attacks. They usually went out in parties, as if they were going to hunt a wild beast, and no huntsman ever followed the chase with more delight. The French might fairly exclaim with the frogs in the fable—"Ah! Monsieur Bull, what is sport to you, is death to us."

Regularly every day after their mess (for they messed generally on a green in the village of East Zouburg) they would start off to their "hunt," as they called it, in parties headed by a petty officer. Then they would leap the dykes, which their poles enabled them to do, and dash through those which they could not otherwise cross; they were like a set of Newfoundland dogs in the marshes, and when they spied a few riflemen of the French, they ran at them heker-skelter: then pistol, cutlass, and pike, went to work in downright earnest. The French soldiers did not at all relish the tars—and no wonder; for the very appearance of them was terrific, and quite out of the usual order of things. Each man seemed a sort of Paul Jones—tanned, belted, and cutlased as they were. Had we had occasion to storm Flushing, I have no doubt that they would have carried the breach themselves. The scenes which their eccentricities every hour presented, were worthy of the pencil of Hogarth. Among the most humorous of these, were their drills, musters, and marchings, or as they generally called such proceedings, "*playing at soldiers*." All that their officers did, had no effect in keeping either silence or regularity; those officers, however, were "part and parcel" of the same material as the Jacks themselves, and as able to go through the pipe-clay regularity of rank and file, as to deliver a sermon on the immortality of the soul. But the fact is, they were not either expected or intended to be regular troops, and their drills were merely adopted to teach them to keep together in line when marching from one place to another; so that they might not go about the country after the manner of a troop of donkeys. These marches and drills afforded the highest degree of amusement, both to soldiers and officers; the disproportion in the sizes of the men—the front rank man, perhaps, four feet one, while the rear rank man was six feet two; the giving of the word from the "middy," always accompanied by a "G—d—n;" the gibes and jeers of the men themselves. "Heads up, you beggar of Corpolar there," a little slang-going Jack would cry out from the rear-rank, well knowing that his size secured him from the observation of the officer. Then perhaps the man immediately before him, to show his sense of decorum, would turn round and remark: "I say, who made you a fogle man, master Billy? can't ye behave like a soldier afore the commander, eh?" Then from another part of the squad, a stentorian roar would arise, with "I'll not stand this, if I do, bl—t me; here's this here bl—y Murphy stickin' a sword into my starn." Then perhaps the middy would give the word "*right face*," in order to prepare for



marching; but some turned right and some left, while others turned right round and were faced by their opposite rank man. This confusion in a few minutes, however, would be rectified, and the word "*march*" given: off they went, some whistling a quick-step, and others imitating the sound of a drum with his voice, and keeping time with the whistler, "*row dididow, dididow, row dow, dow*"—every sort of antic trick began immediately, particularly treading on each others' heels. I once saw a fellow suddenly jump out of the line of march, crying out, "*I be d—d if Riley hasn't spikes in his toes, an' I won't march afore him any longer,*" and then coolly fell in at the rear. "*Keep the step,*" then was banded about, with a thousand similar expressions, slapping each other's hats down upon their eyes, elbowing, jostling, and joking—away they went to beat the bushes for Frenchmen; and even when under the fire of both the hidden riflemen and the rampart guns, their jollity was unabated. One of these odd fellows was hit in the leg by a rifle ball which broke the bones, and he fell: it was in a hot pursuit which he and a few others were engaged in after a couple of the riflemen, who had ventured a little too far from their position, when, seeing that he could follow no farther, he took off his tarry hat and flung it with all his might after them; "*there, you beggars, I wish it was a long eighteen for your sakes.*" The poor fellow was carried off by his comrades, and taken to the hospital, where he died.

As John Bull carries all his peculiarities into foreign parts, so were these sailors equally tenacious of their marine usages in military service. In the cannonading of the town, they would only fire in broadsides, and such was their zeal in firing, that they at length blew up themselves.

The sailors' battery, containing six twenty-four pounders, almost split our ears. These enthusiastic demi-devils fired not as the other batteries did, but like broadsides from a ship—each discharge was eminently distinguished by its terrific noise, for the guns were all fired at once, and absolutely shook the earth at every round. So vehement were these seamen in their exertions, that they blew *themselves* up at last! This was done by a little squat fellow, who served the guns with ammunition: he placed a cartridge against a lighted match in his hurry; this exploding, communicated with a large quantity of powder, and the natural catastrophe followed. About twenty of the brave fellows, among whom was a young midshipman, were severely burnt and bruised; out of which number, were I to judge from their appearance as they were carried past us, I should suppose not more than half a dozen recovered. They were all jet black, their faces one shapeless mass, and their clothes and hair burnt to a cinder. In the midst of their suffering the only thing that seemed to ease them, was swearing at the little sailor, who was the author of their misfortune; while he, poor creature, in addition to his wounds and burns, patiently suffered the whole torrent of his comrades' abuse.

"Geraghty's Kick" is a sketch of another kind, but equally characteristic. Geraghty was a powerful Irishman, who once kicked a bursting shell out of the middle of his own regiment into another. The bravery of the action led to encouragement, and encouragement led to insolence, until Geraghty became a privileged drunkard, and was at length discharged by the Colonel, to secure his regiment "from the further consequence of Geraghty's kick." This is the account of the exploit, and some of its consequences.

At the battle of Talavera, when the hill on the left of the British line had been retaken from the enemy, after the most obstinate and bloody fighting, the French continued to throw shells upon it with most destructive precision. One of those terrible instruments of death fell close to a party of grenadiers belonging to the forty-fifth regiment, who were standing on the summit of the hill. The fusee was burning rapidly, and a panic struck upon the minds of the soldiers, for they could not move away from the shell on account of the compact manner in which the troops stood: it was nearly consumed—every rapidly succeeding spark from it promised to be the last—all expected instant death—when Tom Geraghty, a tall raw-boned Irishman, ran towards the shell, crying out, "*By J—, I'll have a kick for it, if it was to be my last;*" and with a determined push from his foot, sent the load of death whirling off the height. It fell amongst a close column of men below, while Geraghty, leaning

over the verge from whence it fell, with the most vehement and good-natured energy, bawled out "Mind your heads, boys, mind your heads!" Horror! the shell burst—it was over in a moment. At least twenty men were shattered to pieces by the explosion!

Geraghty was wholly unconscious of having done any mischief. It was a courageous impulse of the moment, which operated upon him in the first instance; and the injury to the service was not worse than if the shell had remained where it first fell. Self-preservation is positively in favour of the act, considering that there was no other way of escaping from destruction.

Very serious consequences would have still attended the matter, had it not been for the active exertions of the officers; for the men of the regiment, among which the shell was thrown, and who had escaped, were with difficulty prevented from mounting the hill and executing summary punishment upon the grenadiers, from whom the unwelcome messenger had been so unceremoniously despatched. Thus they would have increased in an alarming degree the evil consequences of Geraghty's kick.

An unexpected shower of admiration and flattery, like the sudden possession of great and unexpected wealth, produces evil effects upon a weak head. The perilous kick, instead of exalting Geraghty's fortunes, as it would have done had he been a prudent man, produced the very opposite consequences. He was talked of throughout the regiment—nay, the whole division, for this intrepid act; every body, officers and all, complimented him upon his coolness and courage; and the general who commanded his regiment (Sir John Doyle) gave him the most flattering encouragement. All this was lost upon Geraghty; he was one of those crazy fellows whom nothing but the weight of adversity could bring to any tolerable degree of steadiness; and instead of profiting by his reputed bravery, he gave way to the greatest excesses. Finding that he was tolerated in one, he would indulge in another, until it became necessary to check the exuberance of his folly. He gave way completely to drunkenness: when under the effects of liquor, although a most inoffensive being when sober, he would try to "carry all before him," as the phrase goes; and having succeeded in this so frequently, amongst the privates and non-commissioned officers of his regiment, the excitement of the excess began to lose its pungency in his imagination, and he determined to extend his enjoyments amongst the officers: this very soon led him to most disagreeable results. It had been ordered that the privates should not walk upon a certain part of the parade in Colchester Barracks. Geraghty, however, thought proper to kick against it as determinedly as he formerly did against the shell. Charged with strong rum, he one day strutted across it in a manner becoming a hero of Talavera (as he thought), and was seen by two of his officers, ensigns, who sent the orderly to desire him to move off the forbidden ground; but Geraghty declined obedience, and told the orderly to "*be off to the devil out o' that.*" The ensigns, on being informed of the disobedience, proceeded to the delinquent, and renewed their orders, which were not only disregarded, but accompanied by a violent assault from Geraghty. The refractory giant seized an ensign in each hand, and having lifted both off the ground, dashed their heads together. This was seen by some other officers and soldiers of the regiment, who all ran instantly to rescue the sufferers from Geraghty's gripe. None could, however, secure him; he raged and threatened vengeance on all who came within the length of his long arms; nor would he have surrendered had it not been for a captain in the regiment, under whose eye he pulled many a trigger against the enemy. This officer approached with a stick, seized him by the collar, and began to lay on in good style. "Leather away," cried Geraghty, "I'll submit to you, Captain, and will suffer any thing; flog me, if you like. You are a good sodger, an' saw the enemy; but by J—, I'll not be insulted by brats o' boys who never smelt powder."

The consequences of this violence of course led to punishment: Geraghty was flogged for the mutiny; he received six hundred and fifty lashes, laid heavily on; yet he never uttered a groan during the whole of this suffering; and when taken down, although bleeding, bruised, and doubtless greatly exhausted, assumed an air of insolent triumph; put on his shirt, and boldly walked off to the hospital. The body of the man was overcome,—the pallid cheek, the bloodshot eye, the livid lip, the clammy mouth—all declared it; but the spirit was wholly untouched by the lash: nothing on earth could touch it.

The sketch entitled "Punishment," is clever and affecting. The actual infliction of the flogging is evidently drawn by one who has watched the reality with no trifling degree of feeling. This sketch is worth many pamphlets on the subject.

"Parade, Sir!—Parade, Sir!—There's a parade this morning, Sir!"

With these words, grumbled out by the unyielding leathern lungs of my servant, I was awakened from an agreeable dream in my barrack-room bed one morning about a quarter before eight o'clock.

"Parade!"—I reflected a moment;—"yes," said I, "a punishment parade."

I proceeded to dress; and as I looked out of my window I saw that the morning was as gloomy and disagreeable as the duty we were about to perform. "Curse the punishment!—curse the crimes!"—muttered I to myself.

I was soon shaved, booted, and belted. The parade-call was beaten, and in a moment I was in the barrack-yard.

The non-commissioned officers were marching their squads to the ground: the officers, like myself, were turning out: the morning was cold as well as foggy: and there was a sullen, melancholy expression upon every man's countenance, indicative of the feline they had for a punishment parade: the faces of the officers, as upon all such occasions, were particularly serious: the women of the regiment were to be seen in silent groups at the barrack-windows—in short, every thing around appealed to the heart, and made it sick. Two soldiers were to receive three hundred lashes each! One of them, a corporal, had till now preserved a good character for many years in the regiment; but he had been in the present instance seduced into the commission of serious offences, by an associate of very bad character. Their crimes, arising doubtless from habits of intoxication, were, disobedience of orders, insolence to the sergeant on duty, and the making away with some of their necessaries.

The regiment formed on the parade, and we marched off in a few minutes to the riding-house, where the triangle was erected, about which the men formed a square, with the colonel, the adjutant, the surgeon, and the drummers in the centre.

"Attention!" roared out the colonel. The word, were it not that it was technically necessary, need not have been used, for the attention of all was most intense; and scarcely could the footsteps of the last men, closing in, be fairly said to have broken the gloomy silence of the riding-house. The two prisoners were now marched into the centre of the square, escorted by a corporal and four men.

"Attention!" was again called, and the adjutant commanded to read the proceedings of the court-martial. When he had concluded, the colonel commanded the private to "*strip*."

The drummers now approached the triangle, four in number, and the senior took up the "*cut*" in order to free the "*tails*" from entanglement with each other.

"Strip, sir!" repeated the colonel, having observed that the prisoner seemed reluctant to obey the first order.

"Colonel," replied he, in a determined tone, "I'll volunteer."

"You'll volunteer, will you, sir?"

"Yes; sooner than I'll be flogged."

"I am not sorry for that. Such fellows as you can be of no use to the service except in Africa. Take him back to the guard-house, and let the necessary papers be made out for him immediately."

The latter sentence was addressed to the corporal of the guard who escorted the prisoners, and accordingly the man who volunteered was marched off, a cross frown and contemptuous sneer strongly marked on his countenance.

The colonel now addressed the other prisoner.

"You are the best man in the regiment I could have expected to find in this situation. I made you a corporal, sir, from a belief that you were a deserving man; and you had before you every hope of farther promotion; but you have committed such a crime that I must, though unwillingly, permit the sentence of the court which tried you to take its effect." Then turning to the sergeant-major, he ordered him to cut off the corporal's stripes from his jacket: this was done, and the prisoner then stripped without the slightest change in his stern but penitent countenance.

Every one of the regiment felt for the unfortunate corporal's situation: for it was believed that nothing but intoxication, and the persuasion of the other prisoner who had volunteered, could have induced him to subject himself to the punishment he was about to receive, by committing such a breach of military law, as that of which he was convicted. The colonel himself, although apparently rigorous and determined, could not, by all his efforts, hide his regret that a good man should be thus punished: the affected frown, and the loud voice in command, but ill concealed his

\* Men under sentence of court-martial were allowed the option of either suffering the sentence, or volunteering to serve on the coast of Africa.

real feelings;—the struggle between the head and the heart was plainly to be seen; and had the head had but the smallest loophole to have escaped, the heart would have gained a victory. But no alternative was left; the man had been a *corporal*, and, therefore, was the holder of a certain degree of trust from his superiors: had he been a private only, the crime might have been allowed to pass with impunity, on account of his former good character; but, as the case stood, the Colonel could not possibly pardon him, much as he wished to do so. No officer was more averse to flogging in any instance, than he was; and whenever he could avert that punishment, consistent with his judgment, which at all times was regulated by humanity, he would gladly do it. Flogging was in his eyes an odious punishment, but he found that the total abolition of it was impossible; he therefore held the power over the men, but never used it when it could be avoided. His regiment was composed of troublesome spirits; and courts-martial were frequent: so were sentences to the punishment of the lash; but seldom, indeed, were those punishments carried into execution; for if the Colonel could find no fair pretext in the previous conduct of the criminal, to remit his sentence, he would privately request the Captain of his company to intercede for him when about to be tied up to the triangle: thus placing the man under a strong moral obligation to the officer under whose more immediate command he was: and in general, this proved far more salutary than the punishment ever could have done.

It is not *flogging* that should be abolished in the army, but the cruel and capricious opinions which move the lash. Humanity and sound judgment are the best restrictions upon this species of punishment; and when they are more frequently brought into action than they have formerly been, there will be but few dissentient opinions upon military discipline.

The prisoner was now stripped and ready to be tied, when the Colonel asked him why he did not volunteer for Africa, with the other culprit.

"No, Sir," replied the man; "I've been a long time in the regiment, and I'll not give it up for three hundred lashes; not that I care about going to Africa. I deserve my punishment, and I'll bear it; but I'll not quit the regiment yet, Colonel."

This sentiment, utterly in a subdued but manly manner, was applauded by a smile of satisfaction from both officers and men; but most of all by the old Colonel, who took great pains to show the contrary. His eyes, although shaded by a frown, beamed with pleasure. He bit his nether lip; he shook his head—but all would not do; he could not look displeased, if he had pressed his brows down to the bridge of his nose; for he felt flattered that the prisoner thus openly preferred a flogging to quitting him and his regiment.

The man now presented his hands to be tied up to the top of the triangle, and his legs below: the cords were passed round them in silence, and all was ready. I saw the Colonel at this moment beckon to the surgeon, who approached, and both whispered a moment.

Three drummers now stood beside the triangle, and the sergeant, who was to give the word for each lash, at a little distance opposite.

The first drummer began, and taking three steps forward, applied the lash to the soldier's back—"one."

Again he struck—"two."

Again, and again, until *twenty-five* were called by the sergeant. Then came the second drummer, and he performed his *twenty-five*. Then came the third, who was a stronger and a more heavy striker than his coadjutors in office: this drummer brought the blood out upon the right shoulder-blade, which perceiving, he struck lower on the back; but the surgeon ordered him to strike again upon the bleeding part: I thought this was cruel; but I learnt after, from the surgeon himself, that it gave much less pain to continue the blows as directed, than to strike upon the untouched skin.

The poor fellow bore without a word his flagellation, holding his head down upon his breast, both his arms being extended, and tied at the wrists above his head. At the first ten or twelve blows, he never moved a muscle; but about the *twenty-fifth*, he clenched his teeth and cringed a little from the lash. During the *second twenty-five*, the part upon which the cords fell became blue, and appeared thickened, for the whole space of the shoulder-blade and centre of the back; and before the *fiftieth* blow was struck, we could hear a smothered groan from the poor sufferer, evidently caused by his efforts to stifle the natural exclamations of acute pain. The third striker, as I said, brought the blood; it oozed from the swollen skin, and moistened the cords which opened its way from the veins. The Colonel directed a look at the

drummer, which augured nothing advantageous to his interest; and on the fifth of his twenty-five, cried out to him, "Halt, Sir! you know as much about using the cat as you do of your sticks." Then addressing the Adjutant, he said, "Send that fellow away to drill: tell the drum-major to give him two hours *additional* practice with the sticks every day for a week, in order to bring his hand into—a—proper movement."

The drummer slunk away at the order of the Adjutant, and one of the others took up the cat. The Colonel now looked at the surgeon, and I could perceive a slight nod pass, in recognition of something previously arranged between them. This was evidently the case; for the latter instantly went over to the punished man, and having asked him a question or two, proceeded formally to the Colonel, and stated something in a low voice: upon which the drummers were ordered to take the man down. This was accordingly done; and when about to be removed to the regimental hospital, the Colonel addressed him thus: "Your punishment, sir, is at an end; you may thank the surgeon's opinion for being taken down so soon." (Every one knew this was only a pretext.) "I have only to observe to you, that as you have been always, previous to this fault, a good man, I would recommend you to conduct yourself well for the future, and I promise to hold your promotion open to you as before."

The poor fellow replied that he would do so, and burst into tears, which he strove in vain to hide.

Wonder not that the hard cheek of a soldier was thus moistened by a tear; the heart was within his bosom, and these tears came from it. The lash could not force one from his burning eyelid; but the word of kindness—the breath of tender feeling from his respected Colonel, dissolved the stern soldier to the grateful and contrite penitent.

We shall close our notice with an extract from the *Recollections in the Peninsula*.—It is a 'day after the battle,' and shows well the other side of the tapestry. On the right side, glory, heroism, power, and genius. On the reverse, wounds, lamentation, and distress; the brilliancy of one side is the darkness of the other; power is reversed by weakness, hope by despair, life by death.

The day after the battle, I, in company with another, rode out to view the ground where the armies had so recently contended. It was strewn with dead and wounded, accoutrements and arms; a great part of the latter broken. At those points where obstinate fighting took place, the ground was covered with bodies; a great number of wounded, both French, English, and Portuguese, lay along the road, groaning and craving water. The village of *Gamarra Mayor* was shattered with heavy shot, and the bridge covered with dead, as well as its arches choked up with bodies and accoutrements. We returned by the main road, to where the centre of the army was engaged. Here were the French huts, and their broken provisions, half cooked, lying about; this was a level interspersed with little hillocks and brushwood: we were then surrounded with dead and wounded; several cars were employed in collecting the latter. A few straggling peasants could be seen at a distance, watching an opportunity for plunder—there was a dreadful silence over the scene. A poor Irish-woman ran up to one of the surgeons near us, and with tears in her eyes, asked where was the hospital of the eighty-second regiment—I think it was the eighty-second—she wrung her hands, and said that the men told her she would find her husband wounded; and she had travelled back for the purpose. The surgeon told her that the only hospital on the field was in a cottage, to which he pointed; but informed her that all the wounded would be conveyed to Vittoria. The half-frantic woman proceeded towards the cottage, over the bodies which lay in her way, and had not gone more than about fifty yards, when she fell on her face, and uttered the most bitter cries. We hastened to her—she was embracing the body of a serjeant, a fine tall fellow who lay on his face. "Oh! it's my husband—it's my husband!" said she; "and he is dead and cold." One of the men turned the body on his face; the serjeant had been shot in the neck, and his ankle was shattered. The lamentations of the woman were of the most heart-rending kind, but not loud. She continued to sit by her lifeless husband, gazing on his pale countenance, and moving her head and body to and fro, in the most bitter agony of woe:—she talked to the dead in the most affectionate language—of her orphans—of her home—and of their former happiness. After a considerable time, by persuasion, we got her upon one of the cars with the wounded, and placed the body of her husband beside her; this we did because she expressed a

wish to have it buried by a clergyman. She thanked us more by looks than words, and the melancholy load proceeded slowly to Vittoria.

In our way back to the town, my companion's attention was attracted by a dead Portuguese; he raised up the body, and asked me to look through it—I *did* absolutely look through it. A cannon-ball had passed into the breast and out at the back—and so rapid must have been its transit, from its forming such a clear aperture—in circumference about twelve inches—that the man must have been close to the canon's mouth when he was shot—it spoke volumes for the courage of the troops.

The hospital at Vittoria that evening presented a sad spectacle; not only was part of it filled with wounded, but the streets all round it—about two thousand men, including those of the French with those of the Allies. Owing to the rapid, and perhaps unexpected advance of the army, there were only three surgeons to attend this vast number of wounded, for the first two days after the battle; and, from the same reason, no provisions were to be had for them for a week! The commissariat had not provided for the exigency, and the small portion of bread that could be purchased was sold for three shillings per pound. From these casualties, I often thought since, that in cases of expected general actions, if one half of both medical and commissariat staff were under orders to remain on the field until relieved, instead of following their respective divisions, it would obviate such privations. However, there is every excuse in this case, considering the unexpected rapidity of the advance. No fault whatever can be laid to either of the departments in this instance: it was wholly owing to advancing to such distance beyond Vittoria, as required too long a time to retrace.

In going through the hospital, I saw in one room not less than thirty hussars—of the 10th and 15th, I think—all wounded by lances; and one of them had nineteen wounds in his body:—the surgeon had already amputated his left arm. One of the men described the way in which so many of their brigade became wounded. He said, that in charging the rear of the enemy as they were retreating, the horses had to leap up a bank, nearly breast high, to make good the level above. At this moment a body of Polish lancers, headed by a general, dashed in upon them, the general crying out, in broken English, "*Come on! I care not for your fine hussar brigade.*" They fought for a considerable time, and although ultimately the lancers retired and left the ground to the hussars, yet the latter lost many killed and wounded. "That man," said the hussar, "who lies there with the loss of his arm and so dreadfully wounded, fought a dozen lancers, all at him at once, and settled some of them; at last he fell, and the lancers were about to kill him, when the general cried out to take him to the rear, for he was a brave fellow. The skirmish continued, and the general cut that man there across the nose, in fighting singly with him—but he killed the general after all."

I turned and saw a young hussar, with a gash across his nose, and he confirmed what his comrade said. The man who had the nineteen wounds, I have since heard, recovered: he seemed much to regret the fate of the general who saved his life. I saw this brave officer's body buried the next day in the principal church of Vittoria.

In passing through another part of the hospital, I perceived a Portuguese female lying on the ground upon straw, in the midst of numbers of wounded men. I inquired of her, was she wounded. She pointed to her breast, and showed me where the bullet had passed. I asked her how she received the shot, and was horror-struck when the dying woman informed me that it was her *marido*,—her own husband,—who shot her just as the action was commencing—she said he deliberately put the muzzle of his gun to her breast and fired! This may be false; I hope it is, for the sake of humanity:—it might be that the woman was plundering the dead; and perhaps killing the wounded, when some of the latter shot her. However, be the fact as it may, it was thus she told her story. She was in great pain, and I should think did not live much longer.

#### FLAGELLUM PARLIAMENTARIUM.\*

It is a dangerous thing to print MSS. under the idea that it is done for the first time. The editor of this curious little pamphlet labours under an approach to this blunder. He certainly was not bound to know that there is in existence a printed pamphlet attributed to the

\* *Flagellum Parliamentarium*, being sarcastic Notices of nearly two hundred Members of the First Parliament after the Restoration A.D. 1661 to A.D. 1678. From a contemporary MS. in the British Museum. London, Nicholls, 1827, 12mo.

celebrated Andrew Marvel, which is more than a counterpart of the Flagellum; but had he known it, he, in all probability, would have permitted his discovery to sleep on in the catacombs of the British Museum.

The Parliament immediately succeeding the Restoration acquired, very justly, the name of the Pensioner Parliament: its title to this epithet is exceedingly well founded. The very journals of the House, as entered in the subsequent Parliament, have established its claims to it. Many of the particulars of bribery would naturally become known, and the undisguised gifts of place and office were, of course, matters of notoriety. One of the obvious means of opposition in resisting measures which they disapproved, was to proclaim to the world the motives under which the court party were probably acting. With this object, a pamphlet was printed under this title, "A seasonable Argument to persuade all the Grand Juries in England to petition for a new Parliament; or, a List of the principal Labourers in the great Design of Popery and Arbitrary Power, who have betrayed their Country to the Conspirators, and bargained with them to maintain a Standing Army in England, under the Command of the bigotted Popish Duke, who, by the Assistance of Lord Lauderdale's Scotch Army, the Forces in Ireland, and those in France, hopes to bring all back to Rome," Amsterdam, 1677, 4to. This pamphlet we have not at the present moment access to, but in Harris's *Life of Charles II.* a sufficient number of particulars are given to show that the printed work embraces the other. Harris speaks of the pamphlet being in his time very scarce and curious, and proceeds to make some copious quotations from it, to which we shall allude, after having given an account of the Flagellum. In it, as in the *Seasonable Argument*, the members are classed in counties, their characters delineated, and their gains specified. The language used is sufficiently plain, and, after the manners of the times, somewhat coarse. The expressions "Cully" for tool, and "Snip" for snack or bribe, are bandied about with much freedom. The editor speaks of his publication in the following terms, and ingeniously endeavours to determine the epoch at which it was written.

"In this tract, one hundred and seventy-eight Members of the Parliament summoned immediately after the Restoration, and which existed from 1661 to 1678, are named; accompanied by observations, illustrative of their respective characters, or explanatory of the motives which induced them to become the mere instruments of the Crown in the exercise of their senatorial duties. These notices bear undoubted evidence of the sagacity and extensive information of their author, and are remarkable for their laconic, but cutting severity. To what degree they may be deemed worthy of credit, it is impossible to decide, for the imputed crimes are of that secret and personal nature, as to render [which renders] it unlikely that proof of their having occurred can now be adduced; whilst many of the parties, however mischievous in their day, were far too insignificant to have received [to receive] the attention of historians. The manners of the period, however, afford strong grounds for believing in the total absence of moral worth with which so many of these individuals are charged; and it must be confessed that the idea generally entertained of the most eminent among them is strictly

consistent with what is said of them in these sheets. Another material circumstance in support of the veracity of the statements, is the correctness of the account of the situations held by the different persons mentioned, while it is certain that the whole of them sat in Parliament between the years 1661 and 1672. Still, however, it is not in the slightest degree contended that all which is stated, is to be implicitly relied upon. Much must undoubtedly be allowed for the *animus* with which the portraits were sketched; but, though they were probably caricatures, it is to be remembered that caricatures are often faithful [striking] likenesses.

"It would be as difficult to discover by whom, as upon what occasion, this bitter article was drawn up; but, from the remark respecting Sir Charles Sedley, that he had 'promised the King to be absent,' it seems that it was the list of such members as would support the Court against a motion about to be brought forward inimical to its wishes. Instead of futile speculations, these points are left to the discernment of the reader, who will be much assisted in his inquiry by the following evidence of the time when it was written.

"From the notice of the motion respecting hearth-money, the bill for which passed in March, 1662; and of the grant of two millions and a half, which evidently referred to the supplies voted towards the prosecution of the Dutch war in November, 1664, it is certain that it must have been composed after those years. Two other facts even prove that it was compiled between the 23rd of May, 1671, and the 22nd of April, 1672: for on the former day Sir Edward Turner, who is said to be 'now made Lord Chief Baron,' was appointed to that situation; and on the latter, Sir Thomas Clifford, who clearly was not a Peer when this writer speaks of him, was created Baron Clifford of Chudleigh."

In order to give an idea of this ancient "Black Book," we shall select a considerable number of the more remarkable names, with the specifications attached to them.

*Sir Hum. Winch.*—Of the Council of Trade of our Plantations, for which 500*l.* per annum, with a promise of being Privy Councillor.

*Sir Thomas Higgons.*—A poor man's son; married the Earl of Bath's sister. Sent to Saxony with the Garter.

*Sir Thomas Dolman.*—Flattered with belief of being made Secretary of State.

*Sir John Bennett.*—Brother to the Lord Arlington; Postmaster; cheated the poor indigent officers; an Excise and Prize Officer; Lieutenant of the Gentlemen Pensioners' Band, for which he has a fee of 160*l.* per annum.

*Sir Richard Temple.*—Under the lash for his State model of Government, which the King got from him.

*Sir William Drake.*—Son-in-law to Montague the Queen's Attorney.

*Sir Charles Wheeler.*—A foot Captain: once flattered with hopes of being Master of the Rolls, now Governor of Nevis: Privy-chamber man.

*William Lord Arlington.*—A Chatham Collector, and a Court cully; laughed at by them.

*Thomas Cromley.*—A Court cully.



*Sir Jonathan Trelawny.*—A private forsworne cheat in the Prize Office, with the profit of which he bought the place of the Comptroller to the Duke of York; of the King's Privy-chamber.

*Sir John Coryton.*—Guilty with Trelawny. Hath a patent for Lights.

*Sir Richard Edgcomb.*—Cullyed to marry the Halcyon bulk breaking Sandwich's daughter.

*Sir Charles Harbord.*—First a poor Solicitor, now his Majesty's Surveyor-general, and a Commissioner for the sale of the Fee-farm Rents.

*Bernard Grenville.*—Eldest, query, brother to the Earl of Bath; had 3,000*l.* given him to fetch him out of prison.

*Silas Titus.*—Once a rebel, now Groom of the Bedchamber.

*John Arundell.*—Whose father is the Excise farmer of Cornwall, and hath received very great gifts.

*Sir William Godolphin.*—Farmer of the Tin Mines and Governor of Scilly Island.

*Sydney Godolphin.*—A pimping Groom of the Bedchamber.

*John Trelawny.*—His Majesty's Carrier; now and then has a snip out of the Tax.

*Henry Seymour.*—A Groom of the Bedchamber, Comptroller of the Customs of London, Master of the Hamper Office, besides has got in Boones, 3,000*l.*

*John Birch.*—An old Rumper, who formerly bought nails at Bristol, where they were cheap, and carried them into the West to sell at Exeter and other places, but marrying a rich widow got into the House, and is now Commissioner in all Excises, and is one of the Council of Trade.

*Lord Hawly.*—A Captain of a troop of Horse; of the Bedchamber to his Highness; Serjeant Buffoon; Commissioner for the sale of the Fee-farm Rents.

*Sir Thomas Clifford.*—The grandson of a poor Devonshire Vicar; Treasurer of the Household; one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. Bribe-master-general.

*Sir Gilbert Talbot.*—The King's Jeweller; a great cheat at bowls and cards, not born to a shilling.

*Sir John Northcott.* An old Roundhead, now the Lord of Bath's cully.

*Sir Courtney Poole.* The first mover for Chimney Money, for which he had the Court thanks, but no snip.

*Peter Prideaux.*—A secret pensioner of 200*l.* per annum, and his daily food.

*Sir John Maynard.*—The King's Sergeant, for which and his pardon he paid 10,000*l.*

*Henry Ford.*—So much in debt he cannot help his taking his Bribe, and promise of employment.

*Sir John Shaw.*—First a vintner's poor boy, afterwards a Customer that cheated the nation of 100,000*l.*

*Sir Winston Churchill.*—A pimp to his own daughter; one of the Green Cloth; and Commissioner for Irish Claims.

*Anthony Ashly.*—Son to the Lord that looks on both sides and one wry who is the great Bribe-taker, and has got and cheated 160,000*l.*

- Thomas King.**—A poor beggarly fellow who sold his voice to the Treasurer for 50*l.* Bribe.
- Roger Vaughan.**—A pitiful pimping Bed-chamber-man to his Highness, and Captain of a foot Company.
- Sir Edward Turner.**—Who for a secret service had lately a Bribe of 4000*l.* as in the Exchequer may be seen, and about 2000*l.* before; now made Lord Chief Baron.
- Viscount Lord Mandeville.**—A Bed-chamber pimp: has great Boones that way.
- Major Walden.**—Indebted to the King.
- Sir Francis Clerke.**—A cheating Commissioner of the Prize Office, and gave 600*l.* to be made one.
- Thomas Lord Gorge.**—A secret Court pensioner for his vote.
- Charles Earl of Ancrum.**—A poor Scot, therefore a K.
- Sir William Bucknell.**—Once a poor factor to buy malt for the brewers, now a farmer of the Revenues of England and Ireland, on the account of the Duchess of Cleveland, who goes snip with him, to whom he has given 20,000*l.*
- Sir Robert Carr.**—Married first his mother's maid, to whom he gave 1000*l.* that she should not claim him, because he was married to Secretary Bennett's sister. He had a list of his debts given in to the Bribe-master Clifford's hands, who has already paid off 7000*l.* of them.
- Sir Fretxvill Hollis.**—A promise to be Rear Admiral the next fleet, and 500*l.* per annum pension, from the Revenue farmers; lately 3000*l.* in money.
- Sir Philip Warwick.**—A poor parson's son; then a singing boy at Westminster; afterwards Secretary to the Treasury, where he got 5000*l.*; now Clerk of the Signet.
- Sir W. Doyley.**—Who cheated the Dutch prisoners in their allowance above 7000*l.* by which some thousands of them were starved; Commissioner of the Prizes; now of foreign and Excise; one of the Tellers in the Exchequer.
- Sir Allen Apsley.**—Treasurer to his Highness; Master Falconer to the King; and has had 40,000*l.* in other things; not worth a penny before.
- Joseph Williamson.**—Formerly a poor Servitor; was Secretary to the Lord Arlington; Receiver and Writer of the King's private letters.
- Sir John Marley.**—Formerly Governor of Newcastle, which he betrayed to Cromwell for 1000*l.* He is now Governor of it again, and pardoned his former treachery, that his vote might follow the Bribe-master-general; and very poor.
- Sir George Downing.**—Formerly Okey's little Chaplain; a great promoter of the Dutch war; a Teller in the Exchequer; of the Council of Trade, and Secretary to the Treasurers. He keeps six whores in pay, and has yet got 40,000*l.*
- Somerset Fox.**—A Privy-chamber man, and a Court cully.
- Ed. Warring.**—An Excise Officer and Collector of the Hearth-money, worth 700*l.* per annum.
- Sir William Bassett.**—Exceeding much in debt, and has engaged to vote as his father Seymour would have him.

*Sir Edmund Windham.*—Knight Marshal. His wife nursed the King; he has had some old Boones.

*Sir Robert Holmes.*—A sea Admiral that got 40,000*l.* at Guinea: Governor of the Isle of Wight.

*Sir George Cartwright.*—Has been Treasurer of the Navy and of Ireland. He is Vice-Chamberlain to the King: has cheated the King and Nation 300,000*l.*

*Sir Allen Broderick.*—Bribe-broker for his master the Chancellor: Surveyor of Ireland. He got 30,000*l.* but in keeping whores has spent most again.

*Sir John Duncombe.*—A Privy-councillor; once Commissioner of the Ordnance, now of the Treasury, and Bapt. May's brother-in-law.

*Sir Ed. Pooley.*—Has had 5,000*l.* given him. A Commissioner in several things; a pimp once to his own sister, who had a bastard.

*Sir Adam Browne.*—A Court cully.

*Thomas Demahoy.*—A poor Scot who married his Lady, was chosen by the Duke of York, who was at his election.

*Thomas Morrice.*—A broken stocking-seller; is promised some estate in Ireland; under pay of the Bribe-master Clifford, who has advanced him 50*l.*

*Bapt. May.*—Keeper of the Privy Purse, and Pimp-general.

*Orlando Bridgman.*—Son to the Lord Keeper, whose wife takes bribes, and has engaged her son shall vote with the Court.

*Sir Thomas Woodcock.*—Deputy Governor of Windsor: has a Compt. share, has had 10,000*l.* worth of land given him, formerly not worth one farthing.

*Charles Lord Buckhurst.*—Who with a good will parted with his play-wench, and in gratitude is made one of the Bed-chamber: has the ground of the Wardrobe given him, and 6,000*l.* at three several times.

*Roger Earl of Orrery.*—Formerly a great rebel that moved for a massacre of all the Cavaliers; now Governor of Munster, and has a Regiment there. A Privy-councillor in both kingdoms.

*Thomas Thynne.*—Cullyed for leave to hunt in New Park.

*Sir Stephen Fox.*—Once a link boy; then a singing boy at Salisbury; then a serving man; and permitting his wife to be common beyond sea, at the Restoration was made Paymaster of the Guards, where he has cheated 100,000*l.* and is one of the Green Cloth.

*Sir John Birkhead.*—A poor Alehouse keeper's son; now has the Faculty Office, and is one of the Masters of Request.

*Edward Seymour.*—The Duchess's convert, who by agreement lost 1,500*l.* at cards to him, and promised if he would vote for Taxes for her he should be a rich man; has had several sums given him.

*Sir John Trevor.*—Once the great instrument of Cromwell, and has got by rebellion 1,500*l.* per annum out of the Lord Derby's estate. Has been Envoy in France: is now Secretary of State.

*Henry Clerk.*—Hath had a lick at the Bribe-pot.

*Samuel Sandys.*—At the beginning of the Sessions had a 1,000*l.* lick out of the Bribe-pot; has 15,000*l.* given in the Excise farm of Devon.

*Sir John Hanmer.*—A Privy-chamber man much in debt; had 500*l.* given him to follow his election.

*Sir Thomas Osborne.*—Treasurer of the Navy, worth 1,500*l.* per annum.

*Sir John Talbot.*—Captain of the Guards; an Excise farmer; Commissioner of Prizes, and a great cheater therein; one of the Monitors in the Commons House; and Commissioner of Fee-farm Rents.

*Marmaduke Darcy.*—Has the King's Chase in Yorkshire, and 1,000*l.* per annum for twelve Colts every year; and of Privy-chamber besides.

*Sir Robert Long.*—Comptroller of the Exchequer; got 50,000*l.* at least by Queen Mother's business he managed.

*Sir Sol. Swale.*—High Sheriff of Yorkshire; preserved by the Court for making two forged Wills. Sent his sons beyond the sea to be Papists.

*Sir Denny Ashburnham.*—One of the Bed-chamber; son-in-law to Mr. Ashburnham that betrayed the old King, and was turned out of the House for taking Bribes, and got by the King 80,000*l.*

*Sir Charles Sidley.*—Promised the King to be absent.

*Sir Herbert Price.*—Master of the King's Household; pays no debts; his son in the Guards, his daughter with the Queen.

*Roger Whitby.*—Knight Harbinger; means honestly, but dares not show it.

Harris has not quoted many names, and as we have not the book, we are unable to add more. Those that he has given will show the same hand, but with a variety in the phrase, and generally with an addition to, and sometimes with an omission of detail, which is inexplicable except under the idea that the "flagellation" is the rough draught of the list. For instance, he gives;—

*Sir William Drake, Bart.*—Under the command of his father-in-law, the Chief Baron Montague, who enjoys 1500*l.* during the king's pleasure. [Here is not only additional detail, but a difference in the rank of Montague, which shows that the MS. had been written some time before it passed through the press.]

*William Lord Allington.*—In debt very much: a court pensioner, and in hopes of a white staff. A cully. [Here again is greater copiousness of particulars, though the stroke "laughed at" by the persons who make a tool of him is omitted.]

*Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Bart.*—One that is known to have sworn himself into 4,000*l.* at least in his accounts of the Prize Office, Comptroller to the Duke, and has got in gratuities to the value of 10,000*l.*, besides what he is promised for being informer. [This is evidently an amended edition of the manuscript.]

*Thomas King, Esq.*—A pensioner for 50*l.* a session, &c., meat and drink, and now and then a suit of clothes. [The character is here nearly identical, and manifestly by the same pen.]

*Charles, Earl of Ancram.*—A poor Scot, 500*l.* per annum pension.

*Sir Joseph Williamson.*—Once a poor footboy, then a servitor, now principal Secretary of State, and pensioner to the French King.

*Sir George Downing.*—A poor child bred upon charity: like Judas, betrayed his master. What then can his country expect. He drew and advised the oath of renouncing the King's family. For his honesty, fidelity, &c., rewarded by His Majesty with 80,000*l.*

at least, and is a Commissioner of the Customs; the hand-bell to call the courtiers to vote at six o'clock at night, an Exchequer teller.

*Sir Edmund Wyndham*.—Knight Martial, in boons 5,000*l.* His wife was the King's nurse.

*Baptist May, Esq.*—Privy purse 1,000*l.* per annum allowance: got besides, in boons for secret service, 4,000*l.* This is he that said 500*l.* per annum to drink ale, eat beef, and to stink with, &c.

*Sir Stephen Fox*.—First a poor foot-boy, and then a singing-boy, has got in places, by the court, 150,000*l.*; Clerk of the Peace. [In this instance there is a retrenchment of a piquant circumstance of scandal; but in most of the prior instances the particulars are increased, and given with greater minuteness; in such a manner as to confirm the idea that the MS. was an original draught, afterwards revised and enlarged.]

Some of the names given by Harris from the printed pamphlet are characterized in an essentially different manner, which may be accounted for by the author, in the interval between the date of one and the other, having procured more authentic information. Such are the following:—

*Sir Robert Holmes*.—First an Irish livery-boy, then a highwayman, now hashaw of the Isle of Wight: got in boons, and by rapine, 100,000*l.*; the cursed beginner of the Dutch war.

*Edward Seymour*.—Had, for four years, 2,000*l.* pension, to betray the country party for which he then appeared. But since he hath shown himself barefaced, and is Treasurer to the Navy, and Speaker, one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty, and of the Popish cabal.

In several instances names occur in Harris which are not in the Flagellum. Our old friend Samuel Pepys, now so well known in all the minutest details of his private life, is mentioned, and but roughly handled in the 'List,' but not alluded to in the Flagellum.

*Samuel Pepys, Esq.*—Once a taylor, then serving-man to the old Lord Sandwich, now Secretary to the Admiralty: got by passes, and other illegal ways, 40,000*l.*

The following are not named in the Flagellum:—

*Sir Robert Sawyer*.—A lawyer of as ill reputation as his father; has had for his attendance this session, 1,000*l.*, and is promised (as he insinuates) to be Attorney-general and Speaker of the House of Commons.

*Leviston Gower, Esq.*—Son-in-law to the Earl of Bath: had a great estate fell to him by chance: but honesty and wit never came by accident. [This last stroke is of that fine satirical vein in which Marvel exulted.]

*Sir Lionel Jenkins*.—Son of a taylor, Judge of the Admiralty; was in hopes to be Archbishop of Canterbury: employed in four embassies; and whose indefatigable industry in procuring a peace for France has been our —. He affirmed in the House of Commons that, upon necessity, the King might raise moneys without act of Parliament, &c.

The author, in a preface to the pamphlet, "begs pardon," quite in the style of Marvel, "of the gentlemen here named, if he has, for want of better information, undervalued the price and merit of their voices, which he shall be ready, upon their advertisement, to amend: but more particularly he must beg the excuse of many more gentlemen, no less deserving, whom he hath omitted, not out of any malice, or for want of good-will, but of timely notice; but in general the House was, if they please to remember, this last session, by three of their own members, told that there were several papists, fifty outlaws, and pensioners without number; so that, upon examination, they may arrive at a better knowledge amongst themselves, and do one another more right than we (however well affected) can do without doors."

Many of the traits recorded in this tract were doubtless drawn with a malicious pen, probably exaggerated, and in some measure distorted. But there is every reason to believe them substantially true. In the subsequent Parliament, several of the bribe-masters were had up before the house, and being roughly handled, made disclosures, which especially confirm many of the allegations of the *Flagellum*. Several of the pensioners would have been punished, had not the king dissolved the Parliament. Mr. Brook, afterwards Lord Delamere, said in the next Parliament, "that there was never any pensioners in Parliament till this pack of blades were got together." "What will you do? Shall these men escape—shall they go free with their booty? Shall not the nation have vengeance on them, who had almost given up the government? In the first place, I do propose that every man of them shall, on their knees, confess their fault to all the Commons; and that to be done one by one. Next, that as far as they are able, refund all the money they have received for secret service. Our law will not allow a thief to keep what he has got by stealth, but, of course, orders restitution: and shall these proud robbers of the nation not restore their ill-gotten goods? And, lastly, I do propose that they be voted incapable of serving in Parliament for the future, or of enjoying any office, civil or military: and order a bill to be brought in for that purpose: for it is not fit that they who were so false and unjust in that trust, should ever be trusted again. This, sir, is my opinion: but if the house shall incline to any other way, I will readily comply, provided a sufficient mark of infamy be set on them, that the people may know who bought and sold them."\*

Bolingbroke has defended this Parliament, with some appearance of justice. He shows, that though a large part of it were corrupt enough to be bribed, the remainder had virtue enough successfully to resist the measures attempted to be put upon them. All that corruption could do, he asserts, was to maintain a court party. This Parliament voted down the standing army, a merit of a high order, and projected the exclusion of the Duke of York: they contrived a test, in 1675, to purge their members, on oath, from all suspicion of corrupt influence—a measure, which, though perhaps foolish, looked honest—and they moreover drove one of their paymasters out of the court, and impeached the other in the fullness of his power. There is undoubtedly truth in this; and it is not right to confound the innocent

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\* Delameres Works, p. 119.

with the guilty—the patriot and the pensioner. On the whole, however, we believe there is more justice in Algernon Sidney's forcible description of this set of men, with which we shall conclude this notice:—

“We are beholden,” says he, “to Hyde, Clifford, and Danby, for all that has been done of that kind (corruption by bribery). They found a Parliament full of lewd young men, chosen by a furious people, in spite to the puritans, whose severity had disturbed them. The weakest of all ministers had wit enough to understand, that such as them might be easily deluded, corrupted, or bribed. Some were fond of their seats, and delighted to domineer over their neighbours, by continuing in them. Others preferred the cajoleries of the court, before the honour of performing their duty to the country that employed these. Some thought to relieve their ruined fortunes, and were most forward to give a vast revenue, that from them they might receive pensions. Others were glad of a temporary protection against their creditors. Many knew not what they did when they annulled the triennial act: voted the militia to be in the king: gave him the excise, customs, and chimney-money: made the act for corporations, by which the greatest part of the nation was brought under the power of the worst men in it: drunk or sober, passed the five-mile-act, and that for the uniformity of the Church.”\*

#### PROCEEDINGS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

*Feb. 23d.* Dr. Harwood read a paper from the lecture table, on the structure of seals, and its peculiar and beautiful adaptation to their modes of life and general economy. This communication was illustrated by many prepared specimens of these animals, from the museum of the Royal Institution, and from the valuable collection of Joseph Brooks, Esq.: there were also exhibited many curious specimens of the skins of these animals, having undergone many processes of art for their application to domestic purposes.

The contents of a Tumulus found near the falls of the Niagara, Upper Canada, and of another on the back settlements of Ohio, with several Egyptian antiquities, presented by General Tolly, and new literature, were placed upon the library table.

*March 2d.* A paper written by a member of the Institution, on the principles of the structure of language, was read from the lecture table, by Mr. Singer, the librarian.

Several specimens of natural history, with presents of books, were laid upon the library tables.

*March 9th.* Mr. Holdsworth made some introductory observations on the structure of shipping. In the library was exhibited a specimen of gas made from resin, by Mr. Daniell's new process; several new works of art, presents, and some ancient and scarce books.

\* Discourses on Government, p. 456. Edit. 1763. 4to.—See Harris's Laws, vol. v. p. 294.

*March 16th.* A brief but general account of the principles concerned in the construction of suspension bridges, and their application, was given by Mr. Ainger, and illustrated by models, apparatus, and drawings.

Specimens of natural history, and of expensive and rare literary works, were laid upon the library tables.

*March 23d.* A discourse on the property of beauty contained in the oval, was delivered by Mr. R. R. Reinagle, R.A., and illustrated by numerous drawings and engravings. Specimens of porphyry quarried and worked in Sweden; of metallic plates pierced with small holes of regular dimensions, and placed at accurately equal distances; of a peculiar deposit of crystals, found in oil of turpentine; and of new books, were laid upon the library tables.

*March 30th.* This evening Professor Pattison gave a general view of the circulation of the blood in the human being. A large meteoric stone, which had fallen in the night of August 7th, near the village of Kadonah, in the district of Agra, was laid upon the library table. The stone weighed above 14 lbs. A very simple and accurate balance, and easy of construction, was also upon the table; it was the contrivance of Mr. Ritchie. Some specimens of the Pumnian prepared by order of government, for Captain Parry's voyage, were also placed for the inspection of the members.

*April 6th.* Mr. Webster gave some experimental observations on the impulse of wind on sails. Several presents to the Museum of Natural History were placed upon the table, with specimens of paper made from various substances; books presented to the library, and various new publications.

The meetings were then adjourned, over two Fridays, to April the 27th.

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## MAGAZINIANA.

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**IDIOT BEE-EATER.**—The boy was a resident in Selborne, about the year 1750. He took great notice of bees from his childhood, and at length used to eat them. In summer his few faculties were devoted to the pursuit of them, through fields and gardens. During winter, his father's chimney corner was his favourite haunt, where he dozed away his time, in an almost torpid state. Practice made him so expert, that he could seize honey-bees, humble-bees, or wasps, with his naked hands, disarm them of their stings, and suck their honey bags, with perfect impunity. Sometimes he would store the bees in bottles, and even in his shirt bosom. He was the terror of the surrounding bee-keepers, whose gardens he would enter by stealth, and rapping on the outsides of their hives, catch the bees as they came out to see what was the matter. If in this way he could not obtain a sufficient number to supply his wants, so passionately fond was he of honey, that he would sometimes overturn the hives to get at it. He was accustomed to hover about the tubs of the mead makers, to beg a draught of bee-wine, as he called it. As he ran about the fields he made a humming noise with his lips, resembling that of bees. The lad was lean in his person, and of a cadaverous unhealthy aspect: he died before he reached the age of maturity.—*White's Natural History of Selborne.*



**AFRICAN BUSHMAN'S POWER OF SUPPORTING HUNGER.**—Of their astonishing powers of sustaining hunger, Captain Stockenstrom mentioned a remarkable instance to me. He had once found a Bushman in the wilderness, who had subsisted *fourteen days* without any other sustenance than water and salt. The poor creature seemed almost exhausted, and wasted to skin and bone; and it was feared, that if allowed to eat freely, he might injure himself. However, it was at length agreed to let him have his own way, and before many hours had elapsed, he had nearly eat up half the carcass of a sheep. Next day the fellow appeared in excellent plight, and as rotund as an alderman. These people appear, indeed, to have acquired, from habit, powers of stomach similar to the beasts of prey, both in voracity and in supporting hunger.—*Thompson's Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa.*

**SCARABÆAN REASONING.**—I shall adduce another instance in support of my position that insects are endowed with reason, and that they mutually communicate and receive information. "A German artist of strict veracity, states, that in his journey through Italy, he was an eye witness to the following occurrence. He observed a species of scarabæus busily engaged, in making for the reception of its egg, a pellet of dung, which when finished, the insect rolled to the summit of a hillock, and repeatedly suffered it to tumble down the slope, apparently for the purpose of consolidating the pellet by the adhesion of earth to it in its rotating motion. During this process, the pellet unluckily fell into a hole, out of which the beetle was unable to extricate it. After several ineffectual attempts, the insect went to an adjoining heap of dung, and soon returned with three companions. All four applied their united strength to the pellet, and at length succeeded in pushing it out, when the three assistant beetles left the spot, and returned to their own quarters."—*Bevan's Honey-bee.*

**PILOTAGE OF ENTHUSIASM.**—[There is some wisdom in the following paragraph, which it would be well if those who are so fond of giving advice would attend to.]—I listened to these schemes, and took care not to speak my ideas thereon, which would have only lost me a friend, without going farther to cure his delirium, than a little momentary mortification. When consulted in these points by enthusiastic and sanguine youth, as a pilot taken on board by a ship in full sail, I never presume to call in question the prudence of making for a single port, I merely confine my influence to rendering the voyage as little hazardous as may be, to pointing out the rocks and currents likely to beset the giddy navigator. To endeavour to turn the ship about in such a case, merely incurs the risk of being sent over-board, and having a more obsequious and interested pilot taken in one's place.—*Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life.*

**SCENERY IN SOUTH AFRICA.**—The whole country appeared so beautiful, as to render it almost impossible to give an adequate idea of its varied charms; the road smoother than any gravelled walk, being of a strong sandy texture; veins of stone are occasionally found across the road. Clumps of shrubs, with various shades of green, some blooming, others seeding, geraniums with various creepers ascending the stems, then falling gracefully down the branches, the beautiful plumage of the birds dazzling in the sun's rays, a bush buck darting now and then from one shrubbery to another, altogether form the most enchanting scenery imagination can depict.

Our tents were pitched in a superb amphitheatre, encompassed with lofty hills, covered with trees full of the most luxuriant foliage, spreading a gloom over surrounding objects, and heightening the whole effect. The Hottentots had prepared our repast, and when it was ended, all the party retired to rest, for the evening was far advanced when we arrived.

The balmy fragrance of the air, the mild beams of the moon, and the romantic solitude of the spot, induced me to wander for a time, and contemplate the wildness of the scene. The stillness of the night was occasionally broken by the cries of wild animals. The hyena and jackall were familiar sounds, but the hippopotamus and bush buck strange and unusual. The noble teams of oxen were fastened to the waggons; the numerous Hottentots lay asleep around the blazing fires; one stood alternately on the watch, from time to time replenishing the flame: and as the moon shone upon the tents, I could have pictured to myself such scenes as Homer drew, for it was in such a state that Rhesus and his host were found and destroyed before the gates of Troy. Absorbed in these reflections, I fell unconsciously asleep, and did not awake till the sun had appeared in all his glory.—*Scenes and Occurrences in Caffr Land.*

**ELEPHANT HUNTING.**—All the party went into the bush, the Hottentots first with their large guns, then their wives, and the gentlemen following. The first Hottentot frequently spoke to his companions in a low voice, and was heard to say, "look, look;" on enquiring the cause, he pointed out to them the fresh track of an elephant. The bush became thicker, and the sun had no power to shine through the thick foliage; they passed the spot which the Hottentot marked out as the place where he had wounded the first elephant, and soon afterwards they saw the dead buffalo. The party went on resolving to see the dead elephant, and winding along through the bush till they came to a sand hill; the Hottentots pointed out one of the carcasses at some distance, lying on another sand hill, but on looking at it for a second, it appeared to move, and the Hottentot discovered, that it was a young calf by the side of the cow. The whole party immediately went on, and when within musket shot, they found that they were two calves lying by their dead mother; a piteous and interesting sight. The young ones rose, and some dogs that the Hottentots had incautiously taken into the bush, barked violently. At this moment the bushes moved, and the stupendous father stalked in; he looked around him quietly, and even sorrowfully, and after viewing the party for a second, he walked on, and was soon hid behind some trees. The situation they had placed themselves in, had now become extremely critical; the bush was continuous for miles in extent, and where to fly in case of an attack was very difficult to determine. They were all warned not to run against the wind; and the direction of the house was pointed out, as well as circumstances would allow; but while they were debating the matter, the dogs ran in among the young elephants; they set up a deafening yell, and made directly towards the party, some of whom lay down by the path, with the hope of seizing the smallest calf, but they were very glad to make their escape, as they discovered it to be larger than they expected. The bull elephant, called back by the cry of his young, again appeared, but totally different in aspect, and even in form. His walk was quicker, his eye fierce, his trunk elevated, and his head appeared three times the size. My friend called to the Hottentot to look; and he immediately replied in broken English, "Yes, Mynheer, dat is de elephant will make mens dead." The alarm was extreme; but while the animal stood hesitating, the cry of the young sounded from a distant quarter, and the enraged father took the shortest cut towards them, crushing the branches as he stalked along; and the party thus most providentially escaped. It was ascertained that the elephant had made off towards the sea.

They went up to the dead elephant, merely to examine it; for the Hottentots leave the tusks till the flesh becomes softened, as it would take up too much time to separate them. One of these men took out his knife, and cut a circular piece off the head, about an inch deep; he then pointed out a dark spot, similar to what is called the kernel in beef; this he probed with his knife, and brought out a small part of a twig; but it was broken. He distributed a little piece as a great favour, then carefully wrapt the remainder up, as they have an idea, that whoever wears it, can never be killed by an elephant; and this valuable charm was transferred by my friend to me. It is remarkable that no naturalist has ever noticed this circumstance. There is no outward appearance, and it is impossible to imagine how it becomes enclosed, or of what use it is to the animal.

They set off, a party of fourteen in number, and found upwards of three score elephants encamped on the banks of the Kounap river. It was late when the party arrived, therefore an attempt would have been useless and dangerous. Large fires were lighted to keep off lions as well as elephants, and the party being much fatigued, they lay down and slept.

The elephants awoke them early with breaking and pulling up trees by the roots, and rolling themselves in the water, &c. The party immediately pressed for the attack, and now commenced the sport. The elephants, upon receiving the first shot, as if by mutual consent, gave chase, though not for above six or seven hundred yards. This answered the desired effect. One of the party galloped between the elephants and the bush, which they had just left, commencing, at the same time, a very heavy fire, which harassed them to such a degree, that they fled to the plains, leaving behind them a thick cover, in which they might have been perfectly secure from the shots. On these plains great numbers of small bushes are found at no great distance from each other, so that if one party consents to drive the elephant out of one bush, the other will conceal themselves, and by this means may get some good shots.

One large bull elephant stationed himself in the middle of one of these small bushes; and at least two hundred rounds were fired without being able to bring him down, or make him move from the place in which he had stationed himself. At every shot he

received he was observed to blow a quantity of water into the wound, and then tear up a large lump of earth to endeavour to stop the blood. The Caffers do the same thing when they have been shot—that is, tear up a handful of grass and thrust it into the wounded place; and it is thought they have learnt this from seeing the elephants do it. At length the great bull dropped. The party then entered the bush, and, to their great surprise, found that the reason he would not leave this spot, was, that he had there found a pool of water, with which he had been washing his wounds. His height measured seventeen feet and three-quarters, and his teeth weighed one hundred and ninety pounds. Before the day's sport was over, they had killed thirteen.—*Scenes and Occurrences in Caffer Land.*

**SANTA SCALA.**—Near this church is Santa Scala; a portico and five staircases lead to small chapels; the staircase in the centre is Santa Scala; it is said to have been sent from Pilate's house, in Jerusalem, to the Empress Helena, and that Christ walked down it as he was led out to be crucified; people are permitted to ascend it only on their knees; the steps are wide and handsome, and are of white marble; they have been cased with wood (as they were wearing out from the friction of the knees of the penitents), but so that the marble beneath may be seen and touched. Persons of all ages and ranks ascend them in great numbers, every one remembering meanwhile—

“To number ave marias on his beads.”

Whenever I passed the place, I found them constantly covered with a continuous stream of contrite sinners, flowing slowly up hill. The ascent takes some minutes, and is probably fatiguing; they return by one of the four lateral staircases, which have no extraordinary sanctity, and may be used in the ordinary manner. Man is an imitative animal; I felt a wish to judge practically of the amount of labour and difficulty in this act of penance; but as I apprehended that there might be some hitch in it, as there is in all things to an inexperienced person, besides the great hitch, or want of faith, I did not indulge my curiosity.—*Hogg's Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

**SUSPENDED ANIMATION.**—Bees may be immersed in water for a long time, without loss of life. Reaumur saw them recover after nine hours immersion. Dr. Evans accidentally left some eighteen hours in water; when laded out with a spoon and placed in the sunshine, the majority of them recovered. Other animals, of analogous species, exhibit still more wonderful resurrections. De Geer has observed one species of mite to live for some time in spirits of wine; and Mr. Kirby states, that being desirous of preserving a very pretty lady-bird, and not knowing how to accomplish it, he immersed it in geneva. “After leaving it,” says he, “in this situation a day and a night, and seeing it without motion, I concluded it was dead, and laid it in the sun to dry. It no sooner, however, felt the warmth than it began to move, and afterwards flew away.” This circumstance laid the foundation of Mr. K.'s study of entomology.—*Bevan's Honey-bee.*

**THE VIRTUE OF SCANDAL.**—[We believe that the following is quite a new view of the vice of society of which it speaks.]

And all, in short, agreed, that observation of each other's characters and behaviour was the only legitimate source and topic of conversation.

“And a very interesting and fertile topic it is.”

“Nothing but the necessity of exaggeration to the dramatist's trade, could have made him, and after him the world, attribute malignity to the very staple material of all discourse.”

“Agreed, agreed; nothing else.”

“For my part, the best-natured and most truly generous and sympathetic creatures I ever knew in my life, were kind old ladies, who lived on what moralists would call scandal.”—*Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life.*

**RICH LEGS.**—Approaching Tora, the costume of the peasantry varies. Upon asking some women, as we entered a village, why they all wore red stockings, while at Zamora they wore blue; the answer was, “Es el stilo, señor” (it is the fashion). There is something inexpressibly lively and prompt in the speech of Spanish women. Upon praising the legs of one of these village nymphs, she put her heels together, and drawing her garments tight around her, said, with a laughing air, mingled with pride, “Si Señor, es verdade; son muy ricas;” which, literally translated for your benefit, is “Yes, truly; they are rich legs.”—*Adventures in the Peninsula.*

**ST. PETER'S AT ROME.**—The façade is full of faults and of beauties; the warm and agreeable temperature, as you enter, is remarkable; and the elaborate and costly beauty of the interior pleases. I wished for it, which is the best proof that I liked it; I wished that it were in London, open at all times, to be visited and admired; a place to walk in and to talk in; a place for the meeting of friends; and, if love would have it so, of lovers! and that we had no hypocrites, or at least no hypocrites with the power to lock it up; and through the affectation of reverence, and under false pretences, to turn it into a lucrative show and a source of base profit. Foolish people have said innumerable foolish things about this building; one of the most foolish is the assertion, that the being really great but appearing small is a merit, and a proof of the excellence of its proportions; but the end of art and of proportion is not to make the great appear small, but on the contrary, to make the small seem great; it is therefore in truth a vice in the construction. That it is indeed great is to be discovered, not by comparing it with man, but it is collected by means of a middle term; the canopy of bronze, which covers the high altar in the likeness of a four-post bed, is a convenient middle term; by comparing a man with the canopy, and the canopy with the building, we are enabled to form some idea of its immense magnitude. The painted cupola and roof, the mosaics, and the inlaid pavement, the gigantic statues of marble, and the marble columns, all harmonize into one beautiful whole, one majestic tomb to cover the body of

“The pilot of the Galilean lake,”

who, it is said, reposes in a chapel under the cupola, where one hundred and twelve lamps of massive silver are continually burning; and whither persons flock from all parts of the Christian world to offer up their prayers, in the hope of a more favourable hearing near the remains of one whom many have thought worthy of no common honours, and of such a marvellous sepulchre. I am not quite sure that I am content with the gilding of the roof, or that I would ever admit of gilding; the metallic lustre does not harmonize with every thing else, and it soon tarnishes unequally. The boxes for confession are numerous; they are decidedly an eye-sore, being exactly like a cobbler's stall, in which the cobbler of souls sits with a white wand in his hand, such as is borne in our courts of justice by a bound bailiff, when exercising the functions of door-keeper.—*Hogg's Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

**INTELLIGENCE IN A WASP.**—Dr. Darwin in his *Zoonomia*, relates an anecdote of apparent ratiocination in a wasp, which had caught a fly nearly as large as itself. Kneeling down, the doctor saw the wasp dis sever the head and tail from the trunk of the fly, and attempt to soar with the latter; but finding, when about two feet from the ground, that the wings of the fly carried too much sail, and caused its prize and itself to be whirled about, by a little breeze that had arisen, it dropped upon the ground with its prey, and deliberately sawed off with its manibles, first one wing and then the other: having thus removed these impediments to its progress, the wasp flew away with its booty, and experienced no further molestation from the wind.—*Bevan's Honey-bee.*

**NEW MEASURE OF SIN.**—After breakfast we paid a visit to the administrator at Las Hermitas. Upon entering the hall, our attention was drawn towards an old-fashioned kind of arm-chair suspended from the end of a pair of steel-yards; and we were soon given to understand, that the offerings to the Virgin were regulated by the weight of the penitents. A lively girl informed us, that her penitence had cost her 4½ arrobas of wheat; that is, she weighed about 144 lbs. avoirdupoise.—*Adventures in the Peninsula.*

**SINGULAR DISEASE OF LAPLAND REIN-DEER.**—The rein-deer are liable to many disorders, notwithstanding the hardy life they lead, and no animal is more subject to the persecution of its enemies, both in summer and winter. In the former season they are dreadfully exposed to the attacks of the gad-fly (*æstrus tarandi*), which not only perforates the hide, but lays its eggs in the wound it has made, where they are afterwards hatched. I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the effects of their sting; and I have still in my possession a rein-deer skin, in which they are very visible, every wound causing a small black spot in the hide, which, from the holes thus made, loses much of its value. Another species likewise adds greatly to the torments of the rein-deer, namely, the *æstrus nasalus*, which makes small punctures within the nostrils of the poor animal, and deposits its eggs in them.—*Capell Brooks's Travels in Lapland and Finmark.*

**AFRICAN SPORTING.**—When it was time to depart, the two sons proposed that they should accompany us in our sporting excursion, and that we should all agree to out-span at Assagai Bush, a proposal we very readily acceded to. They eagerly examined our guns; the bore is the first thing they look at, and if they can put in no more than three fingers, scarcely deem them worth further notice. His gun, or *roer*, as the Dutchman calls it, is his never failing accompaniment, and it furnishes them with bucks in some places in great abundance; he never shoots at small game, seldom even at partridges or pheasants.

We promised ourselves a very considerable share of sport, in this addition to our party, and were not without hopes of destroying some of the animals that had disturbed our night's rest. Our first victim was a *mus-hond*,\* a destructive little animal of the weasel species, and very numerous; also an exceedingly curious bird, for which we could not discover a name; it is rather less than a sparrow, and we were told lives on flies; the eye, beak, and legs, are of a very beautiful cerulean blue, which fades soon after the bird dies.

While resting for a short time near a rivulet, (a blessing rarely to be met with in this country, and when found, the water is not always free from a brackish taste,) one of the boors espied a guana, and immediately chased and killed it. This animal is esteemed very good eating, but its hideous form renders it very uninviting; it feeds upon crabs and snails, and its long tongue seems formed for drawing its prey out of the holes. Geese, but particularly ducks, dread it, and carefully survey a pond before they venture to swim.

We killed a few brace of partridges, and a peewit, or as it is called here, a *keewit*; in moonlight nights they are constantly crying on the wing, and they are the harbingers of sunrise.

We were now approaching our destination, and with a considerable feeling of disappointment at not having encountered any of the wild game, which our companions as well as ourselves, had eagerly anticipated; but just as we were passing a gloomy and intricate part of the thicket, one of the dogs made a steady point, we prepared, and moved forward, when up rose an immense leopard. The person in advance fired, but his musket was only loaded with slug shot, and the monster made off, and climbed with difficulty a tree. A second shot missed; he then crouched, shook his tail, and was in the act of springing, when we immediately retired; he then jumped down, and the boor instantly fired, but only wounded him. He growled tremendously; the dogs attacked him, and forced him up another tree—the boor took a favourable position, fired, and the animal fell, mortally wounded.—*Scenes and Occurrences in Caffer Land.*

**LIFE OF FRENCH MILITARY OFFICERS.**—I know not, from my soul, how the officers of a French regiment contrive to kill time. They are no Martinets, and discipline hangs as loose on them as do their uniforms. Drink they do not, and few of them know half as well as our subalterns the difference between plain Medoc and first-rate Lafitte. They have neither race-horses, game-cocks, nor bull-dogs, on which to stake a month's pay; and save dominos, or in superlative quarters, billiards, they have games neither of skill nor chance. They are either such good *canaille*, or else taken for granted to be so, that chateaus and society around, empty as are the first, and scant as is the latter, are quite preserved against their admittance. And how, in short, they do contrive to live, would be quite beyond the conception of many of our military dandies. They are, however, a grown and good-natured race of schoolboys, brethren, and comrades, in every sense of the word, without any of the cat-o'-nine-tails austerity of our field officers, when addressing an inferior in rank. Then have they no vying in coxcombry or expence, in nought, in fact, save address at their weapon, and forwardness in the field.—*Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life.*

**HARDINESS OF LAPLAND WOMEN.**—The Lapland women are scarcely acquainted with the assistance of a midwife, and from their hardy manner of life, do not require it; left to themselves, nature performs her office frequently without any help whatever; and in the course of two or three days they are well enough to go out, and with their new-born infants will expose themselves to the weather, and the fatigue of following the herd. If, during the time of their labour, any assistance should be necessary, it is afforded by some of the family, sometimes by the husband himself; and I have been assured, that, to ease the women in child-birth, the singular expedient is sometimes put in practice of shaking her, which they suppose will facilitate the delivery.—*Capell Brooke's Travels in Lapland and Finmark.*

\* Mouse-hound.

DYING CONSOLATION.—[Addressed to the Rev. Stephen Morell.]

"My beloved Friend,—I really know not in what manner to address you. From the intelligence of the last two days, I am distressed to gather that your illness threatens the most fatal result, and I am compelled to fear that the scenes of this world are fast closing upon you. You will know how to pardon the selfishness of your friends, who cannot but grieve deeply at the apprehension for their own loss; although they are well assured that this, their loss, ought not to be weighed against your eternal gain.

"But it is the thought of your nearness to the invisible world, which embarrasses me in writing. I feel an awe upon my mind, while I write to one who is now almost a spirit of light. It seems to me, that this is an hour of converse with heaven. And as to my attempting to address to you those consolations which are so often needed in the prospect of dissolution, it would be presumption. O my Friend, how richly will you drink those consolations which we must be content to take sparingly in a cup of bitterness! How fully will you know that unseen world, of which we can form so rude conceptions! And how will you see and adore that incarnate Saviour, whom we seeing not, love but so unworthily! This it is, I know, which cheers and animates your mind in your long affliction; and this it is which gives an attraction and a loveliness even to the dark shadow of death. 'I will fear no evil, because Thou art with me.' For ever blessed be his glorious name, I see in your happy mind the fruit of His redemption, the faithfulness of his promises. He has been your hope, and now your hope does not disappoint you.

"I feel deeply on account of your dear family, and the church over which God has placed you, in such peace and promised happiness. But I hope that those who see your heaven, having its present commencement, will be enabled to give up their own wills, with submission, and say, 'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' I trust that He who is a very present help in trouble, will comfort their minds, and strengthen them to believe and confess that 'He doth all things well.' And the Church of God shall be fed by the great Shepherd and Bishop of Souls. Your case has been constantly and anxiously remembered in prayer by your affectionate people.

"And now, my beloved friend, the time now draws near when we must part. I have to thank you for much of sweet society and friendship. And whatsoever be the troubled destiny of my life, I shall look back with pleasure on the short course of our earthly intercourse, and shall look forward with joy to the time when we may hope to renew our intercourse in that world of light whose frontier you are now gaining before me. Meanwhile, my friend, farewell—farewell—but not for ever! May the great God himself be with you, when you pass through the waters. May his Spirit give you joy in death; and if in the Sabbath of the blessed, you should think of a friend who once loved you as his own soul, think on him as one who does hope to be favoured again to worship God in company with you, and with a beloved Parent, now in heaven."

[Mr. Morell was dead before the letter was received.]—*From the Memoirs and Remains of John Brown Jefferson, Minister of Attercliffe.*

CHARACTER OF HINDOOS.—I have found a race, of gentle and temperate habits; with a natural talent and acuteness beyond the ordinary level of mankind, and with a thirst for general knowledge which even the renowned and inquisitive Athenians can hardly have surpassed or equalled. Prejudiced, indeed, they are, in favour of their ancient superstitions; nor should I think, to say the truth, more favourably of the character, or augur more happily of the eventual conversation and perseverance of any man or set of men, whom a light consideration could stir from their paternal creed, or who received the word of truth without cautious and patient inquiry. But I am yet to learn, that the idolatry which surrounds us is more enthralling in its influence on the human mind than those beautiful phantoms and honied sorceries which lurked beneath the laurels of Delos and Daphne, and floated on the clouds of Olympus. I am not yet convinced, that the miserable bondage of castes, and the consequences of breaking that bondage, are more grievous to be endured by the modern Indian than those ghastly and countless shapes of death which beset the path of the Roman convert. And who shall make me believe, that the same word of the Most High, which consigned to the moles and the bats the idols of Chaldee and Babylon, and dragged down the lying father of Gods and men from his own Capitol, and the battlements of his "Eternal City," must yet arrest its victorious wheels on the banks of the Indus or Ganges, and admit the trident of Siva to share, with the Cross, a divided empire?—[This testimony is peculiarly valuable.]—*Bishop Heber's Charge to the Clergy of Calcutta.*

**AFRICAN TRAVELLING.**—As we drew near the spot where we expected to find water, my guides, who usually kept a little a-head of me, requested me to ride in close file with them, because lions usually lay in ambush in such places, and were more apt to spring upon men when riding singly, than in a clump together. We had scarcely adopted this precaution when we passed within thirty paces of one of these formidable animals. He gazed at us for a moment, and then lay down, couchant, while we passed on as fast as possible, not without looking frequently behind, with feelings of awe and apprehension. We soon after reached the bed of the Jamka (or Lion's) river, but found it at this place, to our sorrow, entirely dry. We were all ready to sink under the exertions we had this day made, and the thirst we had endured. Jacob, in particular, who was unwell, and suffered much from the hard riding, repeatedly told us that he could hold out no longer, but wished to lie down and die. The dread, however, of being devoured by the lions now acted on him as a spur to exertion; and Witteboy and myself, knowing that our fate depended on our getting water, continued on our horses along the course of the river, most anxiously looking out for the pool the Bushman had told us of. In this way we proceeded till two o'clock in the morning, and we were almost despairing of success, when we at length discovered the promised pool; which, though thick with mud, and defiled by the dung and urine of the wild beasts, was, nevertheless, a most grateful relief to us and our horses. We had been up since two o'clock on the preceding morning, had been on horseback above sixteen hours, and had travelled in that time a distance of nearly eighty miles, the last stage, of about fifty, entirely without stopping. Our condition, and that of our horses, may therefore be readily imagined to have been one of great exhaustion. Extreme fatigue had, indeed, quite destroyed all appetite, which, as we had not a morsel to eat, was no great disadvantage. Having fastened our horses to a bush, we stretched ourselves on the earth near them, being too wearied to take the trouble of kindling a fire for the short space of the night that remained, trusting, that if the lions discovered us, they would prefer the horses to ourselves. We were awakened about daybreak by the roar of a lion at a little distance, but were not otherwise molested. The other difficulties of our situation now engrossed all my thoughts. All our horses were excessively fagged, by the severe thirst and great exertions of the two preceding days. The old horse, indeed, exhibited strong symptoms of giving up altogether. Jacob seemed to be in a plight equally precarious. We had not a morsel of provisions left, nor did we know when we should get any. We had calculated on finding game in plenty, but the great drought that had long prevailed in these regions had driven almost the whole of the wild animals to other quarters. We however remained here till about mid-day to refresh our horses; we ourselves lying panting with empty stomachs under the scorching sun. The Hottentots named this spot, significantly enough, "*Korte-pans—empty paunch*" station.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

**BABY-MAKING.**—I was foolish enough to walk at one in the morning to the church S. Maria Maggiore, in the belief that some fine ceremonies were to be performed at that early hour. I found a few pilgrims lying on the steps, huddled together like sheep, the church being shut, and four or five carriages filled with gullible English. The night was cold; the sky threatened rain: after waiting some time, I enquired of a woman what was doing; she said that they were making a baby Jesus, *Gesù Bambino*, in the church, and that it would not be open till three. This kind of baby-making seemed cheerless and ungenial; from the small number of persons assembled, and the absence of all preparation, I judged that the ceremonies would not be in every sense imposing, my zeal waxing cool, I thought it advisable to go home and warm it in bed. The church was open all night until lately; but, as it was imperfectly lighted, certain Christians could not be content with types and figures; and their souls seeking after sensible objects, they attempted to make babies there in a manner, perhaps, nearly as mysterious, but much less mystical: genuine piety being, on the whole, no gainer by this arrangement, the church is now shut until the religious operations actually commence.—*Hogg's Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

**A LUNAR GUIDE-POST.**—We fell in with a Bushman and his wife. On questioning them about the probability of finding water in our route, the hunter, pointing to a certain part of the heavens, told us, that if we rode hard, we should find water by the time the moon stood there. This indicated a distance of not less than fifty miles. Yet it was a consolation to know that we should find water even within that distance. Rewarding our informant with a bit of tobacco, we pushed on with redoubled speed. *Thompson's Southern Africa.*

CONVERSATION BETWEEN DR. JUDSON AND A BURMESE, OO OUNGMEG.  
 —September 30th.—Had the following conversation with my teacher. This man has been with me about three months, and is the most sensible, learned, and candid man, that I have ever found among the Burmans. He is forty-seven years of age, and his name is Oo Oungmeng. I began by saying, Mr. J.—is dead. Oo.—I have heard so. J.—His soul is lost, I think. Oo.—Why so? J.—He was not a disciple of Christ. Oo.—How do you know that? You could not see his soul. J.—How do you know whether the root of the mango tree is good? You cannot see it; but you can judge by the fruit on its branches. Thus I know that Mr. J.—was not a disciple of Christ, because his words and actions were not such as indicate the disciple. Oo.—And so all who are not disciples of Christ are lost! J.—Yes, all, whether Burmans or foreigners. Oo.—This is hard. J.—Yes, it is hard, indeed; otherwise I should not have come all this way, and left parents and all, to tell you of Christ, [He seemed to feel the force of this, and after stopping a little, he said.] How is it that the disciples of Christ are so fortunate above all men? J.—Are not all men sinners, and deserving of punishment in a future state? Oo.—Yes; all must suffer, in some future state, for the sins they commit. The punishment follows the crime, as surely as the wheel of a cart follows the footsteps of the ox. J.—Now, according to the Burman system, there is no escape. According to the Christian system there is. Jesus Christ has died in the place of sinners: has borne their sins, and now those who believe on him, and become his disciples, are released from the punishment they deserve. At death they are received into heaven, and are happy for ever. Oo.—That I will never believe. My mind is very stiff on this one point, namely, that all existence involves in itself principles of misery and destruction. J.—Teacher, there are two evil futurities, and one good. A miserable future existence is evil, and annihilation or nighan is an evil, a fearful evil. A happy future existence is alone good. Oo.—I admit that it is best, if it could be perpetual; but it cannot be. Whatever is, is liable to change, and misery, and destruction. Nighan is the only permanent good, and that good has been attained by Gaudama, the last deity. J.—If there be an eternal Being, you cannot account for any thing.—Whence this world, and all that we see? Oo.—Fate. J.—Fate! the cause must always be equal to the effect. See, I raise this table; see, also, that ant under it: suppose I were invisible; would a wise man say the ant raised it? Now fate is not even an ant. Fate is a word, that is all. It is not an agent, not a thing. What is fate? Oo.—The fate of creatures, is the influence which their good or bad deeds have on their future existence. J.—If influence be exerted, there must be an exertor. If there be a determination, there must be a determiner. Oo.—No: there is no determiner. There cannot be an eternal Being. J.—Consider this point. It is a main point of true wisdom. Whenever there is an execution of a purpose, there must be an agent. Oo.—[After a little thought] I must say that my mind is very decided and hard, and unless you tell me something more to the purpose, I shall never believe. J.—Well, teacher, I wish you to believe, not for my profit, but for yours. I daily pray the true God to give you light, that you may believe. Whether you will ever believe in this world I don't know, but when you die I know you will believe what I now say. You will then appear before the God you now deny. Oo.—I don't know that.—*Judson's Baptist Mission.*

COWARDICE OF THE LION.—My friend, Diederik Muller, one of the most intrepid and successful lion-hunters in South Africa, mentioned to me the following incident:—He had been out alone hunting in the wilds, when he came suddenly upon a lion, which, instead of giving way, seemed disposed, from the angry attitude he assumed, to dispute with him the dominion of the desert. Diederik instantly alighted, and, confident of his unerring aim, levelled his mighty roer at the forehead of the lion, who was couched in the act to spring, within fifteen paces of him; but at the moment the hunter fired, his horse, whose bridle was round his arm, started back, and caused him to miss. The lion bounded forward, but stopped within a few paces, confronting Diederik, who stood defenceless, his gun discharged, and his horse running off. The man and the beast stood looking each other in the face, for a short space. At length the lion moved backward, as if to go away. Diederik began to load his gun. The lion looked over his shoulder, growled, and returned. Diederik stood still. The lion again moved cautiously off; and the boor proceeded to load, and ram down his bullet. The lion again looked back, and growled angrily; and this occurred repeatedly, until the animal got off to some distance, when he took fairly to his heels, and bounded away.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*



**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,  
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

CANALS.	Amt. paid.	Per share.	INSURANCE OFFICES.	Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton .....	100	139	Albion .....	500	50
Birmingham .....	17 10	280	Alliance .....	100	10
Coventry .....	100	1150	Ditto Marine .....	100	5
Ellesmere and Chester .....	133	100	Atlas .....	50	5
Grand Junction .....	100	300	Globe .....	100	151
Huddersfield .....	50	18	Guardian .....	100	10
Kennet and Avon .....	40	26	Hope .....	50	5
Lancaster .....	47	37	Imperial .....	500	50
Leeds and Liverpool .....	100	387 10	Ditto Life .....	100	10
Oxford .....	100	680	Law Life .....	100	10
Regent's .....	40	35	London .....	25	12 10
Rochdale .....	85	90	Protector .....	20	2
Stafford and Worcester .....	140	780	Rock .....	20	2
Trent and Mersey .....	100	1850	Royal Exchange .....	100	246
Warwick and Birmingham .....	100	270			
Worcester ditto .....	78	46			
<b>DOCKS.</b>			<b>MINES.</b>		
Commercial .....	100	73	Anglo-Mexican .....	100	80
East India .....	100	83	Ditto Chill .....	100	8
London .....	100	83	Bolanos .....	400	325
St. Catherine's .....	100	40	Brasilian .....	100	20
West India .....	100	199	Columbian .....	100	20
<b>WATER WORKS.</b>			Mexican .....	100	21
East London .....	100	122	Real Del Monte .....	400	400
Grand Junction .....	50	65	United Mexican .....	40	30
Kent .....	100	29			
South London .....	100	90	<b>MISCELLANEOUS.</b>		
West Middlesex .....	60	64	Australian Agricultural Comp. .....	100	8
<b>GAS COMPANIES.</b>			British Iron Ditto .....	100	37 10
City of London .....	100	90	Canada Agricultural Ditto .....	100	10
Ditto, New .....	100	50	Columbian ditto .....	100	5
Phoenix .....	50	31	General Steam Navigation .....	100	13
Imperial .....	50	43	Irish Provincial Bank .....	100	25
United General .....	50	20	Rio De la Plata Company .....	100	7 10
Westminster .....	50	56	Van Diemen's Land Ditto .....	100	2 10
			Reversionary Interest Society .....	100	65
			Thames Tunnel Company .....	50	32
			Waterloo Bridge .....		
			Vauxhall Bridge .....		

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**LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.**

Mr. Clark is preparing for publication, a Series of Practical Instructions in Landscape Painting in Water Colours. Illustrated by Fifty-five Views from Nature.

A Novel, entitled *The Guards*, is daily expected to appear.

The Rev. J. A. Ross, is preparing a Translation from the German, of Hirsch's *Geometry*, uniform with his Translation of Hirsch's *Algebra*.

A Life of Morris Birkbeck, written by his Daughter, will appear in a few days.

Mr. William Thoms announces a series of Reprints, accompanied by Illustrative and Bibliographical Notices, of the most curious old Prose Romances. The work will appear in Monthly Parts; and the first, containing the prose Lyfe of Robert the Deuyle, from the edition by Wynkyn de Worde, will be ready on the 1st of May.

Mr. Peter Nicholson, author of *The Carpenter's New Guide*, and other Architectural Works, has in the Press a New Treatise, entitled *The School of Architecture and Engineering*, the first number of which will be ready for publication early in May.

Early in May, in one vol. 12mo. price 5s., *The Every Night Book, or Life after Dark*; by the Author of the *Cigar*.

On the 1st of June, Part I. a *Natural History of the Bible*; or a descriptive Account of the Zoology, Botany, and Mineralogy of the Holy Scriptures: illustrated with numerous engravings. By William Carpenter.

Shortly, Mrs. Leslie and her Grandchildren. A Tale.

The Hon. T. De Roos, R.N., is preparing for publication, a Personal Narrative of his Travels in the United States; with some important Remarks on the State of the American Maritime Resources.

No. IX., commencing the third volume, of the Zoological Journal, containing a Memoir of the late Sir T. Stamford Raffles; with other original articles.

A Volume is announced for early publication, entitled Tales of all Nations: comprising—1. Queen Elizabeth at Theobald's—2. The Heir Presumptive—3. The Abbey of Leach—and Seven others.

In a few days, May Fair: 1 vol. foolscap 8vo.

The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton. 3 vols. post 8vo.

High-Ways and Bye-Ways. Third Series.

The Opera. A Story of the Beau Monde. 3 vols. post 8vo.

Dr. Gordon Smith's work, on Toxicology, is announced as being nearly ready for publication.

Pathological and Practical Observations on Spinal Complaints, &c.; and an Inquiry into the Origin and Cure of Distorted Limbs, by Edward Harrison, is in the press.

Mr. Horace Smith has a new Novel in the press, to be entitled Reuben Apeley.

### WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

De Vere; or, the Man of Independence. A novel. 4 vols. post 8vo.

Iu-Kiao-Li; or, the Two Fair Cousins. A Chinese novel. 2 vols. 12mo.

Common Sense on Colonial Slavery. By Oculas. 8vo.

Autobiography, vol. 11; containing the Lives of John Creighton, William Gifford, and Thomas Ellwood. 18mo.

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Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone. Written by Himself. Edited by his Son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone. 2 vols. 8vo.

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# THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1, 1827.

## MEMOIRS AND JOURNAL OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.\*

MR. PEEL sometime ago, in the course of a debate on the Catholic Association, said that honours had been paid by the Catholics to Mr. Hamilton Rowan, not because he was a benevolent man, but because he had been an attainted traitor. Some of the Irish patriots howled at this assertion. It would have been much better, as the fact is undoubtedly true, if they had asked the well-meaning gentleman, whether that was a wholesome system of government, under which treason, even when unsuccessful, was honourable and respected.

The present book is the life of another Irish traitor, who would have expiated a very ardent love of his country, and a very furious hatred of oppression, on the scaffold, if he had not saved himself from the executioner by suicide. The book is amusing, and ought to be instructive even to those persons who are said to be taught by experience only. It ought to be instructive to Mr. Peel. It shows in a most vivid manner the danger to which this country must be exposed from Ireland, whenever we are engaged in a contest with a powerful enemy, so long as the Irish people are not united to us by some better ties than force. It shows the singular chances by which a war was prevented from being kindled in Ireland; which, if it had not ended in the political separation of that island from this, or the political destruction of both, would for difficulty and destructiveness, have been the worst in which we were ever engaged.

Theobald Wolfe Tone was born in Dublin, on the 20th June, 1763, of Protestant parents: he continued a Protestant, or at least never was, or professed himself to be, a Catholic to the end of his life.† He had apparently no great store of religion of any kind. On this point we have a word to say to Mr. Peel. It must not be supposed, that if injustice be done to the great body of the people in a nation,

\*Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, written by himself, comprising a complete Journal of his Negotiations to procure the Aid of the French for the Liberation of Ireland; with selections from his Diary whilst Agent to the Roman Catholics. Edited by his Son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone. In two Volumes. Colburn. 1827.

† Sir R. Musgrave says he was a professed Deist. He seems from his Journal to have been in the ordinary religious condition of politicians—not to have spoken of thought much about the matter.

as, for instance, to the Catholics of Ireland, those who are excepted from the operation of the injustice, will therefore be devoid of the anger which it excites. It will often happen, that even with those who may profit by this injustice, the ties of nationality will be stronger than those of interest; and that the mess of pottage which is offered to them, will not induce them to sell the best birth-right, the citizenship of a justly-governed country. It will be found, that the greater number of the leaders of the treasons of Ireland during Tone's political life, were Protestants and Dissenters; because the majority of men of property, education, and intelligence, were Protestants and Dissenters; but the man must be blind indeed, who does not perceive that the oppressions practised on the Catholics, as they certainly gave the treasons the best chance of success, were also among the chief instigations of these leaders. The wrongs done to the great body of the Irish people worked evidently on the mind of Tone and his friends, even at a time, when among these people themselves, the long continuance of their degradation had in great measure suppressed the spirit of resistance. You may do something under such circumstances, by inflaming jealousies and exciting fear; but especially, where the injustice is effected chiefly by external force, the feeling of nationality in all times of excitement must and will prevail.

Tone married young; went to the bar, where he does not seem to have met with or deserved much success; and began what may be called his political life in 1789, by a pamphlet (*A Review of the last Session of Parliament*) which met with great encouragement. He followed it by some others; and thus, at the outset of the French Revolution, was a political writer: he soon became an active politician. The state of the parties then existing in Ireland, the number of the Established Religion, the Dissenters, and the Catholics, he describes in the following terms:—

“The first party, whom for distinction's sake, I call the *Protestants*, though not above the tenth of the population, were in possession of the whole of the government, and of five-sixths of the landed property of the nation; they were, and had been for above a century, in quiet possession of the church, the law, the revenue, the army, the navy, the magistracy, the corporations; in a word, of the whole patronage of Ireland. With properties whose title was founded in massacre and plunder, and being as it were, but a colony of foreign usurpers in the land, they saw no security for their persons and estates but in a close connection with England, who profited by their fears, and as the price of her protection, executed the implicit surrender of the commerce and liberties of Ireland. Different events, particularly the revolution in America, had enabled and emboldened the other two parties, of whom I am about to speak, to hurry the Protestants into measures highly disagreeable to England, and beneficial to their country: but in which, from accidental circumstances, the latter durst not refuse to concur. The spirit of the corps, however, remained unchanged, as has been manifested on every occasion since which chance has offered. This party, therefore, so powerful by their property and influence, were implicitly devoted to England, which they esteemed necessary for the security of their existence; they adopted in consequence, the sentiments and language of the British cabinet; they dreaded and abhorred the principles of the French Revolution, and were in one word, an aristocracy, in the fullest and most odious extent of the term.

“The Dissenters, who formed the second party, were at least twice as

numerous as the first. Like them, they were a colony of foreigners in their origin; but being engaged in trade and manufactures, with few overgrown landed proprietors among them, they did not like them feel that a slavish dependance on England was necessary to their very existence. Strong in their numbers and their courage, they felt that they were able to defend themselves, and soon ceased to consider themselves as any other than Irishmen. It was the Dissenters who composed the flower of the famous volunteer army in 1782, which extorted from the English minister, the restoration of what is affected to be called, the Constitution of Ireland; it was they who first promoted and continued the demand of a Parliamentary Reform, in which, however, they were baffled by the superior address and chicanery of the aristocracy; and it was they finally who were the first to stand forward in the most unqualified manner in support of the principles of the French Revolution.

"The Catholics, who composed the third party, were about two-thirds of the nation, and formed perhaps a still greater proportion. They embraced the entire peasantry of three provinces; they constituted a considerable portion of the mercantile interest; but from the tyranny of the penal laws enacted at different periods against them, they possessed but a very small proportion of the landed property, perhaps not a fiftieth part of the whole. It is not my intention here to give a detail of that execrable and infamous code, framed with the art and malice of demons, to plunder, and degrade, and brutalize the Catholics. - - - - - This horrible system, pursued for above a century with unrelenting severity, had wrought its full effect, and has in fact reduced the great body of the Catholic peasantry of Ireland to a situation, morally and physically speaking, below the beasts of the field. The spirits of their few remaining gentry were broken, and their minds degraded; and it was only in the class of their merchants and traders, and a few members of the medical profession, who had smuggled an education in despite of the penal code, that anything like political sensation existed."—pp. 53—55.

The system which had led to this state of things was bad, but consistent. Detestable in its end, but reasonable in the means. It had, as Tone says, wrought its full effect. Persecution is a medicine which does not succeed in small doses. It is safer to bind a man hand and foot, and to starve him on water gruel, than to fill his belly and tweak his nose. The folly of the present system pursued towards the Irish Catholics is, that while nothing impedes their acquiring land or knowledge, while the army and navy are open to them, while they have a better chance of acquiring wealth in the law than their Protestant brethren, while they are not excluded from the magistracy, while they are neither plundered, degraded, nor brutalized, but quite as thriving, quite as impudent, and quite as astute, as their Protestant neighbours; they are nevertheless, subjected to just as many disqualifications as are necessary to keep up political discontent among the rich, and the remembrance of old grievances among the poor.

The feeling of Wolfe Tone, in the state of parties he has described, is sufficiently apparent in the description itself. He hated the English and the Protestants, not from suffering, (for he was, we have observed, of Protestant parents,) but from sympathy. "To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government, to break the connexion with England, the never-failing source of our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland; to abolish the memory of all past dissensions; and to substitute the common name of Irishman in

place of the denomination, Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter; these were my means. - - - - - The Protestants I despaired of from the outset, for obvious reasons."—pp. 64.

Tone seems to have hated England as the great steam-engine moving the machinery by which his country was racked and torn; the immediate instruments of torture were Irishmen themselves.

In pursuance of his object, Tone seems to have worked with great perseverance and skill. After having written a pamphlet in favour of an union of sects, he was invited to Belfast, where he assisted in forming the first club of United Irishmen, in October 1791. From Belfast he returned to Dublin, and there formed, chiefly out of Protestants, the first club of United Irishmen in that city, of which the Hon. Simon Butler was the first chairman, and the famous James Napper Tandy the first secretary. The first clubs were seditious; they soon became treasonable.

Napper Tandy, a name immortally odd, was at the time a leader of the popular interest among the Protestants of Dublin. "It is but justice," says Tone, "to an honest man who has been persecuted for his firm adherence to his principles, to observe that Tandy, in coming forward on this occasion, well knew that he was putting to the most extreme hazard, his popularity among the corporations of the city of Dublin, with whom he had enjoyed the most unbounded influence for nearly twenty years, and in fact his popularity was sacrificed." We must take occasion to say, that though this work of Tone's necessarily allows us to see the weaknesses of the people engaged with him, (for he was not deficient in penetration, and perfectly frank in his accounts of the men with whom he acted,) that it makes us think on the whole, very favourably of the first leaders of the Irish plans of rebellion. It is well known that in the actual insurrections, the command, on account of the arrest of those who commenced the organization, fell into other hands. There is certainly a prejudice in England at present against the political firmness and integrity of Irishmen. We hope all the honest politicians of Ireland have not been hanged or banished; but certainly there are few extensive plots of which the particulars have been discovered to us, in which there have appeared less of the vices which are apt to appear on such occasions, than among the United Irishmen.

Soon after this time, Tone was chosen agent of the Catholic committee of Ireland, in the room of Richard Burke, the son of Edmund Burke. Richard Burke, of whose merits the father entertained the fondest and most extravagant opinion, was, if we may believe the account of Tone, one of the most conceited, impracticable, disagreeable, and useless personages that could be met with. It must be acknowledged that Tone was Richard Burke's successor; that it was Tone's interest to oust him; but the remarks on the conduct of Burke are chiefly in Tone's private Journal, and are borne out by all other notices of him, if we divest the latter of the deference which is paid in them to the declared opinion of the elder Burke. He was in fact an emasculated Burke, with the insolence, fastidiousness, perhaps the taste, but not the sense or strength of his father. To be sure, in Ireland, such a genius was peculiarly ill placed. Fed with the flowers of literature, cockered up with the praise of one

of the ablest men of his age, softened in the most polite society, he was placed among the Irish Catholics of that day, who from the course of degradation to which they had been subjected, must have been a wilder species of Paddy than we have now any idea of. We doubt too, whether old Burke, upon whose views the son acted, was perfectly honest as far as the Catholics were concerned. We do not mean to question that both from his knowledge of the true interests of the empire, and from his attachment to his countrymen, he was an ardent friend to emancipation; but the love of aristocracy, and the terror at revolutionary principles, had so entirely the possession of his mind, that though he would have gladly attained the end, he would not take the means. The proper policy of the Catholics at that time, was to intimidate the government, by which, after they had got rid of Burke, they succeeded in obtaining very considerable concessions. The following note on the father and son, occurs in Tone's private Journal, which is written in imitation of Swift's *Journal to Stella*:—

"5. Agree that Gog (Keogh, a principal leader of the committee) shall go into a full exposition with Burke of the grounds of the displeasure of the Catholics. Burke, a sad impudent fellow, forcing himself upon these people. Gog thinks he is coming over as a spy for Dundas. Rather think he has been puffing his own weight among the Catholics with ministers in England, and finding he is suddenly dismissed by letter, he is come over, trusting to his powers of effrontery, that the Catholics will not have the spirit to maintain their letter face to face. Fancy he will find himself in the wrong. They all seem exasperated against him, and he richly deserves it. His impudence is beyond all I have ever known. Sad dog! Edmund Burke has Gog's boys now, on a visit at Beaconsfield, and writes him a letter in their praise. The scheme of this is obvious enough. He wants to enlist Gog on behalf of his son; but it won't do: Gog sees the thing clear enough. Sad! Sad! Edmund wants to get another 2000 guineas for his son, if he can. Dirty work! Edmund no fool in money matters. Flattering Gog to carry his point. Is that 'Sublime or Beautiful.' The Catholics will not be had, I judge, by the pitiful artifice of the father, or the determined impudence of the son."

While Tone was agent or secretary to the Catholic Committee, their exertions were prosecuted with great effect. A delegation was organized; the body assumed confidence, and the concessions were made to the Catholics, which placed it in the condition in which they now stand; they were admitted to the elective franchise and many inferior privileges, but excluded from Parliament, and from many offices of honour and trust.

Tone perceived and displayed with great acuteness, the blunders of this plan. He saw that it gave the Catholics the power, and left them the temptation to be mischievous to the state; that it placed in a state of irritation and discontent, the very class whom the government should have conciliated.

"The Bill," he observes, "admitting the lower orders of the Catholic people to all the advantages of the constitution which they are competent to enjoy, excludes the whole body of their gentry from those functions which they are naturally entitled to fill. A strange inconsistency! During the whole progress of the Catholic question, a favourite and plausible topic with their enemies, was the ignorance and bigotry of the multitude, which rendered them incompetent to exercise the functions of freemen. That ignorance



and bigotry are now admitted into the bosom of the constitution, whilst all the learning and liberality, the rank and fortune, the pride and pre-eminence of the Catholics, are degraded from their station, and stigmatized by act of Parliament. By granting the franchise, and with holding seats in Parliament, the Catholic gentry are at once compelled and enabled to act with effect as a distinct body and a separate interest. They receive a benefit with one hand, and a blow with the other, and their rising gratitude is checked by their just resentment; a resentment which in the same moment they receive the means, and the provocation to justify. If it was not intended to emancipate them also, they should have been debarred of all share of political power."—vol. ii. pp. 140—141.

This policy is now the more dangerous, because, since Tone wrote, the Catholic gentry have become more numerous in proportion to the lower classes. They have made progress in the acquisition of property from which it was the tendency of the penal laws to dispossess them. They are now sufficiently numerous to form leaders for the multitude whom the law affords them a temptation to inflame.

We hasten to the most interesting period of Tone's life. Early in 1794 the Rev. W. Jackson came to Ireland from France, commissioned by the French government to ascertain whether the people of Ireland would join the French. Jackson, who was a very indiscreet man, disclosed his mission on his passage through England, to Cockayne, an English attorney, who sold his information to the Government, and was instructed to follow Jackson as a spy. Tone's editor, his son, observes, "What renders this transaction the more odious, is, that before his arrival in Ireland, the life of Jackson was completely in the power of the British government. - - - - He was allowed to proceed, not in order to *detect* an existing conspiracy in Ireland, but to *form* one, and thus increase the number of victims. A more atrocious instance of perfidious and gratuitous cruelty is scarcely to be found in the history of any country but Ireland." Nonsense. Jackson went to Ireland; Tone conversed with him, and undertook to go to France to give an account of the situation of Ireland; but he was disgusted by Jackson's indiscretion, and especially by his confidence in Cockayne, and withdrew his offer in the presence of the latter. Jackson was arrested, and after a long delay tried; and poisoned himself to avoid being executed. Tone made a sort of compromise with the government, and was allowed to withdraw himself from Ireland without giving any pledge as to his future conduct.

On the 13th June, 1795, Tone embarked on board an American ship for the United States, and after having narrowly escaped being pressed into the navy by three British frigates, who boarded them, and took all the seamen save one, and nearly fifty of the passengers, he arrived at Wilmington, whence he proceeded to Philadelphia. The incident on his passage made an impression on him, as the officer who boarded his vessel behaved to him and the others with the greatest insolence. He seems also to have had an obscure notion, which the Americans have since taken up, that this practice of boarding a neutral vessel at sea, and kidnapping the hands, was not in accordance with the law of nations, justice, and so forth. It is no doubt however, a very fine practice, so long as it can be maintained. Besides, at the time in question, it was done in defence of social order.

At Philadelphia, Tone met Hamilton Rowan and Dr. Reynolds,

both of whom had been also obliged to fly from Ireland. He had the means of settling comfortably in America, and for a time thought of doing so; but he was urged on by his own desires, the entreaties of his friends in Ireland, and singular as it may appear, by those of his wife and sister, to go to France to obtain assistance to liberate his country. "I handed," he says, "the letters (from the United Irishmen in Ireland) to my wife and sister, and desired their opinion, which I foresaw would be, that I should immediately, if possible, set out for France. My wife especially, whose courage and zeal for my honour and interests were not in the least abated by all her past sufferings, supplicated me to let no consideration of her or our children, stand for a moment in the way of my engagements to our friends, and my duty to my country; adding, that she would answer for our family during my absence, and that the same Providence which had so often, as it were miraculously, preserved us, would, she was confident, not desert us now. My sister joined in those entreaties."—vol. i. p. 196. Ireland should be proud of having produced such women, but England may be ashamed of having supported, in a country which it is her interest and duty to attach to her, a system of government which has incited mothers and sisters to urge husbands and brothers to risk their lives in attempting its destruction.

Tone sailed for Havre, and arrived there on the 1st Feb. 1796, and proceeded to Paris. In America, Tone had received intelligence from his friends in Ireland, and assurances of the rapid progress which republicanism had made in Ireland; he had communicated with the French minister, and had obtained from him a letter to the Committee of Public Safety.

The incidental notices in Tone's Journal of the state of France during the government of the Directory, are amusing. Two of the notions of the wisecracks in England, at the time were, that the French government would perish through the disorder of the finances, and the people through want of food. Tone seems to have been delighted to find that people could live in France. Speaking of the country between Pontoise and Paris, he says, "an uninterrupted succession of corn, vines, and orchards, as far as the eye can reach; rich and *riant* beyond description. I see now clearly that John Bull will be able to starve France. - - - - Several windmills turning as if they were grinding corn, but to be sure they have none to grind: an artful fetch to deceive the worthy Mr. Bull, and make him believe there is still some bread in France." p. 209.

Certainly the monstrous absurdities which we believed of France during the war, were only equalled by the absurdities the French believed concerning us; our attacks were only matched by their reprisals. At one time we attempted to starve a country containing thirty millions of acres more than the United Kingdom, as if it had been the rock of Gibraltar. Then we cut off the jesuit's bark, that the poor devils might die at once of looseness and emptiness. We foretold their ruin by their assignats, they our ruin through our bank notes. The great spoiled child of victory assailed us by taking dandelion roots instead of coffee; he aimed a fatal blow at us by sweetening it with bad sugar, but we parried the stroke by drinking bad wine. In the end, however, he did not die of his beet root, nor

did we sink under our sloe juice. We have resumed cash payments, and the finances of France, notwithstanding the great burthens imposed on her since the peace, are in a most flourishing condition.

Paris, under the Directory, appears to have been, as it always has been, a very agreeable place. Though the assignats were at 6500 livres the Louis, (that is, reduced to a 260th part of their nominal value,) the Palais Royal, then *Maison Egalité*, wore its usual appearance of opulence and luxury; excellent dinners for half-a-crown, the coffee-houses as full as they could hold, the theatres superb; republican ballets were given at the opera, and *liberté, liberté chérie*, sung with an emphasis that affected Tone most powerfully. Meantime, the Republic had no money, but contrived to keep a million of men in arms; every place was filled with soldiery, while the palaces of the Bourbons were occupied by ministers who covered the ferocity of republicanism with scarlet cassocks, rose-coloured silk stockings, and scarlet ribands in their shoes. Citizen Carnot, then one of the directors, organized victory in a petit-costume of white satin, with a crimson robe richly embroidered. In short, while we were making war upon them on account of the destruction of social order amongst them, the French seem to have had their comforts and even their little fooleries, as well as if social order had never been destroyed.

Tone, without loss of time, applied himself to the main object of his mission; to inform the French government of the great desire of the Catholics and Dissenters in Ireland "to throw off the yoke of England," and to procure an armed force as a *point d'appui*, till they could organize themselves. In his communication, first with De La Croix, the minister for foreign affairs, then with Carnot and others, he seems to have displayed excellent sense and candour, and to have contended against the misconceptions that arose, and the absurd plans that were breached, with great effect. Indeed, with all the advantage which those who judge after an event, have over those who prophesy concerning it, we are inclined to esteem Tone as much for his sagacity, as his moral courage and enthusiasm. Anxious as he was that some assistance should be sent to Ireland, and ready as he was to go, as he expressed, even with a corporal's guard, he never flattered the French government that success could be deemed at all secure with less than fifteen thousand men. Sometimes the Directory thought of sending merely money and arms, sometimes a small detachment of two thousand men, (Tone observed, they might as well send twenty,) sometimes they talked of exciting a *chouan* or guerilla warfare. All these schemes he, without ceremony, discountenanced. If twenty thousand French were in Ireland, he observed, they would have in a month, one, two, or if necessary, three hundred thousand men; but the *point d'appui* was indispensable. Clarke, afterwards Duke of Feltre, and minister of war under Napoleon and the Bourbons, of Irish extraction, was, while Tone was at Paris, employed in the war department, and was for some time the channel of communication between the government and Tone. He had a notion of gaining the aid of some of the aristocracy of Ireland. Madgett, an old Irishman in the foreign office, had a scheme for enlisting some of the Irish prisoners in the French prisons, which Tone well compares to the

plan of his countryman, who got on horseback in the packet in order to get the sooner from Dublin to Holyhead. Napper Tandy, who came to France long after Tone, gave into the exaggerating spirit of his countrymen; and thought the separation from England could be effected without French troops. It is very much to the credit of the intelligence of the Directory that it entered completely into Tone's views, and determined to carry his suggestions into effect, even at the expense of sacrifices great for a government in extreme want of money and credit. General Hoche was appointed to the command of the army destined for the expedition, which was prepared nearly on the scale Tone recommended.

Lazarus Hoche was one of the men who enjoyed the highest character among the generals of republican France, and who raised the fame, and illustrated the genius of the nation. Hoche was a stable boy, who had enlisted in the French guards before the Revolution. In 1792 he was a corporal, in 1793 he commanded the army of the Moselle, in 1794 and 1795, he subdued and pacified La Vendée. If we were to consider the moral qualities as entirely the result of education, we should, on comparing Hoche with Bonaparte, whom he considered his rival, prefer the education of the stable to that of the military school. Hoche was frank, generous, and a zealous republican. Tone gives the following account of his first conference with him:—

“As I was sitting in my cabinet, studying my tactics, a person knocked at the door, who, on opening it, proved to be a dragoon of the third regiment. He brought me a note from Clarke, informing me that the person he mentioned was arrived, and desired to see me at one o'clock. I ran off directly to the Luxembourg, and was shown into Fleury's cabinet, where I remained, till three, when the door opened, and a very handsome, well-made young fellow, in a brown coat and nankeen pantaloons, entered, and said, ‘Vous vous êtes le citoyen Smith?’ I thought he was a chef de bureau, and replied, ‘Oui, citoyen, je m'appelle Smith.’ He said, ‘Vous, appelez, aussi, je crois, Wolfe Tone?’ ‘Oui, citoyen, c'est mon véritable nom.’ ‘Eh bien,’ replied he ‘je suis le Général Hoche.’ At these words I mentioned, that I had for a long time been desirous of the honour I now enjoyed, to find myself in his company. He then said, he presumed I was the author of the memorandums which had been transmitted to him. I said, I was. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘there are one or two points on which I want to consult you;’ and he proceeded to ask me, in case of the landing being effected, might he rely on finding provisions, and particularly bread? I said, it would be impossible to make any arrangements in Ireland, previous to the landing, because of the surveillance of the government; but if that were once accomplished, there would be no want of provisions; that Ireland abounded in cattle; and, as for bread, I saw by the Gazette that there was not only no deficiency of corn, but that she was able to supply England, in a great degree, during the late alarming scarcity in that country: and I assured him, that if the French were once in Ireland, he might rely that, whoever wanted bread, *they* should not want it. He seemed satisfied with this, and proceeded to ask me, might we count upon being able to form a provisory government, either of the Catholic committee, mentioned in my memorials, or of the chiefs of the defenders? I thought I saw an opening here, to come at the number of troops intended for us, and replied, that would depend on the force which might be landed; if that force were but trifling, I could not pretend to say how they might act; but if it were considerable, I had no doubt of their co-operation. ‘Undoubtedly,’ replied he, ‘men will not sacrifice themselves, when they do not see a reasonable prospect of support; but, if I go,

you may be sure I will go in sufficient force.' He then asked, did I think ten thousand men would decide them? I answered, undoubtedly; but that early in the business the minister had spoken to me of two thousand; and that I had replied, that such a number could effect nothing. 'No,' replied he, 'they would be overwhelmed before any one could join them.' I was glad to hear him give this opinion, as it was precisely what I had stated to the minister; and I repeated that, with the force he mentioned, I could have no doubt of support, and co-operation sufficient to form a provisory government. He then asked me, what I thought of the priests; or was it likely they would give us any trouble? I replied, I certainly did not calculate on their assistance; but neither did I think they would be able to give us any effectual opposition; that their influence over the minds of the common people was exceedingly diminished of late; and I instanced the case of the defenders, so often mentioned in my memorials, and in these memorandums. I explained all this, at some length, to him, and concluded by saying, that, in prudence, we should avoid as much as possible shocking their prejudices unnecessarily; and that, with common discretion, I thought we might secure their neutrality, at least, if not their support. I mentioned this merely as my opinion; but added that, in the contrary event, I was satisfied it would be absolutely impossible for them to take the people out of our hands. We then came to the army. He asked me, how I thought they would act? I replied, for the regulars, I could not pretend to say but that they were wretched bad troops: for the militia, I hoped and believed that when we were once organized, they would not only not oppose us, but come over to the cause of their country en masse; nevertheless, I desired him to calculate on their opposition, and make his arrangements accordingly; that it was the safe policy, and if it became necessary, was so much gained. He said he would, undoubtedly, make his arrangements so as to leave nothing to chance that could be guarded against; that he would come in force, and bring great quantities of arms, ammunition, stores, and artillery; and for his own reputation see that all the arrangements were made on a proper scale. I was very glad to hear him speak thus; it set my mind at ease on divers points. He then said there was one important point remaining, on which he desired to be satisfied, and that was, what form of government we should adopt in the event of our success? I was going to answer him with great earnestness, when General Clarke entered, to request we would come to dinner with Citizen Carnot. We accordingly adjourned the conversation to the apartment of the president, where we found Carnot and one or two more. Hoche, after some time, took me aside, and repeated his question. I replied, 'most undoubtedly a republic.' He asked again, 'are you sure?' I said, 'as sure as I can be of any thing: I know nobody in Ireland who thinks of any other system; nor do I believe there is any body who dreams of monarchy.' He then asked me, 'is there no danger of the Catholics setting up one of their chiefs for king?' I replied, 'not the smallest;' and that there were no chiefs amongst them of that kind of eminence. This is the old business again; but I believe I satisfied Hoche: it looks well to see him so anxious on that topic, on which he pressed me more than on all the others. Carnot joined us here, with a pocket-map of Ireland in his hand, and the conversation became pretty general between Clarke, Hoche, and him, every one also having left the room. I said scarcely any thing, as I wished to listen. Hoche related to Carnot the substance of what had passed between him and me. When he mentioned his anxiety as to bread, Carnot laughed, and said, 'there is plenty of beef in Ireland; if you cannot get bread, you must eat beef.' I told him, I hoped they would find enough of both; adding, that within the last twenty years Ireland had become a great corn country, so that, at present, it made a considerable article in her exports."—vol. ii. pp. 14—18.

From this time to December, the patience of Tone was sadly tried, by necessary and unnecessary delays. He was appointed by the Directory chef de brigade, and afterwards adjutant-general, and was

treated by Hoche with great kindness and confidence. Hoche was afraid of a monarchy or aristocratical government arising in Ireland. It must be agreeable to the Orange gentry of that country to know, how it was proposed to deal with them. "We then spoke," says Tone, "of the aristocracy of Ireland; and I assured him, that what I apprehended was, not the aggrandizement, but the massacre of that body, from the just indignation of the people, whom they have so long and so cruelly oppressed; adding, that it was what I sincerely deprecated, but what I feared was too likely to happen." He said, "certainly the spilling of blood was at all times to be avoided, as much as possible; that he did conceive, in such explosions as that which was likely to take place in Ireland, it was not to be supposed but that some individuals would be sacrificed; but the less the better; and it was much wiser to secure the persons of those I mentioned, or to suffer them to emigrate to England, as they would no doubt be ready to do, than to put them to death;" in which I most sincerely agreed, for I am like Parson Adams, "I do not desire to have the blood even of the wicked upon me."

In September, Tone quitted Paris for Rennes, where he lodged with the general's staff, in the palace of the ci-devant bishop of Rennes, "a superb mansion, but not much the better for the Revolution." He there became intimate with a Colonel Shee, who was attached to the expeditionary army, and who had been secretary to the Duke of Orleans (*Egalité*). It is worthy of remark, though the subject is too large to enter on in detail, that Shee, whom Tone represents to have been a man of integrity, was most zealous in defence of the duke, and succeeded in satisfying Tone "not only of that prince's innocence as to the accusation on which he was guillotined, but as to his general character as a man of honour, courage, and probity." Shee had nothing to gain by defending the duke's character—firstly, because he was ruined—secondly, because he was unpopular—thirdly, because he was dead. At the end of October they set out for Brest; and on the road Tone learned the arrest of Russell, his most intimate friend, and some others of his political associates, in Belfast. Villaret Joyeuse, the admiral, did every thing to impede the expedition, in the hope, according to Tone, of being sent to the Indian station, where there was greater chance of prize-money. At any rate, he was superseded, and the command given to Moraud de Galls. On the 2d of December, Hoche embarked on board the *Indomptable*, of eighty guns. The naval force consisted of seventeen sail of the line, thirteen frigates, and other vessels of war and transports, making in all forty-three sail, carrying thirteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-five soldiers of the expedition; forty-one thousand one hundred and sixty stand of arms; twenty pieces of field, and nine of siege artillery; with a great quantity of stores. On the fifteenth the fleet sailed. They soon parted company; and on the twenty-first, when they made Cape Clear, the first place of rendezvous, seven sail were missing,\* among them the *Fraternité* frigate, which carried both Hoche and the Admiral. The general of the highest rank in that part of the fleet which continued together was Grouchy, afterwards the marshal, the non-appearance of

\* Of these, one had been taken on the 12th of November.

whose corps, at the battle of Waterloo, was so seasonable for the Duke of Wellington. The following is an extract from Tone's journal of the twenty-second :—

“ This morning, at eight, we have neared Bantry Bay considerably, but the fleet is terribly scattered ; no news of the *Fraternité* ; I believe it is the first instance of an admiral in a clean frigate, with moderate weather, and moonlight nights, parting company with his fleet. - - - All rests now upon Grouchy, and I hope he may turn out well ; he has a glorious game in his hands, if he has spirit and talent to play it. If he succeeds it will immortalize him.” Poor Grouchy is immortalized, but not by his successes.

Fortunately for England, the instructions given to the members of the expedition were to cruise *five days* off Cape Clear, and then to make for the Shannon. Whether this order was intended to apply to the case of thirty-six out of forty-two ships having kept together, was a question about which Hoche, observed Tone, “ if he were in Grouchy's place, would not have hesitated a moment.” A very short hesitation was fatal to the success of the expedition. On the twenty-first the troops might have been landed from thirty-six ships. On the twenty-second, the fleet was somewhat scattered—landing would have been difficult had it been decided on. In the night of the twenty-second it blew a gale, and twenty of the thirty-six ships were blown to sea ; sixteen, including nine or ten of the line, anchored in Bantry Bay. In these sixteen ships were about six thousand five hundred soldiers, and with them at last Grouchy, with the advice of the staff, resolved to proceed. But a pertinacious east wind prevented them from reaching Bantry so as to land the troops. On the twenty-sixth, other ships were blown to sea, and the fleet was reduced to seven sail of the line and a frigate. With these, and four thousand one hundred and sixty-eight men, the remaining general (Grouchy was no longer among them) determined to proceed to the mouth of the Shannon. On the night of the twenty-seventh it blew a hurricane, three ships of the line and a frigate only remained together. On the twenty-eighth, and on the twenty-ninth, the commodore then remaining in command, made signal for them to make sail for France. They reached Brest in safety on the 13th January. In going or returning they saw not one English ship of war. Hoche however, in the *Fraternité*, who returned to France, after his comrades, sailed twenty-four hours unobserved in the midst of the English fleet.

“ Notwithstanding all our blunders,” said Tone, “ it is the dreadful stormy weather, and easterly winds, which have been blowing furiously, and without intermission, since we have made Bantry Bay, that have ruined us. England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada.” But for this, in fact we think there is no one who considers the state of Ireland at that time, who must not conclude, that it would have been lost to England. Tone himself, was not at the time acquainted with the extent of the military organization, and state of preparation of the United Irishmen. It was at this time (December, 1796) that the people in Ireland were most generally provided with arms. In the beginning of 1797, great quantities were seized ; and in the course of that year, according to Sir R. Musgrave, forty-eight thousand one hundred and nine guns, and seventy thousand

six hundred and thirty pikes, were seized in the provinces of Leinster and Ulster. The English generals and troops then in Ireland, were in no wise comparable to the French for efficiency and discipline, nor would it have been possible to have collected, in a short time, a force that would have attacked thirteen thousand men under Hoche or Grouchy with any prospect of success. The Irish militia, who composed a great part of the force of the government, were not to be depended on: the yeomanry was not then organized. The French troops too, would not have needed to have left detachments in any of the places through which they passed. The whole of their force could have taken the field, as they might have relied on their Irish levies, and on the good wishes of the people of the country. In fact, they would have had against the English not the disadvantages of invaders, but the advantages of men who defended their country against an invasion. This was remarkably proved in the subsequent expedition of Humbert, who, with less than a thousand men, was enabled to defeat double the number of king's troops who were brought against him—two hundred and fifty of the Irish militia enlisting with him after the battle. If Hoche, or even Grouchy had landed, in two months he would have been making demonstrations over against Liverpool with 100,000 men.

Hoche on his return, showed the same kindness to Tone as before; and unabated zeal to prosecute the objects of the expedition. He observed that the refitting of the fleet would require time; the Republic could not afford to allow fifteen thousand men to be idle, and they thought he might serve them on the Rhine; but he would return, and embark with the first detachment. An expedition was prepared in Holland by the Batavian Republic, equal in magnitude to that which had sailed for Brest, and with a much better fleet. The intention was, that it should have sailed for Ireland, round the north of Scotland. It was through mere accident that it did not sail at the very time when the mutiny at the Nore would have prevented the British fleet from pursuing it. The east winds which drove the French out of Bantry Bay, would not blow to carry the Dutch out of the Texel. The expedition was locked up till the English were able to blockade the Dutch coast, and the winds, probably a second time, saved Ireland. Another auxiliary contributed to preserve it.

Hoche, who during the equipment of the Dutch expedition had showed as much disinterestedness as zeal, went to Holland to urge the Batavian Republic to the enterprize; but he gave up the command in favour of Daendels, in order that the activity of the Dutch might be stimulated by their pride. He still continued, while in the command of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, to give his advice, and employ his good offices, in behalf of the expedition, with the Dutch and French governments. In September (1797) Tone visited his head quarters, and was alarmed at the state of his health, of which the general and those about him took no heed. He observed in his Journal, that he should not be surprised that in three months Hoche would be in a consumption. In six days Hoche was dead.

Bonaparte was the general to whom Tone now looked; but Bonaparte had no sympathy with the Irish—had not the honesty, or the practical good sense of Hoche. It was with difficulty Tone could



persuade him that there were more than two millions of people in Ireland. He was bent on his expedition to Egypt.

Tone's son remarks, and others we believe have remarked before him, that Bonaparte threw away in two similar instances the means of benefiting himself and France,—by not securing the independence of Poland, and not promoting the independence of Ireland. He gives a reported saying of Bonaparte to the Directory, implying all they could hope from Ireland was, that it would be a diversion to the strength of England, and that the rebels then, without French aid, afforded that diversion. That this diversion was death to them, did not enter into his contemplation. His neglect both of Poland and Ireland betrayed the other great defect of his mind—his preference of enterprizes which had only their distance to recommend them. Overlooking Ireland, he would attack the English in the east—overlooking Poland, he would march to Moscow. The first reverses showed that he had made no friends, though he had compromised with many enemies.

We have not space to pursue Tone's history in detail. He sailed for Ireland in one of those petty expeditions which he had dissuaded; was taken in the Hoche, after fighting bravely in a desperate action; was tried by (God knows why) a *military* commission\*, and was sentenced to be hanged. The Court of King's Bench ordered execution to be stayed. He cut his throat in prison, and after languishing a few days, died. His conduct before the court-martial was admirable for cheerful manliness. The letters which he wrote after his conviction to his wife breathe the same spirit. He seems to have been irreproachable in all the relations of domestic life and social intercourse; a man of sense, gaiety, courage, and talents; a man to make us suspect there is something rotten in the government which he was armed to overthrow.

The book is well edited by the son of Tone, who was an officer in the service of Napoleon, and is, we believe, now in America. Both father and son have some trash on the means taken by the government in Ireland to support itself against the associates of Mr. Tone, which are called cruel, and so forth. No doubt the expedients resorted to in Ireland were such as are not generally deemed justifiable in civilized countries; for instance, torture applied, not by judicial authorities, but by inferior functionaries, and almost *ad libitum*, by any man who had the physical force at his command. But the maxims which are generally applied to the conduct of civilized governments, suppose a disposition in the mass of the people to support the government, resulting from a watchfulness in the government over the welfare of the mass of the people. But in Ireland the hatred of the people to the government was so deep-rooted and general, that the ordinary maxims were inapplicable. In other countries it would be unjust to flog a man against whom there was no evidence, in order that he might confess treason, because in the worst times, it would be a thousand chances to one that he had no treason to confess. But in Ireland, the agents of government could scarcely flog amiss. Sir R. Musgrave justifies it on this ground, and shows the fatal consequences of an application to Ireland of the

\* Tone says, somewhere in his Journal, Erskine, who was deemed no great lawyer in England, knew more law than the twelve Irish Judges, and the Chancellor to boot.—Tone did not object to the commission, as he had a wish to be shot, not hanged.

ordinary rules of justice:—"Many severe animadversions," he says, "have been made on a practice which took place in Ireland a short time previous to and during the Rebellion, of whipping persons notoriously disaffected, for the purpose of extorting evidence from them. Whoever considers it abstractedly, must of course condemn it, as obviously repugnant to the letter of the law, the benign principles of our constitution, and those of justice and humanity:" but these principles, he goes on to shew, had nothing to do with Ireland.---"To disarm the disaffected was impossible, because their arms were concealed; and to discover all the traitors was equally so, because they were bound by oaths of secrecy, and the strongest sanctions of their religion, not to impeach their fellow traitors. But suppose the fullest information could have been obtained of the guilt of every individual, it would have been impracticable to arrest and commit the multitude."---Aye, there's the rub. "Some men of discernment and fortitude perceived that some new expedient must be adopted to prevent the subversion of government and the destruction of society, and whipping was resorted to."---*Memoirs of the different rebellions in Ireland*, Appendix, xxii.

He gives the same reasons for free-quartering. In short, the atrocities practised in support of the government, were not more than sufficient to create a terror to counter-balance the effects of the hatred which the people felt towards it. The government was obliged to support itself—though Mr. Tone may say "*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.*"

Whether it is wise to govern a country closely connected with us so as to have made it necessary to resort to these expedients—so as to have made it a mere matter of chance—a matter dependent on an east or a west wind, whether at the expense of any cruelty it could have been preserved—so as to have made traitors respectable, and loyal men odious? This is another question, which we shall not now discuss.

#### MUSICAL REMINISCENCES RESPECTING THE ITALIAN OPERA IN ENGLAND.\*

THIS entertaining little volume is attributed to the Earl of Mount Edgumbe; and were we rashly to argue from the book to the author, we should infer that the noble lord had looked upon the world merely as a huge convenience for the support of opera houses; and regarded the human species only as *first men* and *first women*, tenors, basses, sopranos, contra altos, &c. It is curious to remark the seriousness with which he notes the state of the opera in the various great cities which he visited in his travels, and the simplicity with which he occasionally mixes up music with morals, when the temptation of an anecdote brings him on the latter ground. For example, speaking of Mara, the noble author says, that "she eloped from her husband, an idle, drunken man, and *bad player on the violoncello.*" Many whimsical appearances such as this, suggest to us in reading the book the idea of a man who has viewed the world as an orchestra, and seen in its in-

\* *Musical Reminiscences of an Old Amateur, chiefly respecting the Italian Opera in England for Fifty Years, from 1773 to 1823. The Second Edition, continued to the present Time. London: 1827.*

habitants only so many vocal and instrumental performers, to be rated chiefly according to their skill in their respective provinces. We can hardly prevail upon ourselves to believe that the author has observed the phenomenon of a Napoleon on the theatre of war and politics; and were he asked who was the *first man* of the beginning of the nineteenth century, he would doubtless answer Tramezzani. This impression, the absurdity of which lies in ourselves, and not in the writer, is in truth created by the very spirited manner in which the noble critic has executed his work: he has thrown his whole soul into it; has never for a moment suffered himself to be diverted from the business in hand; and consequently makes the reader ridiculously imagine that it is impossible one so earnest and apparently absorbed in music, can have bestowed a thought on any other topic.

The book commences with this sentence:

"The first opera which I have any the slightest recollection of having seen, was that of Artaserse, in the year 1773, at which time Millico was the first man."

From this datum it might safely be inferred, that the author is one of *the old school*; but we are not left to the hazard of inference, for he speaks in that unequivocal Nestorian language which in all ages and climes sufficiently denotes the attached adherent to an antiquated or exploded state of things, whether political, moral, or musical. Opera is not what opera was; and singers are not what singers were. The author may presume to decide, for he was fond of music *while music was really good*, and lived in one of its most flourishing periods. Such is the burthen of the song. It is obvious that these complaints are common to all the arts, to all periods of the arts, and to all the stages of the arts. When the taste is pliant, it forms itself to the existing model of excellence, and after a time it is incapable of accommodating itself to a departure from the old standard. The senses become comparatively dull, and the judgment, too feeble to traverse new walks, contends that there is no nature beyond the mill-horse round in which it has delighted for half a century. *We*, who are of course the only reasonable men under the sun, do not imagine that ours is *par excellence*, the age of music; or to speak more distinctly, we do not esteem it the age of composition. Rossini has many beauties\*, and also many mortal faults, while Mozart is, in our opinion, the Magnus Apollo himself; and the age of him and Haydn, the age of composition. Our author's school is, however, further back than this date. He finds Mozart superior indeed to Rossini, but objects to him as too German, and obscurely refers to more perfect masters. If we are inferior in composition, it will, we think, be readily admitted, that there is more taste for music now than at any former period; we mean a more general taste. Formerly the amateurs were a very small body; now every body has a taste for music—a very bad taste undeniably, but still a taste; and people must have a bad taste, we suppose, before they can acquire a good one. The first step, as it appears to us, is to obtain the relish; then to refine it by experience of the best subjects, and a

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\* The praise of Rossini is now *caviare* to the general. The vulgar herd, after idolizing, have, according to the common re-action, run in to the opposite extreme, and turned their beastly hoofs against him.

comparison of the degrees of delight imparted by them. The water-drinker who first drenches himself with cape madeira, accounts it the nectar of the gods: he gets on in time to brown sherry, and despises Charles Wright; travels to the Rhine; becomes intimate, hand on glass, with the best bottles, and turns up his nose at sherry, port, madeira, and kitchen wines. At present, in music there is a great devotion to cape, and much gooseberry is swallowed for champagne; but in time the good folks will learn discrimination, or if they do not, their children will. When we say this, we are far from imagining that the public in the mass will ever be a *good* judge of music, or of any thing else; but a large portion of it will probably make a considerable progress, and attain to a moderate degree, of discretion formerly limited to a select few.

It has long been imagined that Italy was the great province of musical taste. This we have discovered to be an error in our time, and our author appears to have discovered it also in his.

"Upon the whole I was surprised at hearing so little very good in that country, and still more so at the extreme badness of much which I have passed over unnoticed. At the small towns, such as Nice, Trieste, and others, there were operas, if indeed they deserved that name, for the singers were little better than those of the streets, and would not have been tolerated for a moment in England. But the passion for music cannot be so great in that land of song as we are apt to suppose: for on inquiring in any town if the opera was good, I was uniformly answered, Oh! si; bellissimi *balli*! and indeed in general the dances are more thought of, and attended to in greater *silence*, than the opera itself, in which, if there is one, or at most two good performers, and as many good songs, it is quite sufficient, and the rest may be as bad as possible without giving any offence. Yet the ballets are long and wearisome in the extreme, absolute tragedies in pantomime (I saw Romeo and Juliet *danced*); and nothing is to me so delightful as a really good opera."

Before M. D'Egville was appointed ballet-master at the King's Theatre, and anterior to the consequent utter decline and fall of the ballet, we remember that our young men, who had been talking, without respite or mercy, during the opera, would suddenly stop, saying—"Hush, hush, the ballet has begun." M. D'Egville has found a method of curing them of this bad practice. They must interest themselves now in the opera, or in nothing at all. The author's critical sketches are hit off with considerable skill, and his anecdotes are many of them particularly happy.

Of Grassini he gives this account:—

"Grassini, who was engaged for the next season as first woman alternately with Mrs. Billington. This very handsome woman was in every thing the direct contrary of her rival: With a beautiful form, and a grace peculiarly her own, she was an excellent actress, and her style of singing was exclusively the cantabile, which became heavy *à la longue*, and bordered a little on the monotonous: for her voice, which it was said had been a high soprano, was by some accident reduced to a low and confined contralto. She had entirely lost all its upper tones, and possessed little more than one octave of good natural notes; if she attempted so go higher, she produced only a shriek, quite unnatural, and almost painful to the ear. Her first appearance was in *La Vergine del Sole*, an opera of Mayer's, well suited to her peculiar talents: but her success was not very decisive as a singer, though her acting and her beauty could not fail of exciting high admiration. So equivocal was her reception, that when her benefit was to take place she did not dare to en-

counter it alone, but called in Mrs. Billington to her aid, and she, ever willing to oblige, readily consented to appear with her. The opera composed for the occasion by Winter was *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, in which Mrs. Billington acted Ceres, and Grassini Proserpine. And now the tide of favour suddenly turned; the performance of the latter carried all the applause, and her graceful figure, her fine expression of face, together with the sweet manner in which she sung several easy simple airs, stamped her at once the reigning favourite. Her deep tones were undoubtedly fine, and had a particularly good effect when joined with the brilliant voice of Mrs. Billington; but though, from its great success, this opera was frequently repeated, they never sang together in any other. Grassini having attained the summit of the ladder, kicked down the steps by which she had risen, and henceforth stood alone. Not only was she rapturously applauded in public, but she was taken up by the first society, *fêlée*, caressed, and introduced as a regular guest in most of the fashionable assemblies. Of her *private* claims to that distinction it is best to be silent, but her manners and exterior behaviour were proper and genteel.

"As I before observed, it was the comparison of these two rival performers that discovered to me the great superiority of Mrs. Billington as a musician and as a singer. But as every one has eyes, and but few musical ears, the superior beauty was the most generally admired, and no doubt the deaf would have been charmed with Grassini, while the blind must have been delighted with Mrs. Billington."

Braham:—

"Though it seems needless to say much of so well known a performer, yet it is impossible to pass over a singer of Braham's reputation without some remark. All must acknowledge that his voice is of the finest quality, of great power, and occasionally sweetness. It is equally certain that he has great knowledge of music, and *can* sing extremely well. It is therefore the more to be regretted that he should ever do otherwise, that he should ever quit the natural register of his voice by raising it to an unpleasant falsetto, or force it by too violent exertion: that he should depart from a good style, and correct taste, which he knows and can follow as well as any man, to adopt at times, the over-florid and frittered Italian manner; at others to fall into the coarseness and vulgarity of the English. The fact is, that he can be two distinct singers according to the audience before whom he performs, and that to gain applause he condescends to sing as ill at the playhouse as he has done well at the opera. His compositions have the same variety, and he can equally write a popular noisy song for the one, or its very opposite for the other. A duet of his introduced into the opera of *Gli Orazi*, sung by himself and Grassini, had great beauty, and was in excellent taste." \*

In another department of this publication, (the *Diary*,) it was once affirmed that Braham *could* sing well when he pleased to sing well, and that as he always suited his style to the taste of his audience, and generally sang in those sinks of vulgarity, the national theatres, he generally sang ill. This proposition gave immense offence to the millions who think that Braham's singing is always perfection, and also to two or three persons, still more unreasonable and bigotted, who doubt his ability to sing at all. We are glad to see our opinion corroborated by authority so respectable. We think the better, both of Lord Mount Edgcumbe and of ourselves, for finding that his judgment agrees with ours; and we avow it, which is more than men of less modesty and candour would do.

\* Braham has done material injury to English singing by producing a host of imitators. What is in itself not good, but may be endured from a fine performer, becomes insufferable in bad imitation. Catalani has done less mischief, only because her powers are *unique* and her astonishing execution unattainable. Many men endeavour to rival Braham; no woman can aspire to being a Catalani.

## Catalani :—

"Of this celebrated performer it is well known that her voice is of a most uncommon quality, and capable of exertions almost supernatural. Her throat seems endued (as has been remarked by medical men) with a power of expansion and muscular motion by no means usual, and when she throws out all her voice to the utmost, it has a volume and strength that are quite surprising, while its agility in divisions, running up and down the scale in semi-tones, and its compass in jumping over two octaves at once, are equally astonishing. It were to be wished she was less lavish in the display of these wonderful powers, and sought to please more than to surprise: but her taste is vicious, her excessive love of ornament spoiling every simple air, and her greatest delight (indeed her chief merit) being in songs of a bold and spirited character, where much is left to her discretion (or indiscretion) without being confined by the accompaniment, but in which she can indulge in *ad libitum* passages with a luxuriance and redundancy no other singer ever possessed, or if possessing never practised, and which she carries to a fantastical excess. She is fond of singing variations on some known simple air, and latterly has pushed this taste to the very height of absurdity, by singing, even without words, variations composed for the fiddle. This is absolute nonsense, a lamentable misapplication of that finest of instruments, the human voice, and of the delightful faculty of song. Whenever I hear such an outrageous display of execution, either vocal or instrumental, I never fail to recollect, and cordially join in, the opinion of a late noble statesman, more famous for his wit than for love of music, who, hearing a remark on the extreme *difficulty* of some performance, observed, that he wished it was *impossible*."

"From what has been said it may readily be conceived that Catalani has a bad choice of music, and that she prefers the compositions of inferior masters, written expressly for herself, to the more regular of better composers. She found one here precisely to her taste in Pucitta, who had been successful in two very light, but pleasing comic operas. Him she employed to compose for her several serious, to which he was unequal: all of them were very moderate, *La Vestale* the best. She performed, however, in many others; *Semiramide*, by Portogallo, which she chose for her début; but it was very inferior to Bianchi's, *Mitridate*, *Elfrida*, and, much to her dissatisfaction, *La Clemenza di Tito*, for she detested Mozart's music, which keeps the singer too much under the control of the orchestra, and too strictly confined to time, which she is apt to violate. Yet she first introduced to our stage his *Nozze di Figaro*, in which she acted the part of Susanna admirably. In the *Orazi* she performed the first soprano's part of Curiazio, that of the first woman being filled by Ferlendis, a pretty good actress, at that time first buffa. But she totally disregarded the general effect of an opera, and the cast of all the other characters, whatever might be the disadvantage of it to the other performers, if she was indulged in her whimsical choice of parts for herself. Thus in *Didone*, she caused the part of Enea to be done by Madame Dussek, who had neither voice, figure, nor action for the character; and in another opera, she made Madame Dussek act the first-woman's part, choosing for herself that of the first man.

"Catalani was now the only performer of any eminence remaining in England, and led in both lines; but as one singer does not constitute an opera,† and neither her disposition would bear with others, nor the extravagance of her annually increasing demands allow the manager to engage them, she at length quitted the theatre at the end of the season of 1813."

\* This *bon mot* has generally been given to Dr. Johnson, but I have reason to know it was said by the noble lord alluded to, of whom a similar one is recorded confirming his distaste for music. Being asked why he did not subscribe to the Ancient Concerts, and it being urged as a reason for it that his brother the Bishop of W—— did, "Oh," replied his lordship, "if I was as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too."

† Her husband, M. Valabregue, was of a very different opinion: he is reported to have said, "*Ma femme, et quatre ou cinq poupées, voila tout ce qu'il faut.*"

She returned to the opera stage for a few nights about three or four seasons ago, and sung so ill in the part of Susanna, in the *Nozze di Figaro*, to Ronzi de Begnis' Countess, that she was very deservedly hissed. Her fault was not from failure of voice, which would only have excited regret, but vicious embellishment.

Of Curioni, Zucchelli, and Ronzi de Begnis, the lost pearl of the opera, the critic writes thus:—

"The first tenor, Curioni, has a very sweet and pleasing voice, and is an agreeable though not a great singer; and Zucchelli, who possesses the most soft, mellow, and flexible bass voice I almost ever heard. Ronzi de Begnis, with a pretty face and pleasing countenance, has a voice of great sweetness and flexibility, which she manages with considerable skill and taste, is a good singer, and a good actress, both in serious and comic parts. But she decidedly excels most in the latter: indeed I have rarely seen a better buffa. She made her first appearance in *Il Turco in Italia*, and acted in it delightfully. Her husband, De Begnis, is an excellent comic actor."

Velluti, Caradori, and Bonini:—

"The first appearance of Signor Velluti was announced to take place, on an unusual night, *for his own benefit*, granted him, it was said, on account of the great trouble he had taken (to use a theatrical phrase) in *getting up* the new opera; which indeed was true, for, as he had a perfect knowledge of the stage, he entirely directed all the performances in which he took a part. As he had brought me a letter of introduction from a friend at Florence, and my curiosity was a good deal raised from the representation given to me of his talents, I was induced once more to enter a theatre, and was present on that occasion. At the moment when he was expected to appear, the most profound silence reigned in one of the most crowded audiences I ever saw, broken on his advancing by loud applauses of encouragement. The first note he uttered gave a shock of surprise, almost of disgust, to inexperienced ears, but his performance was listened to with attention and great applause throughout, with but few *audible* expressions of disapprobation, speedily suppressed. The opera he had chosen for his debut was *Il Crociato in Egitto*, by a German composer named Mayerbeer, till then totally unknown in this country. The music was quite of the new school, but not copied from its founder Rossini: it was original, odd, flighty, and might even be termed *fantastic*, but at times beautiful; here and there most delightful melodies and harmonies occurred, but it was unequal. Solos were as rare as in all the modern operas, but the numerous concerted pieces much shorter and far less noisy than Rossini's, consisting chiefly of duets and terzettos, with but few chorusses, and no overwhelming accompaniments. Indeed Mayerbeer has rather gone into the contrary extreme, the instrumental parts being frequently so slight as to be almost meagre, while he has sought to produce new and striking effects from the voices alone. The first woman's part was filled by Caradori, the only singer left who could undertake it, Pasta's engagement having terminated, and her performance gave great satisfaction. Though from want of power she is not to be ranked in the first line of prima donnas, it may truly be said she is *without a fault*. Her voice is sweet, but not strong; her knowledge of music very great; her taste and style excellent, full of delicacy and expression. In a room she is a perfect singer. Her genteel and particularly modest manner, combined with a very agreeable person and countenance, render her a pleasing and interesting, though not a surprising performer.

"To speak more minutely of Velluti. This singer is no longer young, and his voice is in decay. It seems to have had considerable compass, but has failed (which is extraordinary) in its middle tones, many of which are harsh and grating to the ear. Some of his upper notes are still exquisitely sweet, and he frequently dwells on, swells, and diminishes them with delightful effect. His lower notes too are full and mellow, and he displays

considerable art in descending from the one to the other by passages ingeniously contrived to avoid those which he knows to be defective. His manner is florid without extravagance, his embellishments (many of which were new to me) tasteful and neatly executed. His general style is the *grazioso*, with infinite delicacy and a great deal of expression, but never rising to the grand, simple, and dignified *cantabile* of the old school, still less to the least approach towards the *bravura*. He evidently has no other, therefore there is a great want of variety in his performance, as well as a total deficiency of force and spirit. Of the great singers mentioned before, he most resembles Pacchierotti, in one only, and that the lowest of his styles, but cannot be compared to him in excellence. He is also somewhat like him in figure, but far better looking; in his youth he was reckoned remarkably handsome. On the whole, there is much to approve and admire in his performance; and I can readily believe that in his prime he was not unworthy of the reputation he has attained in Italy. Even here, under so many disadvantages, he produced considerable effect, and overcame much of the prejudice raised against him. To the old he brought back some pleasing recollections; others, to whom his voice was new, became reconciled to it, and sensible of his merits; whilst many declared that to the last his tones gave them more pain than pleasure. However, either from curiosity or real admiration, he drew crowded audiences, and no opera but the *Crociato* was performed to the end of the season.

"The next (of 1826) began also with the same opera, but very differently performed. Caradori, though still belonging to the company, was unaccountably removed, for the purpose of introducing a new singer of the name of Bonini, and Garcia's place was filled by a performer below mediocrity. The new first woman having frequently sung with, and been taught by Velluti, was brought over at his recommendation and desire. She was not without merit, and it was not easy to say what were her faults; but it was impossible she should please: neither her voice nor her style had any peculiar excellence or defects; her person was small and very plain, and she was no actress. She was little attended to, and though never calling down disapprobation, was never applauded. Velluti's favour sensibly declined, and in his second opera, called *Tebaldo e Isolina*, by Morlacchi, which he considers as his chef-d'œuvre, he was much less admired than in the former. For his benefit this year, (which I also went to) he brought out *Aureliano in Palmira*, one of the first compositions of Rossini, and the only one of his operas in which he ever would sing. It is in my opinion one of the best of that master, as he had not yet, in his efforts at originality, fallen into that wild unnatural style which characterizes so many of his works. There are in it many beautiful melodies, and but little of the extravagant ornament and cramped passages he subsequently delighted to introduce. Those who are more conversant with his compositions, and can remember them (which I have professed I cannot) say that this opera has been a nursery from whence he has drawn much for his later productions, and that there is scarcely one good motive in it which he has not transplanted into some other. The first woman's part was again filled by Bonini, a miserable representative of the heroic *Zenobia*. But I now discovered why Velluti preferred her to any other performer. Pasta had returned to England some time before for her usual short engagement, but they never appeared in the same opera. This was thought to be occasioned by jealousy or rivalry in one or both: Velluti, however, was in the right to decline it. She would not only have overpowered him with the strength and volume of her voice, but her style was so different, often so superior to his own, that they could never have harmonized well: whereas Bonini, trained by him, accustomed to sing with him, and having acquired all his peculiar graces, was exactly suited to him by equality of power, and similarity of style; in the duettos accordingly nothing could be more perfect than the union of their voices."

The critique on Velluti is indulgent, but, in the main, just; that on



Caradori perhaps a little too laudatory; her chaste style, however, is peculiarly suited to the tastes of the old school; that of Bonini the exact truth. And the reason of the signor's preferring her to Pasta is very sufficiently explained. That person had a great horror of any merit which might possibly come into collision with his own, and would have said, in the spirit of M. Valabregue, "*Moi, et quatre ou cinq poupées, voilà tout ce qu'il faut.*"

On the mismanagement of the opera, the author has these judicious observations:—

"Whilst enormous expence is lavished in superfluities, a mean economy prevails in all the inferior departments, with regard to secondary singers, the chorus and orchestra: the scenery, decorations, and wardrobe, are in every respect unworthy of the largest theatre in the country. The ballets too have latterly been of a very inferior description, scarcely above mediocrity. Such are the consequences of a bad system of government, and of the want of a manager conversant with the Italian stage, a good judge of music and of singers, acquainted with foreign languages, and foreign usages, of liberal ideas, not sparing of expence, but judicious in the application of it; knowing what is right, and firm in exercising his authority to enforce it: in short, one who can act for himself, and not be dependent on the ignorance or bad faith of subordinate agents. Such a one only can carry on the business of the theatre with success, and give to the English public a really good Italian opera."

While performances, the ballet particularly, have been deteriorating, the cost to subscribers has been increasing.

"It will scarcely be credited by those who are not old enough to remember it, that at the period when these Reminiscences commence, and for many years subsequent to it, the price of a subscription to a box for *fifty* representations was *twenty guineas* a seat, so that there was a positive saving of five guineas on the season to every subscriber; and that too when the theatre was differently constructed, and the private boxes were very few in number, not exceeding in all *thirty-six*, eighteen, ranged in three rows, on each side of the house; the front being then occupied by open public boxes (or *amphithéâtre*, as it is called in French theatres) communicating with the pit. Both of these were filled exclusively with the highest classes of society, all, without exception, in the full dress then universally worn. The audiences thus assembled were considered as indisputably presenting a finer spectacle than any other theatre in Europe, and absolutely astonished the foreign performers, to whom such a sight was entirely new. At the end of the performance the company of the pit and boxes repaired to the coffee-room, which was then the best assembly in London, private ones being rarely given on opera nights, and all the first society was regularly to be seen there. Over the front box was the five shilling gallery, then resorted to by respectable persons not in full dress; and above that an upper gallery, to which the admission was three shillings. Subsequently the house was encircled by private boxes, yet still the prices remained the same, and the pit preserved its respectability and even grandeur till the old house was burnt down in 1789. After its rebuilding the subscription was raised to twenty-five guineas, and subsequently to thirty, but then the number of representations was increased to sixty, so that the admission never exceeded the usual pit price of half a guinea. Thus it continued the whole time that I was a subscriber to the opera. It was not till the second year of Catalani's engagement, when she more than doubled her demands, and obtained a salary wholly unprecedented, that the subscription for a whole box was at once raised from *one hundred and eighty to three hundred guineas*. Thus has she permanently injured the establishment: for the price, once raised, has never been lowered, or at most in a very

trifling degree: and it is become quite impossible for persons of moderate incomes to afford so unreasonable a sum for a mere entertainment. Hence has arisen the custom of halving and sub-dividing the subscriptions, so that very few persons have now the sole ownership of a box. Hence too that of letting them for the night, and of selling even single tickets when not used by the proprietor. The evil of this practice is evident. Formerly every lady possessing an opera box, considered it as much her *home* as her house, and was as sure to be found there, few missing any of the performances. If prevented from going, the *loan* of her box, and the gratuitous use of the tickets, was a favour always cheerfully offered and thankfully received as a matter of course, without any idea of payment. Then too it was a favour to ask gentlemen to belong to a box, when subscribing to one was actually advantageous. Now, no lady can propose to them to give her more than double the price of the admission at the door, so that having paid so exorbitantly, every one is glad to be reimbursed a part at least of the great expence which she must often support alone. Boxes and tickets therefore, are no longer given, they are let for what can be got; for which traffic the circulating libraries afford an easy accommodation. Many too which are not taken for the season are disposed of in the same manner, and are almost put up to auction, their price varying from three to eight or even ten guineas, according to the performance of the evening, and other accidental circumstances. I have known an instance of a box being asked for in the morning for a particular opera, but not taken on account of the high price demanded: in the afternoon of the same day the same box was offered for half the sum, and then again rejected from the suspicious appearance of the tender. The next morning the reason was discovered; *the opera had been changed*. This artifice requires no comment. In no other theatre in any country was such uncertainty of prices ever heard of: they every where are, and ought to be, fixed and invariable.

“While the boxes are thus let at prices so much too high, admissions to the pit are to be purchased beneath their proper value. Half-a-guinea has at all times been the established price for that part of the house: but by the convenient accommodation before alluded to, they are now to be bought for inferior sums nightly; and if taken for the whole season, for not much more than half what it would cost to pay the entrance money at the door. This is as injurious and unfair to the proprietors of the theatre as the box system is to the frequenters of it. Besides these contrivances for filling the theatre, the manager has recourse to issuing orders of free admission (varying in number according to circumstances) that the benches may be occupied on unattractive nights: boxes even are frequently given away, or let for trifling sums, to create the delusive appearance of a crowded house, when in fact the money actually received is barely sufficient to cover the evening’s expence.”

There is in fact a varying price of admission to the pit. When a thin or bad house is expected, cards of admission are sold for eight and sixpence, and on these nights that in fact is the price of the pit, for few will pay ten and sixpence when it is well known that tickets can be procured for eight and sixpence. When there is attraction, this pasteboard issue is contracted proportionally, and when Pasta performs, a card is not to be had.

The author proceeds:

“From all these causes the whole style of the Opera House is totally changed, its audiences are of a different description, its comfort entirely lost. The pit has long ceased to be the resort of ladies of fashion; and latterly, by the innovations introduced, is no longer agreeable to the former male frequenters of it. Those who compose the best part of the audience, and who really pay the fair price, coming late to the theatre, find all the seats occupied by the holders of orders and of cheap admissions; while the boxes, being fre-

quently filled by occasional hirers of them, afford no retreat to those who would visit the friends to whom they properly belong.\* This is an abuse which the manager should rectify for his own sake; for that of the subscribers the rent of the boxes ought to be lowered, if not to their original price, which may now be impossible, at least to one far beneath what is still demanded, though the first cause for raising it has long ceased. This might be done, if the establishment were judiciously managed, and its expences reduced within reasonable bounds; especially as the term of all the boxes which were private property, (originally assigned to the lenders of money for rebuilding the theatre,) is now expired, and they are become that of the manager, by which a very large addition is made to the amount of the subscription. The only plea that can be adduced for not doing so, must be, the pecuniary embarrassments in which former managers have plunged the concern, the vast debt yet unpaid, and the endless law-suits in which its affairs are still involved. To these difficulties it is almost hopeless to expect that an effectual remedy will be found, or that the encumbrances will ever be entirely shaken off. Certainly not as the concern is at present conducted. The whole system is radically bad; and nothing can restore the opera in this country to its former respectable and agreeable footing, or the performances to that excellence which a public paying so dearly has a right to expect, but a total reformation, an entire change of proprietors, of managers, of all parties connected with the theatre, I had almost said, hampered and embarrassed as it is, of the theatre itself."

The raffish composition of the pit is likely to prove a material prejudice to the theatre. The very last article on the opera which appeared in our publication, closed with these remarks:—"We would recommend the proprietor to be a little more nice in the distribution of his orders; for if he perseveres in the system of cramming the pit with shop-boys, coxcombs will soon come to a resolution not to be seen there; and then all the world will think it vulgar to be found in the pit, and as every body cannot get into the boxes, the consequence will be that a large class will cease to visit the theatre. The would-be fashionables will be altogether excluded from the house, and grievously will the treasury feel their absence. It is a point of the first importance to the proprietor of the opera to uphold by all means, the fashion of the pit."—*Lond. Mag. March, 1826.*

The opera is now the only theatre, the performances of which are not vulgarized to the very lowest level, and it will share the disgrace and the fate of the other public places whenever the mob feel their strength in it. The introduction of horses on the stage this season, we regard as a bad omen; it is said that there can be no harm in adding to the effect of the *spectacle* while it is secondary, but we know from experience that where the mob is powerful, the *spectacle* never is long secondary; that it always ends by usurping the first place, and excluding all the more lasting attractions.

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\* Most improper company is sometimes to be seen even in the principal tiers, and tickets bearing the names of ladies of the highest class have been presented by those of the *lowest*, such as used to be admitted only to the hindmost rows of the gallery.—[A fact for which we can vouch.—*Rev.*]

## DIARY

### FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

*April 24th.* There is often an amusing truth in the representations of vanity. It is frequently correct enough in the statement of facts, and only wrong in the flattering interpretations which it puts on them. Lord K——, a remarkably deformed and mean-looking man, observed once to another peer, "There is something, my lord, in us nobility, which certainly distinguishes us from the common herd. Now, for instance, when I chance to walk through a village where my person is entirely unknown, every creature that sees me pass, cries out "there goes *my lord*."\* My lord was right in his statement, but wrong in his inference. He laid to the account of his dignity, the distinction that belonged to his deformity. This mistake of self-love is a frequent one. The John Bull, in recounting its achievements, having claimed the merit merely of having, the other day, saved the throne;† and, Tom Thumb like, crushed a rebellion of giants, (of his own making, Lord Grizzle would add,) states, that after this exploit,

"We were about to retire to our privacy, [*'Rebellion's dead—and now I'll go to breakfast,'* says the modest prototype, Tom Thumb the Great,] when the public voice, which could not be mistaken, called upon us to continue our labours—and *it is not small praise to be able to affirm, that, from the commencement of our labours, the Whig and Radical press began to wane, and was gradually purged of its base excesses, whilst its coarse ribaldry was for ever consigned to contempt and oblivion.*"

There is undeniably much exactness in this representation. It is true, that John Bull made scurrility so odious by its prodigal use of it, that others became justly ashamed of the weapon; and its ribaldry so outrageously exceeded that of the rest of the press, that the minor offences were at once forgotten. The John Bull incontestibly has the merit of having rendered personality unfashionable, just as the drunken slave of the Spartans deterred the beholders of his bestial extravagances from intoxication.

The same paper is guilty of this little indiscretion, which, at the present moment, reflects no discredit on its honesty, though much on its judgment:—

To those who have been in the habit of seeing in the Morning Chronicle newspaper the continued malevolent attacks upon Lord Eldon, we recommend the perusal of the following speech—if it may be so called—delivered by his lordship on Thursday, and reported in that paper of Friday:—

"The Lord Chancellor would say nothing at present upon the case, because he had

\* The vulgar nick-name for a hump-backed man.

† The loyal professions of this paper are of an amusing ardour. They are of that unreasonableness which is considered, we suppose, as the best token of sincerity. Speaking of the royal prerogatives, the writer says:—"There is not a single prerogative—scanty enough God knows in number—which we would not lay down our lives to support." Surgeon and whales' tails are among the scanty number; and how readily, cheerfully, and nobly, the Bull would lay down life in vindicating the royal rights to these fishy perquisites.

not yet completely formed his determination ; but he would read over the affidavits again, and give his judgment to-morrow morning. His Lordship adverted to the plan pursued by Lord Thurlow, of hearing counsel in all cases, but particularly in bankruptcy. That noble lord had frequently told him the manner in which he used to hear counsel, and give his decisions, up to the time of his retirement before the commission, in 1783. 'With respect to my own case, (said his lordship, speaking in a very low tone, dropping his head, and apparently much affected,) *I don't say much, but I feel a good deal. I well know that my mind is so constituted that it necessarily leads to delay, which I cannot avoid. I have learnt that there is an infinite difference between despatching business and doing it ; and those who look to the proceedings of this court will say with me, that there is much more difficulty in making a proper end of a thing, than in getting rid of it. The apology, therefore, I now make to the public for my defects, (and no man feels them more strongly than myself, both day and night, when I am awake,) is, that my anxious desire has always been to take care rather than I should be finally right, than be precipitate.*' (A dead silence prevailed throughout the room while his lordship uttered these few words.) With respect to the case before him, he repeated, that he would give his judgment to-morrow morning."

Let those, we say, who have read the original malevolence of the writer in the Chronicle, look to the report now before them—they will there see the avowal of the principle upon which the great man who makes it has acted through life, made at taking leave of the bar. They will there see the noble sight of a true patriot, who, unmoved by the scurrility, unruffled by the vituperation of the enemies of his country, boldly and manfully maintained his post, [and received his salary of 30,000*l.* a year,] through days of difficulty and danger, and until the vessel of the state rode triumphantly and in safety ; and who, in the plenitude of intellect, and in the possession of powers that yet shall make his enemies tremble, has resigned that office to which his libellers called him venally attached, and which no man ever filled more ably than himself, the moment he could no longer conscientiously hold it—how unconsciously yet how perfectly do Lord Eldon's actions give the lie to the calumnies of his libellers.

Particularly the calumny, that much of the delay is ascribable to the natural infirmity of his lordship's mind, which disqualifies him for the business of deciding. Lord Eldon was indeed an excellent judge, having only this one fault, that he had not the faculty of judging, and consequently doubted instead of decreeing. *Habes confidentem*, Mr. Bull—his lordship pleads guilty to the charge ; and you quote his very confession as giving the lie to the calumnies of his libellers ! This is marvellously silly. I grant, however, that there is something touching in the described bearing of Lord Eldon, and the ingenuous language of self-condemnation which fell from him. Still it is ill-timed. He softens in adversity, while in prosperity he has been hard as flint. This is not indicative of a noble mind. There is little virtue in whimpering peccavi at the foot of the gallows. As for the eulogium pronounced by John Bull on our late conscientious magistrate, it is more creditable to the writer than the subject—it shows that there is some fidelity in the one, if it fails to prove the merits of the other—and we shall only remark upon it, that we will subscribe to every syllable of the panegyric, if the author will name the man who has done so much good to his country as Lord Eldon has thwarted. We talk of our Great Unknowns, Great Unpaid, &c. His lordship's distinguishing title in history should be, *THE GREAT MISCHIEF*.

— There are certain phrases which are immense helps to human knowledge, and enable us to clear all difficulties and embarrassments without touching them, as with a logical leaping-pole. A philosopher relieves himself of all perplexity, by calling an appearance a *lusus naturæ* ; a physician resorts to *nerves* ; a statesman meets national distress, by terming it a *pecuniary crisis* ; a thief styles robbery *equitable adjustment*. A new phrase has just been discovered in

party politics, which has wonderfully served all the purposes of explanation, without explaining any thing. When Mr. Peel retired from office, together with the other six, it was said, in answer to the imputation of faction, that he resigned *for reasons personal to himself*. No one knew what the reasons personal to himself were, or what they were like, or what they were good for; but every one felt that it was perfectly satisfactory to learn that he resigned *for reasons personal to himself*.\* It is now given out in the Chronicle, that Lord Lansdown delays taking office, *for reasons of a nature peculiar to himself*. This also is a most convincing explanation—not a word more is necessary. We see that reasons personal to a man's self, are an ample justification of his running away from office, and that *reasons of a nature peculiar to himself*, cause him, with equal propriety, to stand aloof from it. But see how curiously the chain of causation proceeds. "Mr. Tierney and Lord Carlisle," it is affirmed, "of course, delay also, until his lordship joins." His lordship delays for reasons of a nature peculiar to himself; and Mr. Tierney and Lord Carlisle, of course, delay also, for reasons of a nature not peculiar to themselves, but to Lord Lansdown. Nothing can be conceived more explanatory than this; and it is surprisingly edifying to read newspapers which clear up perplexing appearances in so satisfactory a manner. "What are you doing, Tom?" asks the master, in the old joke. "Nothing, sir." "And what are you doing, Will?" "Helping Tom, sir." "What are you standing out for, my Lord Lansdown?" "Reasons of a nature peculiar to myself, sir." And what are you standing out for, Tierney?" "For his lordship's reasons, sir."

— It is astonishing what strides aldermen are making in science, and literature, and morals. In my last, I noted the brilliant discovery of the poet Hudson, made by Sir Peter Laurie. I have now to record a no less remarkable discovery in natural history, made by Sir Claudius Hunter, namely; that sheep know, by a certain instinct, when they are about to be killed. As the account of the matter is extremely curious in every particular, as well as honourable to aldermanic parts, I give the report entire.

On Saturday, while Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter was sitting for the lord mayor at the Mansion-house, a complaint was made against a butcher for cruelty to a sheep. There was nothing more than ordinary in the case, until the worthy alderman commented upon the conduct of the butcher and the animal, and to a certain degree excused both for the course they pursued towards each other. The butcher had admitted, without hesitation, that he had punished the sheep in the manner described by the complainant, but then the sheep had, he said, run away without provocation three several times, and with such rapidity as to have knocked down a child, or even a man, if they happened to come in contact. It was impossible to overlook such conduct, and the butcher could not restrain his anger any more than other butchers could restrain theirs under similar circumstances. Sir Claudius Hunter was of opinion, that the candid manner in which the butcher had acknowledged the offence of which he had been guilty, did him great credit, and considerably mitigated the degree of the offence. "But you should have considered," said his worship, "that you, as a butcher, should have known, that nothing was more natural than for that animal to run away from your knife. Those animals have an instinct by which they know when they are going to be slaughtered, and they can't be blamed for trying to run away, nor should they be punished for it. However, as you have so candidly admitted your offence, I'll mitigate the penalty from 5*l.* to 1*l.*" The auditors heard all this with as serious faces as if they were all sheep themselves.

\* He has since Parliamentarily explained; and it turns out that his reasons, personal to himself, resolve themselves into a politico-personal dislike to Mr. Canning.

There is one question which we would fain have resolved by this sage knight; and that is, whether aldermen know any one thing either by instinct or any other means?

*May 1st.* The subtlety of truth is so great, that a cruel satire frequently finds its way into a compliment. In praising the two ancient Universities, on laying the foundation-stone of the London University, Mr. Brougham professed himself as revering Oxford for having produced "such men as Copplestone and Wheatley, and many others, to mention whom would rather bewilder than enlighten his hearers."

This carries with it either an imputation of ignorance to the auditors, or an insinuation of the inutility of the Great Unnamed's labours. If they are profitable to the world, why are they not valued?—if not, why are they pursued? The fame of a chemist or a mathematician penetrates every factory and workshop; that of a philologist lives only in an university; the mention of the names of the former speaks substantial service to society, the latter fall blanks on the ear, "bewildering rather than enlightening." It is proper, however, that we should have philologists: the absurdity lies in endeavouring to make all men philologists—that or nothing. There are many narrow paths of learning which ought not to be shut up; but it is preposterous to convert them into the highways of general education, with a perfect knowledge, that not more than two or three men in an age can thread their way to the end. One balancer of straws will serve a whole people; and how ridiculous it would be to see thousands of youths drilled to the exercise, and with the full assurance, that not one in ten thousand could attain to any tolerable degree of proficiency in the art, (while they would remain almost utterly ignorant of all others;) and that if they did attain to proficiency, they would find no demand or respect for it in the world, the honour of course declining with the rarity. Is this an argument against classical pursuits? No more than it is an argument against straw. Straw has its excellent uses; we only object to the waste of time and industry in balancing it on the nose. Had we ancient universities for the preservation, promotion, and encouragement of skill in straw; we should doubtless find professors instructing the tyro, not in plaiting or weaving it, but in poising it on the chin. This performance would be the ambition of the *whole* society, and on it its honours would be bestowed. The result—that one balancer would rise to delight the curious in half a century, and a million of bunglers would be turned out with prodigious labour. Swift's projector contrived a stupendous machine for cutting cabbages, only inferior to the mode by knife and hand. It is well to have a scheme of education for keeping men barren, only inferior to leaving them entirely uninstructed.

— The newspapers have in their great goodness given the editor of John Bull a desperate fit. I am glad to hear that there is no truth whatever in the story, which I was at first inclined to credit; having observed that for many weeks past our high churchman's Sunday homilies have savoured, as Gil Blas says, *diablement* of apoplexy. The Examiner asserts, that the disorder is a chronic dullness; as I have a sort of kindness for the party, I shall be happy to believe it nothing worse. The Bull, it must be remarked, is just now undergoing a transformation from a ministerial to an opposition

animal, and all creatures during the period of such changes are in a heavy, torpid state.

*8th.* It is one of the most admirable features of the faultless constitution of England, that its peers are not only qualified by inheritance to make laws, but also to exercise judicial functions in cases of appeal—that is to say, when the decree of a great judge, most learned in the law, is called in question, it is thought wise that the decision should rest with a number of lords, who are, in all human probability, neither learned in the law nor in any thing else. This is one of our many beautiful balances. How can skill be better counterpoised than by ignorance. One man who has spent a life in the study of the law, is very properly supposed fallible in the administration of it; where are you then to look for those who are competent to correct his judgment? Surely among a body of noble persons who, taken in the mass, know nothing at all about the matter. If boots were of the importance of laws to society, an appeal would certainly lie from Hoby's fits to the House of Lords; and it would be constitutionally assumed, that peers of the realm, without ever having handled lapstone or awl, are competent to set aside the work of the craftsman, and able to shape and fashion Wellingtons with more than the perfection of regular journeymen. Such is the theory of hereditary skill. It is, however, in some degree cured in the practice. There are a few craftsmen in the House of Lords, who take the leading part in the appellative jurisdiction; and the business is in effect entirely entrusted to them, so much so indeed, that it is almost forgotten that the constitution has given to others a function without a qualification; and in providing for the performance of the judicial duties of the House, those men only are named or thought of who are competent to discharge them. As in a mixed company of men most of whom were blind, those only would be talked of as judges of painting who possessed the gift of sight. This habit of altogether overlooking the non-effectives in disposing of the forces, has extremely disturbed Lord Holland, and last night he rose in the House to object to the use of "Expressions which seemed to convey the idea, that the learned law lords sat in that House to try and decide appeals. The right to try and decide appeals was not limited to any one noble lord, or to any particular peers in preference to the rest, but resided in every member of that House equally. They were all 'peers,' and that one word showed they were all equal." The *right* certainly of trying appeals has been vested in all by the constitution; but surely the modesty of nature must whisper to some, that the qualification does not accompany it. The right of performing surgical operations might have been bestowed on the Lords by our all-wise forefathers; but would they on the strength of the right, have argued that the arm-and-leg-amputating faculty resided in every member of that House equally. "The word 'peers' shows that they are all equal," but would it show they were all anatomists?

"It was the duty," proceeded the noble lord, "of every man in that House, as a lord of Parliament, to sit and assist in the hearing of appeals." Mungo in the farce supplies an answer to the noble lord: "What use me hear, when me no understand." It might be the duty of every man in that House as a lord of Parliament to sit



and assist in the hatching of eggs; but would any peer in leather breeches think, that his parts were adapted to such a business?—No, he would leave the matter to the birds of the feather, avowing that there was a discrepancy between his constitutional character and the character of his constitution; and that though he was assumed to be by birth fit for the offices of a fowl, yet he found by experience, that the volucrine capacity had not descended to him with its duties. Instead of this, Lord Holland clucks aloud, that because they have got some of the black feathered tribe among them, expressions are not to be used calculated to make people believe that those birds, and not the whole House, hatch eggs:—

“It was not because they had the satisfaction of having some learned law lords among them, that expressions were to be used calculated to mislead the people, and to make them imagine that those learned lords, and not the whole House, sat to decide appeals.”

It is odd enough to see a really enlightened and superior man thus insisting on the assertion of fictions, and gravely vindicating the substance of shadows.

— John Bull is perpetually under the influence of some epidemic terror, and during his paroxysms of alarm there is no tale which is too gross for his credulity, or too ridiculous for the excitement of his grave fears. Sometimes—fee-fa-fum—the French Revolution is coming; sometimes, that is to say two or three times a year, when the sun shines, all the dogs are going mad—

The babies are bit,  
And the moon's in a fit,  
And the houses are built without walls.

Sometimes the Pope's coming over (via Ireland), to make an extinguisher of the church steeple. Sometimes he cannot be easy in his flesh, because the dead are disturbed in their graves. The last of these hypochondriacal symptoms has its origin in a respectable feeling; but it has been carried to a most irrational extreme; and the excitement is kept up by the most preposterous means. The reception of a tale of terror we must, however, recollect, is vulgarly in no degree regulated by its probability—it is, to speak mathematically, as the weakness of the party multiplied into the extravagance of the fiction. Here is an example of the kind of thing which is seasoned for the popular appetite, and acceptable. It is unspeakably provoking to see the clumsy bug-a-boo which is sufficient to scare that pattern of solidity and sober sense, John Bull, out of his boasted reason. We copy from a newspaper; the account is of that circumstantiality so presumptive of truth:—

**SHOCKING CASE.**—The immediate neighbours of Mrs. H. a most respectable lady, resident in Speldhurst-street, Burton-crescent, were distressed on Thursday night by the screams proceeding from the house, and upon inquiries, they received the following information:—The husband of the lady had been attended by an apothecary, residing in one of the neighbouring squares, and on Monday night the 1st inst. the patient died. On the Thursday, the apothecary knocked at the door, and upon its being opened by a servant girl, he asked her if the corpse did not smell to the degree of alarming herself and her mistress? Upon being answered, that they as yet perceived no smell to arise from the body, the apothecary assured her of her mistake, and desired her to run to his house and procure a little of some white powder, which he kept to prevent the infection from the effluvia of dead bodies. Immediately the unsuspecting girl had gone, he proceeded unnoticed to the chamber

of the corpse, and extracted one of the eyes, substituting the eye of a sheep, [quarry bull.] and closing the lid over it. On the return of the servant, he assured her that the body was too far gone to be kept open, and he ordered her to go immediately to the undertaker, at Somers'-town, and to direct him instantly to screw up the coffin. The girl, however, went and informed her mistress of the order, who expressed her surprise and strong disapprobation at what had occurred. A short time after, the afflicted widow repaired to the chamber to weep over the corpse, and upon her kissing it, to her horror, the socket of the eye opened, and displayed the incision which had been made, whilst the false eye fell out. She was seized with convulsions and hysterical fits, in which she continued all night, notwithstanding the assistance of another medical person who was sent for. The apothecary was afterwards ordered to replace the eye, when he substituted one of a different colour to that of the deceased, which greatly added to the distress of the afflicted lady.

There is nothing extraordinary in the circumstance of an apothecary, who has in a professional way killed the husband, casting a sheep's eye on his lady; but why he should impose one on the dead, we cannot for the life of us divine. As for the widow, she is not the first whose grief has been (in the vulgar tongue) "all my eye." With respect to the villainous substitution of an eye of a different colour "which greatly added to the distress of the afflicted lady," the annals of horror contain nothing to equal it. It is bad enough to pick a man's pocket of his eye, but to send him to his last home with odds and ends in his head, is most shameful treatment. Mathews sings a song about a child

Who was born—or they lie,  
With a wig, wooden leg, and glass eye,

and the apothecaries, if they are suffered to have their way, will surely send us on our last journey with this sort of equipment. Do not be angry, John, we are not treating revolting practices with levity, but the fabricators of these improbable tales are making a fool of you, honest man. We reverence all your good feelings even when they are carried beyond the bounds of reason, and the interests of the world, and we would have apothecaries respect the dead, as indeed they ought naturally to do, for most men respect their own work—we will answer for ourselves.

— *What is libel?* If any man can answer this question, it is surely the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who is bringing the doctrine to that point of perfection which will make people feel its nature. A *sheriff's officer* (it behoves us to be respectful in our terms) of the name of Levy, prosecuted a man a short time ago for calling him a bum in some doggerel rhymes. The jury doubtless thinking the prosecution ridiculously frivolous, returned a verdict for the defendant, though the judge (Best) had gravely charged them that the matter complained of was a decided libel. A motion for a new trial has now been made by Mr. Serjeant Adams, and the rule has been granted. The advocate stated:—

"That the publication in question was a gross libel, no person who read it could doubt for an instant; the plaintiff was dubbed with a *nick-name*, which would descend with him to the grave, and his feelings had been deeply wounded."

Imagine, tender reader, the delicate feelings of a bailiff deeply wounded by the too familiar addition of bum! We remember some farce in which one of this fraternity, Jemmy Twitcher by name, professes to be "a man of sentiment," and surely Levy must have

been his prototype. Of a truth, the finishing stroke will be given to the doctrine of libel by the decision that it is a gross, malignant, and wicked libel, to style a bailiff a bum.

—In my last Diary I observed on the barbarous way in which good stories are mangled in the telling. Here is another example:

"The late Dr. Baillie, when in the hurry of great business, when his day's work, as he was used to say, amounted to seventeen hours, was sometimes rather irritable, and betrayed a want of temper in hearing the tiresome details of an unimportant story. After listening with torture to a prosing account from a lady, who ailed so little that she was going to the opera that evening, he had happily escaped from the room, when he was urgently requested to step up stairs: it was to ask him whether, on her return from the opera, she might eat some oysters. "Yes, ma'am," said Baillie, "shells and all."—*The Gold-headed Cane*.

This is not the correct version. The doctor having closed the drawing-room door, and commenced his descent of the stairs, was stopped by the voice of the fair patient's sister exclaiming:—

"Doctor Baillie, Doctor Baillie, my sister wishes to know whether she may eat an oyster?" [in a beseeching tone] "Only *one* oyster, Doctor Baillie?"

Doctor: "Yes, ma'am, your sister may eat *one* oyster."

Having recommenced his descent, he was stopped before he got to the first landing-place, with another exclamation from the lady, who had again ran to the top of the stairs:—

Lady: "Doctor Baillie, Doctor Baillie, my sister wishes to know whether she may eat *two* oysters. Only *two* oysters, Doctor Baillie."

Doctor: "Aye, ma'am, your sister may eat *two* oysters."

The Doctor then gladly made for his carriage, thinking his escape now certain; but as his foot was on the step, he was stopped by a servant, who requested him to return for a moment, as his mistress had a word more to say to him. The doctor complied.

Doctor: "Well, ma'am, has any thing very extraordinary occurred since I saw our patient half a minute ago?"

Lady: "Oh Doctor Baillie, my sister wishes to know whether she may eat *three* oysters. Only *three* oysters, Doctor Baillie."

Doctor: "Three, ma'am! aye a barrel, shells and all." [flinging out of the room.]

12th. Lord Eldon had the satisfaction last night of strangling the Game Laws Amendment Bill. As it was an egg of improvement, he of course crushed it under the pretext of quarrelling with the shape of its shell. He was vehemently alarmed lest the clauses empowering the apprehension of offenders should lead to sanguinary conflicts, and fearful that the right of seizure might be exercised or disputed so as to produce fatal strife. This is the same noble legislator and learned lawyer, who, a month ago, maintained that it was better to leave the question, whether it was lawful or not to shoot men by spring-guns, undecided! He does not see any great harm in leaving undetermined the legality of setting an engine which will shoot any one without distinction who treads on a certain forbidden spot, but he is anxious beyond measure to prevent the bare possibility of a

fray. Disputes and struggles are things to be avoided by all means; but spring guns, as they bite before they bark, shoot their man at once and have done with it, are liable, it seems, to less objection. It would be dreadful to allow of a vagueness in the law which might involve two men in a personal conflict in which bloody noses or broken heads might be given or received; but it is wise and prudent to leave a point unsettled which continues to people so disposed, the liberty to shoot trespassers without more noise than the report of the piece, and more struggle than that of the maimed sufferer in his agonies. In a word, the law should be scrupulous and careful how it permits the seizure of offenders for fear of violence; but as for the shooting of them *sur le champ*, that is a matter of inferior moment, the legality of which may well be left open to discussion after the destruction of a fellow creature.

14th. The Times declares that it is much mistaken if Mr. Canning be not henceforth an *undertaker* of useful reforms. We wish it had chosen another word; there is something ominous in the sound of undertaker, and it suggests the idea of Mr. Canning burying reforms; supported by a long train of *mutes* who play the part of friends to the departed, without caring a jot for them in their hearts.

— The John Bull of last Sunday contained the following representation:—

It may be supposed that we are going too far in attributing to Lord Londonderry that system [of foreign policy] which has met with unqualified approbation in Parliament from all parties—but if there be an error in this statement it arises not with us. Mr. Canning himself, who ought to know, has distinctly and positively stated the fact in his place in the House of Commons.

On Monday, February 23, 1823, we find, in reply to a compliment from Mr. Hobhouse, on the right honourable gentleman's liberality, this speech from Mr. Canning:—

“ Mr. Secretary Canning said, the honourable gentleman who had just sat down, had done the ministry the honour to compliment them upon their conduct, and amongst the good qualities which he had attributed to them, he had praised their prudence—he felt strongly that prudence forbade any discussion on the subject at the present moment, and he rose chiefly for the purpose of repressing, if without impropriety he might say so, any farther discussion on a point which had originated accidentally. He should, however, act *unfairly* to that government, in which he was so recent a partner, if he did not reject any praise which was bestowed upon it, at the expense of those by whom it had formerly been composed.

“ He was compelled, in mere justice, to say, that upon his entering the office which he had the honour to fill [that of Lord Londonderry's] he found the principles upon which the government had acted reduced to writing, and this state paper (of Lord Londonderry's) formed what he might be allowed to call the political creed of the country. Upon the execution of the principles there laid down, and upon this ALONE!!! was founded any claim which which he might have to credit from the House!!!!”

It is to be remarked, that the words “ of Lord Londonderry's,” in the last parenthesis, are thrown in by the writer, and do not belong to Mr. Canning's speech. We have some reason to believe, that the state paper alluded to, was not the work of Lord Londonderry. Mr. Pitt drew up a scheme of the foreign policy of the country, which has been preserved in the Foreign Office, and commonly consulted by his disciples in power, who have held it in great reverence, and of oracular authority. We have heard it affirmed, that Lord Londonderry copied it out more than once, to impress the maxims the more strongly on his mind. This, we are inclined to think, is the document to which Mr.

Canning referred; or as Lord Londonderry notoriously founded himself on the Pitt scheme so laid down, any paper which he drew up must, in all probability, have been shaped according to its principles. Mr. Canning then, if he did adopt Lord Londonderry's state paper, in adopting it, only adopted an abstract of the Pitt plan of policy, but we are rather of opinion, that the document in question was the original Pitt chart itself. This assumption disposes of an objection which it is otherwise not easy to answer consistently with facts, namely; how it happened that the foreign policy of Lord Londonderry and Mr. Canning, has differed in some very material features. We reply, that there is more likelihood of a difference between the courses of two men taking one common chart for their guidance, after an interval of time, than between two men one of whom immediately follows the other, and under similar circumstances pledges himself to pursue his still strongly marked line of proceeding. Charts instruct us where objects to be made or avoided lie; but they cannot instruct us how to make or to avoid them. Wind and weather must determine much. Mr. Canning, when he came into office, found the political aspect exactly what it had been in the time of his predecessor; the Holy Alliance principles having set in with the steady violence of a monsoon, but instead of proceeding in the same line of direction with the former pilot, as he would have done had he determined to adopt exactly his course, he quietly put the ship about, and endeavoured to make his object on the other tack. The chart in the cabin may have been the same, and yet the tactics and success of them may have widely differed.

— The political interest of the public appears to be in an inverse proportion with the geographical distance of the place, and the immediate importance of the subject: its moral concern, on the other hand, is in something more than the direct proportion of the distance, and the inverse of the importance of the matter to our own community. Political interest, for example, scarcely reaches India, while moral concern is there in its greatest force, and flags as it approaches home. A statement of the defective government of a hundred millions in the East, will not command so much attention as the case of an apple-woman's stall oppressively upset in Oxford-street; but let a question of ethics be agitated, and we consider the irregularity with an earnestness increasing with the space by which it is separated from us. Our morality, like the good wife in scripture, fetches its food from afar: it is of an essentially gad-about genius, and delights in taking cognizance of what is done in other men's houses, while our policy remains chained to our own doors. In St. Giles's, on a moderate calculation, three hundred and sixty-five fish-wives destroy themselves in the course of the year, by pouring liquid fire down their throats. This is very properly considered an affair between the ladies and their stomachs, and no mortal interferes, or thinks of going into fits at the idea of these spiritual suicides. On the banks of the Ganges, a round dozen of widows destroy themselves in the course of the year, by taking fire outside instead of in; and half England is weeping, wailing, and gnashing its teeth, at the scandal. The good people of Reading, for want of any nearer topic of concern, have just petitioned Parliament, we observe, to refuse toleration of the above-mentioned practice. This

is surely mightily absurd. What right have we to violently interfere with the customs of any people? What should we say to the Hindoos, were they the stronger—and were they to insist upon our widows putting themselves to death, instead of into becoming mourning? Those of them who cleave to the wisdom of their forefathers, hold that widows ought to burn in honour of their husbands; while we, a more moderate people, are satisfied with their disfiguring themselves in weeds.

— Quot homines tot sententiae suis cuique mos.

Each, of course, holds the practice of the other in abhorrence; the better reason appears to be with us; but that will not justify us in forcibly causing submission to it. Mr. Canning will not entertain the idea of compelling Protestants to forego the pleasure of vexing Catholics; “because,” observes he, with more point than reason, “I never can allow it to be said, that the advocate of freedom of conscience, forced conscience to consent to freedom.”\* He thus holds, that it is better to leave Protestants free to gall and annoy Catholics, than to put a violent constraint upon their propensities, and by so doing incur the serious hazard of an epigram. How much stronger is the case of the Hindoo widows, who vex only their own flesh, and embroil no creatures but themselves? What right have we to rule the roast, and professing ourselves the champion of liberty, to refuse them liberty of the stake? Better far to show them the superior manner of digesting grief, prescribed by our customs, and reconcile them to life by instancing the becoming effect of a well-imagined mourning head-dress. A tasteful assortment of millinery for dejected widows, would have more influence than volumes of prohibitions, and prove stronger arguments of the benefit of survivorship—or else the ladies of Hindostan are marvellously unlike the rest of their lovely sex. It is our way, however, to be incessantly meddling with the manners of every people among whom we come, and though ourselves the most bigotted race under the sun to the customs of our forefathers, yet if others do not fall into our modes, if they do not break their eggs at our end, we talk of nothing but breaking their heads for their accursed non-conformity. All nations are attached to their ancient forms and habits, and declare their *nolumus leges mutari* (which we account, without any distinction of cases, so universally respectable as regards our own laws) in their respective ways. When the Portuguese tried to convert the good folks of Concobella, for example, from certain practices considered not altogether consistent with morals or good manners, “the nobles, and the rest of the people,” we quote from

\* A conceit, we believe, unmatched in the puerilities of rhetoric, when the gravity of the subject, and the character of the speaker are taken into account. The fallacy lurks in the word *conscience*. The peculiar consciences of certain men have induced them, at divers times and sundry places, to take great liberties with the lives and limbs of their neighbours; but out of respect to their consciences, Mr. Canning, we presume, would not have refrained from releasing the martyr from the stake. We would have men's consciences free from vexation, and not free to vex. There are people in the world who take a pleasure in tormenting. What should we think of the professed friend of universal happiness, who said to one of these persons, in the very act of inflicting pain on a fellow creature; “I never can allow it to be said, that the advocate of happiness forced the happy tormentor to consent to the happiness of the tormented?”

Murray, "declared, in the most decided manner, that the immemorial practice of the country being to keep concubines, and eat human flesh, they would on no account renounce such valuable institutions at the mere command of a stranger." What was this but, "Nolimus leges Concobellae mutari?" What was it but that which we hear every day in the House of Lords? and not from benighted savages, but from enlightened senators, who refuse to renounce immemorial practices, valuable institutions, sanctioned and handed down by the wisdom of their ancestors, and of a respectability, at least, not inferior to the custom of the concubinage, and an utility far less obvious than the eating of human flesh, at the mere command of a stranger to their order—a Mill—a Bentham—a Huskisson—a Brougham?

— We laugh at Irish eloquence; but if we may judge from the specimens presented at a dinner given to Mr. Thomas Campbell, at Glasgow, it is in a fair way of being surpassed by the Scotch. There is a Professor Sandford, who, in mode and figure, rivals any genius of the bog that can be named; and there is a very Reverend Principal Macfarlan, who speaks, as the vulgar express it, like a book, and that too, a book in the richest manner of the Minerva Press: there is also the gifted Mr. Campbell himself, who excels Mr. O'Shiel in his happiest moments of inspiration. The indigenous Scotch eloquence does not, however, exactly resemble the Irish; it is rather of a composite order, something between the Hibernian and the American—a graft of the tawdry finery of the one upon the much-ado-about-nothing substance of the other. There is a prodigious heating of the imagination, blowing of bellows, sounding of phrases, and hammering of figures and metaphors, expended on the shaping of some trumpery piece of metal, not for its intrinsic value deserving a place in an old nail-box. Here is an example:—Mr. Campbell goes to dine with the good folks of Glasgow; sensible people would have said that they were very happy to see him; but an orator (Principal Macfarlan) sublimes the matter thus:—Souls have melted, hearts have leaped at his poetry; he has contributed to the purest and most enrapturing enjoyments of the world; but his hosts owe still more to him—namely, his acceptance of an invitation to dinner. Each of them, observed the speaker, had had his day-dreams; but this dinner—a dinner is, it seems, a day-dream to an imaginative Scotchman, a vision of the mind—realizes all the bright illusions of fancy, roaming in fields of visionary bliss. At such a dinner, the atmosphere of poetry, not the steam of haggis, is breathed around them. They rise for a time above the dull routine of every day, roast and boiled—tush, "*occupations*," we should have written—and revel not "in the choicest luxuries of the season," as the newspapers have it, but in a luxury of enjoyment purely intellectual and imaginative. Not a bit of the sheep's head in it. But it will not be believed that any mortal could be so sublime on a dinner, unless we produce the evidence:—

"What soul of excursive fancy and pensive musing, but has melted at the sadly bewildering tale of O'Connor's lone and lovely child? Or lives there a son of Britain, whose heart has not leaped as at the trumpet's sound, to hail the meteor flag of England, and glory in the renown of her mariners? How deeply then are we indebted to one who has contributed so largely to augment a most valuable class of

our purest and most enrapturing enjoyments! Yet we owe still more to our distinguished countryman. We owe to his presence, and his kind acceptance of *our invitation*, the pleasure of this day's meeting. Each of us has had his day-dreams—his happy moments of bright illusion, in which his fancy soared above the dull realities of life, and roamed in fields of visionary bliss. As we advance in years, the crushing and wasting pressure of earthly engagements, the incessant toils of this hard-working world, render such moments of indulgence, if they revisit us at all, like angels' visits, few and far between. [This gives an afflicting idea of the rarity of dinners in the North.] But when we meet on this day, these gay visions must return in all their greenness and freshness, [the "*greenness*" of the fat of turtle, and the "*freshness*" of fish,—visions of the gormandizing mind,] the atmosphere of poetry is breathed around us. We rise for a time above the anxious cares, the dull routine of our every-day occupations, and revel in a luxury of enjoyment purely intellectual and imaginative. This enjoyment also we owe to the society of our justly celebrated friend."

Mr. Campbell upon this declared, that if his guardian angel had come to him with a blank book, wherein to write his history, he could not have bespoken any thing better than this particular dinner, meaning, of course, the fish and soup, &c., but more politely referring to the reception of the donors thereof. In the course of the evening, the poet delivered himself of this outrageously unreasonable sentiment, in which he desires to see the Scotch peasantry ploughing away in college gowns.

"Whatever may be said in praise of classic literature, when we think of the mighty genius of that heaven-taught ploughman Burns, we must all hide our diminished heads, and shrink back appalled. Yet when I drink, said Mr. Campbell, to the memory of the distinguished bard of our native Scotland, and pray that his mantle may descend on the peasantry of his country, I have now formed so many strong college ties, that I cannot help indulging a sly wish that this mantle should have some resemblance to a college gown."

All this, however, is surpassed by his address in character of lord rector, to the youth of the Glasgow University, on the distribution of the prizes. Before we give the speech of the Magnus Apollo, we must quote a deliciously naïve passage from the report of the ceremonial.

"All those allusions which the learned professors *felt it necessary to make* to the high poetical fame, and amiable qualities of the lord rector, were received with the most boisterous cheering."

Here is the profound harangue of the master-spirit:—

"Students,—After the high excitement of this interesting day, I know that you must be fatigued, and that it would be cruel in me to detain you long with the valedictory address from this bench, with which it is customary to conclude your sessions.

"I wish to address you in terms of cheerfulness as well as succinctness, for although the spectacle we have now witnessed has touched on some chords of *my breast that vibrate deeply and tenderly*, yet,



altogether, its influence impels me to give vent only to glad and gratulatory feelings. [No flogging.]

"Students—and all present, I trust I may obtain credit for that sincerity which would *not stoop to angle even for your popular favour, with the wormish bait of flattery*; and in the event of having been disappointed with the state of your studies, I was prepared, in a frank and temperate manner, to have told you so: but, independently of what I have seen this day in your favour, I have gone into your classes, I have heard your satisfactory examinations, and spirited exercises—your professors favoured me with the sight of many of your MS. essays [which will doubtless appear in the New Monthly]. I have spent days in perusing them, and I can declare to you, upon my honour, that *I regard you as a body of students decidedly superior to that generation to which, thirty years ago, I thought it no discredit to belong*. [Wonderful laddies!]

"The spirit of emulation is so high among you, that, if I were able, I would not wish to raise it higher. *The touching fact has even reached me*, that some promising young men of your number, *have injured their health by excessive application to study*. To this circumstance, *affecting as it is*, let me not seem hard-hearted in saying, that *we ought not to attach too much importance*."

Certainly not. As the old woman remarked on the sermon, "it is to be hoped it's not true."

"If it be true, that at the Southern Universities *cases annually occur of individuals being plunged into a state of insanity by the horrors of failure in obtaining academic distinctions*, I beg, with all my unfeigned respect for those illustrious bodies, to be pardoned for suspecting that they carry the high-pressure system of competition a little too far."

Did ever mortal listen to the like? We have indeed heard of two who went mad by reason of excessive drinking, not at the fountain of learning, but the neck of the bottle.

Anon he thinks it necessary to admonish the poor laddies in this strain:—

"At the close of your labours, all of you owe it to yourselves that you should give a jubilee to your buoyant spirits and social affections, and that, liberated from care, you should return to home-felt delights, to sportive exercises, and exhillrating rustic excursions. When tasks are over, why should a man, whose blood is *warm within him*, '*sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster*?' Go forth then, under the smile of summer, and enjoy the native vigour of your limbs among the hills of our native land, breathing the freshness of her air, and listening to the pleasant din of her floods, or to the melody of her birds, and her pastoral music."

Imagine, in the name of all that is ludicrous, the snuffy old grandfather of a Glasgow youth, *cut in alabaster*. The exhortation is altogether as excellent as it was necessary—but for it the laddies would inevitably have forgotten holidays, and studied themselves to stone. It reminds us of an old naval story, in which an officer thinks it necessary to command his crew, when their boat is upset, to swim for the

shore, judging, that but for his timely order to the contrary, they would continue standing out to sea, to the best of their corporal abilities, as if nothing had happened.

We observe that the first suggestion of the London University is ascribed to Mr. Campbell; this is a mistake. The idea, we have been informed on excellent authority, originated in another quarter. Mr. Campbell has the merit of having adopted it, and endeavoured to promote with a zeal which far outstripped wisdom, and would have proved the ruin of any scheme of less innate vigour. Imagining it to be his own child, in the fondness of his heart, and the imperfection of his judgment, he crammed and stuffed it with mawkish trash, to the unspeakable distress of those interested in its thriving, and who had their doubts whether any strength of constitution could endure such pernicious nursing. Cradled as it was in the New Monthly, we all feared that it would be rocked to its last rest, and the droning of the poet's "hush-a-by," sounded in our ears like a dirge. It has, however, survived Campbell's care. Like many a healthy babe, it has been reared by *spoon*.

19th. Every now and then some delicious little anecdote, or *naïve* admission escapes, which wonderfully exalts our ideas of the devotion of legislators to the public service. Mr. Brogden stated the other night, in the House, that he had applied to Mr. Palmer, the member for Surrey, requesting his attendance in the Arigna Mine Committee, (of which he was a member,) on a particular day. The answer of the honourable member was, that "he could not attend, for he was going to see a prize-pig at Smithfield!" Duty required him to assist at the inspection of a boa constrictor in Westminster, but the illicit enjoyment of a porker prevailed; Bacon triumphed over Brogden. This is not the first time that the temptation of swine-flesh has proved too strong for the persuasion of the Jew. After having supped full of such a Hebrew mess as the Arigna mine transaction, the holy Palmer perhaps thought, that some pork would be a refreshing Christian sight; and he went on a pilgrimage according to the unclean animal. Last night Lord Salisbury very *naïvely* objected to the committal of the Corn Law Bill on the 25th, because that would be the day of the Oaks! Such are the considerations which weigh with legislators, and turn awry the current of a nation's business. The House of Commons once adjourned for Vestris's benefit, when Miles Peter Andrews (if we remember right) got up in some wrath, and declared that it was too bad that honourable gentlemen should neglect the affairs of the country, and give half a guinea "to see a man stand on one leg, who could stand much better upon two, when very likely they would not give half a crown to a poor sailor who had only one leg to stand on."

20th. The John Bull is vehemently anxious that the Morning Chronicle should be sent to jail, for speaking of "*half a dozen silly old noodles of lords*, who repeat the lesson taught them like parrots, that they can have no confidence in an administration formed like the present;" and further, in order to show the falsehood of the charge, as well as the propriety of punishment, it very methodically quotes the respective ages of eight noblemen whom it has complimentarily picked out of the whole House, as the individuals necessarily coming under the aforesaid description of noodles, namely; Marquis

Londonderry, Earl Manvers, Earl of Abingdon, Earl of Aberdeen, the Duke of Newcastle, the Marquis Salisbury, Lord Ellenborough, Earl Winchelsea. This is handsome and friendly in the Bull—snatching the fool's cap from the extended hand of the Chronicle, he rushes with it to his particular friends, not exactly the seven sages, but the eight wonders of the world, and clapping it on the head of one, in the manner of Grimaldi in a pantomime, he cries out: "to call this pretty young creature a silly old noodle indeed! What a shame! *He's* sweet sixteen; *he*, one—one year more;" and so on with the rest. The charge of age is certainly completely repelled by the Bull; but respecting that of *silliness*, he has not a word to say; and as for the *noodleism*, he has himself applied it. The ideas of the eight being so antiquated, marked so unequivocally with the feebleness of senility, we must presume that they came into the world as Sir John Falstaff declares he did, with a grey head and a round belly, and that they have anticipated, in the periods of youth and manhood, the most melancholy features of age, combined with the fretful passions of childhood.

Having, in our Diary of this month, quoted Murray's Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa and Asia, we are induced to attract the more particular attention of our readers to them as books abounding with curious matter, and not so well known as they deserve to be, considering their merits and the date of their publication. Compilations and abridgements, are performances, which, however useful, are seldom held in much honour; there are qualities in these works however—a judgment in the selection of statements, (*facts*, we cannot always say,) and a point in the narration of them—which, as they raise them above the ordinary style, should rescue them from the common lot of their class. The summaries, and extracts from the early voyagers and missionaries are particularly curious. We shall cite by way of example, part of the account of an embassy from the Pope, to the Khan of Tartary.

His holiness alarmed at the incursions of the Tartars into Poland and Russia, after the death of Zingis, felt himself called upon to despatch some churchmen in quality of ambassadors, to admonish the khan against disturbing the peace of Europe. The conflict of pretensions between the Pope and the khan is amusing and edifying. It is delightful to see one ambitious absurdity coming into contact with another, each sensibly struck with the monstrosity of the other, and blind to its own enormity. The ambassadors were sent to a Tartar army advancing on Syria; their head was Ascelin a Franciscan:—

Their only qualification was an awful and unbounded veneration for the Pope, who appeared to them raised to an infinite height above other mortals, and to whose will, when they should announce it, it appeared to them that the mightiest monarchs were bound, and might be expected, to pay implicit obedience. With these dispositions, they set out in search of an army of Tartars. They found one, accordingly, on the northern frontier of Persia, and marched up to the camp in a very intrepid manner. As soon as the friars were seen approaching, several of the Mogul chiefs advanced to meet them, and demanded who they were or whence they came. Ascelin replied, that he was ambassador from the Pope, the head of the Christian world, throughout the whole of which he was regarded as a father. At this response, visible dissatisfaction appeared in the countenances of the Tartars; however, they merely said, in an ironical tone: "Since your Pope is so great a personage, he will doubtless know

that the Khan is the son of God, by whom the dominion of the earth has been committed to him; and that he has ordered Baihy in the north, and Baiothnoy here, to receive similar honours with himself." The friar had so little judgment as to make the following reply: he said, "that the Pope had never heard of the Khan, or of Baiothnoy, or of Baihy, and had not the remotest idea that there existed any such persons. All he knew was, that there was a strange and barbarous people, called Tartars, who came ravaging and destroying all whom they met, particularly Christians; and his purpose was to exhort them, that they should repent of their past wickedness, and cease to destroy the people of God." However ungracious this reply might appear, it was received without any comment, and immediately conveyed to the Khan. The Tartars then changed their clothes, and came out to ask what presents the ambassadors brought from the Pope to their master. The friars, with the same courtesy and prudence as before, answered, "that their master was accustomed to receive presents from all men, but never to give any to his best friends, far less to strangers and infidels." This was contrary to every idea prevalent in the East, where the smallest chieftain expects that no one shall approach without some present. The Tartars, however, made still no remark, but merely carried in the report to Baiothnoy. Having changed their clothes a second time, they again came out, asking, how they dared to present themselves before their master without making a present, as was done by every one else? The friar stated, that the rule was irrevocable; but that if they could not obtain admission, they would deliver their letters, which the chiefs themselves might present to Baiothnoy. The Tartars, however, said that they might have an audience, provided they would conform to the Khan's regulations, by which all who approached him or any of his deputies were directed to make three genuflections before him. The ambassadors being visibly startled by the proposal, a Cremonese friar, who had resided here for some time, stepped forward and assured them, that this ought by no means to be considered as an act of worship, but merely as a mark of respect, which was paid by every one to the prince as a mighty sovereign. The friars, however, having retired for a consultation, decided, that it would be a ground of shame to themselves, and of scandal to all Christendom, if they should perform such an act of idolatry to a heathen; and that they would endure every extremity rather than submit to it. This resolution they announced to the Tartars, adding, however, if their prince and themselves would become Christians, that, for the honour of the church, they would perform the required genuflections. At this proposition, the rage of the Tartars, which had hitherto been covered under a veil of decorum, burst all bounds. They told them that they would be sorry, indeed, to make themselves Christian dogs like them; and froze them with horror by adding, that the Pope was a dog. Ascelin, attempting to reply to these invectives, was silenced by loud cries and menaces; and the chiefs immediately repaired to the council which had been called by Baiothnoy, in order to deliberate on the treatment which might appear best merited by the deportment of the embassy.

At this assembly a considerable diversity of opinion prevailed. Some were of opinion, that the friars should be flayed alive, and that their skins, stuffed with hay, should be sent to the Pope; others suggested, that they might be kept till the next battle with the Christians, and placed in the front of it, so as to fall by the hands of their own countrymen. A third advised, that they should be whipped through the camp and forthwith put to death. To Baiothnoy, in his present mood, the most prompt punishment appeared the most eligible; he therefore issued orders that sentence of death should be executed, without a moment's delay, upon the whole party. In this fearful predicament, an interposition was made by that female humanity which has so often been the subject of just panegyric.

The principal wife of Baiothnoy intercedes for the lives of these discreet sons of the church, and succeeds in saving them.

The chiefs, however, again waited upon them to negotiate as to the measure of respect which they were willing to pay their prince. The friar stated, that partially taking off their bonnets, and bowing the head, was the utmost extent which their conscience could permit them to go. The chiefs, however, were deeply scandalized to see them kneeling before their crucifix, and exclaimed, you worship wood and stone, and will you not do the same to the representative of the ruler of mankind?

The Tartars took peculiar delight in taunting them on the subject of the Pope, which appeared always to be the most sensible point. They asked how many armies this prince maintained, and what was the number of each? how many battles he had gained? how many kingdoms he had conquered? and finally, whether he had any

kingdom at all? No satisfactory answers being returned to any one of their questions, they indignantly enquired, how they could presume to compare such a personage to the great khan, who had subdued kingdoms innumerable, and whom the remotest extremities of the East and of the West obeyed? Ascelin laboured hard to give them an idea of the spiritual nature of the Papal dominion; but found it impossible to inspire these "barbarous and brutal men" with any due respect for such a potentate.

At last they were dismissed, with the khan's manifesto of his creed, and also a letter from Baiothnoy to the Pope, which we think exquisite, both in point of brief simplicity of style, and sublimity of pretension. The Pope must needs have marvelled at finding a claim to authority more visionary and grasping than his own.

One of these letters was from the Khan to Baiothnoy, and was called a "letter of God." It began in the following terms, which may be considered as a sort of profession of Tartar faith. "By order of the living God, Zingis Khan, the son of God, mild and venerable, saith thus: God is high over all and immortal, but on earth Zingis Khan is the only lord." It goes on to instruct, that this truth should be proclaimed to the farthest extremities of the earth, and along with it, the dreadful punishments that would fall upon those who should disobey this universal and rightful dominion. The other letter was from Baiothnoy to the Pope, and contained the following very unceremonious expressions. "Know, Pope, that your messengers have come to us, and have given your letters, and have held the strangest discourses that ever were heard. We know not if you gave them authority to speak as they have done; but we send you the firm commandment and ordinance of God, which is, that if you wish to remain seated in your land and heritage, you, Pope, must come to us in your proper person, and do homage to him who holds just sway over the whole earth. And, if you do not obey this firm command of God, and of him who holds just sway over the whole earth, God only knows what may happen."

Godinho's journey from India to Portugal in 1663, contains some matter which has diverted us much. The account of his voyage from Surat to Gombroon is essentially dramatic, and exhibits a beautiful variety of absurdities in a mixed company of Gentoos, Mahometans, and Christians. We can conceive no better association for the purposes of mutual annoyance, than that described.

The Gentoos' religiously quartering their vermin on their Christian neighbour; their troubles concerning the cow; the manner of getting rid of calms by means of hanging out a wooden horse with a tail like a flute; and also of treating gales produced by horsing it over much; and the Mahometan theological theory of storms; all are exquisite examples of superstitious absurdity, and remind one of the best scenes in Voltaire's *Zadig*.

Godinho set sail from Surat with a Moorish captain or *necoda*, accompanying a mixed crew of Gentoos, Mahometans, and Christians. As the vessel, on first quitting the harbour, carried too much sail, it sunk on one side, and a quantity of water rushed in, which caused a dreadful alarm; and the air rung with confused cries of Rama, Vishnu, Mahomet, Allah, Déos. Some of the sails, however, being taken down, the ship was righted, and all the tumult ceased. During the voyage, Godinho had an opportunity, much to his cost, of becoming acquainted with many of the superstitious habits of his fellow-passengers. The only sleeping place was on the open deck, where he had close by him a number of Gentoos. These personages felt a natural desire to free themselves from the swarms of insects which infested them; but their religion forbade them to kill any living creatures, or even to plunge them into the sea. They made it a point of conscience, therefore, to throw the whole upon our traveller's bed, which happened to be most conveniently situated for that purpose; or if, at his earnest intreaty, they made them light upon the ground immediately contiguous, they were at least never long of finding their way up to him. The unhappy Godinho, who enjoyed not a moment's rest day nor night, could think only of one remedy: he held them up and exhibited them put to death

in the most cruel manner, fondly hoping that this catastrophe of their revered insects would impel them to find some safer deposit. The Gentoos, however, coolly observed, that the blood was upon his head, and that they, having removed them in safety from their own premises, could not be responsible for his barbarous conduct. Godinho would have been too happy had they shewn equal sang froid upon another occasion. A fine fat cow having been handed up the side of the ship, the captain was preparing to kill it, and Godinho agreeably anticipated this relief from the insipidity of their vegetable diet. The Gentoos, however, hastened and implored on their knees the life of this animal, which they venerated almost as a divinity. Finding the captain very reluctant, and only to be prevailed upon by a large bribe, they consulted together, and raised by subscription the sum demanded. The cow was then led off, to the deep dismay of our author, but the inexpressible triumph of the natives, who crowded round, kissed, and congratulated her on this deliverance, as if she had been not only a human being, but their nearest and dearest friend. This joy was soon converted into sadness, when next day the cow died. A long period of mourning and fasting followed, at the end of which they burst into violent invectives against the necoda and our traveller, whom, from the anxious wish shewn by them to kill and eat this object of their fond adoration, they could not help suspecting of some share in its sudden decease.

These might be considered as minor evils so long as the weather continued auspicious; but after about sixteen days of favourable sailing, a dead calm came on. The necoda, according to the superstitious habits general in the East, never dreamt of ascribing this occurrence to any natural or accidental cause, but conceived that it could arise only from some guilt attaching to the persons whom he had received on shipboard. Orders were therefore issued that all, of whatever age, sex, or religion, should plunge into the sea, and undergo a thorough ablution in its waters. He accordingly threw himself in foremost, and was followed by all the Moors and Gentoos. Our traveller felt exceedingly disinclined to this ducking, especially as sharks were numerous, and had nearly devoured one of the crew during the process. The necoda, however, overruled every objection, and evidently shewed that he considered them as subjects standing peculiarly in need of the lustration. They had then no alternative but to get themselves completely soured in the salt water. The purification being thus regularly and completely effected, the sea remained in exactly the same state as before. Something else must therefore be tried; and the master brought out a little wooden horse with a long tail like a flute, which he hung over the stern of the vessel. This proved much too effectual a remedy; for while the horse was hanging, a north wind arose and began to blow with the most alarming violence. This surprising change our author could account for only by supposing that the devil, tired of his compact to furnish wind and calm on demand, had resolved, by giving a great deal too much, to discourage further applications. The wind blew with such fury that in a day and a half they found themselves off the southern coast of Arabia, between Curia Muria and the shore. The necoda made haste to bring in his horse; but the devil, satisfied with having overfulfilled one branch of his compact, broke entirely the second. The tempest became always the more violent, and they were in hourly danger of striking against the shore, which would have been perilous to all, and fatal to our author, who expected nothing but death from the bigotted natives. In this distress, the Gentoos came forward and undertook to extricate the vessel. They drew out from a basket an image of Rama, with one large and two small bells, and carrying them to the stern, continued for many hours sounding the bells, singing, dancing, and kneeling before the idol; at the same time covering themselves with a certain red and odoriferous dust, and repeatedly throwing a cove against the wind. These rites continued till midnight, when the benefit derived from them was found to consist solely in the amusement and the exercise afforded to their lungs, the elements continuing exactly in the same state as before. Mortified at this failure, and taunted by the rest of the crew, their minds reverted to the fate of the cow, of which they could never acquit our author and the necoda, and they became more and more convinced that some high deity had been incarnated in its form, under whose vengeance they were now suffering. Meantime the wind continued always increasing, and they were driven farther and farther along the coast of Arabia. Some were of opinion that they should attempt to enter the Red Sea, but the pilot protested, that an attempt to pass the Straits of Babel-mandel would be not only vain, but fatal. Happily, at the end of six days, without any visible cause, the tempest ceased; and the wind became not only moderate, but favourable. They retraced their steps along the Arabian coast, and entered the Persian Gulf. Here

the master was preparing to land at Muscat, in compliance with the general wishes of the crew; but our author, by reminding him of a former engagement, and by presenting a sum of money, prevailed upon him to proceed to Camaraon (Gombroon). Soon after, another tempest arose, much more dreadful than the former, from which they had so recently escaped. One blast swept away all the sails, and left the vessel with its bare masts. There was not a person on board who did not give himself up for lost; for the shore being entirely composed of perpendicular rocks, left no hope but of being dashed to pieces. The scene was truly terrible. The screams of the women and children, the cries of the mariners, the roaring of the winds and waves, the crash of thunder, and the blaze of lightning, were all mingled together. The Moors loudly declared, that their prophet had justly punished the necoda for having declined going to Muscat at the request of an infidel, in which reproach the Gentoos, though always viewing the cow as the main origin of the evil, hesitated not to join. Amid these alarms and altercations, the sea suddenly calmed, and they were enabled, without difficulty, to reach the port of Gombroon.

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#### FRENCH THEATRE IN TOTTENHAM STREET.

THIS theatre has not been quite so well attended lately. What can be the reason? for if Perlet went, Laporte came. During a short interregnum between Laporte and Perlet there was hardly anybody at the theatre, and that is a wonder too, for they have some very nice little actresses there, and some very pretty women—but Perlet was the fashion, and Perlet certainly filled the house, and Perlet is unquestionably a very good actor; however, he put no money in the pocket of the managers, because he took too much out for his own salary. Laporte we think equally good, on the whole, as Perlet; in some things better, in some worse. The latter, perhaps, is a more quiet and natural actor. Laporte's humour is broader. They have both one charm which recommends them mightily to an English audience—they both speak very distinctly; Laporte more so than Perlet; one never lost a word of the former, and very few of the latter. Talking of an English audience, by the by, Laporte will never do any thing on the English stage: his performance is clever, very clever, certainly, when we consider the great difficulties he must have had to overcome as a foreigner; but he appears out of his place in English parts. His manner of speaking appears to us like that of an English actor playing a French part, and giving the accent correctly, and without caricature, as Mathews does sometimes. He has made no hit, we see, at Drury Lane; he will do better at the Haymarket, perhaps; we most sincerely wish he may, for he is indeed an admirable actor. We only wish him back at his little theatre in Tottenham-street, where he acquired so many laurels, and so much popularity.

Pelissié is a good actor, and therefore we will forgive his thinking so himself. We have heard ladies call him handsome—and he certainly coincides with that opinion also. He is eminently happy sometimes in parts which require a little touch of sentiment; nor is he at all deficient where broad humour is required. What a capital German he makes. Marcus has about the ugliest physiognomy, perhaps, that ever was presented to the fair and smiling faces, both before and behind the curtain; but he is not a bad actor. Manager Cloup has

his share of ugliness : he certainly is not *so* ugly, neither is he so clever as M. Marcus. Daudel, Allix, and the rest seldom offend ; but then we are English critics of French actors. Frenchmen, perhaps, would not be so easily satisfied.

But think of our English gallantry ; we have placed the men before the women, though in point of attraction they are infinitely behind them. Does it not strike every Englishman at the French theatre here, that in point of dress, deportment, and style, the French actresses are as superior to our English ones (generally speaking) as English actors are to the French of that gender, in the same particulars. French women understand this kind of thing so much better than the English. Who has not seen and admired the piquant Constance, the gazelle-eyed Maria, the lively Sidalie, the pretty Petit, and the stately St. Leon. We cannot class Degligny among the ornamental ones ; but she is decidedly the most useful. The theatre could not exist without her : she is a sort of Mrs. Davenport, or Mrs. Harlowe, but better than either—her round face and black eyes we always hail with pleasure, as the harbingers of laughter. The young ladies behind the scenes say she plays a *scold* remarkably well ; but then she has something to do with the management, and these young ladies give plenty of opportunities to Madame Degligny of bringing her peculiar talent into action. Constance is a pretty little creature, with a great deal of merit as an actress and a singer ; indeed she is the only one at the theatre who sings at all well. She has plenty to do, for she plays every evening in almost every piece. Now, if they would put Maria a little more forward, they would be the means of doing her a great deal of good, for she wants practice. As yet her beauty is her chief recommendation ; but we are sure she would improve. What has Agarithe done, that they never let her play now ? that she can play well and with spirit we know ; for we have seen her do some things very cleverly. Montigny left the theatre because they would never let her play, and Agarithe most likely will follow her example, for she is ever sighing for the delights of her *belle France*, and complains of being dreadfully ennuyée in this *triste* country ; and that is strange too, her love of admiration can make her happy as it does every French woman, and she and Maria have plenty of lovers to sigh around them. Mademoiselle St. Leon is very handsome, and looks most likely what she is, very amiable ; but she is very seldom on the stage, for the little Vaudeville parts are not in her line. She came out at the Odeon, in Paris, some time ago, in Racine's *Phedre* ; and if we may credit the French papers, was eminently successful. She played Cleopatra too, and *Le Corsaire* said, very well. No doubt she would look the part to admiration. There is an obscure French paper published in London, which has abused this poor girl in the most filthy and indecent manner, (well done French gallantry !) and yet this same paper bepraised her vehemently only a week or a fortnight previously. One week the writer said, she looked so handsome, and was so extremely well dressed in Alcmena, that one could easily conceive " Jupiter falling in love with such a woman," or some such words ; and the next week she was hideous, disgusting, deformed, and without a grain of taste or talent. The poor girl might have expected



more generous treatment in a strange land from one of her own nation.

We have not said a word of Mademoiselle Daudel; she is inimitable in her way, and plays and looks a talking servant maid *d merveille*: how well she fills her part in the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*." But enough of the French theatre. Those who go there, seldom depart discontented, which is more than one can always say of Covent Garden or Drury Lane.

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#### HAMEL, THE OBEAH MAN.\*

We should not be surprised to hear that the Jamaica Assembly have voted the thanks of the house in a hogshead of sugar, to the author of Hamel. The warmth of its sentiments seem exactly to correspond with the temperament of that angry convention, and the temperature of the Antilles. Writers on slaves and coffee, methodists and planters, seem to draw their inspiration from the liquor of the islands: such wrath against missions, such virulence against ministers, can only be bred of rum. We can picture the author of Hamel in a house of bamboo, with a hurricane behind him, and a tall green bottle of rum before him; flourishing his pen with one hand, and lashing his legs with a cat-o'-nine-tails in the other. The rum, the hurricane, and the scourge together, excite a storm of passion, which fortunately finds a vent at the point of his pen, or an earthquake in Jamaica might result, more serious in its consequences than the importation of a ship-load of tracts, or a convulsion of slaves. There are mild animals that, on hearing some obnoxious sound, will instantly become furious, gnash their teeth, and howl. The author of Hamel we take to be an agreeable, good-natured man, placid and tolerant on common occasions, but still we know one word that would at any moment throw him into fits. Let some of his friends try the experiment on this well-meaning planter, for such we take him to be. Let them catch him in his blindest mood, let the talk be of a rise in sugar, a brisk sale of coffee, of the beauty of Quadroons, and the delights of an iced bowl of artfully compounded rum punch, drunk amidst the cooling breezes of a tropical evening, in an arbour of tropical trees—let them, even at such a moment, whisper *Methodist* in his ear—and watch how his eyes will begin to roll—his teeth to grind—his hands to clench,—listen—how he will call for his tablets.—See, how he will brandish his pen, and write down the canting rascals. It is really curious to observe how far a man's interests operate upon his intellects. This good man, because sugar is low and preaching high upon his plantations, positively believes the devil to be the principal missionary, and all those who go roaring about the islands seeking whom they may convert, to be his liege imps. That this was his creed we saw in his Tour in Jamaica; but then he was not so angry but that we could laugh with him—in Hamel, we confess we laugh at him. In the former work he charmed us by his specimens of canting slaves, spluttering a jumble of gospel and

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\* Hamel, the Obeah Man. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: 1827.

gibberish—but here he has taken a burnt stick, and daubed a grimy outline of the devil as parsons paint him, and written under the figure of blackness the name of Roland, the missionary. This is a pity, for the author is an exceedingly clever fellow when he is not in a rage, and no writer has described the manners and the climate of the country of the Antilles so well as he has done, and we trust will continue to do. But he must permit himself to cool, and he must concoct his story with a little more care; he must have recourse to the *labor limæ*, and when he has written what he thinks a particularly fine sentence, he must strike it out. When he feels that he has raised too high a note—when he finds he is breaking down in a metaphor or a figure, let him use his pen transversely, instead of perpendicularly; he will be astonished to see the improvement thus effected.

We say all this to him, because we like him—whom the critic loveth he chasteneth, and because we think him one of the most original and able writers that ever combined a knowledge of sugar-canes and literature. Exaggeration is his great fault, and to men of his temperament a natural one. When he has had more experience in writing, and learned to feel the effect of words, he will produce a truly good thing.

The story of Hamel is not the best part of it, and we shall not attempt to follow it. Our object shall be to select three or four specimens, which shall give a favourable idea of the writer's talent, and at the same time find the reader a pleasant quarter-of-an-hour's occupation.

We should observe, though it is not very material to the understanding of our extracts, that the subject of the novel is a grand projected rising of the negroes in Jamaica, fomented by the missionary Roland, and the Obeah man Hamel, the object of which is to raise a huge swarthy African, named Combah, to be king (or Brutchie, in Coromantin language) of the island.

The novel opens with the journey of Roland into the interior to be present at a great meeting of the malcontents at a deserted plantation. He is thus seen to take his way, accompanied by his little black boy.

The rider was accoutred in a black coat, cut straight, or it might be of a dingy grey, with black cloth buttons, and a waistcoat of the same. His trowsers were of brown holland, tucked into a huge pair of spatterdaashes, buttoned above his knee, as a defence against the bites of musquitos. He wore a large brimmed hat, slouched by many a tropical shower, and rendered rusty by constant exposure to the tropical sun, although at present he carried an umbrella secured in the straps of a portmanteau mounted behind him on his horse's crupper; and his great-coat, of the same sombre hue as his other vestments, was fastened upon his saddle bow. He was attended by a bare-legged negro boy on foot, dressed in an Osnaburg frock and drawers, which, with a glazed hat on his head, formed the whole of his costume. The boy hung on sometimes to his master's stirrup, that he might keep pace with the horse; and sometimes, falling into the rear, brought himself up by grasping the animal's long tail; a liberty the beast admitted with an occasional affectation of elevating his croupe and lowering his ears,—intimations that he had a right to kick (though he did not at present) as well understood by young Cuffy as expressed by the horse.

The youngster's features scarcely harmonized with those of his very demure and melancholy-looking-master, whose pale and cadaverous countenance indicated something more than bodily mortification and fatigue. His eyes, black and penetrating, were shadowed by brows that had once been dark as the skin of his follower, but now, with the locks that strayed in white lines from under his huge castor, exhibited the mingled hues of black and grey; his nose was sharp and acquiline; and his mouth, though rather of the largest, by no means badly formed, was furnished with a set of short but regular teeth, as white as those of Cuffy, whose happy physiognomy bespoke

the innocence and kindness of his heart, and relieved that of the spectator from the sympathy of sadness inspired by the looks of the white-faced traveller.

A storm overtakes the missionary on his way; the torrents sweep down his horse and his attendant, and he narrowly escapes drowning himself, by taking refuge in a cave, which he reaches by means of great exertion.

"This," thought he, "is at least the abode of man: runaway slave, Maroon, or robber, I will yet claim his hospitality; my situation cannot be worse, and what have I to lose? But where is the tenant of the dwelling? Here are plantains too, not long roasted, and rum; and what are these?" he added, taking up some garments that lay on the floor, a cantoo, and an instrument of music, a bonjaw. "Let us at least summon the master of the cave. What ho! hilloh!" The voice died away unheeded, and the traveller listened to its echoes until he felt almost afraid and ashamed to disturb the silence again. Yet he mustered courage to exert his voice a second and a third time, though as at first ineffectually. Sufficiently removed from the storm without, to hear no more of it than an occasional murmur which stole along the vault he had penetrated, too faint to cause him any further concern, his own voice was reverberated on his ears with a force from which he shrank within himself, so painful was it to his oppressed and agitated nerves. He called no more; but conforming himself with a philosophical moderation to the hour and the scene in which he found himself, he trimmed the fire; took off his wet clothes, which he wrung and disposed around it; attired himself in the cantoo of his invisible host; and wrapping his feet in a blanket which lay beside it, helped himself from the calabash of rum, and put some of the plantains on the fire again to warm. He had seated himself on a bundle of sticks, and as he took a second taste of the rum calabash, surveyed at his leisure, by the cheerful blaze he had made, the extent and furniture of his apartment.

This is the result of his observations.

In a recess stood a couple of spears, one solely of hard wood, whose point was rendered still harder by fire; the other was shod with iron and rusted apparently with blood; a bamboo rod, ten feet in length and about an inch in thickness, leaned against the rock beside them, carved or tattooed from end to end. In another angle of the vault was a calabash filled with various sorts of hair, among which it was easy to discriminate that of white men, horses, and dogs. These were huddled together, and crowded with feathers of many birds, especially those of domestic poultry and wild parrots, with one or two of the spoils of a macaw. A human skull was placed beside this calabash, from which the teeth were missing; but on turning it up, the traveller found them with a quantity of broken glass crammed into the cerebellum, and covered up with a wad of silk cotton, to prevent them from falling out. There were several other skulls in a second recess, some perfect, some which had been broken apparently with a sharp-pointed instrument, and many of them serving as calabashes or boxes to hold the strange property of the master of the cave; one was a receptacle for gunpowder, which the inquisitive traveller narrowly escaped inflaming; a second contained bullets and shot of various sizes, mixed with old nails and pieces of rag; and from a third he saw with no little horror a black snake uncoil itself the moment he touched it. There were three muskets, all old and out of order; a pistol and two cutlasses, disposed on different ledges of the rock; a large conch-shell fitted with a belt of mahoe bark, to be worn over the shoulder, hung from a projection, with several other pieces of rope made of similar materials, to which were attached rings of wood and hollowed stones, perhaps intended for amulets or charms. A lamp of clay at last arrested his attention; it had carved on it some rude figures, and was filled with oil of the Palma Christi, having a wick formed of the fibres of the plantain stalk. This the intruder took the liberty of illumining, to assist him more conveniently than did his flickering firebrand in the farther search he seemed disposed to prosecute. By the help of this he espied a pair of shoepatters, a sort of coarse sandal, and a red cloak resembling the South-American poncho. Some salted fish was suspended from a part of the roof, with a large calabash of sugar, and another of coarse salt; and an earthen jar contained no small store of salted pork. There were several pieces of jerked hog hanging from a stick placed across this recess, to one of which he helped himself without ceremony; and thinking he had made sufficient search for the present, returned to the fire, on which he heaped fresh fuel, raking forward the embers to cook his meat; placed a lamp on a shelf of the rock full in his view; and taking a gombah for his stool, sat down very deliberately to his supper. He ate with no sparing appetite; and the rum

which he quaffed as his thirst prompted him, refreshed his body and composed his mind so happily and so gradually, that what with that and his fatigue, the solace of the fire and the fumes of his digestion, he at last slept gently from his gombah, which now served him for a pillow, rolled himself up in his blanket, and fell into a profound sleep.

This is the cave of the Obeah Man Hamel. The missionary having an extremely bad conscience, of course dreams. A demon is playing the devil with him.

The only sound which escaped the lips of the demon was that of his own name—Roland! Roland!—articulated in a voice of mingled triumph and revenge—Roland!

The traveller started from his dream, as if he had been roused by the sting of a scorpion. He sat upright for an instant, and stared wildly around, scarce recollecting his own identity or situation; but what was his amazement, not to say horror, on perceiving before him the very figure of the demon of his dream, or a figure which his fancy so quickly substituted for him, that the idea of the first was as if by magic resolved and condensed into that which he beheld?

This figure stood before the lamp, whose rays served to define the outline of his person with the greatest accuracy. Of his features little or nothing could be seen, except the light gleaming from his eyeballs. He stood in an attitude which the dreamer's fears quickly determined to be the menacing posture of the demon from which he had shrunk; the forefinger of his right hand elevated, the left hand leaning on a bamboo staff. "In the name of God or Devil," cried Roland impatiently, "who or what art thou?"

The figure relaxed in its position, lowered its right hand, advanced a step forward with a gentle inclination of the head, and replied in a mild and almost musical tone of voice—"Master—what you will."

Such is our first introduction to the person who rivals the missionary as the hero of the story. He is thus farther described:—

This dealer in magic, for he was no less a personage, was of a slight and elegant make, though very small of stature, being considerably under the middle size. His age was at least sixty; but the lines which that had traced on his features indicated, notwithstanding his profession, no feeling hostile to his fellow creatures, at war with human nature, or dissatisfied with himself. He was attired in a South American poncho, which had once been of a bright scarlet colour, fastened round his waist by a thin leathern girdle; and his head was decorated with a red silk handkerchief, tied in the fashion of a turban. He was barefooted, and without any offensive weapon; for such the bamboo wand on which he had leaned could hardly be denominated. He moved with an elasticity uncommon for his years; and his manner indicated on his part perfect confidence, wholly unsuspecting of his guest or his purpose. Yet it was but too evident to Roland, that the negro had evaded his questions as to the magic talents or qualities of some one who frequented the cave; but as the use of Obeah is denounced by law, however despised by white men, he could not attach any particular consequence to such evasion, nor justify himself in expecting any confession on a subject of such importance to the professors or participants in this blind sort of necromancy, if it may be so called.

Another personage who cuts a conspicuous figure in the history, is Mr. Guthrie, whose exterior man is thus happily hit off:—

At any other time, at least upon a serious occasion, his costume and appearance would have excited a smile even on the negro faces which were now turned on him; for both almost bordered on the ludicrous. In the hurry of quitting his chamber at the commencement of the storm, he had put on a long dressing gown of chintz or dark figured cotton, two-thirds of which had been since torn off by his efforts and struggles in contending against the elements, so that it had become a sort of spencer, which gave to view a pair of black silk breeches, with large Spanish silver knee-buckles, matched, though scarcely surpassed, by another pair of the same metal on his shoes. He was some fifty years of age; and his hair, a mixture of brown and grey, was combed from off his face with such accuracy and perseverance to form a queue, tied close up to his occiput, that it seemed to drag with it all the muscular part and power of his cheeks, forehead, nose, and mouth; so that many of his acquaintance were accustomed to fancy he never could shut his eyes without letting go his pigtail.

In another style is the following description of a Quadroon beauty. We presume the good planter has been run away with by some tender recollections, or Jamaica is better worth visiting than we, in our simplicity, imagined.

The figure which lay before the admiring eyes of the Obeah man and his brown-faced companion, was really in a deep sleep. Her skin was nearly as white as that of any European, of a clear and animated hue, the roses glowing upon her cheeks—a blush no doubt occasioned by her sleep; and her forehead was shaded by some of the prettiest brown curls that ever graced the brows of a Quadroon damsel. Her eyes were closed of course; but the long black eyelashes which like portcullises guarded those portals of her heart, or mind, or genius, or whatever it may hereafter appear to be, that the portals betrayed when they were open,—had been designed by nature with such attention to symmetry, and to what we have learned from our ancestors to consider beautiful, that even Hamel, with all his mountain of arcana on his mind, could not look on them altogether unmoved, or insensible to the charms which the younger of the spectators contemplated with a more fervid, a more passionate feeling. Her eyebrows were also black as ebony, thin, and arched with a precision that art can seldom imitate, at least on living subjects. Her lips were twice as rosy as her cheeks, like two pieces of polished coral; and the ensemble of her face was certainly as engaging as anything that had ever fixed the attention of the Obeah man on this side of the great Atlantic. The damsel was dressed in male attire; videlicet, a blue jacket of woollen cloth, with a waistcoat and trowsers of white jean, which with her shirt were white as snow; a pink handkerchief, tied loosely round the collar of the latter, was tucked through a button hole into her bosom. Her head was bare; but a straw hat which she had worn lay on the ground beside her, appearing to have fallen off in her sleep. Her feet were also naked, as if she had shaken off a pair of shoes with which they had been encumbered; but they were as round, as neat, and as exquisitely modelled, as any that Sebastian had ever yet beheld. So also were her hands, on one of the fingers of which she wore a ring by which that brown gentleman would have recognised her, if he had not already divined from her physiognomy that she was Michael, the pretty soubrette from the mansion of his late host, Mr. Guthrie. This discovery he kept however to himself; and when the Obeah man said with a sigh, “What a pretty creature!”—(it was said in a whisper)—Sebastian replied only by another, a longer, deeper-drawn, and rather impassioned sigh, and a slight inclination of his head, as if to express his perfect accordance with the remark of the conjuror. He was not so old as Hamel by at least thirty years.

“What can be her business here?” thought the younger of the spectators. “And what a poor disguise! Or rather, why has she assumed this masculine attire, for it is no disguise?”

“There is love at the bottom of all this,” said the Obeah man in a whisper. “These Mulattos and Mestees think of nothing else, from the hour in which they are weaned from their mothers’ breast until time has wasted away every trace of their beauty; and then they console themselves with the recollection of all the transports they have enjoyed.”

“From the mother’s breast?”

“Yes, master, yes: their mothers breathe it into their very souls with every kiss which they impart to them, and fill their heads with the anticipation of the charms they will possess, and the conquests they will make, and the riches they will acquire, by their connexion with some great buckra planter. Yet avarice is not their ruling passion, even in old age. My life upon it, this young girl is in love with some white gentleman—for they always aspire: ambition goes at least hand in hand with love—ambition of distinction, of being above the pity at least of all their friends and rivals, if not of being an object of their envy. How sound she sleeps, poor child!—Shall I leave her to your care?”

There is something picturesque in the few touches in these lines, descriptive of a tropical evening; and of the same kind of writing Hamel contains much equally good:—

The sun was setting—he sinks, in the Tropics, as if Phaeton always attempted to guide the steeds of Apollo)—and his long rays, shot from the ridges of the western mountains, gleamed on the giant shafts of the cotton-trees—(wands which would have been almost stout enough for Milton’s hero)—and on their long streamers, hanging motionless in the becalmed atmosphere. The distant sea was fast subsiding into

repose—scarce a wave murmured; the crickets thought it time to go to bed, and the bat and the owl thought it time to get up; a few beetles and cock-roaches were in the same mood; but the lizards still scampered about the road, as Mr. Guthrie came cantering on, now flashing their grey jackets in the sunbeams, now whisking their long tails into the shaded bushes, and into the chinks of the rocks.

We must hasten to a conclusion—and we cannot do better than close our extracts with a picture of a party of rebel slaves, collected as a kind of body-guard about their king Combah. The Brutchie has just succeeded in carrying off Mr. Guthrie's daughter, for the black monarch must have a white queen, and the party are now watching the pursuit in the mountains:—

They came up, at length, with a party of their comrades, who were squatted beside a sort of tent on the flat surface of a rock, which rose above the rest of the plain sufficiently high to afford a view over this wilderness of grass, and of any party or person who might attempt to make towards it. The Brutchie was saluted as their monarch; and they accosted the young lady with an affectation of great politeness, which was extended, though with less ceremony, to the soubrette. The party consisted of about a dozen individuals, including two women, who laughed immoderately at the approach of Joanna, yet still as if they designed no direct offence in giving way to their mirth; for on being called to account for it by some of the males, they begged pardon, and retired. These gentry were all very scantily clad; and their costume, of rather a ridiculous order, would have excited the mirth of a beholder on any other occasion. Their garments were mostly stolen perhaps, and in many cases seemed designed by the wearers rather for ornament than use. One man, for instance, had crammed his head into the laced cap of a child; another wore an old regimental coat, without any thing under it but his black skin, and a blue apron or petticoat round his waist; a third had an old cocked-hat, with no other vestment than a pair of drawers; and a fourth wanted soles to a pair of military boots, with which he was equipped, being, with the exception of a dragoon helmet which almost overshadowed his eyes, as naked as any of the heroes of baron David, and indeed not much unlike his Romulus, or Leonidas, as to costume; those warriors being clad in some such fashion, that is to say, with only helmets and sandals, whereas this sable warrior had a helmet and boots. There was not a shirt among the party. One or two had ragged frocks, and some made but a very slender sacrifice to decency. Miss Guthrie and her maid were more than once horrified at their appearance, so whimsical and savage did it seem. Yet the individuals were not uncourteous—nor even less than polite. They were drinking coffee and eating cocoas on their arrival, and after rising to receive the new comers, they ushered the females into the tent, and brought to each of them a small calabash of the former, and a plate full of smoking plantains, with a little pot of salt butter, and a couple of pine apples; and having commended them to the care of their own women, closed the tent, and left them to their own thoughts.

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## HISTORIETTES,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ENGLISH IN ITALY."\*

THE author of these volumes, who is accountable also for the work entitled "The English in Italy," is reported to be a man of rank. A very degenerate son of aristocracy must he needs be, thus repeatedly to sully the purity of his high name by contact with the press. The yet untinctured members who have not lost caste cannot but regard it as a foul blot in his escutcheon, and will be apt to reflect with pride on their own unblemished honours. We are, however, happy enough to think,

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\* *Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life*, by the Author of "The English in Italy." In three Volumes. London. Saunders and Otley. 1827.

that for the scorn of these rigid upholders of the integrity of ancient discipline, he will find ample compensation in the tacit sympathy of many even in his own class, who, like himself, have offended in seasoning the inanity of aristocratical pleasures with a sprinkling of literature; and to whose tastes, information and mental energies the present work is nicely accommodated. For beyond the mere act of publishing, there is nothing in it that indicates an unfashionable craving after literary distinction. There are no elaborate efforts to gain applause, no anxiety to avoid critical censure. The reflections are not immeasurably profound, nor the incidents unbecomingly exciting; the stories are common-place enough to exempt their author from the imputation of being over-skilful in his craft, and the style is sufficiently negligent to evince him no very practised offender. If tried before a jury of his peers, the fair verdict would be, guilty of publishing, but without any inordinate pretensions to authorship. The very title of the work corroborates the internal evidence in favour of the writer—"Historiettes"—a name indicative of the fugitive and autoschediastic nature of the composition. It is clear that the author contemplated only a very brief existence for his fictions, or he would have endowed them with a more enduring title; for no work could be expected to go down to posterity under so slender an appellation. Nor in christening his production by an ephemeral name do we think that he has done it injustice. We take it as the author intended it—a contribution to the light reading of the year—partaking of the nature of those viands that are made to be devoured at a meal, and grow stale if kept till the morrow.

As we intend a recommendation of these high-born Historiettes to the tea-tables of our readers, we shall crave the liberty of a few words to guard against disappointment by defining the extent of our commendation. And here we would have them take especial note that the work is not to be applied in a case of *ennui*. We have tried it, and found it to aggravate the disorder. The cure of listlessness demands sharp remedies; the patient must be excited, or startled, or perplexed, or provoked, or stung, or inflamed. These pieces of noble authorship are sedatives, not stimulants. But should the reader be in a happy frame of mind, and in good humour with himself; if he have spent the day to some purpose, or, just as well, imagine he has so spent it, and be therefore in a state of agreeable excitation to commence with; he will find the writer of the Historiettes an agreeable companion for the evening, with enough of good in his conversation to dispose an uncritical person to be indulgent to that which is naught.

In the next place, it is not in the capacity of a manufacturer of fictions that we would venture to commend the noble author to our readers. The Historiettes are the merest apologies for stories we just now remember to have met with. Besides being fabricated of the most common-place materials, they are woefully botched and bungled, with a great deal of cold extravagance, and many attempts at dramatic effect as imbecile as the acting of an Italian singer at the opera. Like that, the Historiettes divert only by their utter want of plausibility. But truth to say, the author, when "doing his story," is tedious—tiresome—a bore. The originality of his conceptions may be estimated from the fact, that of the five stories comprised in these volumes, one is built upon a hackneyed case of seduction, the second on a worn-out stage

stratagem, the third on a lottery ticket, the fourth on a change of children at nurse, the fifth on—we have forgotten what. As for the merits of the execution, it shall suffice to present a passage, which exemplifies the author's competency to deal with strong passions and agitating events. The scene is from the "*Regicide's Family*," and will explain itself. It opens with a picture somewhat resembling the portrait of Douce Davie Deans in his afflictions, sitting at his ingle nook, and shown by the light of the morning sun "shining motty through the reek." The hands stretched over the cold stove, is a touch of nature and well expresses intensity of affliction. But all the rest is of a kind to need the most charitable construction that can be put upon it.

As we entered the house, Breque himself sate in his arm chair opposite the rude *poêle*, or stove, that formed the fire-place of the apartment. It was a chill day upon these heights, though autumn drew not yet near to its close: and the old man sate with hands stretched forth, as if to gather heat from the stove, that was yet without fire.

He started from his reverie, as he beheld us, but instead of rising, he merely waved his arm, and put it from him, signifying that we should begone, and not intrude upon his solitude. Cornélie, however, continued to advance. The old man struck his hand upon his head as fretfully, as if he had been disturbed in a dream of pleasure; and then in abstraction, more than in anger, for he scarcely looked to note who we were, he seized the arm of Cornélie, to put her gently forth from the door. His countenance seemed to say, I need no idle visits of consolation.

Cornélie seized the arm that forced her along, and hanging from it, said, "Let me stay, and speak with you, Sir; I am the daughter of La Versière."

As if he had discovered that he held a viper, the old man loosened his grasp, and recoiled; - - - - -

"Go away," cried he, stamping, "quit my house, my mountains, fly, or I cannot resist—if it once more were thy brother," and he ran forward and seized her, whilst I stood betwixt him and the object of his passion, and compelled him to loose his hold, "I would, I would—" and disengaged from Cornélie, he took from the wall a knife, *of that vulgar and horrid kind, which was daily imbrued in the blood of his flock.*

"Would you assassinate a woman, and within your own walls?" cried I to him, at the same time vainly endeavouring to urge Cornélie to retire.

"No, no," roared he; "but it is pleasure to think what I might do,—and do in justice—'twould be but blood for blood."

"Think it not,—my brother has not been guilty of blood," said Cornélie.

"Where then is Paul, my son?"

"Has he too perished?" asked I, wishing to draw from the old man how much of his misfortunes he knew, and at the same time inciting him to vent his sorrow and resentment in words.

"Hath he, sir? Ask at home, or of this girl,—look here"—and he displayed the tattered rags of the unfortunate youth's garment—"look here—my son's body, my own flesh—was" and the old man sunk faint in his chair.

"Oh Heaven!" cried Cornélie, in agony, &c.—*The Regicide's Family*, vol. i.

Over the dialogue too we doubt the reader will often weary, for, without being very clever at it, our entertainer is unluckily addicted to that mode of writing. One of his pieces he has thrown almost entirely into a dramatic form, and conversation to a great extent pervades the rest. We infer that he conceives it to be a kind of composition well adapted to his powers; the reader will probably be of a different opinion. An agreeable talker we can readily imagine the author to be, and a pleasant correspondent. What he says in his own person is usually easy and unaffected, bearing the stamp of good sense and replete with good nature, occasionally shrewd and for the most part savouring of observation. But it is quite another thing to make imaginary persons converse with propriety. As long, indeed, as the latter serve as mere mouth-pieces for the utterance of the author's sentiments, they do well. But when



he essays the dramatic vein, and would have them talk in character, they become intolerably affected; a vice, we dare be sworn, utterly foreign to his own conversation. But such is the necessary consequence of trying to adapt one's language to a character assumed without power strongly to conceive it. Sir Walter himself sometimes misses his aim, when venturing on unexplored ground. His polite talkers, for example, and particularly his kings, tetrarchs *et id genus omne*, are often affected beyond measure. How will the reader of the *Historiettes* feel disposed to the noble author after the perusal of the annexed dialogue? *Our* blood ran cold as we read. It is almost impossible to conceive a man of elegant taste and good sense guilty of such atrocious affectation. The scene is the court of Louis XVI.

As the youth was alone, shrunk retiringly into a window, he attracted the attention of the Comte D'Artois, who was at the moment engaged in conversation respecting the present troublous times. The Count interrupted the person with whom he was talking, to accost the pensive youth.

"We may need you, D'Erlach," said he, "you and your faithful Swiss."

"It will be a proud moment for D'Erlach," replied the youth, kindling, "when he can save a Bourbon, but a sorrowful one for your highness."

"Bravely said, my stripling," said the Queen.

"His gallant father spoke in him," rejoined the Count; "I would the Crown of France had many such supporters as the bear of Bern, for all republican that she be."

"Come hither, D'Erlach," said the Queen. "What years have you, boy?"

"Sixteen winters."

"Hear the hardy Swiss," said Madame de Polignac. "A Frenchman would have counted his years by summers."

"I have seen but one," rejoined young D'Erlach.

"How now, Sir, what is your riddle?" said the Queen.

"I am but one short year your Majesty's servant."

A murmur of applause burst from the circle, which most of the assembly had formed round the Queen.—*The Fall of Bern*, vol. ii.

This is a specimen of the dialogue when at the worst. The following is better, and a little above the average. It is a conversation between an old French conventionalist living in exile and the traveller himself; for it is a peculiarity in the composition of these as veritable romances as ever by wildness of fiction merited the title, that the author is not afraid to act a part in them in his own proper person.

We walked along for some time in silence, which in any other situation might to such new acquaintances have been embarrassing. But the lovely scene was excuse sufficient for abstraction; and both of us looked and listened to the brawling Doubs, and towards the picturesque banks which overhung it on the opposite side, if not with similar thoughts, at least with countenances similarly expressive.

"Those banks are France," observed I, inquiringly, "and these meads are Switzerland?"

"Even so," replied my companion.

"What a scene for an exile, to wander near and behold the limits of his country, yon soil that he must not tread, yon barrier that he dare not pass!"

"Are you an exile, sir?" demanded the old man.

"At best but a voluntary one."

"It is pity that your isle is not blessed with revolutions, political convulsions, and all the sublime consequences of parties struggling for life as well as power; for exile seems to appear to Englishmen the very sublime of their sad and romantic pleasures. All that ye, insular pilgrims, seem to want of happiness, is a fair excuse for being unhappy."

I could not but smile at this unexpected sally.

"Now I am an exile, and from that land you contemplate," continued the old Frenchman; "and yet neither bank nor stream inspires the sentiments which you would lend me as an imaginative being."

"At first, however, you must have experienced such, though habit since has worn away the feeling."

"There you are wrong. 'Tis one of those that habit and indulgence would increase. But I am a cosmopolite, and know no country; and what I lose thereby in romance and in your respect, I gain in quiet."

"And has banishment filled you with no regrets?"

"A few—my evening's *serbet*, and my journal—my sunny walk in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and my solitary chamber *au quatrieme* overlooking the bustle of the Faubourg St. Antoine—an old friend's conversation too—my children, they may suffer, they have—but the young may bear their own sorrows."—*The Regicide's Family*, vol. i.

Of individual character there are very few scattered traits, and those but slightly marked. The old French conventionalist, with his imper-turbable philosophy and impenetrable hardness of belief, is the nearest approach to a character, but even he is only a faint impression. The German students also in the preposterous fiction called "The Castle of the Convent Lake" in which our author figures as hero, are not without some features by which they are recognizable. Their pretty notion of settling affairs of government by a stroke of the dagger is certainly characteristic. But they are not singular in this. The young gentlemen of Italy, we are aware, are for measures as summary and decisive, and are equally sagacious in their views for the good of their country.

It was too hot, and too short a time past noon, for idlers at least to have been sauntering; and we heard the voices of the collected band bursting in unison from the cavern mouth, as we approached it, singing Schiller's well-known song in the Robbers:

Ein freyes leben fuehren wir,  
Ein leben voller wonne,  
Der wald ist unser Nachtquartier,  
Bey sturm und wind hantieren wir,  
Der mead ist unser Senns, &c.

A roving, jovial life lead we,  
A life right full of pleasure;  
Our home is 'neath the wild wood tree,  
By storm and night our trade ply we,  
The moon of our day's the measure, &c.

"Fritz, my knave, friend, captain, brother," were the different salutations that my companion received from his different comrades. They all embraced him, questioned him, expressed their gladness and his welcome by many extravagant shouts, gambols, and cant expressions; carrying on a conversation with him in the latter occult tongue, that baffled all my powers of comprehension. It of course concerned me; and, after a time, I was made the object of welcome too.

What is a German welcome, however, without feasting? The repast of the students was spread forth, not scanty nor Spartan; and I was not so very much surprised, as without previous observation I might have been, to recognise upon the floor of the cave several remnants of pasties and dishes, that had adorned the yesterday's dinner of the castle table. The pocket-knives and fingers of the company made speedy work with the Count's viands; and conversation languished, or else was limited to ejaculations, until the company, wiping their knives upon the remnants of their black bread, produced, and commenced pouring libations from bladders full of Rhenish.—*The Castle of the Convent Lake*, vol. iii.

In the story of the *Regicide's Family* we meet with a colonel of Napoleon's, Girouette, a name significant of the character; "a frank, gay, fascinating fellow," says the author, and as *he* says it, we must believe him; but it is purely matter of belief—we have no demonstration. The only trait we remember peculiarly attributable to the supposed character, is his way of backing out of a connexion, the prudence of which he had begun to question. He first affects jealousy, and then to get an excuse for taking a French leave, presents himself early one morning at the bed-side of the pretended object of his suspicions, and requests him "to descend with him to the garden, and satisfy him by defending

himself against his sabre." Prosper d'Humières, an aristocrat by birth, a jacobin by principle, tossed up and down on the waves of the Revolution till he is fairly lodged in the ranks of the army of Switzerland, exhibits an unexpected turn of fortune borne with national good temper not unworthy of the admirable Picard. He and an old intimate encounter each other by accident in the *melée* of a battle.

"You have made yourself a prisoner, Sir, for my sake," said the Frenchman, out of breath; "our men are between you and yours, and there is no escape."

"We will try that," replied Eugene, again raising his sword.

"Not another blow, D'Erlach, it is thou. And I am tired of belabouring my best and only friend."

"Prosper D'Humières—the Vicomte—I should say, the Comte D'Humières," successively correcting himself, ejaculated Eugene.

"Corporal Prosper, if it please you, citizen Bernese." - - - - - A *De*, just the one letter once pronounced, would strip me of my galons;

D'aucune chevalerie

Je n'ai le brevet sur velin;

Je suis vilain, et très vilain,

Je suis vilain, vilain.

"Be it so, Prosper. But, good God, what an hour you force me to listen to banter! My country—"

"Bah!" interrupted the corporal, "I am sick of the word *patrie*. I never hear sound of mouth, or produce of pen, that it doth not come first and last. Prithee, lament some other woe. The world is the brave man's country."—*The Fall of Bern*, vol. ii.

The following is an amusing stroke of character. Ossian, one of the regicidal family, is an ardent disputant and a disciple of the French school of morals and religion, with whom the traveller, an orthodox churchman, had often held an argument.

He was, indeed, somewhat too indefatigable in his pursuit of argument or opinion: and I have started to find him at my bed-side ere sun-rise, ready to commence the moment I opened my eyes, with, "What you said is very true, but then I cannot but think—"

"Pray, when did I say any such thing?"

"Last night before we separated."—*The Regicide's Family*, vol. i.

Upon the whole, the author's conceptions of individual character can be pronounced only very faint, and his power of drawing very feeble. His strength seems to consist in the perception of national peculiarities, in remarking upon which he discovers a praiseworthy candour and liberality. He has lived abroad long enough to rub off all the more obnoxious of our insular prejudices. He may be believed on the evidence of the present work when he says, that "though an Englishman, he has divested himself of all that pertains to one so born, except the core." Accordingly he addresses himself once or twice to correcting vulgar opinion on one or two points of national character. We trust that the Quarterly reviewer of Madame Genlis—the last who trumpeted English impeccability and continental depravity—will not fail to remark the view taken of the subject, in a point of prime importance, by a candid and well-informed traveller of our own country.

Florville here related to me a sort of *pendant* to the story of the previous night. That was all love and romance, this all debt and difficulties; a singular story, be it remarked, for a young Frenchman to tell, prudence, economy, and honour in pecuniary matters being as much the characteristic of the young French, as the very contrary is of the greater part of the young English."—*A Week at Tours*, vol. i.

We sorrowfully confess our belief that this is *true*; and as sorrow-

fully believe that the source of the aptitude of our young country folks to contract debts and of their inaptitude to pay them, is to be found in our schools and universities. The allowance usually made by parents is large enough to create in their absent children a strong desire for more indulgences than it can purchase them; whilst the mercenary tempers of tradesmen, and the neutrality of teachers and tutors, afford a facility to running into debt too great for youthful morality to withstand. As long as the parental purse continues to be an ultimate resource, secure in the last event of things, young spendthrift unscrupulously lays it under contribution. But the propensity to incur debts decays not with the decay of means to answer them. When his old resource is withdrawn, he trusts to remote prospects or possible contingencies or just nothing at all; for he who ran into debt at his father's expense will hardly hesitate to do so at the expense of a stranger. Yet, with so many examples of this beam in our own eye, we must needs be for plucking motes out of our neighbour's eye. But prudence in the disposal of the means of life, for which the French are so exemplary, lies at the root of morality. A nice and accurate sense of *meum* and *tuum* in all their bearings, and in the minutest particulars, is the law and the prophets; and the proverbial generosity of Englishmen, a quality more splendid than useful, is a poor set-off against the want of that sense. The generous, however, is the bright side of the English character; and it appears to advantage in the following short dialogue.

"But, Florville, before we part, I have mentioned to my friend here, your friend too, I trust, what you mentioned to me. He is a monied rascal, and might unjewishly convenience you."

"Nay, a year would be sufficient for me to repay it."

"How much might it be?"

"It is much."

"Nay—is it five hundred louis?"

"Five hundred francs—more—double the sum."

"A thousand francs only,—and a good fellow's peace at stake for such a sum! My dear fellow, you shall have it in one second."

The astonishment of poor Florville was as great as his pleasure.—*A Week at Tours*, vol. i.

As for the domestic affections, which we are apt to imagine so unusually predominant in English homes, we may learn by looking abroad that they flourish even in fickle France. The following testimony of our unprejudiced traveller, who understands the two countries better than the reviewer of *Madame Genlis*, offers a contradiction to our preconceptions too flat to be put up with, were it not too true to be gainsaid.

It is a delightful scene to see parents and children meet, when they are all in all to each other. Let me add, this is much more and oftener the case in France than it is with us. There may be the same affection perhaps, but it is more sombre and tacit; such ties with us want the tenderness and devotedness, which they possess on the continent. We are more animal in this department of our domestic affections; we rear with love, with attention, but no sooner find our offspring independent of us in reason and strength, than we turn them forth to form other affections, and a domestic circle for themselves. The child of a French parent may be said to be never weaned.—*The Regicide's Family*, vol. i.

A just appreciation of national character is manifest in many other passages, in which the author's liberality and discernment are creditable alike to his heart and his understanding. His view of the present

generation of French officers, which sets them in a light much more amiable than insular prejudices are prepared to conceive possible of Frenchmen, will be recognized for true by all who happen to have observed their manners and habits when quartered in provincial towns. The total absence of all ostensible means of killing time, at least, of what an English subaltern would allow to be legitimate means, is the most remarkable peculiarity in their condition. To whatever principle in their moral or physical constitution we are to ascribe it, assuredly the ability to exist independently of such excitements as alone make country quarters endurable to English officers, renders them much more agreeable neighbours than "our ain caterpillars" of the line.

I know not, from my soul, how the officers of a French regiment contrive to kill time. They are no martinetts, and discipline hangs as loose on them as do their uniforms. Drink they do not, and few of them know half so well as our subalterns the difference between plain Medoc and first rate Lafitte. They have neither race-horses, game-cocks, nor bull-dogs, on which to stake a month's pay; and save dominos, or in superlative good quarters, billiards, they have games neither of skill nor chance. They are either such *canaille*, or else taken for granted to be so, that chateaus and society around, empty as are the first, and scant as is the latter, are quite preserved against their admittance. And how, in short, they do contrive to live, would be quite beyond the conception of any of our military dandies.

They are, however, a grown and goodnatured race of schoolboys, brethren and comrades in every sense of the word, without any of the cat-o'-nine tails' austerity of our field-officers when addressing an inferior in rank. Then have they no vying in cocknobby or expense, in nought, in fact, save address at their weapon, and forwardness in the field.—*A Week at Tours*, vol. i.

"They are either such *canaille*, or else taken for granted to be so;"—without meaning to detract from their respectability, we may add that the former is most generally the matter of fact. In appearance, in bearing, as in uniform, there is no immeasurable interval between the subaltern and the private. The latter, it is evident, wants only the consciousness of rank and a coat of finer cloth, to be pretty much upon a par with his officer. Every Frenchman is a gentleman, by the grace of God—that we are aware of; but the close approximation of privates and officers may be ascribed to a less disputable origin, the one being for the most part taken from the other. A French officer seldom converses with a military man from our side the channel without betraying this fact by an interrogatory expressive of surprise,—“What, did you enter the army an officer?”

Whilst our author's remarks upon national peculiarities are under consideration, we will adduce another trait in the French character noticed by him which we believe to be genuine, and which we do not recollect to have seen particularized before. The passage occurs not far from the one last quoted, in the silly piece called “*A Week at Tours*,” and may be introduced without troubling the reader with any explanation. We may observe, however, that the depression of spirits remarked in the French, when under “the spell of our blue-eyed blondes,” is far from being confined to our neighbours. We would defy any man of any nation, least of all excepting our own, to bear up against the influence of the “airs” and “apathy” in question; or under similar circumstances, to converse in any other than terms the most “blank and puerile.” There are but few who will be disposed to deny this.

The Mordaunts made their appearance at the evening promenade; by the side of

Sophia was Florville, who endeavoured to entertain her with remarks upon her robe, bonnet, shoes, ribands, &c., none of which had the effect of exciting the English girl to converse or reply.

Frenchmen, who are so much at home, at their ease, and so truly delightful with females of their own nation, that understand their light badinage, and as light seriousness, are sadly awkward in addressing or entertaining females of another nation, especially the English, whose apathy, whose airs, whose assumed caprices they can never fathom nor understand. If they captivate some of our fair countrywomen, and that they do, the marriage-registers of the Mairies of the English quarters at Paris and elsewhere can testify, it must be chiefly by the magic of their name, the charm of their *étrangeté*, for nothing certainly can in general be more blank and puerile than their wit, more childish than their discourse, nothing more unimposing than their whole manner and converse, when fascinated by the spell of our blue-eyed blondes. Even the mercurial spirits of the French, so proverbially inexhaustible amongst one another, sink and disappear, when they are amongst us. They seem the nightingales in the rook's nest, of Quarle's emblems. They are so *worne*, so *sombre*, so well-behaved, that the general verdict passed seems to be, that the French are a very grave nation.—*A Week at Tours*, vol. i.

But it is not the French character alone, which the author's dispassionate and unprejudiced temper has enabled him to see in a true, and, occasionally, in a novel light. Though still possessed of the "core" of an English heart, he has sojourned abroad long enough to look back upon his own countrymen with the eyes of a foreigner. By favour of this rare advantage, he has drawn a picture of travelling Englishmen, in which there is not a stroke for whose accuracy the witness *within* will not vouch. Besides the discrimination it manifests, we are indebted to it for the solution of an inconsistency which we, as well as others, have sometimes been at a loss satisfactorily to reconcile.

They are famous marchers, or rather wheelers by the way-side, but know not how to pitch their tents for ever so short a season, or to be happy therein. Their exploring voyages for the most part resemble that of the dove from the ark—they find no dry ground for a resting-place, till they return to the little floating-ark of an isle, whence they set forth.

Once forced, however, to become a citizen of the world, none becomes more fully so than a Briton; and as none are more eager and greedy after the gross pleasure of galloping across a continent, than they are at first, so none, after some years of foreign life, become better adapted for enjoying travel in detail. The man of what nation will, so readily as an Englishman, fling himself alone among strangers, or isolate himself in solitary scenery? Who ever saw a single Frenchman, with all the love of that nation for the picturesque, wending his way alone through the defiles of the Alps? The Germans, with all their enthusiasm, travel in hordes. This may be accounted for by the fact that in that frank and simple country, feeling, be it ever so marked, ever so wrought up, has no need of either secrecy or modesty. But in England, where the enthusiastic feeling of the German is united with that prevalence of ridicule and morbid dread of it, generally considered characteristic of French society, sentiment must necessarily be cherished, and enjoyed in solitude. This is the true reason, that in travel so many individuals of our nation contradict the national character, by throwing themselves amongst strangers, losing themselves in foreign life, and spending their days, staff in hand, along the mountain-paths, and in the cottages and chalets of Switzerland. It is a paradox, I have often heard foreigners wonder at, and wonder at moreover not only as a paradox, in being opposed to national character, but being contrary to received opinion, that an Englishman is always an Englishman, his tongue, his feelings, and even his least habits indefeasible.

There is truth, however, in both observations—in the vulgar one, and in its contradiction. At our first setting forth, we are all the insular, prejudiced, proud, shy, selfish-seeming beings, that the ridicule of continental envy can depict us. Nay, if we return immediately, we return little better. But let us tarry abroad. Let the novelty of mere travel wear off; let us be unconnected with home by family or profession, deprived of the hopes of any such connexion, even as I, who write, by having attained a certain age without having made such provisions, and scorning to turn back for

them. To such a man, the wide world is the only home, for there he enjoys all the advantages of his freedom, and is not reminded, as every object in his native home, did he dwell there, would not fail to bring to his recollection, that his is a life *manqué*, wanting in fact—or that he has let pass the streams of love, of ambition, of all the ways of worldly happiness, beyond recall, and that while his contemporaries are winning or have won the noblest prizes in the lottery of life, he sate down content with an anticipated blank. To such a man, his native land is a huge, staring, unanswerable, and never-dying reproach, far beyond my enduring at least; and here, therefore, in this foreign land, I have become most at home. Every thing, that should be strange, is familiar, and all that should be familiar, strange. If I hear but an English voice, it has to me the wildest, most outlandish sound, and jars upon my ear.—*Introduction*, vol. i.

It must be observed, that the noble author appears disposed to canvass national character with more candour than national institutions. The “organ of veneration,” so powerful in Englishmen towards all existing establishments, is occasionally made manifest. The most marked demonstration is comprised in some remarks upon French education, which read more like the misrepresentations of a Quarterly reviewer, carping at Scotch systems and professors, than the strictures of an enlightened traveller. “Like all young Frenchmen,” he observes, “Ossian La Versière had had no education whatever; none, at least, of what *we* should call education. He had acquired a smattering of Latin, &c.” It would gratify us to be told, what it is *we* call education; for we had all along imagined, that a smattering in Latin and a less smattering in Greek, was precisely what in England was called education. Undoubtedly it is all the education which nine out of ten carry with them to college; and it is more than the education which the greater portion of that nine bring away with them from college. The traveller speaks with infinite contempt of the sort of philosophy taught in the colleges and schools of France. Grant it as puerile, as chimerical, as he represents it to be—will the French be able to improve their system by imitating ours? At one of our grand establishments, we believe that no philosophy is, generally speaking, imbibed; and what sort of philosophy, we would ask, is brought away from the other? In nine cases out of ten it is little more than the philosophy of the Rule of Three, and of the “Asses’ Bridge.” The French teachers are in the habit of lecturing upon the nature of government, and the history of their country. This discipline is pathetically deprecated, as “plunging young minds into the labyrinth of politics, without the clue of moral principle to guide them.” Is not this a fragment of the Quarterly Review? At any rate it is *cant*, unworthy a liberal-minded man. We are sorry to see such flimsy prejudices clinging to an understanding, that has been strong enough to throw off so many which are usually thought to be more closely inwoven in the minds of our generation. We should be glad to learn, whereabouts in our own schools or universities we are to look for the moral clue that is to guide the inquirer through the “labyrinth of politics;” or to whom is delegated the task of providing it. And yet they lecture there upon history and political economy; and there too, as the supposed noble author—once himself a distinguished speaker in the “Union”—must remember, “young minds” are permitted to debate fierce and long on political questions.

If the state of literature can afford any just criterion by which to pronounce upon the merits of different systems of education, the French

mode deserves not the sweeping censure which our author has passed upon it. The labours of literary men there are directed to better purposes than the labours of the same class of men here. A writer of no higher powers than he, who here spends his force upon a flimsy imitation of a Waverley romance and studies history but as an adjunct to fiction, is there found patiently investigating some period of his country's annals, and employing his imagination to embellish his narrative. If the fruits of the French system be histories like those of Thierry and Mignet, and the fruits of the English system be historiettes like those of the author before us, we entreat him to think more kindly of lectures and lecturers upon revolutions and government.

This little bit of nationality—perhaps the last which an Englishman, superstitiously attached to the memory of his college and university, can divest himself of—must be regarded only as an exception to the author's general liberality of sentiment. As he is understood to be one of the *judices nati*—the hereditary wise men of our blessed constitution, it is refreshing to remark in him any indications of a just way of thinking on political subjects. There occur here and there in the work expressions which, if we were not too sanguine, betoken no friend to quarter-session justice, game laws and corn monopolies. At any rate, on the subject of foreign politics, his head and heart are evidently right. It is true, he has given us in "The Fall of Bern," the wonted raw-head and bloody-bones picture of revolutionary frenzy; but perhaps it is too much to expect of a scion of one race of nobility, that he should calmly philosophize on the demolition of another. And even here there is evidence of a discriminating mind; and a stroke or two of truth which appear worth recording.

The hideous ruffians roamed throughout the scene of magnificence, with which they themselves formed the most striking contrast, panting for blood and plunder; still it was evident that the mob was French, for in all their licentiousness, little was devastated; no ornament wantonly defaced, unless it wore the insignia of the tyrant, as they called Louis. Pictures and tapestries, mirrors and china vases, hung untouched upon the walls, or stood on gilded pedestals unharmed. In this the French seem to differ from the mob of other countries, who in general love mischief more than crime. The direct contrary was observable throughout the Parisian troubles of that epoch - - -

The mad rabble round were shouting their revolutionary songs, with their universal refrain, or chorus of blood, in which numbers always joined:—the most general was the well-known one of *Ca Ira, Les Aristocrates à la Lanterne*. And the sanguinary precept was not confined to expression, for at every turn they grouped around some individual of more decent apparel than usual, or of nobler mien, and caused them immediately to account for such suspicious appearance. Any passenger, with at all a sacerdotal look, stood in even greater peril. Of the chance suspected, some ran, some stood and expostulated, charmed the mob with their eloquence, or stumbling in their harangue, fell victims for lack of oratory. The most successful, however, were those who took the cruel sport in good-humour, and parried off blows by jests. Wit, next to crime, was the best safeguard.—*The Fall of Bern*, vol. ii.

Once out of the hearing of "revolutionary songs," the traveller enjoys the free use of his own good sense; and he allows it free scope, even where an hereditary senator might have been expected to restrict its operations.

Amongst the many and important political truths, which came to light and to full proof during the course of the French Revolution, there was none more completely established, than the total worthlessness and ineptitude of a government purely or principally aristocratic, to support the state through a trying crisis.—*The Fall of Bern*, vol. ii.



Zurich, more commercial than any of its sister cities, was therefore attached to independence on more solid principles than the mere honour which spirited up Bern.—*Ibid.*

"It is the curse of republics surrounded by monarchies, that the wealthy, the illustrious, and the high-descended of the former must turn to the countries of the latter for their sentiments, for a model of their demeanour, in search of a fraternity, in short, which they have not at home."

"Then was the Ostracism of the Athenians wise," observed Eugene.

"It was," replied his parent. And a pause ensued, which put an end to the conversation for that time.—*Ibid.*

The traveller in *Prussia upon the Rhine*, boasts his "habitual freedom of allusion to kings and tetrarchs, their serving men and serving women." He could not have bethought himself of his propensity in a more favourable spot. As far as he has exercised his liberty, there is no reason to complain of the use he has made of it; only we think he might have found more frequent occasion to use it.

The monarch of Prussia might devote some of the revenues of these, his richest and newly acquired territories, to the completion of this, their proudest monument [the cathedral of Cologne.] He is prodigal of favour and complaisance to the archbishop and to the Catholic dignitaries of the old electorate, greatly indeed to the discontent of the Lutherans of this region. The completion of the cathedral would be something more solid, than the military honours which his ordonnance allows to the archbishop. But then a hundred recruits per annum the less would be drilled—and what are arts and antiquities compared with the drill?

Bayonets and tobacco! these are all the sights and sounds in Prussia,—

Tutto è Corpo di guardia, ovunque movi  
Per l'erma Prussia a ingrati passi il piede;  
Nè profumi altri, che di pippa, trovi.  
Là tutti i sensi Tirannia ti fiede;  
Che il tabacchresco fumo, e i tenti sgherri,  
Fan che ognor l' uom la odora, e porta, e vede.

But I have no reason to complain of Prussia. Her police I have ever found the least impertinent of any nation. Victor Cousin, the philosopher, whom it held in durance for months without a cause, was quite fascinated with its attentions, and declared German gend'armes the most amiable of constables.—*The Rhine*, vol. iii.

The following reflections put into the mouth of a German statesman, and breathed more in sorrow than in anger, very truly hit off the pseudo-liberal and would-be popular despots of the continent.

"You see, sir Englishman, what public life is in the lands of despotism. Office, character, consideration, are all held on the oriental tenure of being accompanied with good fortune and success. The merits of a man, his past character, his talents are never weighed, when by accident he trips."

"Yet the character I have heard, even from you yourself, of your monarch—"

"Nay, talk not of the liberal inclinations of despots; they do but coquet with freedom, like Alexander of Russia. A thorough, honest tyrant were better far than their capricious fits of acting Trajan. They are sick of the sweet, power, at times, and would flavour it with that agreeable bitter, popularity. They are the amiable in their morning-frocks, and not the less despots the next hour in their robes and sceptres. Besides, they always delegate their power, and never their benignity. And tyranny, instead of being mildened by transmission from hand to hand, becomes from the process rather distilled into its most concentrated spirit."—*The Castle of the Convent Lake*, vol. iii.

He somewhere speaks of "the free government which Louis thought either proper or prudent to *octroy* to his people." This spirit, we suppose, proceeds from the lively genius of the great nation itself, still true to its old character. It has a bad government to be sure; our author contends that France must, of necessity, be always ruled

by the Sejan!—but then the bad government serves to make good jokes upon.

As a traveller in search of the picturesque, the author of the *Historiettes* offers some pretensions. But his work contains more evidence of his capacity to enjoy, than of his power to describe the great works of nature among which he has laid the scenes of his fictions, and where, no doubt, he beguiled the less interesting portions of his tour by concocting these *Historiettes*. The following are judicious remarks, which if fairly applied in one's own case, would have explained the reason of many a disappointment vainly attributed to other causes.

The beauties of Nature are never so gratifying as when they seem to present themselves by chance.—To go absolutely and with pleasure prepossessed in search of a prospect, makes the feeling which it excites cold and artificial,—it limits the enjoyment to the eye merely, and shuts out that noble accompaniment of thought, which, had one stumbled by chance upon such a scene, could not have been wanting.—*The Regicide's Family*, vol. i.

Indeed, it is to be doubted, if these *chefs d'œuvre* of Nature's arrangement or caprice are most productive of pleasurable sensations: their effect is too overpowering, too absorbing, too exclusive of that accompanying train of thought, which oft heightens the charm of less romantic spots far above that of places more famed and sought. "You cannot both eat your cake, and have it," saith the proverb; and so can you not enjoy sight in anticipation without diminishing the sum of final pleasure, and converting a portion of it into disappointment. This perhaps is the secret of the frequent failure of Nature's choicest scenes in producing their effect.—*Ibid*.

The following is his boldest effort at description. The subject is grand, and might excuse a much less successful attempt to convey an idea of it, than the present. The travellers, that is to say, our author and his heroes, are pursuing their way with difficulty among the ravines of the Swiss mountains.

One of these we encountered, which proved a very ravine of ice; and we descended into its depths and ascended in the same manner by steps, which the hatchet of Oscar instantaneously formed. It was a novel and no agreeable situation, to find oneself in its depth, chill, blue barriers rising up on each side, and the murky cloud shutting out sky and sun, a fit vaulting for such a dungeon.

As we regained the snowy surface of the mountain's side, we emerged from the cloud, which rolled in white voluminous folds beneath us, illuminated by the bright rays of the morning sun. The valleys below were hidden from our view, whilst the heights of the snowy Alps above lifted themselves up in awful solitude. We could now descry, and we felt awe in doing so, the particular appearance of these unseen and unapproachable summits, the bleached granite peaks, against which the scarcely whiter snow-drifts lay couched—the wide, irregular summit, which to the eye below had seemed a peak, and which now appeared a broad round scalp, with a roll of snow around its ridge, like a fillet or a crown. The sky was no longer of that light, transparent blue, which cheers the upturned looks of men—it was of a deep, blackening, awful hue, and seemed repulsive of the audacious glance, that dared to scan its depths so near. The utter solitude was the most awful of the sensations awakened by the scene, for our steps upon the "crumping snows," were but those of insects intruding upon such vastness

As we marched in pursuit of the game, a sudden gust from below rushed upwards, and penetrating the cloud that still rolled beneath us, made a rent in it, as it were, and opened for us a vista to the valley. This is one of the most lovely phenomena of Alpine scenery. Deep through the vapoury cloud, which rolled and closed gradually round the breach made in its mass, we descried the gay fields and groves, and with some difficulty the torrent below, the sun shining on the depth of the valley, as upon us, whilst the pent of the mountain side that we descried beneath lay under the shadow of the cloud, except where the slanting rays penetrated through the breach.—*The Regicide's Family*, vol. i.

Whatever be the merit of this and similar essays, the traveller never bores his readers with the picturesque, like the disciples of the Waverley school. Indeed, his great merit throughout is, that he is *not* tiresome. He passes lightly from topic to topic, and from scene to scene; and if he fails of producing any powerful effect, at least he does not weary us by the pains he is at to produce it. In one respect, perhaps, a little more labour might have improved his work, without rendering it more elaborate. He writes fashionably, that is, carelessly, and although the style is easy, agreeable and often elegant, and though we would not have had its loose, gliding sentences too tightly screwed up and turning too stiffly on their hinges, yet still we must object to a laxity that often amounts to a total want of legitimate connexion. Many sentences are so rude as would oblige the reader, if he were *very* anxious for the meaning, to run them over a second time, an unpardonable fault in light reading, where the sense should be as perceptible through the medium of language, as pebbles at the bottom of a clear spring. The author, no doubt, was resolved, and rightly so, at any rate, to avoid being laborious; but in respect of style, it is the reward of labour to hide itself under the facility which it gives. From many of Washington Irving's admired historiettes take away the polished ease of the language, and they will sink to the level of our author's; scarcely happier in incident, or character, or description, and far less happy in moral and political observation.

In conclusion, we have only to observe, that we have seldom seen so much good sense, liberality, acuteness of observation and powers of composition, united with so much poverty of imagination, and puerility in the conception of character and incidents. If we have taken a correct view of the work, it is clear that the author possesses talents of one kind, and is totally destitute of those of another. He has every qualification requisite for making an instructive and amusing traveller; he has not a single qualification requisite for making an instructive or amusing novelist. Let him then abandon fiction, and confine himself to observation. He has one good property;—his merits and his failings are his own; his work, such as it is, is entirely *sui generis*, and we thank him that he has not given us what there is now a-days but too much reason to anticipate on all occasions, a second-rate Waverley romance, or a first-rate Fashionable novel.

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#### JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER ON THE CONTINENT.\*

WE have been guilty of an omission towards our readers, in not having sooner informed them that the Journal of a Traveller on the Continent, of which so many amusing parts appeared in our Magazine of the last year, has been published in a collected and completed shape. To those who read the part which appeared in The London Magazine, it is only necessary to say that the rest, which relates chiefly to Italy, is equal to it. There are two kinds of travellers who may be useful—those who, by long residence in a country, are enabled

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\* Two Hundred and Nine Days; or, the Journal of a Traveller on the Continent. By Thomas Jefferson Hogg, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 1827.

to make us thoroughly acquainted with the condition of a people, and those, whose minds being excited by the first obvious differences in national manners, catch the traits of character which long acquaintance makes us overlook as trivial. For hasty travellers to perform their task well, more acuteness and clearness of perception is requisite than they commonly bring to the task, and the books which they execute become mere guides, and bad ones; imperfect catalogues of pictures, erroneous measurements of buildings, *fade* descriptions of scenery, with some traditional observations on national character, which characterize the nation of the traveller himself more than the nation which he describes. In fact a man is not made fit for writing a book, merely because he travels; but when he is on other accounts, fit to speak and be listened to, the observations which are excited even by the most ordinary route abroad, can seldom fail to be interesting. Mr. Hogg has talents which would make a journey from London to York, or from Hyde Park Corner to Whitechapel, or from any place to any other where human beings could be seen in the intermediate space, new and amusing. Italy needed such a traveller.

After all the mawkishness which has been inflicted upon the world on the subject of Italy, unhappy whether praised or abused—*o vincitrice o vinta*—the sentimentality about art; the sentimentality about processions; the sentimentality about climate, and the sentimentality about morals, it is as agreeable to hear the observations of a man who walks with his eyes open, his mind unprejudiced, and an abhorrence of quackery in his heart, as it would be to taste a glass of port, after being nauseated with an overdose of constantia, or frontignac.

The weakness, if we may term it so, of the author is an excessive hatred of priests, carried to an extent incompatible with justice. On every priest's head, from the Pope to the begging friar, a *caput lupinum* is set. Wherever one shews himself, he is butchered without remorse. The agents of the police, who are, no doubt, sufficiently annoying, scarcely fare better. The following trait of these functionaries in Rome justifies a little indignation:—

“FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18.—I went first to the police about my passport; they had not sent it to the office; I was therefore required to call again. They readily gave me the address of a secretary of legation; but that of a noble lady, who had the good, or bad fortune to be of a family opposed to the government, and friendly to human freedom and happiness, they would not give: they pretended not to know the names of her father or husband; but impertinently said, that they were the names, perhaps, of some tradesmen; as if a foreigner were to inquire in London at the alien office for the residences of Lord Grey and Lord Holland, and were to be answered, with a spite not less ludicrous than pitiful,—really we never heard of such people; that old woman selling apples there is called Grey, she perhaps can inform you where her relations live; and the only Holland we know is Holland the cat's-meat man, he will pass this way presently with his barrow, and you can there deliver your letters to him.”—Vol. ii. p. 2.

Here is a specimen of severe justice on a priest:—

“I looked at the outside of the Pyramid of Cestius, and walked at least a mile out of the gate to see the ruins of the church of St. Paul.

JUNE, 1827.

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When I got there, a vile priest would not let me see them, but said it was some feast-day, and prated, or preached, for a quarter of an hour, to show me that he had reason. He said that he had refused to admit the wife of the Russian ambassador ; and added, ‘ You are a foreigner, and therefore must know her.’ Such was the simplicity, or stupidity, of the monk: you are a foreigner from Patagonia, and must therefore know Mrs. Smith of Hornsey.”—Vol. ii. p. 13.

The following is an admirable trait of a modern Roman author :—

“ I found Vasi’s Itinerary of Rome a most useful book ; as I had an early edition, it had the amusing dedication, which is omitted in the later editions ; this unique composition runs thus :—

‘ A San Pietro,  
Principe degli Apostoli,  
Primo Vicario  
Di Gesù Cristo,  
e gran protettore  
della città di Roma,  
Mariano Vasi,  
Antiquario Romano,  
ed Academico Etrusco  
di Cortona,  
la presente opera  
d. d. d.’

“ It is said that the venerable antiquary dedicated the first edition to the Duchess of Devonshire ; but as that gracious person ungraciously forgot to give him the usual fee of five louis, and as he could not find any one else who would pay that sum, he dedicated it, in despair, to the Prince of the Apostles.

“ That such a thing should be perpetuated in Rome,” Mr. H. observes, “ shows the state of the public intellect and the Roman character better than twenty Corinnas.”

There is good sense in the following remarks on executions, though they by no means exhaust the subject ; that on confessions is new as well as perfectly satisfactory :—

“ Persons often admire those institutions which they have not, and of which they have no opportunity to see the defects. In England I have heard sensible persons remark that the guillotine is a more humane punishment than hanging, which is odious and disgusting ; here I found that people are in love with hanging ; they complained of the effusion of blood, and said that the body jumps about, and is convulsed, after the separation of the head. All unnecessary pain to the unhappy criminal should be avoided ; but a punishment, which is meant chiefly as a warning to others, is not the less effectual because it is shocking. Rome was thrown to-day into a bustle, most unusual in such a quiet place, by the execution of two men for stabbing a person who was a member of some secret society, and whom they suspected of an intention to betray them. They met death with great fortitude ; as they were going to the place of execution, the Piazza del Popolo, one of them spoke to a girl, who was his sweetheart, and was sitting at a window ; she immediately fainted.

“ There was a considerable delay in consequence of their not confessing, which is here considered a necessary prelude to execution. I am told that the trial is always in secret ; that even the accused is

not present; the public, therefore, can never be satisfied that the sentence is just. If the investigation be perfectly public, and conducted in such a manner that there can be no reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoner, why require a confession, which is generally extorted by unworthy arts? It is not to be expected that a party about to be hanged should be pleased with the prospect before his eyes; the operation is not intended for his gratification, but for the benefit of society; it is not to please, but to displease him, that to a certain degree trouble is taken and expense incurred. Then why do we endure the odious hypocrisy of making him say, I die contented? If that were true, civil society would say to him—Oh, you wish to be hanged, do you?—then we will not hang you, because our object is to punish you! It is only the conviction that this assertion is false, that makes it tolerable. The best reparation that a person in such a situation can make for the crimes he has committed, is not to say, I die contented, but, I die exceedingly discontented, and with extreme reluctance; I assure all Christians, that the condemned cell is a dismal habitation, much worse than I had supposed; that a near prospect of the new drop is most uninviting; and even the assurance, that in five minutes after the platform falls I shall certainly be in heaven, which the ordinary always makes upon his honour as a gentleman, to persons in my situation, is, I find, but poor consolation.”—Vol. ii. p. 27.

It is true, as Mr. Hogg says, that a punishment is effectual, *because* it is shocking; but when it becomes to a certain degree shocking, it is an infliction on society, as well as a punishment to the criminal. There are many punishments, on other accounts perhaps advisable, that policy would, on this account, condemn; for instance, the constant exposure of criminals in chains in the public streets. These spectacles of misery cannot be witnessed without pain, unless habit deprives them of their effect, and if it does, it deprives them of their utility also. We would rather be convinced of the existence of crime once a-year by losing a pocket-handkerchief, than be reminded of it every day by the public exhibition of disgusting punishments. People too readily, also, sympathize with criminals, if there be any appearance of cruelty in punishments, and you then lose more in the uncertainty of the infliction, than you gain in the terror.

The following fact is worth noting as of practical importance; we do not remember to have seen it mentioned before:—

“I observed that many of the arches in this building (an amphitheatre) were composed of large earthen vessels walled together, instead of bricks or stones; and on pointing out the peculiarity to my friend, who was better informed on those subjects than myself, he told me that it is very common in ancient Roman works for the sake of lightness; as it must answer that purpose effectually, and as the strength of a spherical earthen vessel, and its power of supporting mere pressure, is great; I should conceive, that it is well worthy of imitation in modern structures.”

Mr. Hogg's remarks on the Pantheon are worth quoting:—

“TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29.—Of the Pantheon, the portico is noble; and the interior more striking than any thing I have yet seen: it has

been objected, that, by reason of the shortness, or lowness, of what may be called the cylindrical part, the effect of the cupola, or hemispherical part, is heavy ; that it seems to overlay the rest ; but the chief beauty and peculiarity of the edifice is the great effect which the cupola produces ; if the walls that support it were raised, this would be diminished. It is impossible to do two incompatible things, to have a cake and to eat it : where the cupola is hoisted up on high, as in St. Peter's, and our St. Paul's, the effect of other parts may be increased, but that of the cupola itself is lost. The whole of the light being admitted through the round hole at the top, is a beautiful arrangement ; that the hole should be open pleases me much ; and the naked sky appearing through it, connects the internal with the external world in a noble manner. At night, when all within is perfectly dark, the moonlight that comes quietly through, must be soft and pleasing ; and the sight of the stars, gently creeping across the zenith : even the rain, pouring down upon the pavement, is grand ; the distance between this aperture and the walls is such, that they may be adorned with all that is costly in art, and will remain undamaged, whilst the shower rattles upon the marble floor, which is gently inclined to the centre, and there pierced with holes, so that the rage of the elements glides away without injury. A patch of snow in the middle of the floor, must strike the eye ; but this is a rare occurrence ; the small tract that is exposed to the storms is more frequently white with hail."—Vol. ii. p. 42.

We are tempted to copy the following fact, concerning the composition of the celebrated ruins at Pæstum, connected as it is with a striking observation on the state of the population of Italy :—

" Whilst we viewed the ruins, we were attended by a guard of three dirty soldiers, whom we found in the cottage where we dined ; they quietly stood by and said nothing, and did not ask for money ; but three or four of the inhabitants were most indefatigable in tormenting us for charity all the time ; they, most uncharitable souls, had not the charity to suffer us to see in peace what we had come so far to see.

" The stone of which these buildings are formed, is as remarkable as the buildings themselves ; it is called travertine, and is evidently formed of petrified straws, canes, and reeds ; that is, the deposit upon these substances has hardened into most durable stones ; the straws, canes, and reeds have perished, but they have left their forms impressed on the stone. Travertine is an indurated, calcareous deposit from water, and has its name from the Teverone, or Anio, near which river it is found in abundance. The ancients called it tiburtine, that is, of Tibur, or Tivoli. Our ultra octagenerian led us to a large pillar near the river, which is an excellent specimen of the formation ; the striating, or fluting of the reeds, may be distinctly traced in many places. The stones are of the colour of cork, and full of flaws and holes, so large that you may put your hand, or fist, into them ; the cork models, therefore, represent these temples, even more faithfully than other buildings.

" When we had finished our observation of the Temple of Ceres, we sat on a wall till the carriage came up ; the descendants of the luxurious Sybarites kept steadily begging all the time. I questioned

one of them, a little boy ; he told me, that his name was Hilary, that he was ten years old, that his father was dead, his mother alive ; that he had three brothers and one sister. I had no small money ; it had all been begged away long ago ; but I gave him a piece of bread, which I had in my pocket ; at first he put it into the crown of his puritanical hat ; but he soon took it out, and commenced eating it with a tone of feeling that convinced me the boy was hungry, but he did not look miserable. I should have been glad to have learned something of his mode of life ; but I got on slowly with his Calabrian dialect, and the carriage soon drove up.

" It is generally prudent in Italy, at least for persons who have a prejudice against being starved to death, to carry some bread in their pockets ; I have frequently given part of it to beggars as a test, that I might estimate their poverty from the manner in which it was received : I have always found that, however stale it might be, it was an acceptable donation. When I have been at my solitary meal at an inn, two or three famished cats have often come about me, with thin flanks, asking looks, and hungry mewings ; if I threw a crust of bread to them, far from rejecting the offer, as in England, they would scramble for it and devour it greedily ; wherever I found that the cats would fight for a morsel of bread, I was convinced that there were many empty stomachs near, both of men and animals, and that hunger reigned lord paramount."—Vol. ii. p. 72.

Mr. Hogg's account of the closing of the holy door at Rome, at the end of the jubilee, is, we will venture to say, unlike any that has yet been given by any historian of the Pope's :—

" At four punctually the sound of trumpets was heard ; a procession issued from the church, passing through the holy door ; in the midst was the Pope ; he was also clothed in white, and wore a gold mitre, or fool's cap, than which nothing can be imagined more ugly ; he seated himself on his white throne, and remained quiet for some minutes ; he was greeted with loud hisses, which are here a token of respect, and command silence. He then descended and performed some ceremonies ; I did not distinctly see them ; but if they were not childish, foolish, and unmeaning, I beg pardon of his holiness, for forming an erroneous estimate of their importance. He returned to his throne ; there was some music : I must say, that the old gentleman did all in his power to make himself agreeable : he read us some prayers, and even sung us a song, attempting at the end a regular flourish, than which nothing could be worse ; whether his infallibility extends to chess, backgammon, and whist, I cannot decide ; it certainly does not include vocal music. I sincerely pitied the poor old man ; he looked the picture of death, and had been raised from his bed to personate St. Peter, to deceive nobody, and to make a few English stare : he appeared to sink under the weight of his robes ; his cumbersome mitre oppressed his aching head ; he raised his heavy eyes, and his bloodless hands, and seemed to say,—how painful are hypocrisy, folly, and fraud, to a sick and dying man ; Why had he not strength of mind to strip off his gilded trumpery, and standing up in a plain black coat, to say—may God bless you all, good people, and forgive me ; I am sick and tired of the cheat, let me go home, and lie in bed, and



cower over the fire, till I die ! The cardinals came about him in a fawning manner, and changed a part of his dress.

“ As to the closing of the door, we were somewhat disappointed ; we had expected to “ hear a trowel tick against a brick : ” the Italians are, and always have been, unrivalled masons ; and we hoped to have seen the Pope, with native bricklaying genius, boldly smack the mortar on the holy threshold, plant a brick in the midst of it, loudly knock it into its place with the handle of his trowel, and then, with the point, neatly shave away the projecting mortar, and so on, *toties quoties* ; applying from time to time the plumb-line, with the knowing look of a master mason, to see that all was square, until the holy aperture was rendered impervious by a fair brick wall. But alas ! we beheld only the feeble pottering of an impotent and fumbling old man : he blessed the golden trowel with its handle of mother of pearl ; he blessed the mortar, he blessed the bricks ; the poor old creature blessed every thing that came in his way ; but whoever wished to build either a pig-stye or a wall, would choose a workman who blessed less, and effected more. He contrived to lay three bricks in the holy door-way, using his mortar sparingly, as if it had been lip-salve ; the door was then closed symbolically, a white satin curtain decorated with a cross in golden embroidery was drawn over it ; it was like the rest, a type, that is, a falsehood. The stopping up the extraordinary road and short cut to divine favour was announced by the firing of cannon, whether in token of joy, or sorrow, no one, not even the gunners themselves, knew. The holy father returned to his throne, and with much theatrical gesticulation, gave us his blessing, which concluded the business.”

The remarks on the Italian language, at the close of a passage on a play at Padua, are new, but we cannot admit them to be just. The pronunciation of the Italians is slow, but it is the reverse of indolent ; every letter is sounded.

“ At nine we went to the theatre ; a fine, handsome edifice ; neat, clean, and cheerful ; it was full, too full, as we could only find standing room in the pit. I had heard that the ladies of Padua are highly distinguished for their want of beauty ; I do not doubt, however, that they are very amiable ; but I think it was the ugliest audience I ever saw, even in Dublin.

“ The play was *Medea* ; the great roaring woman who enacted the part of the heroine, was making the loudest and the most frightfully odious noise I ever heard. In comparison with the Italian, the French tragedy is simple nature. It seems to argue a strange imbecility of intellect, that can be pleased with such extravagant and monstrous rant, and be delighted with an opera ; in the latter, the overture and the songs may be, and generally are, very beautiful ; it is only the rest of the stuff that is groaned, squeaked, or whined out, with a most tiresome monotony, that is utterly detestable ; but in the tragedy there is no good, for the sake of which the bad is to be tolerated. A few minutes of the tragic theatre will cure any man's conceit, who still imagines that the Italian language, as spoken, is most harmonious ; and will convince him, that of all tongues, it has the least of harmony ; that it is easy to be uttered, arises from the defective articulation of

the Italians; their organs of speech are so imperfect, and they are so indolent, that they have turned the Latin into a sort of child's language, for their own use; a babe cannot say mother, it therefore says *mamma*; or good bye, which is changed into *tatà*: thus, for *pectus*, they say *petto*; for *domina*, *donna*; for *flores*, *flori*."—Vol. ii. p. 223.

The following scene with a student of Padua and a flax-dresser, in a vettura, is a delightful specimen of the farce of real life in Italy.

"The student drew from his pocket what he called a divine work, and insisted on my reading it; I complied. It was an oration that had been delivered two or three days before, in a church at Padua, by an Abate Barbieri, in honour of the benefactors to the house of industry, or hospital for the poor. The speech was deficient in good taste, but not in a certain kind of talent; and was a caricature of the style of Chateaubriand, in mawkish sentimentality and false brilliancy; and so full of *apostrophe* to the shades of benefactors, to disconsolate widows, weeping orphans, and blind beggars, that apostrophe was no longer itself—it ceased to be turning aside for a moment from the discourse—there was nothing but apostrophe; and the reverend orator walked through his sermon sideways, like a crab; to read it, indeed, was to ride upon a very apostrophizing mule, which would follow every thing but its own nose.

"The admiration of the young man for this tawdry stuff gave me a low opinion of the state of education in the university of Padua; it is somewhat different from that in a German university; and hardly unworthy of Oxford. A flax-dresser, the flax still sticking to his coat, who was walking along the road, made a bargain with the vetturino, and got inside; he was scarcely seated, before the student insisted on his reading the divine oration: the worthy man with much good-nature consented, and went regularly through it; only remarking at the top, middle, and bottom of every page, *Corpo! e lunga—stupèndamente*, Body o' me! 'tis long—stupendously."

If the listeners to sermons had as much candour as the flax-dresser, they would always join chorus in the same remark.

The abhorrence of priests, and of the vexations of despotic governments, which shine forth in Mr. Hogg's book, and which is so often the occasion of a bitter jest, is not the least useful part of the work. We have taken up too much of late the character of a complaisant people, who are ready to find every thing excusable under which other people suffer; to pass by, without anger, enormities, frauds, abuses, and exactions; to put up even with a small share of suffering from them, is considered the part of a well-bred nation. It was by a contrary course that English literature formerly exercised a beneficial influence on Europe; it was by the remarks of our writers, not on national peculiarities, but on defective institutions, on the abuses of priesthood and despotism, as much as by the example of our own form of government, that an effect was produced upon France, and, through France, on the rest of the Continent, of which we have seen some of the good effects. We are glad Mr. Hogg has restored to travellers the ancient custom of calling a fig a fig, and a knave a knave.

There are some remarks on the manner of proceeding in courts of criminal justice in France, which are very ingenious, and well worth

considering, on the points of difference between the two countries. Mr. Hogg, as a lawyer, leans perhaps too much to our own institutions, but he gives much better reasons for adhering to our own rules than we have before seen. We do not think them conclusive. The discussion of the subject, however, would make us deviate too much from that conciseness, which we admire in our author. We cannot help giving as a conclusion, a reflexion on persecutions, elicited by the theatre at Turin.

" There have been many violent persecutions for matters of opinion and conscience, which appear to concern but little, any one, save the wearers: but, strange to say, not one for eating garlic. We should suppose, *a priori*, that a traveller, who came to a square in Madrid, and found there a man burning, and was informed, in answer to his inquiries, that it was for being a Jew, like his father before him, and because he paid a little too much respect, in the spirit and in the flesh, to the memory of the Patriarch Abraham, would, probably, think the reason for kindling the fire insufficient; but, if he were told that the criminal, although often warned of the consequences, would persist in eating garlic, and afterwards going into public places, we should imagine, that he would cry, ' That is right; if you run short of faggots, I will give you a few; help yourselves from my wood-stack; I will lend you my wife's new pair of bellows, to blow up the fire and singe the monster!' But experience and history contradict speculations, which to our reason appear to be so probable."—Vol. ii. p. 266.

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#### MAY FAIR.\*

THIS is a prodigiously clever poem, with only one fault, that it cannot be read. It is extraordinarily smart, but of a miserable sameness; and when we have admired the cleverness of one page, we have exhausted our admiration of the whole volume. The author's poetry is like a musical snuff-box, it goes off at score with a tune and variations, and we exclaim, vastly pretty indeed; it strikes up the same strain again, and we cry, pish! a third time, and we fairly shy it out of window. One thing there is uncommonly good in it, and that is the free use of proper names, with delicious asterics and dashes in the middle of them, just to break the personality. When noble individuals, persons of quality, to employ the phrase of our forefathers, are mentioned with a smartness equalled by few waiting-women, and in verse rivalled by no bellman, all readers of taste, discretion, and knowledge of things, are in raptures. For our parts we are come to that pass that we can dispense with the smartness and the verse, and read Boyle's Court Guide, sections Grosvenor, Berkeley, and Portman squares, with extreme delight and much polite edification. Indeed we decidedly prefer it to the Age newspaper, as the spelling and style are more scholar-like. One of these days we design turning the Court Guide into an exceedingly biting and unjustifiably severe satire, which will have a wonderfully extensive sale (ask Colburn) merely by means of giving a cruelly sharp epithet, and

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\* May Fair. In Four Cantos. London. Ainsworth. 1827.

a cruelly bad line to every name of note. Our chief reason, indeed, for disparaging the incomparable cleverness of May Fair, is, that we purpose doing something on the same plan, only better. We had scarcely committed this rash confession to paper before we encountered a line which has thrown us into the depths of despair—it is inimitable:—

“ The C—h—e—l, S—ft—n, V—v—l.”—p. 94.

That is not to be surpassed we feel, and we sicken with envy; pine and die as we feel it. Three proper names, and only one line! Matchless:—

“ The C—h—e—l, S—ft—n, V—v—l.”

We could repeat it for ever. It is to the last degree *tonnish*, furiously fashionable, as the *precieuses* say, to cram so much good company into so small a space. We therefore abandon our design on Boyle's Court Guide, confessing that we cannot excel this coup de maitre, and declaring ourselves too proud to sing second to the swan or sparrow (whichever it may be, for we are no judges of birds,) even of May Fair. And now that there is no rivalry between us, we feel a return of our wonted justice, and like less men of the ermine, Chancellors, Chief Justices, and such rubbish, having no temptation to hold the scales awry, we take a pride in the consciousness of our own impartiality. And now we look again at the book we find excellent things in it, and we espy a whole passage of pleasant satire, and containing no plagiarisms from the brass plates on big doors. It is pointed against the late opposition, and their *delicate distress*. For ourselves (for we too are politicians) we may truly say, like Mr. Harmony in the play, “that we always loved *Mr. Canning*, though we never said so.” What is the use of declaring one's admiration for a man before he is in a station worthy of it. When he is placed upon a hill, it is time to bombard him with praise—to set him in a blaze of adulation. But to return, as the French say, to our mutton:

No man of sense will ever swop  
His conscience till he knows his shop:  
The balls may shine, the cash be ready,  
He'll wait to see the partners steady,  
Not wishing to receive a shock  
By sudden deficit of stock,  
No matter whether lace or lawn  
For which he put his soul in pawn.  
Yet, 'tis the deuce for politicians  
Wishing to better their conditions;  
Accomplished men prepared to sing  
Heaven save the rabble, or the King!  
To live in awkward times that pose  
A genius 'twixt the ayes and noes;  
To keep the patriotic sense,  
When England wants it! in suspense.  
And see their traffic at a stop,  
Until they know which is the shop!

If fierce on one side or on t'other,  
A moment may your fortunes smother;  
And the feeble partizan,  
Whoever wins, is under ban.  
'Tis pleasant to see dext'rous fools  
Thus slipping 'twixt the party stools!

For me, whose multitude of sins  
 Is *always* friendly to the *ins* ;  
 Whose eloquence by instinct spouts  
 Against those criminals the *outs*—  
 A patriot, Burdett to the bone,  
 Resolved to call my soul my own ;  
 A loftier specimen of Brutus,  
 I hate to live *in medio tutus*,  
 Long with a pension to be tried,  
 And trample on the falling side.  
 And though (for years in Opposition)  
 We scorn the language of contrition ;  
 And fifty times would rather beg,  
 Than to the Premier make a leg ;  
 Yet if *he* makes the first advances,  
 Men should not throw away their chances :  
 And though *we'd* rather die than sink  
 To ask the thing in pen and ink ;  
 Yet if *he* thrusts one into place,  
 To serve one's country's no disgrace.

'Tis true we now and then abused him,  
 But those were trifles that amused him ;  
 'Tis understood that ayes and noes  
 May differ without being foes.  
 Perhaps, in some obscure debate,  
 Some evening when the house sat late,  
 We dropt, in party's usual way,  
 Something *we* quite forgot next day ;  
 Some local jest, some random hit,  
 Some nonsense that then pass'd for wit.  
 But hurry, heat of argument ;  
 Not that one likes the word,—repent,  
 Yet, even in party's fiercest fever,  
 We always thought him monstrous clever ;  
 Though H—e might growl, and T—rn-y sneer,  
 The truth was neither here nor there.  
 Through N-wp—t's squeak, and B-xt-n's prate,  
 We felt the leader of the State.  
 The idle world might call it satire,—  
 The world knew nothing of the matter.  
 But things in such a way presented  
 By greatness never are resented ;  
 Mere drops between the cup and lip ;  
 Your wisest men will sometimes trip :  
 In short, 'tis known, your first-rate minds  
 Give all offences to the winds.

This is vastly well indeed. Pointed and tripping, a quality in which the writer is generally deficient, for his verse commonly goes with a plaguy scrambling limp, a kind of string-halt. He is not, in truth, a Thomas Moore, in rhyme or *persiflage*, nor does he come within ninety degrees of him. He is rather a Luttrell. A good thing in a little way. Very superior table-beer—Moore liqueur. A drench of the one is necessary to the perception of its flavour, while a sip of the other fills all the sense of the palate with a pleasant sting, and makes the system glow to the finger's ends. Comparisons such as these are commonly unfair ; but when a versifier talks lightly of Moore, and actually has the impudence to speak of Sidney Smith, in the exact style of Goldsmith's Beau Tibbs, as "old Sidney," "a pleasant creature as lives ; but now growing pury and polemical to a painful degree," we are irresistibly tempted, *per fas aut nefas*, to bring him to his true bearings.

We can allow no persons but our honoured selves to take liberties with men of this stamp. And with Sidney Smith we, even we, have never presumed to meddle. Moore, to be sure, we have tumbled and touzeled about once or twice, but more in the way of friendly romping than rudeness or disrespect. We laugh at him as a historian, but love him as a poet. The proper game, "the small deer," fit for the author of May Fair, is such as he very happily quizzes in the following passage, the gentry whom we have dubbed the Pretenders, the Sayings and Doings, Vivian Grey, Granby folks—men who brag of dinners which they never ate, and show their invention in the imagination of wines.

'Tis dinner! silence all, and state,  
Long footmen, peeresses, and plate,  
A sprinkling of the guards—some lovers,  
My memory fails me in the covers—  
I leave them to those—gentlemen,—  
Who wield the "fashionable" pen;  
Historiographers of pies,  
Who lay the *carte* before your eyes.  
Adepts in all the tribes of jelly,  
The very toughest names they'll spell ye,  
Through all the *pâté-climax* soar,  
From *poisson* up to *perigord*;  
Or stretching still a higher strain,  
Touch the *rognons a la champagne*.  
Then, as their loftier genius shines,  
Amaze your feelings with the wines!  
The St. Peray, La fitte—Lunelle,  
You think the *bouquet* meets your smell!  
La Rose, Leoville, Letour, Preignac,  
You'd swear you had them at your back!  
The *Sillery*, cool, delicious, still,  
You feel your whole machinery thrill!  
The pink champagne, rich, creamy, sparkling,  
You see the room around you darkling!  
The king of cups, the *grande Bourgogne*,  
You feel your whole seven senses gone!  
Though, says the R-g-rs, at his age  
He'd like a little *Hermitage*.  
But others, the superior works,  
Give you exact the spoons and forks,  
So that if spoon or fork be miss'd,  
The butler buys them for a list.  
Nay others, abler than them both,  
Square-inch the table and the cloth;  
(Of Algebra the fine applianee,  
The modern, mighty march of science!)  
Tell you how many of them dined;  
How many valets stood behind,  
How many buttons on their coats,  
How many sauce and butter boats;  
How many fair ones fill'd their glasses,  
Who bumpers it! who sips, who passes!—  
Long live!—ye wonder working works,  
Where something for all *palates* lurks,—  
For sixpence, where the hungry sinner,  
Miss what he may, will find a *dinner*.  
And all from footmen up to cooks,  
Own you the very book of books!

Here we stop, but not without confessing our persuasion that, notwithstanding the above expression of our opinion, May Fair will be a popular and admired poem for the next three weeks, or more. We

have ourselves indeed heard it hugely commended by some persons of bad judgment, a sign which augurs well for the success of a work. Most judicious was Moliere in reading his comedies to his cook. Whenever we observe a certain class of people approving a production, we are sure it will prosper, because that class is so immensely large a one. There are, indeed, not more than five or six really wise men in the world. Three of them write in this Magazine, Canning is the fourth, the fifth is a great philosopher, who is said to exist among the Kamschatdales, and of the being of the sixth we have as yet no certain knowledge. But should Mr. Canning, by any accident, retire from office, we shall find him out by his succeeding to the Premiership.

#### ALEXANDER'S JOURNEY FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND.\*

It is an ordinance of the priesthood of the empire, a visit to which Lieut. Alexander describes in his book, that they shall subsist entirely on the labour of the muscles of the legs. It is fortunate for the race of travellers, that little more is necessary for their success than the exercise of their feet. A pair of stout calves seem naturally to produce a fine healthy quorte: with a pair of eyes the traveller's accomplishments are undoubtedly complete. That Mr. Alexander is so far supplied with these latter necessities he has determined to prove to the world, by prefixing his portrait; so that, by the aid of a study of his features, a spelling of his titles, and an account of his mode of travelling, we may consider ourselves regularly introduced to the Lieutenant, and commence our journey together with a reasonable prospect of good companionship. As well as we can judge from a slight acquaintance, we must expect no very profound remarks, no very enlarged knowledge, no very brilliant wit; but a lively, good sort of young man, who can draw, and chatter, and scribble, and laugh, and ride, and look wise upon occasion, is not a fellow-traveller to be despised.

On the 16th October, 1825, Lieutenant Alexander took leave of his "much esteemed friends," at Madras, and sailed for Rangoon in a transport, conveying troops to join the army then occupied under Sir Archibald Campbell, in the invasion of Burmah. The vessel he sailed in was the *Earl Kellie*, five hundred tons, and was exceedingly crowded, there being a soul on board for every ton. There were many bodies in the ship, however, to which souls are not usually assigned. Swarms of cockroaches and centepides infested it, and some of the latter were a foot in length, and of the thickness of a finger. The weather was hot, and the deck at night presented a curious scene. All the European soldiers slept on deck. The amusements of the day seem

\* Travels from India to England, comprehending a visit to the Burman Empire, and a Journey through Persia, Asia Minor, European Turkey, &c. In the year 1825-26, containing a Chronological Epitome of the late Military Operations in Ava: an Account of the Proceedings of the present Mission from the Supreme Government of India to the Court of Tehran, and a Summary of the Causes and Events of the existing War between Russia and Persia: with Sketches of Natural History, Manners, and Customs, and illustrated with Maps and Plates. By James Edward Alexander, Esq. Lieut. late H. M.'s 13th Light Dragoons, and attached to the Suite of Colonel Macdonald Kinrier, K.L.S. Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Tehran. London. Parbury, Allen, and Co. 1827. 4to.

to have compensated for the suffocation of the night; the table was amply supplied; in the intervals between meals the voyager read and sauntered beneath the thick awnings. In the evening the men sat in circles on the decks, amusing themselves with songs and stories. Mirth and hilarity reigned on board, though now and then diversified with British ejaculations on the slow motion of the ship. Mr. Alexander's description of this part of his voyage fills the mind with soft and agreeable ideas, and is really very pleasant reading.

Whilst the vessel was in smooth water, a practice took place which cannot be too much recommended. The men were exercised, by being marched, and made to run round the decks, to the sound of lively music: the men were thus kept in high health, and the manoeuvre afforded almost as much amusement as "quizzing the pioneers." Gymnastic exercises might be advantageously added to the marching and running. During the evening the officers had their share of exercise in dancing or fencing, and rowing round the vessel in the jollyboat. On the 12th November, in sight of Little Andaman Island, a monstrous fish of the genus *raia* made its appearance; its length, says Mr. Alexander, was about twenty or twenty-five feet, and its *breadth* nearly the same. Being much in want of water, the vessel anchored off Little Andaman Island, and the chief mate, Mr. Alexander, and six stout lascars, landed in search of it. They had not gone far before they came upon a party of natives, lying on their bellies, behind bushes, armed with spears, arrows, and long bows, which they bent at the party in a threatening manner.

The Lascars, as soon as they saw them, fell back in great consternation, levelling their muskets, and running into the sea towards their boat. It was with great difficulty we could prevent the cowardly rascals from firing; the tyndal was the only one who stood by the chief mate and myself. We advanced within a few paces of the natives, and made signs of drinking, to intimate the purpose of our visit. The tyndal (the steersman) salaamed to them, according to the different modes of salutation; he spoke to them in Malang, and other languages; they returned no answer, but continued crouching in their menacing attitude, pointing their weapons at us wherever we turned. I held out my handkerchief towards them, but they would not come from behind the bushes to take it. I placed it upon the ground, and we retired in order to allow them to pick it up; still they did not move.

I counted sixteen strong and able-bodied men opposite to us, many of them very lusty; and further on six more. They were very different in appearance from what the natives of the Great Andaman are described to be, namely, a puny race. The whole party was completely naked, with the exception of a stout man, nearly six feet in height, who was standing up along with two or three women in the rear: he wore on his head a red cloth, with white spots. They were the most furious and wild-looking beings I ever saw. Their hair was frizzled or woolly; they had flat noses, with small red eyes. Those parts of their skin which were not besmeared with mud (to defend them probably from the attacks of insects) were of a sooty black colour; their hideous faces seemed to be painted with a red ochre.

On returning to the island, with a subaltern's party, they discovered another and a larger party of natives.

Advancing towards the spot at which they were pointing, we discovered a party of sixty or seventy of the natives waiting in ambush our approach. We went towards them, in order to induce them to show us another proof. So little intention had we of molesting or injuring them, that we had brought with us several looking-glasses, cloth, and bangles to give them. However, we had no sooner got within fifteen yards of them than we were assailed with a shower of arrows, which struck several of us. I received a scratch in the leg, which lamed me for several days after. We immediately extended the files to skirmishing order, and returned with a round of musketry, which killed and wounded several of them. Fixing bayonets, we then charged them; but



they, well knowing the intricacies of the jungle, and being extremely nimble, succeeded in not only effecting their escape, but also in carrying off the disabled of their party. We were brought up by a deep pool, and saw them making off on the other side, shouting, *Yahun! Yahun!*

After this encounter the party penetrated into a jungle, of which the description is good.

We advanced about a couple of miles without seeing any more huts, or natives, and no quadrupeds of any sort. The wood into which we penetrated, and in which the bugle alone kept us together, was one of the most gloomy and dismal that can possibly be conceived; it was, indeed,

“*Nemus atrum horrenti umbrâ.*”

The trees were of great height, in many places thickly interwoven with rattans and bushrope. The sunbeams being unable to penetrate the entangled foliage, the atmosphere, in consequence, bore the semblance of twilight. The broad boughs hung rich with heavy dew-drops, and the air was loaded with a damp and pestilential vapour, occasioned by the rotting twigs, leaves, and fruit, with which the swampy ground was thickly strewed. The death-like stillness was occasionally interrupted by a solitary parrot, winging its noisy flight overhead; but owing to the luxuriance of our vegetable canopy, it was almost impossible to gain even an imperfect view of him. Numerous snakes were observed stealing along amongst the bushes. From several we had narrow escapes; those we succeeded in killing were all furnished with poisonous fangs, and many bore a striking resemblance to the *coluber prester*, or viper, but generally they were spotted.

After this excursion, and while they were engaged in a repast, a strong party of the natives stole down upon them, and threw in a shower of arrows, which killed one, and severely wounded three soldiers. They continued skirmishing with them till sun-set, for the savages made repeated attempts to cut off the pioneers engaged in getting water. At length the party got on board at midnight, after a hard day's work, laden with bows, arrows, shells, &c. The Andamaners have always been described as a stunted and half-starved race, with which Mr. Alexander's account of his antagonists by no means agrees. It is to be lamented that they are so hostilely disposed towards strangers, for from our present connexion with the Burmese empire, extensive intercourse is likely to ensue, and the Little Andaman island would form a convenient watering-place, besides furnishing materials, according to Mr. Alexander, for building and refitting ships. We are however disposed to doubt the last piece of information, for had the Little Andaman contained a good supply of teak wood, the only wood we believe, in this quarter of the world, which is adapted for ship-building, so much pains would scarcely have been taken to conciliate the Burmese, from whom alone it could be had, for the use of the shipwrights of Calcutta. Colonel Symes, in his embassy to Ava, declares it wholly impossible to build a durable ship in the Ganges, without the teak timber of Burmah.

On the 21st Nov. the voyager first saw the Elephant, a grove of trees at the mouth of that branch of the noble Irawaddy, which goes up to Rangoon. This town is twenty-four miles from the embouchure of the river. The land on each side is low, and covered with jungle, out of which rise at intervals the black spires of the trumpet-shaped praws or temples. Behind and beyond it is seen the magnificent steeple of the richly-gilded prau of Shoé Dagoon—the most splendid and beautiful of temples.

Owing to the prohibition against building houses of brick, except the palaces of the king, and the houses of the priests, the appearance

of Burmese towns is by no means imposing. The wooden buildings along the banks of the river, as seen from it, resemble ancient barns, behind which is the stockade. In the back ground towers the Great Shooé Dagoon, in the midst of its subordinate spires; for near a great national pagoda it is usual for every Burman, when he has acquired a competency, to erect a smaller pagoda on the model of the huge one. These vary much in size, and in value and splendour; but as it is more meritorious to build a new one than to repair an old one, the sight of these temples in ruins is very common. Bells are attached to each pagoda, and tinkle as moved by each breeze, the effect of which is particularly soft, composing, and conducive to that quiet and holy state of abstraction which the Burman considers as the supreme good. Mr. Alexander took up his quarters in a gilded temple, surrounded with lofty pagodas; and after the crowd of a transport, and the tumult of the sea, found the soft influence of the bells especially delightful. The ornaments which the British had placed there were not exactly in unison with the rest of the scene—a breastwork, and two long twelve-pounders. Of the inhabitants themselves, Mr. Alexander gives a lively character.

The inhabitants are stout and athletic; the men are about five feet eight inches in height, seldom taller, with straight muscular limbs; the women are rather diminutive, but well-formed in every respect except the nose, which is commonly flat. Both sexes are of a copper colour: they are lively and inquisitive; they smoke segars constantly; almost all of them read and write; and having no prejudices, they are readily susceptible of improvement and civilization. The women are not immured at home like those of Hindoostan; they superintend the domestic economy, and weave their own and their husbands' cloths: the latter are checks of different patterns, resembling tantems. The men wear a single cloth tucked round their loins, and hanging down to the knee; the loose part is thrown across the shoulders, strongly resembling the ancient mode of dress amongst the Scottish Highlanders. Both the men and the women wear the hair of the head long, but eradicate with pincers the hair from the other parts of the body: the men have neither whiskers nor mustachios. The head-dress of the men is a handkerchief twisted round, entwined in the hair in front, and tied in a knot. Sandals are worn on the feet, consisting of a sole of leather fixed on the foot by two straps, which unite at the great toe. The dress of the women barely serves the purpose of decency; it consists of a narrow piece of cloth, worn over the breasts, and tucked in at either side; in walking one leg is always exposed. Over the lower robe is worn a loose vest with sleeves (commonly white), which reaches to the upper part of the thigh. The hair of the women is divided in front, and tied in a knot behind, in which flowers are entwined. Men and women attain the age of puberty before they marry. Those who can afford it burn their dead; but the poorer classes make a narrow hole in the ground, about three feet deep, and having tied up the corpse in a mat, thrust it in sideways, first carrying it three times round the hole or grave; they then throw the earth over it, trampling it down hard. I observed massive tombstones in several parts of the outskirts of the town, which had been placed over the ashes of poonghees, or inferior priests.

Males and females have holes in the lobes of both ears, in which they stick their segars; they dye their teeth and the edges of their eye-lashes with antimony. The greatest compliment that can be paid a Burman, is to take the lighted cheroot from your mouth and present it to him; he, immediately after placing it in his cheek, performs the *shiko*, or salaam with both hands. They are very fond of drinking tea and brandy with Europeans, and eat and drink with them without the least scruple. When the men and women quarrel they fight it out, the men with their fists and the ladies with their slippers; they despise the Hindoos for confining their contests to abuse, without coming to blows.

They account it to be very injurious to the growth of animals to be deprived of the maternal milk, wherefore they never milk their kine, which consequently excel in size those of Hindoostan. The children are suckled for a couple of years; and I have seen a child after taking its fill from the nipple, smoke a segar with great relish.

The men are tattooed very closely, from the waist to below the knee, with different figures of animals, charms, &c.; I saw a woman with the whites of her eyes tattooed.

Their peculiar manners and customs are hastily run over by Mr. Alexander; nevertheless, the sketch of them is curious and instructive.

Pickled tea-leaves, the areca nut, and betel leaf, are chewed; and the grades of rank are denoted by the betel-box being either of gold, silver, or wood, as well as by the articles of furniture and dress. The Burmans are extremely curious in examining the texture of the clothes worn by Europeans; they approach in a respectful manner, and feel the dress all over. For an old red jacket, or a piece of broad-cloth, a Burman would part with every thing, even his wife for a season.

Of their complaisant disposition, in this respect, the European officers availed themselves; most of them having one, and some two Burman wives, who proved very faithful, and made excellent servants. They were purchased for fifty or sixty rupees: some of the ladies have Anglo-Burman children. The disproportion of females to males, in the population of the Burman empire, owing probably to the wars which have occurred there, has been the occasion of a custom amongst the Burmans of selling their wives and daughters, particularly the latter.

Dr. Buchanan mentions a curious custom of the physicians in this country, which did not occur to my observation. He says that the parents of a young woman attacked by a dangerous illness enter into compact with a doctor, who undertakes to cure her under the following conditions: namely, if she lives, she becomes the property of the doctor; if she dies, he pays her value to the parents. He adds, that the number of fine young women he saw in the house of a doctor at Meaday, made him think that the practice was very common.

The Burmans are not of the penurious disposition of the Bengalees, but live as well as their means afford. They foolishly expend considerable sums upon their spirai or trumpet-shaped temples, where they bury images of silver. All the smaller temples about Rangoon (of which there are several thousands) have been picked by the Europeans, for the sake of the small silver Gandmas. Few steps were taken to check this very culpable practice.

The Burmans are very fond of music and poetry. They have bands of music, consisting of circles of gongs, drums, and pieces of bamboo of different lengths fixed on strings, which being struck with a short stick, produce a sound resembling that of a piano; the effect on the water, on a moonlight night, is very fine. Their dancing consists of turning round slowly on one spot, and gracefully moving the arms and hands in circles.

The food of the Burmans is principally rice, to which they add animal food when they can get it, though they are prohibited from slaughtering domesticated animals. Napee, prepared from putrid sprats and other fish, is a favourite sauce with their rice. They also use a soup made from the stem of the young plantain tree. The lower orders are extremely abusive; the common terms are "*na lee*," "*nupak loo*," "*ni maggi loo-lah*," &c., which are too indelicate to admit of translation. When they challenge one another to fight, they strike their left arm at the elbow with the right hand, exclaiming, "*youk ya!*" or "*here's a proper man for you!*" In their boat-races they exclaim, "*youk ya lahy!*" and "*yeyla wallahy!*" which are all terms of defiance.

The arms of the soldiery are muskets without bayonets, swords, and spears. They carry their powder in a horn, and sometimes in a dried pumpkin, or a long cloth bag. The weapon they use best is the *gijenal*, or swivel, which they fire with great precision. The *dar*, or sword, is a truly Homeric weapon: it is used for building houses, fighting, or preparing food. The handle is the same length as the blade, so that they can hold it with one or both hands, and strike a powerful blow. The main arm of his Majesty of the Golden Feet is, however, the war-boats—every village on the banks of the great river that runs through the heart of his dominions, is obliged to furnish a certain number. The common length of these boats is fifty or sixty feet. They are rowed or paddled by thirty or forty men; they carry also a few soldiers with a piece of ordnance at the prow. Our war-boats could never get near them; the steam-boat alone tired out the rowers, and when she came up with them, they jumped overboard: for the Burmese, from the nature of the country, are excellent swimmers.

This is Mr. Alexander's description of the great Shoé Dagoon, of which he has given a good drawing.

The great *paw*, or pagoda, is the Shoé Dagoon, or golden temple. It is situated two miles and a half in the rear of Rangoon. Leaving the town by one of the northern gates, a broad fosse is crossed by a causeway; the road then gradually ascends, between rows of smaller pagodas, till the eminence is reached on which stands the Shoé Dagoon, occupying the highest of three platforms. The building is octagonal at the base, and spiral at the top, and is said to be three hundred and thirty feet in height. It is highly gilt. On the top is a *tee*, or umbrella, of open iron-work, surmounted by a vane, and a small globe of glass: bells are hung round the lower part of the *tee*. There are no apertures in the building, which is solid throughout. It has small niches around, which contained images of marble and wood; but these have been removed to England, India, or elsewhere. It was truly melancholy to observe the ravages which had been committed on the smaller pagodas surrounding the Shoé Dagoon: one alone, amongst thousands, was preserved from pillage, by the exertions of Dr. Campbell, of the Madras artillery.

On the southern side of the pagoda is a beautiful pavilion, gilt and picked out with crimson, containing an image of Gandama, of such gigantic dimensions, that an English officer placed his couch where he reposed, in its left hand!

At the time Mr. Alexander arrived in Burmah, the British general had advanced beyond Prome, one of the principal towns of the empire. A detachment of infantry and artillery having received orders to proceed up the river, in consequence of the rupture of the armistice that had been agreed on, and the recommencement of hostilities, Mr. Alexander volunteered to accompany it. In passing up the river, the mosquitoes caused excessive torment. Whole squadrons of these insects issuing from the high reeds which line the banks of the river, bit the poor Europeans through sheets and long drawers. "A cavalry officer affirmed that he found no protection against them in a pair of leather breeches; an infantry soldier declared they had bit him through his breast-plate; an artillery-man, to crown the joke, asserted that he could not secure his head by thrusting it into a mortar!" Upon reaching Yan-Yan-China, the main branch of the mighty Irawaddy, then a mile in width, its breadth varies from one mile to five, all the way to Ava. The bed of the Irawaddy is an alluvial deposit, indurated by the petrifying property of the river, which produces this change upon all matter subject to its operation. From the mud of the river, in any part of its course, from ten to twelve per cent. of gold-dust may be washed. As Mr. Alexander was sailing up the stream, discussing a plate of rice and salt fish, he saw descending the river, a crow sitting and feasting upon a dark-looking substance. It was an evidence that our troops were beyond this point; it proved to be the corpse of a European soldier, dressed in a check shirt: the head had been chopped off at Henzada, a large town in which were many temples and wooden bridges. The chief wore a naval uniform, which had been presented to him by Captain Alexander, of the Alligator. He shewed his commission, which ran as follows: "*Shoé ma Praw, chief magistrate of Henzada, having drank the waters of fidelity to the British Flag, wears the knife in his girdle from this date. September fourth, 1825.*"

In the pools and backwaters after passing Henzada, were dead bodies in every stage of decay, to the number of sixty or seventy together. Passing Shoégen, an extensive town, they observed it to be filled with women and children. The Burmese authorities keep the families of

the men drafted into the army, as pledges of their fidelity: in case of cowardice or desertion, vengeance is unrelentlessly inflicted upon the innocent women and their children.

The banks of the river were infested with parties of hostile natives. Upon single boats being discovered, or canoes weakly manned, the spies spring a wooden rattle with four clappers, sounding exactly like those which are tied round the necks of bullocks, to prevent their straying into the jungle. On hearing the signal, the plunderers rush out in their boats, and not only rob but murder or mutilate those who fall into their hands. Near Mnouzeay, a few days before Mr. Alexander arrived at this point of the river, Dr. Sandford and Lieutenant Bennet, of the Royals, were taken prisoners. They were coming from Prome, sick, and having imprudently landed in order to breakfast, several men approached them, one at a time, presenting fowls, vegetables, &c., till about a dozen had collected, who suddenly threw a noose round their necks, and dragged them into the jungle. A Chinaman, who saw what passed by concealing himself behind a bush, stated that the Burmese stripped the two officers, and tormented them by thrusting sticks into their bodies. The Burmese seem to have treated the Europeans as the Spaniards treated their French invaders. Whilst walking along the bank, Mr. Alexander observed the recent corpse of an European, with a spear-wound in the chest, and a stake driven through his neck: also another impaled. The scenery up the river, until the detachment arrived at Prome, is described as enchanting. The country on the banks consisted of hills covered with wood to their summits, and broken into beautiful undulations: the noble Irawaddy, a mile wide, winding between, its margin fringed with foliage, and its bosom resembling an extensive lake studded with islands, forming altogether a scene of the most picturesque description. At Prome, Mr. Alexander stayed some time; an attack on the town was daily expected. The entertainment of the British officers does not appear to have been of a very enviable description, neither their amusements very varied.

The evening after my arrival at Prome, whilst sitting at the door of the house where I resided, I observed an English officer stealing towards me, armed with a formidable spear, making his approaches cautiously, and partly concealing himself behind a paling. He seemed bent on some bloody deed, and I began to look about for some weapon to meet his attack, if possible, *paribus armis*; when suddenly he dashed from his hiding place, and hurled his spear at a pariah dog reposing in fancied security upon a dunghill. The weapon grazed the animal's back, and it ran howling to the jungle. This was one of the most active recreations of the subalterns at Prome. In the moonsoon, when the water flowed beneath the elevated houses in which they lived, they amused themselves by fishing with a line let down between the planks of the floor, as they lazily reclined on their cots (whilst a Burman was *tattooing* their skin,) or rowed about from house to house in small canoes.

At Prome several horses of the body-guard and many head of cattle are said to have been destroyed by leeches in the viscera, which they received into the stomach along with the jungle grass in which these leeches exist in great numbers. At this place our traveller had an opportunity of witnessing a proof of the rapidity with which the waters of the Irawaddy convert foreign bodies into stone. The pioneers on attempting to remove a house built on massive teak found the edge of their axes all turned. Although the house had only been built ten years, and the pillars were only under water three months in the year during the moonsoon, the pillars were petrified throughout.

Within a very short time after Mr. Alexander's arrival at Prome the peace was concluded, the terms of which are well known, and there being nothing more to do our traveller travelled back.

On going down the river, Mr. Alexander observed that the prisoners that his party had taken in passing up, had been crucified, in *terrorem*, by the commander of the district. Does he mean the British military commander? The following is an account of the *native* inanner of inflicting punishment:—

The culprit is led to the place of execution, (which is commonly an open spot on the banks of the river,) where a bamboo grating is set up, to which his extended legs and arms are tied; sometimes he is made to kneel in front of the grating, and the hands alone are pinioned to it. The eyes of the culprit are not bound, so that he witnesses all the appalling preparations for his death. The executioner, who is distinguished by a red cloth crossing the body over one shoulder, and armed with a *dar* or sword, which he holds in both hands, retires about twenty yards from the criminal, and making a rush at him, inflicts a frightful wound in a diagonal direction from the upper part of the thorax to the bottom of the abdomen, which exposes the viscera: a piercing shriek follows the blow, which is not immediately fatal, the culprit lingering sometimes for several hours after. This is the punishment for heinous offences.

The most common punishment for more trivial crimes is decapitation by a single stroke of the *dar*; or a target is painted on the naked body of the culprit, who is fixed to a tree and fired at. In the latter case, if the executioners miss their object, after a certain number of shots, (which they are very ready to do if well bribed,) he is permitted to escape. It is extraordinary to observe the apparent unconcern which the Burmese exhibit when led to execution; they smoke a *segar* on the way, and continue to do so, with perfect *sang froid*, till the fatal moment.

At length Mr. Alexander leaves Rangoon in H. M. S. *Champion*, Capt. Stoddart, in company with Capt. (since Colonel) Snodgrass, (of whose narrative of the Burmese war we have already given an account,) with the peace despatches. Nearly half the crew of the *Champion* (100 strong) were in the hospital; almost all the men who had gone up the river had suffered severely from the bites of the mosquitoes, which had caused obstinate ulcers; some of them had actually lost their limbs from mortification having ensued. We are at a loss to account for the excessive unhealthiness of our troops during the Burmese war. The mortality was excessive; and were we to look only at the nature of the country—it consisting chiefly of water and watery rice-grounds—it might not be necessary to look farther. But the testimonies of all writers previous to the war are in favour of the salubrity of Burmah; and Dr. Judson, the American missionary, who lived many years at Rangoon, the spot so fatal to our soldiery, declares it to be the healthiest part of all the East!

The *Champion* set sail: in the Gulph of Martaban, a suspicious sail hove in sight, which, when afterwards captured, proved to be an *American*, laden with arms and warlike stores for the Burmese!

Calcutta, at which Mr. Alexander soon arrived, has been often described. Our traveller, however, loses no opportunities, and thus sketches the appearance of the Governor-General, Lord Amherst, in public, and the promenade of our Indian capital.

The appearance of Lord Amherst on this scene did not exactly correspond with what might have been expected from the Governor-General of India, though it accorded with his unassuming character. He rode in plain clothes, on a white horse, not remarkable for its beauty, attended by a single aid-de-camp, and a couple of troopers of the body guard, who were dressed in red hussar jackets, with silver lace, leather

breeches, and long boots, caps, and feathers. His lordship is a short and spare-made man, his complexion sallow, his hair grey. Lady Amherst appeared in better style, accompanied by her daughter and an aid-de-camp, in a smart carriage and four; an escort of the body guard attended in front and rear. The vehicles on the course were of every build, from the dashing London to the humble buggy. Some of the ladies sported fire-arms, and were unbunnetted: a few of the gentlemen promenaded in white jackets, without hats. Rich natives, hahoos, and others, were lounging in their coaches: amongst them I observed the representative of the Pacha of Egypt, the Imaum of Muscat, &c. Leaving the course, I took a turn on the Strand, the street which leads along the river, and which is resorted to by the more sober and unostentatious portion of the inhabitants. Here I observed several beautiful American ladies, with their golden diadems, the lower parts of their faces muffled in white veils, who were enjoying in their carriages the cool breeze from the river.

Mr. Alexander, after remaining some time, determines on proceeding to England; he accordingly takes a passage in the *Glorioso*, a country ship, bound for Bombay, whence he resolved to proceed by the overland route to England. On the voyage they were overtaken by a storm, which appears from the description to have been of that exciting kind which does good to a torpid liver.

The following night we had vivid lightning: and at noon, on the 2d of April, whilst in latitude  $9^{\circ} 30'$ , near Cochin, heavy, dense, and threatening clouds collected in the horizon. At 4 p. m. there was a dead calm. In half an hour afterwards the sea began to rise, with a long swell from the north-east; the clouds grew dark and lowering, and at length hung in a gloomy canopy overhead. The wind began to blow in gusts, with the lower scud driving rapidly along. On a sudden a rushing and howling sound was heard astern, and on looking towards the east, we saw the water lifted up in white foam, and advancing towards us at a furious rate like a wall. The utmost confusion prevailed on board: the Lascars ran about stupefied with fear. All at once, before a single sail could be taken in, a terrific gust took the ship, and laid her on her beam ends. I expected the masts to go by the board every instant: the upper ones bent like willows. The top-gallant and top-sail-handyards were let go, but the wind was so strong that the yards would not come down the caps; and we rushed on through a tremendous sea, with the spring washing clean over the bows, and pitching bowsprit under. The sea was coming in at the lee-ports, when suddenly all the sails went streaming in ribbons, with the exception of the fore-topsail, and the ship righted: the main topsail sheet broke, and the mainyard tilted right up and down. The lightning all this time was darting round the mast-heads, and with the thunder almost deprived us of sight and hearing; the rain fell in torrents. Most of the passengers were paralyzed with fright at our perilous situation.

The storm continued to rage for several hours; and though we had only one sail to carry us on, we continued to fly through the water. The night was pitchy dark, and the vessel seemed to be driving through a sea of liquid fire, sending out long streams of light from her bows. A hand on the main-top sung out, "A ship on fire to windward!" Turning our eyes to that quarter we beheld a great blaze several miles off, which continued to gleam fearfully in the horizon, and all at once disappeared; it was an Arab ship, which had been wrecked on the coast, and the light we saw was a signal of distress.

At ten p. m., the storm having nearly subsided, grog was served out to the lascars, who were quite exhausted, nodding and falling asleep on the yards while unbending the remains of the sails. The Mussulmans, though prohibited by their religion, took off the liquor without scruple. The tyndals requested that the light might be previously removed, "for then," said they, "we don't know that we are drinking forbidden liquor."

From Bombay our voyager sails up the Persian gulf to Bushire. We observed nothing new or very remarkable in the author's account of his voyage; unless it be his account of the pearl divers, which, though not new altogether, is new to us in the particular of their being used as spring-hunters.

Near them are the celebrated pearl-banks, where any person is allowed to fish between the middle of May and the middle of September. The divers are arabs, and the mode in which they collect the pearl oysters is as follows: The diver, having stripped himself, compresses his nostrils with wooden pincers: he then slings round his neck a small basket, capable of containing two dozen shells, and jumping over-board, places his feet on two crossed double-headed shot, attached to a rope, which he holds. His companions in the boat lower him rapidly, and as soon as he touches the bottom he quits the shot and rope, which are hauled up. After having filled his basket, he ascends without assistance to the surface. The divers sometimes meet with springs of fresh water at the bottom: at Bahreen in particular, where the only water used for drinking on board the cruizers is procured by sending a man down three or four fathoms with a musket-barrel, which he fills and brings up.

The country through which the remaining portion of the traveller's route extends, though much better known than Burmah, is sufficiently interesting to make it worth our while to pursue his steps. But Burmah and Persia are too much for one article. We shall reserve the latter for another opportunity, when we design to review the narrative of the present writer in conjunction with those of some other recent travellers in Persia.

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS DIBDIN.\*

THE malady of memoir-writing continues to rage in the dramatic corps. We expected with some confidence, that poor O'Keeffe would have been its last victim. The "Recollections" of that o'erwrought veteran appeared symptomatic of a decline. Two volumes so harmless, so senile, so somniferous, could not, we imagined, fail to take off the edge of the distemper. But we were mistaken;—it has broken out with fresh vigour in the person of Mr. Dibdin. The appetite of the reading public for theatrical gossip must be good: and hence the aliment that feeds the disorder. If, however, decayed dramatists find it a means of obtaining a last benefit from the public, they have an apology for yielding to the infection. But the public might consider, whether a tax in behalf of their old servants would not be a more commodious and agreeable way of obtaining the same end. The biographer would be spared the labour of writing, and the public the trouble of reading, what can bring neither credit to the one, nor amusement to the other.

This we consider to be true of the recent theatrical biographers *generally*. In a quantity of chaff, there will scarcely fail to be a few grains which diligent sifting may not extricate from the rubbish. This, though sparingly, was the case with Kelly; the grain was more abundant in Reynolds; even in O'Keeffe, a good seeker might have detected a stroke or two of humour—Irish, of course—and Mr. Dibdin is not without his good things—would there were more of them! But the compensation for time wasted is small—to those, at least, who have a better way of spending their leisure than making May-flies, or swinging on gates. With this order of men, the gossip of Kelly, O'Keeffe, &c. may have a value: and it is for them, we sup-

\* The Reminiscences of Thomas Dibdin, of the Theatres Royal, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, Haymarket, &c. and Author of the Cabinet, &c. London; Colburn, 1827. 2 vol.



pose, the publisher caters. If he had sought the good of mankind in general, he would have put a visiting-card before each of his autobiographers, and have said, "There, Mr. O'Keeffe, or, there, Mr. O'Kelly, &c. pray write out all the good things you know." Should these narrow limits have been spurned at, the difference was still wide between the compass of a visiting-card and that of two volumes octavo. Mr. Dibdin, for example, we would have allowed as many pages for his good things, as he has filled with the list of his "plays, operas, farces, and pantomimes, &c. &c.;" and the type need not have been small.

It will not require many words to characterize this last piece of autobiography. It has all the marks of the family it belongs to—hollow mirth, tame vivacity, villainous puns, barren jests, snatches of plays ill-applied, with poverty of matter, and an incessant effort to torture common-place events into dramatic incidents. These are the distinguishing features of Thespian autobiography. The "Life and Times of Frederic Reynolds" is the most perfect specimen of this "funny" species of composition. Mr. Dibdin is not so mercurial, but, nevertheless, he often forces his heavy and reluctant Minerva into a harlequin step. The vocation of these dramatists in their youth was to manufacture jokes, and from a costive wit to extort matter of laughter for the galleries. Their vocation is gone, but the bad habit it engendered remains; and hence autobiography—the most amusing kind of writing—has, in their hands, grown as dull as the drama, which, since Sheridan's time, has been the dullest of all imaginable things.

This effervescence of forced spirits—as lasting and substantial as the froth with which the knowing tapster crowns a pot of stale beer—afflicts the reader with intolerable ennui; a feeling, which if it be superseded at all, yields only to a profound melancholy.

Children are usually beguiled by the laugh of the comedian into believing him the happy fellow he appears upon the stage; but a little further acquaintance with him, corrects their misconception. It is easy to surmise, that the calling of a writer to the theatres must of all others be harassing and vexatious; and, from its excessive precariousness, calculated to plunge the lightest spirits into despondency. Yet these gentlemen of the modern drama would have us conceive them souls of mirth and fellows of infinite fun, who jested at disappointment and found food for merriment in their own miseries. Alas! their efforts to preserve the gay and light-hearted tone, which they deem becoming their vocation, are as distressing as the grimaces of the poor clown, whose face looks any thing but beef-steaks and bottled porter. The history of a dramatist's life, if it faithfully reflected the pangs of disappointment, the tortures of suspense, the difficulties, distresses, hopes and fears, the brief joys and ever-impending glooms necessarily incident to it, would be an instructive, and, at all events, an amusing narrative.

And even though these Reminiscences and Recollections are carefully dressed in a garb of merriment, the naked reality does, notwithstanding, sometimes peep out at elbows, and guide us to the truth. Poor blind O'Keeffe led upon the stage to return thanks for a benefit,

(almost the *latest* of his reminiscences,) and Mr. Dibdin, after the wreck of all his hard-earned gains, compounding with Mr. Morris of the Haymarket, for a clear benefit, and an engagement for Mrs. Dibdin, "as superintendent of the ladies' wardrobe, though at a very trifling salary," are quite enough to "pluck out the heart of their mystery."

The narrative of Mr. Dibdin's early life is a repetition of the old story. First subjected to a Cumberland classic, who taught Virgil "with a strong arm and a thick stick," he is next the stage-bit apprentice, with a head always in theatricals, never in his business; indentured to a matter-of-fact upholsterer, (now Sir William Rawlins,) who went to the play only when he could get an order; the master looking up to the mayoralty, the apprentice to the boards of the "Royalty Theatre," as the apex of human ambition. Views so opposite could not fail to make an early breach in the engagement subsisting between them. The issue is narrated by Mr. Dibdin, after his manner; and we beg to present the reader with the passage, as a favourable specimen of the Thespian style.

"One fatal day, in still more fatal hour, (I assure you, moral reader, it was the first so improperly dedicated,) when I ought to have been making out a bill of parcels, I was busily employed in constructing a lovely little hell, (nothing like those at the west end, though I was apprenticed at Fishmongers'-hall,) but one meant to represent the last scene of *The Libertine Destroyed*—when Sir William unexpectedly entering on the scene, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> devil in a style I never anticipated. In his ~~indignation~~ <sup>considerable</sup> wrath, he shivered theatre, scenes, and machinery to atoms; ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~clouds~~ <sup>clouds</sup>, piled temples upon rocks, mingled cottages with the celestial abodes of Olympus, threw Vesuvius at Kamschatka, and consumed all upon the kitchen-fire: then,—

"Heavens! while I tell it, do I live?  
He smote me on the cheek!

and that with so much marked determination, and such frequent repetition, that, unable to cope with the common-councilman's wand of office, (and a stout one it was,) as Zanga again says,—

"——— I did not stab him then,  
For that were poor revenge:

but after upsetting a few piles of massy furniture in my retreat, (for I knew the knight in embryo would stop to pick every article up,) I left him master of the field; and having made up my mind to seek civic protection from what I then deemed civic ferocity, I reached Guildhall by forced marches, and poured my griefs into the bosom of the chamberlain; not the chamberlain from whom I have since so frequently obtained his lordship's license for many a score of major, and minor, and melodramatic bantlings, but John Wilkes himself; who, after I had most pathetically enlarged on the cruelty of a governor (we scorned in our establishment to own a *master*) in not allowing his articulated young gentlemen (apprentice was *infra dig.*) to waste said governor's time on their own amusements,—I showed my marks; portrayed the desolation and entire destruction of my property, the nature of which I minutely described; and indignantly concluded by demanding a summons for my oppressor to attend, and be made a terrible example.

"I grant you a summons with pleasure, young gentleman!" replied the chamberlain, whose eye appeared directed to another person, "and I'll tell you why: I have no doubt but your master will tell the story another way, and I am anxious to know whether I ought to fine him, or send you to Bridewell."—Vol. i. pp. 28—30.

At the hearing before the chamberlain, the only remarkable circumstance was, that "while the worthy magistrate exhorted Sir William, he appeared to be looking full at *me*, and while he admonished *me*, his eyes seemed fixed on Sir William." This singularity, perhaps, prevented the worthy chamberlain's admonition from taking effect, for the next step recorded is a moonlight flitting to Margate, which place "young Dibdin" had selected for the scene of his first dramatic attempt. Armed with a letter from Mr. Booth of Covent-Garden, he presents himself, nothing doubting, before the proprietor of the Margate play-house, whom he found on the stage alone—

"A very comical, goodnatured-looking man, in a jacket and trousers, busily employed in painting a scene to be exhibited that evening in Mrs. Inchbald's new play of 'Such Things Are.' I presented him the already opened letter, which he graciously took with one hand, and a pretty ample pinch of snuff with the other; and having glanced his eye over the billet, he said—'I'm sorry, my son!' (his usual address to all his younger actors) 'very sorry, my son! that Booth did not write to me before he put you to the trouble of a journey: it so happens, we are full, very full, full to an overflow, behind the scenes; and I would to Heaven I could say we were ever so before the curtain!'—'What would you have me do, sir?' I asked.—'The best you possibly can, my son!'—'And what is that, sir?'—'I never give advice, and don't, in future, mean to take it: look at that scene, my son! I began it yesterday at rehearsal—the actors crowded round—each advised me how to improve it—I bowed to every opinion, adopted every hint: I had begun it as a grove; and if you'll have the goodness to look at it now, you'll find it is a street.'"—Vol. i. p. 51—52.

He is recompensed for this disappointment by an opportunity of coming out at Eastbourne, not in Norval, the part to which he had aspired, but in "Poor Jack," to which the sentence of the manager has consigned him.

"I had just entered the room, and, to show my 'fitness for the morrow's strife,' addressed the manager with

"Never till now stood I in such a presence:  
Yet, trust me, Norval ne'er shall shame thy favour,  
But blood of Douglas shall protect itself;—

'Bravo!' he cried, 'bravo, my friend, you'll make a hit, I'm sure; but it won't be in Douglas. I am really sorry you can't come out in that part; for Mrs. Lushington, the great banker's lady, has sent to desire, &c. - - - and you shall come out in POOR JACK!'—Vol. i. p. 71.

The critique of a gentle North Briton upon the acting at Eastbourne, does not imply a very advanced state of the art: the remarks savour of the "dear country."

"'Your theatre,' said the bonny Scot, 'is unco sma', and far behind the elegance and propriety o' our great hoose at Edinburgh; and tho' ye were vara judeecious in acting Maister Home's beautiful poem o' Douglas, yer actors are ower indifferent or careless i' their parts; and there is na ane o' them to compare wi' Maister Digges, i' the Scotch metropolis; and I saw, years back, the cockney callant that pretended to ac Glenalvon, was aye putting an H tul every vowel that began his words; and when he told Leddy Randolph he was a haltered man, I coudna help wushing the fallow hanged i' doonright gude earnest.'"—Vol. i. p. 75.

A more advantageous engagement shortly after offered itself in the company of Mrs. Baker, "of the Canterbury, Rochester, Tunbridge Wells, Maidstone, Feversham, Deal, and other theatres!" This

lady's corps "being on a salary establishment, and not a joint-stock concern, ranked considerably above the Dover association," to which he had recently belonged. The company, in the course of its lengthened circuit, had reached Deal when the new recruit joined it; but, to use the words of the lady manager, she was only "filling up the time, and keeping her people together, just from hand to mouth, as one might say, till her new great grand theatre at Canterbury should be quite finished." Of our author's Thespian connexions no one appears to us more worthy of commemoration than this motherly manager of twenty theatres, whose homely kindness he must often have painfully missed in his dealings with the cold dignitaries of the London theatres—the Harrises and Morrisises, (not to mention the sub-committee, and his "obedient servant," Douglas Kinnaird,) with whom he was subsequently connected.

"Mrs. Baker, on my first announcing my name in her presence, asked, without waiting a reply, whether I was not very young on the stage, whether I had got a lodging, and whether, after my journey, I did not want some money; adding, with her usual rapidity of utterance, 'I am sure you do, and I won't have my young men get in debt in the town: here is a week's salary in advance, all in silver: show the Deal people a little of this, and they will be sure to be civil to you in hopes of seeing the rest of it.'"—Vol. i. pp. 101—102.

"This good lady, who read but little, and had learned no more of writing than to sign her name, had been left a widow without any resources but her own praiseworthy (and I am happy to add, profitable) stock of industry: she was at this time beginning to realise the very considerable property she since died possessed of."—Vol. i. pp. 93—94.

"The indefatigable priestess of Thalia and Melpomene went every morning to market, and kept the box-book, on which always lay a massy silver inkstand, which, with a superb pair of silver trumpets, several cups, tankards, and candlesticks of the same pure metal, it was the lady's honest pride to say she had paid for with her own hard earnings: she next manufactured the daily play-bill, by the help of scissors, needle, thread, and a collection of old bills; cutting a play from one, an interlude from another, a farce from a third, and sewed them neatly together; and thus precluded the necessity of pen and ink, except where the name of a former actor was to make way for a successor, and then a blank was left for the first performer who happened to call in, and who could write, to fill up. A sort of levee for those of her establishment who had business with her, while others were rehearsing on the stage, (for her dwelling was generally in the theatre,) filled up the remainder of the morning. Her family, consisting of a son, two daughters, (one of the young ladies being the Siddons and Jordan, and the other the Crouch and Billington of the company,) together with her sister, and Mr. Gardner the manager, and sometimes a favourite actress or actor, were added to the dinner party, which no sooner separated, than Mrs. B. prepared for the important five hours' station of money-taker at box, pit, and gallery doors, which she very cleverly united in one careful focus, and saved by it as much money in her lifetime as I lost at the Surrey theatre in six or seven years. When the curtain dropped, she immediately retired to her bed-chamber, with the receipts of the evening in a large front pocket, leaving always a supper-table substantially covered for the rest of the family. Twice a week, when the theatre was not open, a pleasant little tea and card-party, concluding at an early hour, filled up the time, which, on other evenings, was allotted to the business of the theatre. When Mrs. Baker (who had many years previously only employed actors and actresses of cherry-wood, holly, oak, or ebony, and dressed and undressed both the ladies and gentlemen herself,) first engaged a living company, she not only

used to beat the drum behind the scenes, in Richard, and other martial plays, but was occasionally her own prompter, or rather that of her actors. As has before been hinted, her practice in reading had not been very extensive; and one evening, when her manager, Mr. Gardner, was playing *Gradus*, in the farce of 'Who's the Dupe,' and imposing on Old Doiley, by affecting to speak Greek, his memory unfortunately failed him, and he cast an anxious eye towards the prompteress for assistance. Mrs. B. having never met with so many syllables combined in one word, or so many such words in one page as the fictitious Greek afforded, was rather puzzled, and hesitated a moment; when Gardner's distress increasing by the delay, he rather angrily, in a loud whisper, exclaimed, 'Give me the word, madam.' The lady replied, 'It's a hard word, Jem.'—'Then give me the next.'—'That's harder.'—'The next?'—'Harder still.' Gardner became furious; and the manageress, no less so, threw the book on the stage, and left it, saying,—'There, now you have 'em all, you may take your choice.'—Vol. i. p. 95—97.

"I remember one very crowded night, patronised by a royal duke at Tunbridge- Wells, when Mrs. Baker was taking money for three doors at once,—her anxiety, and very proper tact, led her, while receiving cash from one customer, to keep an eye in perspective on the next, to save time; as thus:—'Little girl! get your money all ready while this gentleman pays.—My lord! I'm sure your lordship has silver; and let that little boy go in while I give his lordship change.—Shan't count after your ladyship.—Here comes the duke! make haste! His Royal Highness will please to get his ticket ready while my lady—now, sir! now, your Royal Highness!'—'O dear, Mrs. Baker! I've left my ticket in another coat pocket.'—'To be sure you have! take your Royal Highness's word: let his Royal Highness pass: his Royal Highness has left his ticket in his *other* coat pocket.' *Eclats de rire* followed; and I believe the rank and fashion of the evening found more entertainment in the lobby than from the stage."—Vol. i. pp. 226—227.

The good lady had some difficulty in consenting to relinquish Mr. Dibdin, and his "Snug Little Island," that drew the "great grand" quality folk to her theatres. On going to take a friendly leave of her, he found her "busy among the market people before the door, driving hard bargains for some uncommonly fine butter, fresh from the dairy."

"I announced my business, and begged to be dismissed as soon as possible. Pretending to have forgotten all that had passed, the good lady asked what I meant; and while, in the warmth of my recapitulating our cause of quarrel, I happened to extend my hand towards her, - - - - she clapped a Savoy leaf, containing a two-pound lump of butter, in my open palm, and said,—'Take that home to your wife, and ask her whether she can get half so good, or half so much, for double the price in London. If you want a week's salary in advance, take it; send away the coachman; and don't talk nonsense about going to town. The mayor, and all the 'great grand' quality, are coming to-night, and can't do without the 'Snug Little Island.' What do you write such things for? You are more trouble to me than all my actors.'"—Vol. i. pp. 222, 223.

It was to the "Jew and the Doctor" that our author owed his introduction to Covent Garden. Some friend of Mr. T. Harris had witnessed the success of that performance, in the hands of Dowton, on the Maidstone boards, and reported so favourably of it, that the great man expressed a wish to see it, and desired it might be transmitted, in such a way as to secure it from the danger of being mislaid, which "Mr. H. was sorry to find was the case with a piece Mr. D. had sent him some time ago." All England was at that time agog with the news of Sir Horatio Nelson's victory at the Nile. Our author, to conciliate yet more the good will of the proprietor, wrote to him to announce that he "had *finished* a drama in one act," on the subject of the victory,

(though, truth to say, "he had *not written a line*,") and would "send him it, if he would accept of it." "If he *should* accept it," very properly asked Mrs. Dibdin, "what will you do?" "Write it," was my reply. The answer was a wish to see the "*petite piece*," so to work went our author, and "The Mouth of the Nile" was duly transmitted by post. The play-wright as duly followed, and the day after his arrival was appointed for reading the piece in the green-room. And now might our author look back with regret to motherly Mrs. Baker; her rouleaus of silver, pound of butter, "great grand" quality folks, and good-natured Kentish critics, among whom his word had used to law.

"Before the first nobility and gentry at Tunbridge-Wells I could read, or speak, or sing, without the slightest embarrassment, for there all I did was right; but the ACTORS of the Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden were to me a much more formidable auditory. - - - - -

"The dreaded morning at length came; and, nearly a stranger to all, I found myself seated among Messrs. Fawcett, Incledon, J. Johnstone, Townsend, Simmons, Miss Walcup, Miss Sims, Mr. Attwood, (who was to compose the new music,) Mr. Farley, (who was to superintend the melodramatic part of the bagatelle,) and Mr. Lewis, the kindest, most gentlemanly, and cleverest stage-manager

"My little life hath known.

"I observed, as many a terrified candidate for the bays had done before and since, on similar occasions, 'This is an awful moment, gentlemen!'

"Mr. Fawcett.—'Very; but you are among friends.'

"Mr. Lewis.—'You are just at the edge of a cold bath; plunge in over-head, without fear, and in one moment you will find it quite pleasant.'

"Thus encouraged, I read, 'with good emphasis and good discretion;' and as I had adapted the principal comic songs to known airs, I sang them as they occurred. Fawcett seemed much pleased; Incledon observed, no man could write a song like my father; and when I had finished, each, in tolerable good-humour, except one, took the part allotted, and said 'Good morning!' The part which remained on the table was an Irishman, in which were two songs. Mr. Johnstone had walked out with Mr. Lewis, the latter desiring me to wait his return; pending which, Incledon re-entered the room, and said, without stopping for breath,—'My dear lad; that you possess some talent, no man that is a man—of judgment can deny: I adore your father; and, my dear boy! you have got the mark of the beast on you, as well as he has. Then why, my dear Tom Dibdin! (I love the name; for, in short, it is a name—that is a name) though your father is abused by many a composer who is no brick-maker himself, (but his 'Lads of the Village' will live longer than you or I, my boy!) and that makes me ask you—you, who have heard me sing 'Black-eyed Susan' and the 'Storm,'—the 'Storm,' my boy!—how you could think of writing me such a d—d diabolical part as this! not but what I'll do it from respect to Tommy Harris, and yourself, and your father's talent; and because I'm sure you can never have heard me open 'the Messiah,' or sing 'Old Towler.' Come to-night, and listen, and then you'll know how to do the next better; but now Jack Fawcett has got the best songs here—and the thing will do d—d well; so keep up your spirits, and I'll get Jack Davy and Billy Shields to compose something for you shall be worth writing to.'

"This was uttered with rapidity, and all that rich eccentricity of manner, which many have imitated, and few have equalled. His exit prevented my reply; and really I felt so awkwardly, and so uncertain whether I ought to laugh or take offence, that I hardly was conscious of the re-entrance of Mr. Lewis, who announced his regret that Mr. Johnstone could not be prevailed on to play in the piece; and as there was no other actor in the theatre, who

stood prominent in Irish characters, Mr. Lewis advised me, from having heard me read it, to attempt the part myself; to which (fearful of not getting my piece acted at all) I reluctantly consented."—Vol. i.—pp. 227—230.

Such was our author's débüt as writer-of-all-work to the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. The nature of this connexion was as follows: he was to receive five pounds a week the whole year round, for the production of a pantomime and a one-act piece, on any subject of momentary interest, annually. It is with no small self-complacency that our play-wright speaks of his facility in composition. When a prologue or epilogue was wanted, it was a standing joke, he tells us, to say, "Write to Tom Dibdin, and you'll get it by return of post." This rapidity of execution enabled him to bring out several pieces in addition to those for which the theatre had contracted, and the profits thence arising constituted the largest part of his annual gains. Mr. Dibdin has regularly stated the prices he obtained for his successive works; and has even obliged us with a bill of each year's receipts. From this we learn that his first year's profits amounted to upwards of 400*l.*, his next to upwards of 500*l.*, and so on progressively, till the sum total reached the satisfactory amount of 1500*l.* In a word, his connexion with the Theatre Royal was in one shape or other so productive as to allow him, after he had been seized by the unlucky ambition of ruling a theatre of his own, to lose 18,000*l.* upon the Surrey.

This portion of Mr. Dibdin's Autobiography, and it forms no inconsiderable part of the whole, is chiefly *commercial*. It particularizes the making and selling of every piece he manufactured; and is founded, doubtless, upon the authority of his day-book and ledger. If his example be followed up by dealers and chapmen in other lines of business, what a career may this species of commercial biography run! For why should not Mr. Dibdin's old master, Sir William Rawlins, the upholsterer, write his Recollections, as well as Sir William's old apprentice, Mr. Dibdin, the play-wright? His day-book and ledger are of equal authority, and would supply him with materials equally ample and equally interesting. As for example:—"This day I disposed of the cabinet, with cedar shelves, for 150*l.*, independently of the ivory handles and gold ornaments, which netted about 150*l.* more." Or, "made a four-post bed, expecting that Mr. Harris would become a purchaser; which he having declined, Mr. Fawcett informed me might probably be very acceptable to Messrs. Colman and Co. of the Haymarket, to whom it was offered by Mr. Fawcett, and immediately accepted. Fearful of risk, not being perfectly easy as to the credit of the firm of Messrs. Colman and Co., I wrote to desire security for the 200*l.* purchase-money.—N.B. Realized 60*l.* by this transaction." Or, "had an order from Mr. Harris to make a one-legged mahogany table. Next day he sent for me to say, that a table, with but one leg, would not answer his purpose, and begged I would make it with two legs. This did not at all meet my ideas; however, I was persuaded, though not convinced, Mr. Harris throwing in the *argumentum ad hominem*, that he was willing to give for a two-legged table twice the price of a single-legged table: I therefore went to my shop, and set to work afresh, &c. N.B. The table returned to me a few days after, to be reduced to *one* leg, Mr. Harris finding that it did not stand well upon *two*." We need make no more citations from the

day-book of Sir William Rawlins, to show what copious materials that gentleman possesses for writing a biography of himself. Every piece of furniture he made or sold has its little history, in which the reader of taste cannot but find considerable interest. And yet more enlarged must be his pleasure in tracing the gradual accumulation of Sir William's property; and contemplating the summary of each successive year's net receipts. And what has been said of Sir William's means of instructing and delighting the world, is no less true of other manufacturers and dealers, both in the same and different lines of business. So that the reading public has a prospect before it of a series of Mercantile Reminiscences, by the most eminent tradesmen, as long as that of the late dramatical autobiographies. With a view to encourage the more distinguished persons in the upholstery business and other departments of trade, to favour the world with their Recollections, we shall here present them with a sample of a Play-maker's Reminiscences.

"I had now completed seven seasons at Covent-garden to the handsomely-expressed satisfaction of the proprietors, Mr. Harris in particular; and having thus as it were served my time out faithfully, (much more so than I had done with Sir William,) I wrote to Mr. Harris, requesting an advance of one pound per week salary for myself, and one pound additional per week for my wife: my salary would then be six pounds weekly through the year; Mrs. Dibdin's four pounds, playhouse pay, as it is technically termed; which means four pounds for every week of six nights on which the theatre is open, or rather 13s. 4d. every play-night through the season: this request was instantly acceded to: and, I believe, I voluntarily promised not to ask for another rise till I had seen out another seven years. I ought not to omit stating, that Sadler's Wells was fast repaying its own purchase-money.

"In the summer Mr. Colman applied to me for a three-act comedy; and as a balance for the black cloud which had hung over the 'White Plume,' I had the happiness of presenting him with the play of 'Five Miles Off, or the Finger Post;' which, though not produced till the 9th of July, 1806, was performed thirty-five nights during the very short remainder of the Hay-market season. I again made a previous bargain to be insured in the sum of two hundred pounds, hit or miss, and not to run the risk of three benefits, which, under the influence of a July sun, would have been very precarious indeed. *Maugre* the weather, however, the profits of my nights amounted to two hundred and seventy-five pounds. - - - - I sold the copy-right of 'Five Miles Off' to Barker for one hundred pounds."

We leave it to the reader to say, whether the literary interest of the upholsterer's biography, of which we gave specimens above, falls one jot below that of the play-wright, as treated by Mr. Dibdin. We do not profess any vehement regard for the modern drama; at the same time we feel that its admirers have reason to be aggrieved at the mode in which its history has been handled by its authors. Mr. D. has indeed entirely misconceived the vein in which it became him, as a dramatic writer, to compose his memoirs. The language and sentiments are exclusively those of a dealer and chapman; and what Mr. Dibdin said in jest, these Memoirs seriously repeat in every page;—

"The intrinsic value of a thing,  
Is just as much as it will bring.

If any edification at all is to be derived from the work, considered as a history of the drama of these times, it can only arise from our observing the mode in which modern plays are concocted. It is



apparent, that as much as possible of mercenary, and as little as possible of dramatic spirit enters into their composition. And not only is the character of the piece affected by the interested speculations of the play-wright, but in the process of manufacturing is greatly modified by those of the proprietor and performers. Mr. Dibdin's pieces, in the course of reading and rehearsing, appear to have suffered innumerable alterations and additions, rendered necessary by the views of the proprietor, or the jealousy of actors. The dramatist seems as often to have worked upon their suggestions, as to have been guided by any original conceptions of his own. His business was to *fit* them with parts, and if the parts did not *fit*, the pieces were sent home to be altered. Often a particular part would be regarded by the performer it was intended for, as not *roomy* enough—not sufficiently wide to give him full swing and scope for action. Other parts again would be thought by those for whom they were *not* intended, as too roomy—needlessly wide. Hence arose bickerings and jealousies. The more powerful actors were propitiated by additions, at the expense of the weaker; and the whole performance eked out, botched, and curtailed; till its parts were adjusted to the satisfaction of those who were to support it.

Mr. Dibdin's Memoirs abundantly account for the degradation of the modern drama. We are not aware that he possessed original genius, or much dramatic spirit; but with whatever portion endowed, he was not at liberty to manage it unmolested. If a drama worthy of being named with those of former times should ever again take possession of the stage, it must come from a pen remote from the influence of actors and managers.

To illustrate this subject, and exemplify the miseries of a play-maker to the theatres, we shall adduce a passage or two from Mr. Dibdin. The following is his account of the rehearsal of "The Cabinet," a favourite of its composer's, as may be inferred from his designating himself on the title page as its author. "The Cabinet," however, had nearly been marred by the jealousies of its principal supporters.

"In the course of rehearsing 'The Cabinet,' I met with innumerable difficulties respecting the songs, &c. Incedon and Braham were to be kept equally in the fore-ground: if one had a ballad, the other was also to have one; each a martial or hunting-song; each a bravura; and they were to have a duett, in which each was to lead alternately. I, however, managed so as not to affect the general construction of the opera, although I wrote nearly twenty different subjects for music before I satisfied every one: several of these were to suit the difficult taste of Madame Storce, who one morning was so (more than usually) hard to please,—that taking my manuscript out of the prompter's hand, I buttoned it up in my surlout, and in great ire was leaving the stage, when I nearly tumbled over Mr. Harris, who had just entered: he soon stepped between the dignity of the singer and the tenacity of the author; and harmony was completely restored. Yet 'The Cabinet' gave me *infinitely less trouble than any opera I subsequently produced*. 'Zuma,' in particular, had so many additional and unnecessary scenes written for the introduction of bravuras, concerted pieces, &c. and became so altered in the essential parts of its story, (which, when accepted by Mr. Harris, was by him pronounced the most consistently interesting plot I had ever given him,) that, when produced, it no more resembled its former self, than 'She Stoops to Conquer' would be like the 'Battle of Hexham.'"

The author should have called to mind what Mr. Mate of the Margate theatre had said to him long ago;—he might have profited by the hint. “Look at that scene, my son! I began it yesterday at rehearsal—the actors crowded round—each advised me how to improve it—I bowed to every opinion, adopted every hint: *I had begun it as a grove; and if you'll have the goodness to look at it now, you'll find it is a street!*”

Through the intervention of Mrs. Mattocks our author had the honour (“for such it certainly was,”\*) of being elected by the Princess Elizabeth to write a *vaudeville*, which was to be represented for the amusement of their Majesties at Frogmore. This passage throws further light upon the state of the modern drama, and the nature of the circumstances that affect it:—

“I need not say how grateful I felt for the distinction, how much I thanked Mrs. Mattocks for her participation in my feelings, and how eagerly I inquired who were to represent the dramatis personæ of what I might prevail on my Muse to elicit. Mrs. Mattocks said, ‘there need only be three principal parts, which would be acted by herself, Mr. Quick, and Mr.

\* If it was not honour, it certainly was not profit.

“It was further intimated to me, on calling in Soho-square, that I was to receive THREE GUINEAS for the piece. I, in great astonishment, stated to Mrs. Mattocks, first, that in the few days since my seeing her, I had finished the piece completely, and paid one guinea to a copyist for making a fair transcript; and, anticipating her wish, another guinea for writing out the parts: and, secondly, that although it was but a one-act piece, I could not accept what was offered for it; nor was I desirous of any other remuneration than the distinguished honour of contributing to the amusement of the august party to be present, and of having the happiness to render the humble effort of my Muse acceptable to Her Royal Highness. Mrs. Mattocks replied, it was quite impossible the piece could be accepted on any terms but that of payment, and that what was offered was in proportion to the other expenses of the intended fête. I therefore began to take leave; when Mrs. Mattocks, perceiving I had the manuscripts and copies of the parts with me, begged I would reconsider the matter, which I said was unnecessary, as I should feel but too much honoured in presenting my drama as a dutiful tribute of respect, but could not accept payment beneath what the minimum of a minor theatre would have given me. ‘Then,’ said Mrs. Mattocks, ‘confide in me: I will shield you from the idea of having meant any offence; and you shall have reason to be satisfied.’ With this assurance I left the copies.

“Some days afterwards, I again saw Mrs. Mattocks, who put a paper in my hand and left me: it contained FIVE GUINEAS, out of which I had paid two, besides the expense of visits to town, &c. &c.”

Mr. Dibdin has taken his revenge upon the Princess, and the rest of the royal amateurs of Frogmore. As long as these Reminiscences shall survive, so long will the munificence of the court of George III. to the modern drama be upon record. And as if to guard against the possibility of his royal employer's splendid remuneration being forgotten, he has even inserted it in the summary of the year's total receipts, as thus:—

“Profit on Mrs. Mattocks's commission: vis.

Received for piece .....	£ 5	5	0
Paid copying manuscript, £1	1	0	
Ditto parts .....	1	1	0

3 3 0

3 3 0”

This was not forgotten on the part of our play-wright, his motto being, no pay no work. “A twelvemonth after,” he tells us, “Mrs. Mattocks, one night in the green-room, whispered in my ear, with one of her very comic laughs,—‘I've got you another job!’ I begged till next day to consider; and wrote, by Mr. Lewis's advice, that as a one-act piece at Covent-garden would produce me fifty pounds, I hoped I was not presuming in declining to undertake one elsewhere under thirty pounds, especially as I was then much occupied: to this I received no answer; and so ends the history of the Haunted Tower.”

Elliston. She entreated me to pay particular attention to the character to be assigned to *her*, as she had need enough, God knew! of every assistance an author could afford her; while Quick was such a favourite of His Majesty, that he would be able to make *any thing* tell.' 'And Mr. Elliston, madam?' asked I, 'he is a gentleman I know little of: in what does his *forte* consist?' 'O, my dear sir! the king has seen him somewhere, at Weymouth, or Cheltenham,—and rather likes him; so he will do well enough as—a—sort of a—the *gentleman* of the piece.'—'Which,' I replied, 'it is not easy to make so good a part as the others;' this the lady assented to, treating it as a matter of no consequence. Just then Mr. Quick entered the room, and many compliments passed between the veteran pair. Finally, I had my instructions as to the length, &c. of the projected drama, and seemed to satisfy them, when I detailed the momentary thoughts which struck me as presenting an outline on which to form it. On bidding adieu, Mr. Quick, in spite of my opposition, insisted on seeing me down stairs; and with the street-door in his hand, and the richest comic expression in his eye, whispered,—'Take care of me, and don't give that woman all the cream.'"

The "Jew and Doctor," the piece which had pleased the good people of Kent, and which had been the means of introducing its author to the London stage, was put in great danger by Mr. Harris's complaisance to a favourite actress. Yet with a rare felicity, it seems to have passed the ordeal untouched.

"Mrs. Mattocks (who I much feared would refuse the part of Mrs. Changeable) seemed in high spirits, laughed more than all the rest, said it was the best attempt since Mrs. Inchbald's comedy of "the Midnight Hour," wished her part was longer, and, on my offering an epilogue by way of make-weight, appeared perfectly satisfied. Mr. Knight made some scruples about Changeable, but Mr. Lewis, by some means, put him into better humour. John Emery and Charles Farley received with the greatest good-nature the trifling characters of Old Bromley and William; and one lady, whom I had known from a child, moved with graceful dignity out of the room, leaving the part of Emily on the table. —————

"Within a few days of the farce appearing, Mr. Harris, just as he was leaving town, begged (from his anxiety for the safety of the piece) that I would add something more for Mrs. Mattocks in the chamber scene, or at least in the last scene, which I promised to do: but after working at it twenty-four hours, I found that whatever any other author might have done, I could make no improvement; and went in despair to Mr. Lewis, to ask what I should say to Mr. Harris on his return. 'Say? say nothing,' replied Mr. Lewis: 'Mr. Harris is too much your friend to wish to give you unnecessary trouble: he has so much just now to think of, that ten to one, if, at next rehearsal, he does not go away before the last scene comes on: but should he stop, and make any objection, I'll undertake your excuse.'

"I did not feel comfortable, notwithstanding; Mr. Harris's kindness being such, I wished to attend to his wishes, even when they were against my own. He came to the next rehearsal; stayed till the last moment; and when the farce was finished, clapped me on the back, and said, 'Very well! well done, my boy! you have done it now just as I wished: quite another thing!' and away he went, Mr. Lewis looking at me with his archly-arched eye-brows over his shoulder, as he followed his principal."

Another offspring of Mr. Dibdin's muse, to speak his own language, was not equally fortunate. We have seen how Mr. Incledon proposed tampering with the "Mouth of the Nile," the piece offered to Mr. Harris before a line had been written, and the proprietor was contemplating a more serious innovation.

"The next day Mr. Harris sent for me, and observed that, as a one-act piece, 'the Mouth of the Nile' would do little for the theatre in case of suc-

cess; and begged I would make a preceding act of pantomimic story, founded on some incident supposed to have taken place on the banks of the Nile previous to Nelson's arrival. This did not at all meet my ideas: the value of the trifle we were rehearsing was to arise entirely from its *immediate production*, while all ranks were enthusiastically delighted with every thing and any thing that could be said in praise of our navy; and now to write a new act, and wait for more scenery and rehearsals, was to me a complete omen of failure. I fancied I saw my air-built castles once more in the dust, and regretted leaving my humble but happy rustic pre-eminence among the good-natured Kentish critics: I was, however, persuaded, though not convinced; Mr. Harris throwing in the *argumentum ad hominem*, that a *two-act* piece would be hereafter valued by his treasurer at *twice* the price of the present single act, I therefore, went to my lodgings, and set to work afresh."

"The new first act of 'the Mouth of the Nile,' being quite finished and sufficiently rehearsed, both acts made their appearance before the audience; and, as my fears had truly prophesied, *one act had no sooner come out than it went in again*: all that part of the piece which I had originally written by return of post from Tunbridge-Wells was very successful, and repeated thirty-two nights that season, and several times during the year following."

The rehearsal of the above piece, the first Mr. Dibdin submitted to the critics of the green-room, led him to remark that obliquity in their way of judging, to which he owed all his subsequent difficulties.

"At the reading of all new pieces, performers very frequently measure the merit of the proposed drama by the value of their own individual parts in it; and, without meaning any offence to professors whose talents have laid me under so many years of obligation,—I can assert, that I have heard opinions of a play given on the staircase, while the actors were descending from the reading-room, so totally opposite to each other,—that until, by after experience, I discovered the cause, I hardly knew how to believe that men of education and merit could be so much at variance on a subject they ought to be, and were generally, pretty equal judges of."

And again, on the mention of his "School for Prejudice," in which Mr. Munden had *declined* the part of "Old Liberal," and was with difficulty prevailed on by Mr. Harris to tolerate it, he remarks that—

"Although *every* performer in this play, during rehearsal, expressed themselves much pleased with it as a whole, yet there was not a single incident but what was marked out by one or other, confidentially, as the *only* dangerous part of the comedy; no two persons naming the same objection; so that had I cut out all I was advised to do, I must have omitted the whole play which some may think would have been better for the public."

Thus, what with the jealousies of actors and the pecuniary views of proprietors, our author's muse was seldom left to litter unmolested; the necessary consequence, however, of his having let her out to hire at a weekly stipend. But in addition to these, the known and necessary evils of his condition, dangers unforeseen sometimes occurred, in the anticipation or interference of rival authors. For example, a little musical piece, the "Naval Pillar," brought out in 1799, had nearly suffered the loss of its principal support, the character of a Quaker, inimitably acted by Munden, from a cause of this nature.

"On the first night of the piece, I had the honour of being introduced to Mrs. Inchbald by Mr. Lewis, who left us *tete-a-tete* in Mr. Harris's private box.

"This talented lady expressed considerable surprise that I should possess nerve sufficient to be present at the first representation of my own farce: I

acknowledged it might be rather fool-hardy, and imply a lack of diffidence or sensibility; but in the present instance, the butterfly which was, in case of condemnation, to be broken on the wheel, was too *volage* to be worth alarm, "and were it otherwise," I added, "I never could trust a friend's report with respect to how a piece might be received; as, in case of failure, the truth would be much softened down; and should alteration be necessary, I ought personally to witness the fault, in order to be a better judge of what remedy should be applied." I ventured, too, to remark to the authoress, that, though not earlier introduced, I had the pleasure of being very near her when *she* witnessed the first night of her comedy of 'Lovers' Vows,' to which she made no reply, as the new piece was just commencing. She paid it much more attention than I thought it deserved, till after Munden's Quaker had excited considerable laughter; when Mrs. Inchbald suddenly turned from the stage to me, and asked whether it would be of 'material consequence,' if I were to omit that Quaker, *in toto*, on the following night. I did not dare to express myself with such colloquial vulgarity as to say I considered my Habbakuk as the 'fiddle of the piece;' but respectfully replied, that it was of the most 'material consequence' to me to retain so powerful a support to my weakly offspring. The lady observed, 'it was very unfortunate,' and soon after quitted the box, which Mr. Lewis shortly after re-entered; and having seated himself in Mrs. Inchbald's unoccupied place, told me that Mrs. Inchbald was shortly to bring out a comedy called 'the Wise Man of the East,' in which were a whole family of Quakers; and apprehensive of being anticipated by my bantling, the lady had requested Mr. Harris to ask me, what, in fact, he did not think exactly fair to do, and therefore commissioned Mr. Lewis to bring the fair authoress and me in contact, in order that she might essay her own influence: and it was fortunate for me she had not heard of my Broadbrim till that very day, or I much fear I should have been prevailed on to sacrifice so leading a feature of my own piece to the supposed advantage of her play, which was quite as successful without my assistance."

Upon the whole, when we consider the perils undergone by a piece from its first reading to its first public representation, what rubs, what crosses, what impediments, what danger of being strangled behind the curtain, and what danger of being damned before it, our wonder is not that so many pieces fail, but that any should succeed. As we have been at the pains to furnish a chapter of dramatic miseries arising from causes within, to make it complete we shall subjoin a passage illustrative of those arising from without. In the December of 1802, Mr. Dibdin, in the course of his duty, was preparing the opera called "Family Quarrels" for representation, and as usual, met with so many difficulties as to despair, "not of retaining the original outline of the piece, but of bringing it before the public in any shape at all." Among other obstructions, Mr. Fawcett was not to be contented without a song written particularly for himself, and a song moreover that should celebrate, or satirize, we know not which, the beauties of the Jewish persuasion. This the sons of Israel took amiss, and intimated by prior notice to the author their disapprobation of Mr. Fawcett's intended song.

"I immediately waited on Mr. Harris, who bade me of good cheer, but by no means to think of withdrawing the song; particularly as Mr. Fawcett declared *he* was by no means afraid to sing it. Mr. Harris added that he had hardly ever brought out a piece at any period, without its being preceded by anonymous threats; and my staunch friend Lewis said, 'If there really be a conspiracy against the opera, that conspiracy will be the making of it: for I don't think a London audience ever errs in its judgment, and am quite sure they will never suffer any party, however numerous, to wrest their right of judgment from them.'"

"Under these impressions we took the field, nine-tenths of the theatre laughing at our apprehensions. The enemy came, however, in great force, and by too early a manifestation of hostility put the unprejudiced part of the audience completely on their guard. Before the first song, a predetermination of opposition was alarmingly evident; and in allusion to a purchase I was then completing, a skirmishing corps of hostile sharp-shooters in the gallery began to cry, as a signal for the general charge, 'It vont do! it vont do, I tell you! take it away! take it to Sadler's Vells!' The impending thunder grumbled, and subsided, and grumbled again, till the appearance of Fawcett in his 'Jewish gaberdine' proved the chosen moment for commencing an uproar, which, but for the subsequent O. P. row, of noisy memory, would never have been equalled. The song was sung and encored, but not heard, nor was any of the following part of the opera, or the words in which it was announced for repetition."—Vol. i. pp. 340—342.

The most successful production of our author's, and, indeed, his chief-d'œuvre, was the celebrated pantomime, "*Mother Goose*." Its history previous to representation is rather remarkable. It appears that Mr. Dibdin had grown weary of that part of his engagement which entailed upon him the production of the Christmas pantomime, and Mr. Harris had consented to accept an annual farce in lieu of it.

"During eight years I had been at Covent-Garden, the pantomime usually took five or six months preparation; and I now observed, with some degree of wonder, during my usual summer visits to the theatre, no 'note of preparation,' no magic 'armourers accomplishing the knights' of trip and leap; and was still more surprised, (nay, astonished, and not a little vexed into the bargain,) when, not more than six weeks before Christmas, Mr. Harris knocked at my door, and returned the compliments of the day with—'Well, my dear Dibdin! we cannot do without a pantomime from you, after all.' I was thunderstruck.—'From me, sir? a pantomime, and to be acted in six weeks? it is impossible. I grant I might write one; but how is its scenery to be painted! what time for machinery, practice, composing the music, &c. &c.?'—'Well, but have you not some sketches by you?'—'Yes, sir, I have shown them to you often; and strongly recommended one in particular, which you have for five years refused.'—'O, what, that d—d *Mother Goose*, whom you are so wedded to! let's look at her again: she has one recommendation: there is no finery about her; and the scenery, in general, is too common-place to take up much time: so, e'en set every body to work: I need not again see the manuscript. I will speak to Farley, and you must lose no time.'—'But, sir, our late agreement, and the difficulties thrown in my way——' 'You are too good a fellow to talk about agreements when I want you to do me a service; and as for difficulties, you shan't meet with any; I won't suffer it. Here (giving me his *whole* hand) call every body about you, and order every thing you like: I cannot expect you to effect much, especially with such a subject: but do the best you can.'—Vol. i. pp. 297—298.

Mr. Dibdin *did* the best he could, for he retained for *Mother Goose* the inimitable Grimaldi. However, Mr. Harris had so little hope of the forthcoming pantomime, that he attended but one rehearsal, when he came accompanied by Mr. John Kemble. Both gentlemen seemed mighty indifferent respecting the fate of the piece, though destined, as Mr. Dibdin boasts, "to put *many thousand pounds* into their pockets; I believe more, rather than less, than twenty." We wonder that Mr. Dibdin did not, after this, propose to christen his "*Mother Goose*," the "*Golden Goose*." Yet from Mr. Harris, he says, who had always rejected it, he never met the usual cheering clap on the back, by which the proprietor was wont to express a high degree of satisfaction. This

was ungenerous, and as would seem from Mr. Dibdin, not consistent with the proprietor's usual behaviour. As, for example;—

“ On the 19th of February, 1800, my Muse was caught tripping, and my farce of ‘ True Friends ’ had nearly proved very inimical to my interests : it was acted but five nights ; but though a failure, it produced me one feeling of genuine pleasure. . . . Mr. Harris paid me more than usual attention ; and one night, when adversity came ‘ hissing hot ’ from pit and gallery, kindly helped me on with my great-coat, and exclaimed,—‘ An audience is seldom wrong ; but in this case, my dear Dibdin ! I cannot imagine why they hiss : can you ? ’ I laughingly told him I supposed they were angry because the farce was over.”—Vol. i. pp. 265—266.

The clap on the back alludes to Mr. Harris's mode of signifying his entire approbation ; the inferior degrees of which he used to express by the manner in which he shook hands.

“ He seldom paid a compliment, or found a fault ; but passed over what he thought ineffective by doubling the leaves down so as to cancel it ; and where he was pleased with a passage, would say, ‘ Let's have a little more like this.’ On meeting, he used to shake hands with his little finger ; and at parting, gave one, two, or three fingers, in proportion to the approbation he meant to bestow on what he had read ; but to be favoured with his whole hand, denoted a perfect climax of applause, sometimes accompanied with ‘ Good boy ! good boy ! ’ During my first few months' intercourse with him, these gradations of his approval or dissent (as connected with my future advancement or failure in the theatre) usually had an evident effect on my spirits during the day ; and my wife, guessing the state of the theatrical thermometer, has remarked, when any extreme of depression or exhilaration occurred, that I came home ‘ as cold as a little ‘finger,’ or ‘ as happy as a handful.’ ”—Vol. i. pp. 298—299.

With motherly Mrs. Baker's warm handful of butter fresh in his memory, we don't wonder that Mr. Harris's cold little finger should have depressed his spirits.

The list of dramatic pieces, of various kinds, manufactured by our indefatigable play-wright, for the use of the different theatres with which he was connected—and he seems to have had something to do with every one of them in turn—covers no fewer than ten pages of small print ! “ Dibdin,” said John Kemble to him, as they were travelling together in a post-chaise, after a long pause in the conversation, “ how many pieces for the stage have you written ? ” “ About fifty,\* I believe, sir,” was the reply, “ or probably a greater number.” Kemble again paused, as if to consider, and then exclaimed, “ What a misfortune ! ” Then leaning back, he relapsed into another pause, which lasted the remainder of the journey. “ What a misfortune ! ” repeats the author to himself,—“ Did he mean for me or the public ? ” As the fairest mode of putting the question to rest, he decides that the public and he ought to be set down as equal sharers in the supposed misfortune ; and we think it an equitable decision. The course of Mr. Kemble's reflections may be conjectured to have run thus :—“ Mr. Thomas Dibdin has written fifty pieces ! more by half than some of our most voluminous dramatists have produced ; and more by two-thirds than many great geniuses have accomplished. The lion and the nobler beasts propagate their species only after long intervals, and bear but

\* Only a fourth of the number to which they eventually amounted.

one at a time; the inferior animals and vermin litter swarms. What a misfortune for the public, when its taste is so low as to tolerate such a writer! What a misfortune for the author, when his necessities are such as to oblige him to write for such a public!"

It is, however, more probable that the exclamation sprung out of a train of thought, originating in a remoter source than the subject of the present conversation. It seems to have been not uncommon with Kemble to brood over a topic that had been started, long after those with whom he was conversing had abandoned it. The course of these secret reflections was often indicated by some mal-apropos expression, which, while it betrayed the subject of his reverie, occasioned not a little mirth by its utter irrelevance to the subject of the conversation.

Mr. Dibdin was successively prompter and half-manager of Drury Lane Theatre after its last resurrection from its ashes. In these two capacities he acted under two successive sub-committees, in the first of which, Mr. Whitbread, and in the last, Mr. D. Kinnaird, appear to have assumed the direction of affairs. We have given so copious a chapter of the author's miseries, that we have but little space for those of the prompter and of the manager. They are to be found, however, in considerable abundance. First, as to the prompter; whose place, he tells us, is the remotest possible from a sinecure:—

"He has to do his duty to the public, and, if he can, to please managers and actors; the first is a very difficult matter to do, the latter impossible, if the said prompter be a man of probity. Now I had two managers to please, who seldom pleased each other; and as I could never please more than one at a time, I had hard work to 'carry my dish even;' and if I accomplished this, there was a higher power, and a still more difficult one to please, in the chief man of the ruling committee - - - - -"—Vol. ii. pp. 9, 10.

"Again, whenever a part is given out for study, which the performer thinks either beneath or unsuited to his or her abilities,—all the resentment felt on the occasion is uttered in presence of the prompter, (who must never be a tell-tale,) on the managers and proprietors; while, on the other hand, those higher powers are extremely angry when the prompter neglects to enforce obedience to the rules of the house, or excuses any member of the theatre from his or her duties; he has the same troubles to encounter, in a minor degree, with painters, mechanists, wardrobe-keepers, and band; and, in fact, has all the arduous tasks of stage management to perform, without being entitled to the credit or profits of any of them."—Vol. ii. pp. 14, 15.

And then for the more direct and peculiar sweets of the office:—

"I have, on a severe winter's day, been on Drury Lane stage, with one play-book after another in my benumbed fingers, from ten in the morning till near five in the afternoon. - - - - - The actors and actresses, up to the chin in surtouts and pelisses, by briskly treading the stage, could now and then keep themselves from being frozen to its boards; but it is the prompter's positive duty to stand still and steady on his post."—Vol. ii. p. 12.

If the poor prompter stole home for an hour to warm himself by his own fire-side, his quarters were liable to be beaten up by a half-angry message from the theatre, importing, that the head of the sub-committee had called in the interval, and finding nobody there, had left word, "it was very hard the *prompter* at least could not be found at his post, and begged that Mr. T. Dibdin might be told as much."

After the death of Mr. Whitbread, a change of administration ensued, and Mr. Dibdin was elevated from the post of prompter to that



of half-manager. He had now, as he says, five masters and a coadjutor to go on peaceably with,—a thing not to be expected.

Four of his "masters" were disposed to draw amicably with their manager; but the fifth was restive;—four deported themselves familiarly, and put themselves on a level with him; but the fifth was always his "obedient servant;"—four, when he left Drury Lane to assume the government of the Surrey, made him each a present, after his kind; the fifth gave him—leave to go: the greatest favour of all. Byron gave him drawings of Turkish costume; Essex, a turkey-pie; Moore, credit for 500*l.*; Lamb, an Irish stave; and Kiunnaird, his dismissal. Individually, he owns, the members of the sub-committee deserved well of him; collectively, he says, they treated him ill;—an inconsistency not difficult to account for, since we know that one restive horse will disorder the motion of the whole machine.

Mr. Dibdin's besetting sin—as is the case with the generality of his profession—is the very opposite of a want of deference for rank. Goaded and overdriven he must have been to show symptoms of mutiny so decided as the following.

"By remonstrating frequently, and perhaps with more warmth than a mere deputy's deputy was supposed to be entitled to do, especially when difference of rank was evidently taken into the scale,—I more than once, though unintentionally, gave great offence, in the committee-room, to a *very small portion* of the aggregate number; and on one occasion hastily left the room, expressing the little regret I should feel if I never entered it again. My colleague was blest with more prudence."—Vol. ii. pp. 103, 104.

He had a wife and children, he said, forgetting that his colleague had also a wife and children. The principal cause of disagreement was the resolution to which the sub-committee came of transferring the privilege of distributing nightly orders from the managers to the shareholders. They either took it entirely away, or they doled out a scanty number. This Mr. Dibdin, with some show of reason, contends, was to deprive the managers of one main source of influence over the numerous forces they had to conduct.

"The leading performers, whose established characters and talents placed them above these *petites douceurs*, and who rather claimed them as a sort of right, (independently of their agreed-on privileges,) either felt indignant at our apparently withholding them without cause, or professed incredulity as to our want of power to oblige them: and where, at last, was this really important privilege placed? Why, in the hands of a gentleman, who, however respectable in the counting-house, or at the head of the money-takers and their assistants, was no more a competent judge of the dramatic government of a theatre, or how far the proper distribution of favours might help to support it, than many others who have, since his time, held higher situations there."—Vol. ii. pp. 104—105.

Mr. Dibdin appears to have supported the weight of five masters indifferently well; his unhappy successor, less stout-hearted or strong-backed, tottered and fell.

"Poor Raymond, who was appointed to the stage management after my late coadjutor, soon sank under the weight of eternal and complicated committee conference, instruction, explanation, and undetermination. It was necessary to hold correspondence daily, nightly, and all night with them: he received his death-stroke while in the very act of writing a long and utterly useless letter (on some points never to be cleared up) to an *active member* of the committee, who told me, at the deceased manager's funeral, that I was

the only man qualified to conduct the theatre at last. *Quelle d'onté.*—Vol. ii. p. 106.

"The only man qualified"—he could not kill him.

From the history of Mr. Dibdin's connexion with the then administration of Drury Lane, we are inclined to draw this inference—that a sub-committee and twin managers are not the best government imaginable for a theatre. Mr. Dibdin has enriched his work with some fragments of a voluminous correspondence between himself and his masters. These indicate, on the part of the latter (with one exception) much suavity and good humour, and little inclination to be busy; admirable qualities in a sub-committee. With the majority so happily endowed, we might wonder at the ill-success of their management, were it not clear that one gentleman was cursed with talents and a disposition for business, great enough to overbalance the want of them in his colleagues. The following fragment of a letter bespeaks a turn for business, and a propensity to interference, ominous, beyond measure, to the success of affairs:—

"I take this opportunity of stating that I think first appearances should not be permitted to interrupt good business; and this, I trust, we shall continue to have. When (at what hour) is the 'New Way to pay Old Debts' rehearsed to-morrow? Was there a rehearsal of 'Love for Love' to-day, as promised? Mr. Lamb is very anxious no time should be lost in getting that out: I entirely agree with him. Should Mr. Kean play four times a week constantly? I suppose, however, he must play four times next week; Richard, Monday, &c. &c., in which case 'Love for Love' may be produced Wednesday week. I send you something for publication; add some more of your own. I cannot give a very favourable account of the piece I was condemned to hear yesterday. Speak to Lord Byron about the 'Spanish Friar': he promised to read and castigate it. Your obedient servant,  
DOUGLAS KINNAIRD."  
—Vol. ii. p. 62.

And again, on another occasion:—

"Mr. \*\*\*\*\* I will talk to you about: he is assuredly not worth more than 4*l.* per week; he is sometimes above mediocrity, and at others is ludicrous and burlesque. *I am delighted at the prospect of engaging Mrs. M'Gibbon at 8*l.* 9*l.* 10*l.* per week*, but it must be in lieu of Mrs. somebody else: we will talk about it to-morrow."—Vol. ii. p. 63.

Was the writer delighted to engage Mrs. M'Gibbon at any rate, or to provide a principal tragic actress at so low a rate? The first supposition speaks well for his taste; the latter equally well for his judgment. There is here a nice application of the principles of the counting-house to the management of a theatre.

The other members of the sub-committee write in a manner equally characteristic.

Lord Byron requests a couple of pit orders for this night, *particularly if prohibited.*—Hopes that Miss — has recovered from the eloquence of his colleague, "which, if it convinced, it is the first time—I do not mean the first time his eloquence had that effect—but that a woman could be convinced she was not fit for any thing on any stage;"\* finally threatens that if Mr. Sotheby's tragedy be not taken in hand, he "will let loose the author upon them."

\* Lord Byron has elsewhere said of this colleague of his, that the duty of saying NO to applications was always delegated to Mr. Kinnaird, from the pleasure which the latter evidently took in it.—See *Medwin*.

Mr. Peter Moore.—“ I send my promised bottle ; my complaint was nearly what yours appears to be ; and I had prescribed for me the Epsom salts and oil of mint, and this bottle,” &c.

Lord Essex requests Mr. Dibdin will spare him a few short words, in Dr. Pangloss's style—

“ As ‘ Wednesday, 420l. gross receipts,—play went off well,—Miss Nash in good voice,—Mr. — in a d—d passion,—Peter Moore got a new wig : Thursday, house crammed,—an alderman and his wife nearly squeezed to death. ‘ T. D.’ and no beginnings and endings of ‘ your lordship,’ and ‘ obedient servant ;’ it is too much, and must not be.”—Vol. ii. p. 74.

Mr. George Lamb writing while on the circuit, comments on the failure of an unhappy debutant.

“ I am not very sorry for it. The best thing in a theatre, next to decisive success, is decided failure : mediocrity is the ruin of a theatre ; you pay as dearly for it as for excellence, and receive as little as for perfect imbecility. I can write no more : I am arraigned for stealing India rubber, and must defend.”—Vol. ii. p. 61.

Mr. Whitbread, the head of the first sub-committee, writes like Mr. Whitbread. “ The farce *must* be done on Thursday.” He cannot conceive why it should be more impossible to rule Drury Lane than to regulate a Bedfordshire turnpike.

“ Of all the extraordinary things, or at least, things which have struck me as extraordinary, since I have become conversant with the interior of a theatre, the *most* extraordinary has been, the refusal of performers to take parts offered them, of which we have now a signal instance in the case of Mr. Phillips. I do not understand how salaries can be paid, if performers will not co-operate to render pieces attractive.”—Vol. ii. p. 22.

We conclude this series of epistolary fragments with a letter “ To Mr. T. Dibdin, Esq. Pripeter of the Royal Circus.” We cite it entire, by reason of its pre-eminent merit.

“ Sir, I have took the liberty of Troubling you with those few lines, to Ask you if you have an Engagement Vacant in Your Company. To Let You know My Accomplishments, I am Active and Ready, Quick at my Lessons, And further, Sir, the Cheif which i Can Play is Norval in ‘ Douglas,’ and Lothair in the ‘ Miller and his Men ;’ And have no Objection of being Usefull at the Sides as a *Pheasant*, &c. As My Inclination for treading the Stage is So Strong, That i am like Lothair, ‘ Without the Stage my life is But a Blank,’ my Services is useless to Others and Miserable to Myself. And further, i have to State, i am Very Expeditious at Writing Plays, and have no Objection of Supplying you with a Melodrame Every 3 Months free of Expençe ; and i have one now in my Possession Which i have lately Wrote, Entitled The (Assassins of the forest,) in 5 Acts, Which, sir, is yours, if you think Proper to Engage Me.”—Vol. ii. p. 120.

We have no heart to pursue further the career of this indefatigable workman. The gains so painfully accumulated were all wrecked in one unlucky venture. He embarked his whole fortune in the Surrey, and was ruined by the Cobourg ; whilst the proprietor of the Cobourg was in like manner ruined by the Surrey. Mr. Glossop and he had the satisfaction of comparing notes, and finding their losses nearly equal.

Mr. Glossop finds it convenient to manage a theatre abroad—Mr. Dibdin writes Reminiscences at home. It is to be hoped their present speculations will succeed better than their last. And for Mr. Dibdin, with more taste, and better judgment, he would have bid fair to deserve success.

## SIR JONAH BARRINGTON'S PERSONAL SKETCHES OF HIS OWN TIMES.\*

AN old gentleman between seventy and eighty, of extraordinary memory, and an invention wonderfully fertile, must either be a great bore or a great treasure. Suppose that he has been conversant with all the characters and remarkable events in his country, his value is doubtless much increased, especially if his life have fallen upon a strange and unhappy period of history. Add to these advantages a restless activity which age cannot tame; an insatiable curiosity which prys into every possible chink: add an ardour, an impudence, and at the same a simplicity which leads the individual almost unconsciously into the very thick of every event: suppose moreover a national relish for humour, a habit of telling enormous *taradiddles*, told until the teller believes them himself, and a certain quantity of vivacious talent, of shallow quickness, of power of seizing and representing points without a particle of profound knowledge or real wisdom; add, a love of joviality and boon companionship, a host of generous thoughtless impulses, a carelessness of to-morrow, and a determination to enjoy to day, and you will have a very good idea of Sir JONAH BARRINGTON. There are few stories so monstrous as the facts he is ready to vouch for, there are few better jokes than he makes for himself and others, no man has seen more remarkable people, few can draw a rough portraiture of their coarser traits better than he, few can write more nonsense when he would be wise; few, in short, ever compounded a richer budget of bounce, anecdote, bon mot, fiddlefaddle, and fun—not to mention the more serious, and the more painful interest arising from the picture collected rather from strokes and scattered touches, than any set view or portrait of a noble country, and a noble people, in a state of convulsive struggle with a cruel and despotic government.

Sir Jonah Barrington, from his own account, appears to be descended from a good Irish family. He does not, however, seem to have been deeply indebted to the paternal acres for any large supply of the goods of fortune. But a good family, a bold face, and a seat at the Irish bar, backed by a seat in the Irish Parliament, and an adherence to administration, quickly set him on the road to preferment. He does not certainly seem to have been deficient in talent or industry, though neither of the most efficient species, and what was still more important, he was well supplied with a *rational* ambition; he was desirous of restoring his family to their ancient consequence; the means at that time in Ireland, as we believe they are still, were pretty obvious. Sir Jonah got on, step after step, advanced his fortunes, and he at length had reason to flatter himself that the highest objects of Irish ambition might speedily be placed within his reach. But Sir Jonah was an Irishman, and on an Irishman there is no calculation. When a statesman thinks his tool most in love with his dirty work, let him beware lest the sharp end be not turned upon himself. The English government went cautiously to work, and wanted to make terms with Sir Jonah;

\* Personal Sketches of his own Times, by Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, &c. &c. &c. London. Colburn. 1827.

they wished not only to buy him, but that he should sign the contract. When Sir Jonah went to apply for the Solicitor-Generalship which had been promised him, Lord Castlereagh asked him if he would advocate a Union; the Irishman's patriotism arose, and he acted, like a man of honour and honesty, the part of an incorrupt citizen. Mr. Secretary Cooke said, you will think better of it, Sir Jonah; but Sir Jonah says he has never repented, though he no longer lives in Merrion-square, and is obliged to do his Admiralty Judge's duty by deputy.

The plan of Sir Jonah's autobiography is, we think, the best that has yet been hit up. He does not pursue a continuous narrative, but groups his recollections by events, or persons, or things. He writes chapters on different periods or different persons, and gives under each his personal experience and his private opinions. For the latter we profess a kind of good-natured contempt; they are shallow, silly, and moreover ignorant, beyond measure; for instance, he says, as if he had made a discovery, that radical reform is, in his estimation, *proximate revolution*; universal suffrage, *inextinguishable uproar*; annual parliaments, nothing less than *periodical bloodshed*. Now, asks Sir Jonah, who would relish proximate revolution, inextinguishable uproar, and periodical bloodshed? This the venerable gentleman calls reasoning, and wriggles, and bellows, and chuckles, as if he had laid an egg that was to breed the greatest political chicken ever yet hatched. It might be thought all very fine in the Irish Parliament, but it is too late now, we trust, for such logic. Sir Jonah's facts we like much better than his opinions. His facts are, however, separable into two broad divisions, the 'Irish facts' and the 'facts all over the world.' The Irish facts are those which, as they only could take place, we suppose, in Ireland, are only narrated and credited by Irishmen; the facts all over the world are such as any sober person may believe to have had an existence. Of these two classes we scarcely know which we like best, the genuine or the pseudo-facts. Sir Jonah is so able a bouncer, that we may say we had often rather hear his lie than another man's truth. He has such an enjoyment in the concoction of his "crackers;" he revels so in a clinching circumstance, he vouches for the truth with such a startling rap on the table, and then ends all in such a good-humoured "what will you lay it's a lie!" that the excitement is altogether charming. After the elaboration of a *fact*, the most magnificent in all its proportions and most complete in all its details; after *accouching* a monster such as the world never saw equalled in extent, a leviathan of a lie, sprawling its hundred legs and eyes of circumstance, perhaps grasping in one claw the whole province of Munster, and staring at the world with eyes as large as a gas manufactory, it is delightful to see the worthy Sir Jonas disown his whale, swear that it is a neat little creature produced all in the regular way by a brace of respectable well-doing people at Waterford; and when the incredulous laugh goes round, and the worthy judge sees that *it will not go down*, ah! then with what a merry countenance does the real Frankenstein yield, and grow fainter and fainter in his asseverations, until the audience on their parts subside into a polite acquiescence, and it is well understood to whom they are indebted for their entertainment. We know nothing of Sir Jonah in private, but he strikes us as the finest example of the Pinte school—the privileged bouncers, who will turn half a century into historical romances,

without a single impeachment of their veracity; the most honourable and upright men, are given to the exertion of their inventive faculties in the shape of story telling: it is on such individuals that the yoke of wedded life bears hardest. A married man lives with a constant witness, who checks him in his brightest creations. We have seen a look, or a Oh Sir Jonah! or Sir Peter! crush in the bud the most splendid and odoriferous of novelties. The good man indeed proceeds after "you know what I say is true my dear!" but it is with diminished force and checked energy; the lady keeps her eyes steadily fixed upon her plate, perhaps a tell-tale blush burns in the cheek, and the narrator, after casting a few looks at the reluctant and ashamed auditor, stops, hesitates, and at length, to the utmost mortification of the auditors, botches up a lame conclusion. Yes! a wife is in all ways a great incumbrance to a story teller. Though he may have even told his stories till the pair both believed them true; the one by dint of telling, the other by hearing, still the lady is in the way, for nothing is so inspiring and refreshing as a totally fresh auditory, or so depressing as the presence of one to whom the whole affair is as familiar as the well-worn stair.

But, besides the Bounces of Sir Jonah, from which we shall make a delicious selection, there is much of "the fact universal," which is particularly interesting. It relates chiefly to Ireland and Irishmen, and serves to make known the peculiarities of that extraordinary nation. From this part, illustrative of Ireland and Irishmen, we shall collect many curious passages. There is still a third part; this turns upon the affairs of France during the hundred days. Sir Jonah happened to be at Havre, when Napoleon returned from Elba. All the other British subjects, at that time in the town, made off helter-skelter to their native land; but Sir Jonah, whether caring less about his native land than they, or influenced by that irrepressible inquisitiveness, that led him to look through every key-hole with a spying-glass, and to mount every hill with a telescope, took his family to Paris, "to beard the lion in his den!" He had, along with the few English at that time in France, an opportunity of witnessing a series of the most extraordinary events that ever took place in Europe. This division of the work, along with much miscellaneous matter, which we cannot class when taken with the Bounces, and the Anecdotes of Ireland and Irishmen, make all together the most amusing volume that has issued from the press. That we are correct in the assertion will be proved by our extracts, which, we are well convinced, in spite of the dullness of the critic, will make of the pleasantest book the pleasantest article in our present number.

We shall commence with the Bounces, premising that we only pick out a few of the most healthy and thriving of Sir Jonah's progeny. And in this department, we much regret that our space will not permit us to transfer the Bounce, which we have named in our notes the Romance of the Castle. It is an account of a notable defence, made by Sir Jonah's great aunt, Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of her castle of Moret. Its details are given with the precision and the force of the author of *Waverley*, and should show Sir Jonah where his talent lies. We, however, can communicate no part of the interest by a quotation, and shall only give the answer of this real lady of Tillietudlem.

to the besiegers, who, having entrapped her husband, proposed an exchange of him for the castle.

"The lady attended his proposals, which were very laconic. 'I'm a truce, lady!—Look here (showing the terrified squire,) we have your husband in hault—yee's have yeer castle *sure* enough. Now we'll change, if you please: we'll render the squire and you'll render the keep; and if yees won't do that same, the squire will be throttled before your two eyes in half an hour.'

"'Flag of truce!' said the heroine, with due dignity, and without hesitation; 'mark the words of Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of Moret Castle: they may serve for your own wife upon some future occasion. Flag of truce! I *won't* render my keep, and I'll tell you why—Elizabeth Fitzgerald may get another husband, but Elizabeth Fitzgerald may never get another castle; so I'll keep what I have, and if you can't get off faster than your legs can readily carry you, my warders will try which is hardest, your skull or a stone bullet.'

"The O'Cahils kept their word, and old Squire Stephen Fitzgerald, in a short time, was seen dangling and performing various evolutions in the air, to the great amusement of the Jacobites, the mortification of the warders, and chagrin (which however was not without a mixture of consolation) of my great-aunt, Elizabeth."—Vol. i. p. 22.

As we cannot give this story in all its completeness, we shall not venture to say more of it, but go on to

### BOUNCE I.

#### *The Bounce of the soft Wall and the hard Heads.*

It must be premised, that Sir Jonah's brother had built a hunting-lodge; of the description of life he led, and of the entertainment he afforded his guests, we must give some preliminary information.

"A hog-head of superior claret was therefore sent to the cottage of old Quin the huntsman; and a fat cow, killed, and plundered of her skin, was hung up by the heels. All the windows were closed to keep out the light. One room filled with straw and numerous blankets, was destined for a bed-chamber in common; and another was prepared as a kitchen for the use of the servants. Claret, cold, mulled, or buttered, was to be the beverage for the whole company; and in addition to the cow above mentioned, chickens, bacon and bread were the only admitted viands. Wallace and Hosey, my father's and my brother's pipers, and Doyle, a blind but a famous fiddler, were employed to enliven the banquet, which it was determined should continue till the cow became a skeleton, and the claret should be on its stoop.

"My two elder brothers;—two gentlemen of the name of Taylor (one of them afterwards a writer in India);—a Mr. Barrington Lodge, a rough songster;—Frank Skelton, a jester and a butt;—Jemmy Moffat, the most knowing sportsman of the neighbourhood;—and two others sporting gentlemen of the county,—composed the *permanent* bacchanalians. A few visitors were occasionally admitted.

"As for myself, I was too unseasoned to go through more than the first ordeal, which was on a frosty St. Stephen's day, when the '*hard goers*' partook of their opening banquet, and several neighbours were invited, to honour the commencement of what they called their '*shut-up pilgrimage*.'

"The old huntsman was the only male attendant; and his ancient spouse, once a kitchen-maid in the family, now somewhat resembling the amiable Leonarda in *Gil Blas*, was the cook; whilst the drudgery fell to the lot of the whipper-in. A long knife was prepared to cut collops from the cow; a large turf fire seemed to court the gridiron; the pot bubbled up as if proud of its contents, whilst plump white chickens floated in crowds upon the surface of the water; the simmering potatoes, just bursting their drab surtouts, exposed the delicate whiteness of their mealy bosoms; the claret

was tapped, and the long earthen wide-mouthed pitchers stood gaping under the impatient cock, to receive their portions. The pipers plied their chaunts; the fiddler tuned his *cremona*; and never did any feast commence with more auspicious appearances of hilarity and dissipation, appearances which were not doomed to be falsified.

"I shall never forget the attraction this novelty had for my youthful mind. All thoughts but those of good cheer were for the time totally obliterated. A few curses were, it is true, requisite to spur on old *Leonarda's* skill, but at length the banquet entered: the luscious smoked bacon, bedded on its cabbage mattress, and partly obscured by its own savoury steam, might have tempted the most fastidious of epicures; whilst the round trussed chickens, ranged by the half dozen on hot pewter dishes, turned up their white plump merry-thoughts, exciting equally the eye and appetite: fat collops of the hanging cow, sliced indiscriminately from her tenderest points, grilled over the clear embers upon a shining gridiron, half drowned in their own luscious juices, and garnished with little pyramids of congenial shalots, smoked at the bottom of the well-furnished board. A prologue of cherry-bounce (brandy) preceded the entertainment, which was enlivened by hob-nobs and joyous toasts.

"Numerous toasts, in fact, as was customary in those days, intervened to prolong and give zest to the repast—every man shouted forth his fair favourite, or convivial pledge; and each voluntarily surrendered a portion of his own reason, in bumpers to the beauty of his neighbour's toast. The pipers jerked from their bags appropriate planxties to every jolly sentiment: the jokers cracked the usual jests and ribaldry; one songster chanted the joys of wine and women; another gave, in full glee, the pleasures of the fox-chace: the fiddler sawed his merriest jigs: the old huntsman sounded his horn, and thrusting his fore-finger into his ear (to aid the quaver), gave the *view holloa!* of nearly ten minutes' duration; to which melody *tally ho!* was responded by every stentorian voice. A fox's brush stuck into a candlestick, in the centre of the table, was worshipped as a divinity! Claret flowed—bumpers were multiplied—and chickens, in the garb of spicy spitchcocks, assumed the name of *devils* to whet the appetites which it was impossible to conquer!"—Vol. i. pp. 64—68.

Now for the Bounce, the scene of which lies in the new-built cottage which Mr. Henry French Barrington had lately built, as a convenient spot for the celebration of orgies similar to those already described. Sir Jonah and his lady one morning travelling in the district where his brother resided, determined to give him the surprise of an early visit. They arrive, as is most probable, on the morning that he had just risen upon the ruins of a debauch, and had much difficulty in restoring the bacchanalians to their waking senses. In two instances, it appears to have been more easy to wake than to rouse the guests.

"All being duly in order, we at length awakened Joe Kelly, and Peter Alley, his neighbour; they had slept soundly, though with no other pillow than the wall; and my brother announced breakfast with a *view holloa!*"

"The twain immediately started and roared in unison with their host most tremendously! it was however in a very different tone from the *view holloa*,—and perpetuated much longer.

"'Come, boys,' says French, giving Joe a pull—'come!'

"'Oh, murder!' says Joe, 'I can't!—'Murder!—murder!' echoed Peter. French pulled them again, upon which they roared the more, still retaining their places. I have in my lifetime laughed till I nearly became spasmodic; but never were my risible muscles put to greater tension than.

\* The shout of hunters when the game is in view.



upon this occasion. The wall, as I said before, had only that day received a coat of mortar, and of course was quite soft and yielding when Joe and Peter thought proper to make it their pillow; it was nevertheless setting fast from the heat and lights of an eighteen hours' carousal; and, in the morning, when my brother awakened his guests, the mortar had completely set, and their hair being the thing most calculated to amalgamate therewith, the entire of Joe's stock, together with his *queue*, and half his head, was thoroughly and irrecoverably bedded in the greedy and now marble cement, so that if determined to move, he must have taken the wall along with him, for separate it would not.—One side of Peter's head was in the same state of imprisonment. Nobody was able to assist them, and there they both stuck fast.

"A consultation was now held on this pitiful case, which I maliciously endeavoured to prolong as much as I could, and which was, in fact, every now and then interrupted by a roar from Peter or Joe, as they made fresh efforts to rise. At length, it was proposed by Dan Tyron to send for the stone-cutter, and get him to cut them out of the wall with a chisel. I was literally unable to speak two sentences for laughing. The old woman meanwhile tried to soften the obdurate wall with melted butter and new milk—but in vain.—I related the school story how Hannibal had worked through the Alps with hot vinegar and hot irons:—this experiment likewise was made, but Hannibal's solvent had no better success than the old crone's. Peter, being of a more passionate nature, grew ultimately quite outrageous: he roared, gnashed his teeth, and swore vengeance against the mason;—but as he was only held by one side, a thought at last struck him: he asked for two knives, which being brought, he whetted one against the other, and introducing the blades close to his skull, sawed away at cross corners till he was liberated, with the loss only of half his hair and a piece of his scalp, which he had sliced off in zeal and haste for his liberty. I never saw a fellow so extravagantly happy! Fur was scraped from the crown of a hat, to stop the bleeding; his head was duly tied up with the old woman's *prasken*;\* and he was soon in a state of bodily convalescence. Our solicitude was now required solely for Joe, whose head was too deeply buried to be exhumated with so much facility. At this moment, Bob Casey, of Ballynakill, a very celebrated wig-maker, just dropped in, to see what he could pick up honestly in the way of his profession, or steal in the way of anything else; and he immediately undertook to get Mr. Kelly out of the mortar by a very expert but tedious process, namely,—clipping with his scissors and then rooting out with an oyster knife. He thus finally succeeded, in less than an hour, in setting Joe once more at liberty, at the price of his queue, which was totally lost, and of the exposure of his raw and bleeding occiput. The operation was, indeed, of a mongrel description—somewhat between a complete tonsure and an imperfect scalping, to both of which denominations it certainly presented claims."—Vol. i. pp. 81—84.

This, of course, is all perfectly *true*—though an ill-natured person might say that the heads of the sufferers were more likely, all things considered, to yield to the wall, they the wall to them.

The next Bounce which we have to record is the *Resurrection-Bounce*, and is in our catalogue

#### BOUNCE II.

One Lanegan had combined with Mrs. O'Flaherty to poison the Captain, her husband. For this crime Lanegan was hanged, and duly quartered or cut in four places—a circumstance which does not prevent him from drinking a bottle of wine, and eating a loaf of bread with Sir Jonah and a friend, in Devereux-court, Temple.

\* A coarse dirty apron, worn by working women in a kitchen, in the country parts of Ireland.

"A tempter and a friend of mine, Mr. David Lander, a soft, fat, good-humoured, superstitious young fellow, was sitting in his lodgings, Devereux-court, London, one evening at twilight. I was with him, and we were agreeably employed in eating strawberries and drinking Madeira. While thus chatting away in cheerful mood, and laughing loudly at some remark made by one of us, my back being towards the door, I perceived my friend's colour suddenly change—his eyes seem fixed and ready to start out of his head—his lips quivered convulsively—his teeth chattered—large drops of perspiration flowed down his forehead, and his hair stood nearly erect.

"As I saw nothing calculated to excite these motions, I naturally conceived my friend was seized with a fit, and rose to assist him. He did not regard my movements in the least, but seizing a knife which lay on the table, with the gait of a palsied man, retreated backwards—his eyes still fixed—to the distant part of the room, where he stood shivering, and attempting to pray; but not at the moment recollecting any prayer, he began to repeat his catechism, thinking it the best thing he could do: as—'What is your name? David Lander! Who gave you that name? My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism!' &c. &c.

"I instantly concluded the man was mad: and turning about to go for some assistance, I was myself not a little startled at sight of a tall, rough-looking personage, many days unshaved, in a very shabby black dress, and altogether of the most uncouth appearance.

"'Don't be frightened, Mr. Lander,' said the figure, 'sure 'tis me that's here.'

"When David Lander heard the voice, he fell on his knees, and subsequently flat upon his face, in which position he lay motionless.

"The spectre (as I now began to imagine it) stalked towards the door, and I was in hopes he intended to make his exit thereby; instead of which, however, having deliberately shut and bolted it, he sat himself down in the chair which I had previously occupied, with a countenance nearly as full of horror as that of Davy Lander himself.

"I was now, totally bewildered; and scarce knowing what to do, was about to throw a jug of water over my friend, to revive him if possible, when the stranger, in a harsh croaking voice, cried—

"'For the love of God, give me some of that,—for I am perishing!'

"I accordingly did so, and he took the jug and drank immoderately.

"My friend Davy now ventured to look up a little, and perceiving that I was becoming so familiar with the goblin, his courage somewhat revived, but still his speech was difficult:—he stammered, and gazed at the figure, for some time, but at length made up his mind that it was tangible and mortal. The effect of this decision on the face of Davy was as ludicrous as the fright had been. He seemed quite ashamed of his former terror, and affected to be stout as a lion! though it was visible that he was not yet at his ease. He now roared out in the broad, cursing Kerry dialect: "Why then, blood and thunder! is that you, Lanegan?"

"'Ah, Sir, speak easy,' said the wretched being.

"'How the devil,' resumed Davy, 'did you get your four quarters stitched together again, after the hangman cut them off of you at Stephen's Green!'

"'Ah, gentlemen!' exclaimed the poor culprit, 'speak low: have mercy on me, Master Davy, you know it was I taught you your Latin. I'm starving to death!'

"'You shall not die in *that* way, you villainous schoolmaster!' said Davy, pushing towards him a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine that stood on the table.

"The miserable creature having ate the bread with avidity, and drunk two or three glasses of wine, the lamp of life once more seemed to brighten up. After a pause, he communicated every circumstance relating to his sudden appearance before us. He confessed having bought the arsenic at the desire

of Mrs. O'Flaherty, and that he was aware of the application of it; but solemnly protested that it was she who had seduced him; he then proceeded to inform us that after having been duly hanged, the sheriff had delivered his body to his mother, but not until the executioner had given a cut on each limb, to save the law; which cuts bled profusely, and were probably the means of preserving his life. His mother conceived that the vital spark was not extinct, and therefore had put him into bed, dressed his wounded limbs, and rubbed his neck with hot vinegar. Having steadily pursued this process, and accompanied it by pouring warm brandy and water down his throat, in the course of an hour he was quite sensible, but experienced horrid pains for several weeks before his final recovery. His mother filled the coffin he was brought home in with bricks, and got some men to bury it the same night in Kilmainham burial-ground, as if ashamed to inter him in open day. For a long time he was unable to depart, being every moment in dread of discovery:—at length, however, he got off by night in a smuggling boat, which landed him on the Isle of Man, and from thence he contrived to reach London, bearing a letter from a priest at Kerry to another priest who had lived in the Borough, the purport of which was to get him admitted into a monastery in France. But he found the Southwark priest was dead; and though he possessed some money, he was afraid even to buy food, for fear of detection! but recollecting that Mr. Lander, his old scholar, lived somewhere in the Temple, he got directed by a porter to the lodging.

"My friend Davy, though he did not half like it, suffered this poor devil to sit in the chamber till the following evening. He then procured him a place in the night coach to Rye, from whence he got to St. Vallery, and was received, as I afterwards learnt from a very grateful letter which he sent to Lander, into the monastery of La Trappe, near Abbeville, where he lived in strict seclusion, and died some years since."—Vol. i. pp. 98—109.

The next Bounce which we shall pick out of our splendid collection, is a personal anecdote, for the truth of which Sir Jonah's averment is ample authority.

### BOUNCE III.

#### *The Bounce of the Turn-up Bed and the Inn Kitchen.*

"The late Earl Farnham had a most beautiful demesne at a village called Newtown Barry, County Wexford. It is a choice spot, and his lordship resided in a very small house in the village. He was always so obliging as to make me dine with him on my circuit journey, and I slept at the little inn—in those days a very poor one indeed.

"The day of my arrival was on one occasion wet, and a very large assemblage of barristers were necessitated to put up with any accommodation they could get. I was sure of a good dinner; but every bed was engaged. I dined with Lord F., took my wine merrily, and adjourned to the inn, determined to sit up all night at the kitchen fire. I found every one of my brethren in bed; the maid-servant full of good liquor; and the man and woman of the house quite as joyously provided for. The lady declared, she could not think of permitting *my honour* to sit up; and if I would accept of their little snug cupboard-bed by the fire-side, I should be warm and comfortable. This arrangement I thought a most agreeable one: the bed was let down from the niche, into which it had been folded up, and, in a few minutes I was in a comfortable slumber.

"My first sensation in the morning was, however, one which it is not in my power to describe now, because I could not do so five minutes after it was over—suffice it to say, I found myself in a state of suffocation, with my head down and my feet upwards! I had neither time nor power for reflection:—I attempted to cry out, but that was impossible;—the agonies of death, I suppose, were coming on me, and some convulsive effort gave me a supernatural strength that probably saved me from a most inglorious and whimsical departure. On a sudden I felt my position change; and with a

crash sounding to me like thunder, down the bed and I came upon the floor. I then felt that I had the power of a little articulation, and cried out 'murder!' with as much vehemence as I was able. The man, woman, and maid, by this time all sober, came running into the room together. The woman joined me in crying out murder; the maid alone knew the cause of my disaster, and ran as fast as she could for the apothecary, to bleed me. I had, however, recovered after large draughts of cold water, and obtained sense enough to guess at my situation.

"The maid, having been drunk when I went to bed, on awakening just at break of day to begin to set all matters to rights, and perceiving her master and mistress already up, had totally forgotten the counsellor! and having stronger arms of her own than any barrister of the home circuit, in order to clear the kitchen, had hoisted up the bed into its proper niche, and turned the button at the top that kept it in his place: in consequence of which, down went my head, and up went my heels! and as air is an article indispensably necessary to existence, death would very soon have ended the argument, had not my violent struggles caused the button to give way, and so brought me once more out of the position of the Antipodes.—The poor woman was as much alarmed as I was!"—Vol. i. pp. 158—160.

The next is—

#### BOUNCE IV.

##### *Or the Bounce of Dr. Borumborad.*

Dr. Achmet Borumborad, in the time of the Irish parliament, was a celebrated medicator of warm and cold baths, and under the idea that he was a Turk, and by force of a splendid Turkish costume, and a large handsome person, he became entirely the fashion in Dublin. His popularity was unhappily put an end to by a discovery, which he made himself voluntarily, that he was no other than one Patrick Joyce, of Waterford. The Bounce is the history of the immersion of no less than nineteen members of the Irish parliament by accident in the baths of Borumborad. But on consideration we must omit it, only referring to the book, to make room for the next Bounce, which is—

#### BOUNCE V.

This is shot with a peculiarly long bow; it is—

##### *The Bounce of the Portcullis.*

The author justly observes, in limine, that incidents which he thinks could only have occurred in Ireland, took place there in 1798.

"One of these curious occurrences remains even to this day a subject of surmise and mystery. During the rebellion in county Wexford in 1798, Mr. Waddy, a violent loyalist, but surrounded by a neighbourhood of inveterate insurgents, fled to a castle at a considerable distance from the town of Wexford. Though not in repair, it was not unfit for habitation; and might secure its tenant from any *coup de main* of undisciplined insurgents. He dreaded discovery so much, that he would entrust his place of refuge to no person whatsoever; and, as he conceived, took sufficient food to last until he might escape out of the country. There was but one entrance to the castle, and that was furnished with an old ponderous portcullis, which drew up and let down as in ancient fortresses.

Here Mr. Waddy concealed himself; and every body was for a long time utterly ignorant as to his fate:—some said he was drowned; some, burned alive; others, murdered and buried in ploughed ground! But whilst each was willing to give an opinion as to the mode of his destruction, no one supposed him to be still alive. At length, it occurred to certain of his friends, to seek him through the country; with which view they set out, attended by an armed body. Their search was in vain, until approaching by chance the old castle, they became aware of a stench, which the seekers conjectured to proceed from the putrid corpse of murdered Waddy. On getting nearer, this

opinion was confirmed; for a dead body lay half within and half without the castle, which the descent of the portcullis had cut nearly into equal portions. Poor Mr. Waddy was deeply lamented; and, though with great disgust, they proceeded to remove that half of the carcass which lay outside the entrance—when, to their infinite astonishment, they perceived that it was not Waddy, but a neighbouring priest, who had been so expertly cut in two; how the accident had happened, nobody could surmise. They now rapped and shouted—but no reply: Waddy, in good truth, lay close within, supposing them to be rebels. At length, on venturing to peep out, he discovered his friends, whom he joyfully requested to raise, if possible, the portcullis, and let him out—as he was almost starved to death.

This, with difficulty, was effected, and the other half of the priest was discovered immediately within the entrance—but by no means in equally good condition with that outside; inasmuch as it appeared that numerous collops and rump-steaks had been cut off the reverend gentleman's hind-quarters by Waddy, who, early one morning, had found the priest thus divided; and being alike unable to raise the portcullis or get out to look for food, (certain indeed, in the latter case, of being piked by any of the rebels who knew him) he thought it better to feed on the priest, and remain in the castle till fortune smiled, than run a risk of breaking all his bones by dropping from the battlements—his only alternative.

"To the day of Waddy's death, he could give no collected or rational account of this incident."—Vol. i. pp. 264—267.

The Bounces must, however, end with the half dozen—there certainly, in such as we have recorded, is ample provision for a whole Decameron.

#### BOUNCE VI.

##### *The Bounce of the Head.*

"In the year 1800, a labourer dwelling near the town of Athy, county Kildare, (where some of my family still resided) was walking with his comrade up the banks of the Barrow to the farm of a Mr. Richardson, on whose meadows they were employed to mow; each, in the usual Irish way, having his scythe loosely wagging over his shoulder, and lazily lounging close to the bank of the river, they espied a salmon partly hid under the bank. It is the nature of this fish that, when his *head* is concealed, he fancies no one can see his *tail* (there are many wise-acres, besides the salmon, of the same way of thinking). On the present occasion the body of the fish was visible.

"Oh Ned—Ned dear!" said one of the mowers, 'look at that big fellow there: isn't it a pity we ha'n't no spear?'

"May be," said Ned, 'we could be after piking the lad with the scythe-handle.'

"True for you!" said Dennis: 'the spike of yeer handle is longer nor mine; give the fellow a dig with it at any rate.'

"Ay, will I," returned the other: 'I'll give the lad a prod he'll never forget any how.'

"The spike and their sport was all they thought of; but the *blade* of the scythe, which hung over Ned's shoulders, never came into the contemplation of either of them. Ned cautiously looked over the bank; the unconscious salmon lay snug, little imagining the conspiracy that had been formed against his tail.

"Now hit the lad smart!" said Dennis: 'there now—there! rise your fist; now you have the boy! now Ned—success!'

"Ned struck at the salmon with all his might and main, and that was not trifling. But whether 'the boy' was piked or not never appeared; for poor Ned, bending his neck as he struck at the salmon, placed the vertebrae in the most convenient position for unfurnishing his shoulders: and his head came tumbling splash into the Barrow, to the utter astonishment of his comrade, who could not conceive *how* it could drop off so suddenly. But the next

minute he had the consolation of seeing the head attended by *one of his own ears*, which had been most dexterously sliced off by the same blow which beheaded his comrade.

"The head and ear rolled down the river in company, and were picked up with extreme horror at the mill-dam, near Mr. Richardson's, by one of the miller's men.

"Who the devil does this head belong to?" exclaimed the miller.

"Whoever owned it," said the man, "had three ears at any rate."

"A search being now made, Ned's headless body was discovered lying half over the bank, and Dennis in a swoon, through fright and loss of blood, was found recumbent by its side. Dennis, when brought to himself, (which process was effected by whiskey,) recited the whole adventure. They tied up the head; the body was attended by a numerous assemblage of Ned's countrymen to the grave; and the habit of carrying scythes carelessly very much declined."—Vol. i pp. 124—127.

This story leads to a humorous remark by the *author* of it. "In truth," says he, "the only three kinds of death the Irish peasants think *natural* are, dying quietly in their own cabins; being hanged about the assize time; or starving when the potatoe crop is deficient."

We shall now go on to our anecdotes of Irishmen; and the first we meet with is a characteristic blunder of a brother of Sir Jonah, the same sporting gentleman whose exploits we have witnessed in the hunting lodge.

An unfortunate duel took place between another brother of Sir Jonah and a Lieutenant M'Kenzie. In those days in Ireland a meeting was the inevitable consequence of the most trifling discussion, or rather the hottest disputes arose out of the most trifling subjects. In this duel, Mr. Barrington was shot dead, not by his principal, but by captain, afterwards the celebrated general Gillespie, the second of M'Kenzie. Gillespie was tried for the murder, and acquitted, in consequence of the friendly interference of the sheriff, who packed the jury. The jury were challenged in detail by the friends of the barrister; but the other party out-manœuvred them. The result was as has been stated.

"On the evening of the trial, my second brother, Henry French Barrington,—a gentleman of considerable estate, and whose perfect good temper, but intrepid and irresistible impetuosity when assailed, were well known—the latter quality having been severely felt in the county before,—came to me. He was, in fact, a complete country gentleman, utterly ignorant of the law, its terms and proceedings; and as I was the first of my name who had ever followed any profession (the army excepted), my opinion, so soon as I became a counsellor, was considered by him as oracular: indeed, questions far beyond mine, and sometimes beyond the power of any person existing, to solve, were frequently submitted for my decision by our neighbours in the country.

"Having called me aside out of the Bar-room, my brother seemed greatly agitated, and informed me that a friend of ours, who had seen the jury-list, declared it had been decidedly *packed*!—concluding his appeal by asking me what he ought to do? I told him we should have 'challenged the array.'—'That was my own opinion, Jonah,' said he, 'and I will do it now!' adding an oath, and expressing a degree of animation which I could not account for. I apprised him that it was now too late, as it should have been done before the trial.

"He said no more, but departed instantly, and I did not think again upon the subject. An hour after, however, my brother sent in a second request to see me. I found him, to all appearance, quite cool and tranquil. 'I have

done it, by G-d!" (cried he, exultingly;) "'twas better late than never!" and with that he produced from his coat-pocket a long queue and a handful of powdered hair and curls. "See here!" continued he. "the cowardly rascal!"

"Heavens," cried I, "French, are you mad?"

"Mad," replied he, "no, no, I followed your advice exactly. I went directly after I left you to the grand jury-room to 'challenge the array,' and there I challenged the head of the array, that cowardly Lyons!—he peremptorily refused to fight me; so I knocked him down before the grand jury, and cut off his curls and tail—see, here they are,—the rascal! and my brother Jack is gone to flog the Sub-Sheriff."

"I was thunder-struck, and almost thought my brother was *crazy*, since he was obviously not *in liquor* at all. But after some inquiry, I found that, like many other country gentlemen, he took the words in their common acceptation. He had seen the High Sheriff coming in with a great '*array*,' and had thus conceived my suggestion as to challenging the array was literal; and accordingly, repairing to the grand jury dining-room, had called the High Sheriff aside, told him he had omitted challenging him before the trial, as he ought to have done according to advice of counsel, but that it was better late than never, and that he must immediately come out and fight him. Mr. Lyons conceiving my brother to be intoxicated, drew back, and refused the invitation in a most peremptory manner. French then collared him, tripped up his heels, and putting his foot on his foot on his breast, cut off his side-curls and queue with a carving knife which an old waiter named Spedding (who had been my father's butler, and liked the thing,) had readily brought him from the dinner-table. Having secured his spoils, my brother immediately came off in triumph to relate to me his achievement."—Vol. i. pp. 171—174.

The excessive ignorance which this humorous anecdote displays, is accounted for by the life already described in the hunting lodge. The gentlemen of Ireland were divided into three classes. 1. The half-mounted gentlemen—2. The gentlemen every inch of them—and, 3. The gentlemen to the back-bone. But however much these classes differ in other attributes, they all agreed in being fond of hunting, duelling, and drinking; and in being thoroughly uninformed on every other subject. Another definition we have heard of an Irish gentleman, seems to include all three classes. An Irish gentleman is one who wears-leather breeches, whose boots never touch the ground, and who has killed his man. The men, however, of whom we chiefly hear in Sir Jonah's pleasant work, are of a superior description either to his brother or the native Irish gentlemen in general—or—we should not concern ourselves with any long account of them, though even they may be considered as very remarkable human curiosities. The chief part of Sir Jonah's observations, and his anecdotes of Irishmen, appertain to the period of the Rebellion, and the preceding years. The characteristics of Irishmen at this time were excessive sociality, and an ever-vigilant irritability. They rejoiced in looking on each other's countenances; and at the same time they delighted in meeting each other with pistols in their hands—either across the board, or at the distance of five paces, they were equally pleased to face one-another. Sir Jonah's anecdotes naturally enough, therefore, divide themselves into anecdotes of the field, and anecdotes of the table: we shall add a third division, of anecdotes of character.

To begin with the field.—It does not appear to be known that Sheridan was put in nomination at the general election, in 1808, for the county of Wexford, in conjunction with Mr. Colclough—their opponent was Mr. Alcock. Mr. Colclough, a gentleman of great

eminence in the county, wished to poll certain votes, which were resisted by the opposite faction: a severe contest ensued, which it was finally determined to settle by the death of one of the principals. These gentlemen were even intimate friends; but in the ferocity of the struggle every kind feeling was forgotten.

"Early on the eventful morning, many hundred people assembled to witness the affair; and it will scarcely be believed that no less than eleven or twelve *county justices* stood by, passive spectators of the bloody scene which followed, without any effort, or apparently a wish, to stop the proceeding.

"Both combatants were remarkably nearsighted; and Mr. Alcock determined on wearing glasses, which was resisted by the friends of Mr. Colclough, who would wear none. The partizans of the former, however, persevered, and he did wear them. The ground at length was marked; the anxious crowd separated on either side, as their party feelings led them; but all seemed to feel a common sense of horror and repugnance. The unfeeling seconds handed to each principal a couple of pistols; and placing them about eight or nine steps asunder, withdrew, leaving two gentlemen of fortune and character—brother candidates for the county—and former friends, nay, *intimate companions*,—standing in the centre of a field, without any *personal* offence given or received, encouraged by false friends, and permitted by unworthy magistrates, to butcher each other as quickly and as effectually as their position and weapons would admit.

"The sight was awful!—a dead silence and pause ensued: the great crowd stood in motionless suspense: the combatants presented; men scarcely breathed: the word was given: Mr. Alcock fired first, and his friend—his companion—one of the best men of Ireland, instantly fell forward, shot through the heart! he spoke not—but turning on one side, his heart's blood gushed forth—his limbs quivered—he groaned and expired. His pistol exploded after he was struck—of course without effect.

"The by-standers looked almost petrified. The profound stillness continued for a moment, horror having seized the multitude, when, on the sudden, a loud and universal yell (the ancient practice of the Irish peasantry on the death of a chieftain) simultaneously burst out like a peal of thunder from every quarter of the field; a yell so savage and continuous—so like the tone of *revenge*,—that it would have appalled any stranger to the customs of country. Alcock and his partizans immediately retreated; those of Colclough collected round his body; and their candidate, (a few moments before in health, spirits, and vigour!) was mournfully borne back upon a plank to the town of his nativity, and carried lifeless through the very streets which had that morning been prepared to signalise his triumph.

"The election-poll, of course, proceeded without further opposition:—the joint friends of Colclough and Sheridan, deprived of their support, and thunderstruck at the event, thought of nothing but lamentation: and in one hour Mr. Alcock was declared duly elected for Wexford County, solely through the death of his brother-candidate, whom he had himself that morning unjustly immolated."—Vol. i. pp. 302—305.

This did not end here. Mr. Alcock, eaten up with remorse, became melancholy; his understanding gradually declined; and he at length sank into irrecoverable imbecility. His sister had been well acquainted with Mr. Colclough; and the circumstances of the conflict, Mr. Alcock's trial, and subsequent depression, affected *her* intellects; *her* reason wandered; and she did not long survive her brother.

This is a pure tragedy; but among the intemperate, but at the same time good-humoured sons of Erin, a challenge as often ended in a hearty laugh as a fatal result. We have many contests and projected contests, which excite nothing but the risible muscles. Such is Lord



Norbury's (then Toler's) challenge to Sir Jonah himself, in the House of Commons.

"Lord Norbury (then Mr. Toler,) went circuit as judge the first circuit I went as barrister. He continued my friend as warmly as he possibly could be the friend of any one, and I thought he was in earnest. One evening, however, coming hot from Lord Clare's, (at that time my proclaimed enemy,) he attacked me with an after-dinner volubility, which hurt and roused me very much. I kept indifferent bounds myself: but he was generally so very goodtempered, that I really felt a repugnance to indulge him with as tart a reply as a stranger would have received, and simply observed, that 'I should only just give him that character which developed itself by its versatility—namely, that *he had a hand for every man, and a heart for nobody!*'—and I believe the sarcasm has stuck to him from that day to this. He returned a very warm answer, gave me a wink, and made his exit:—of course, I followed. The serjeant-at-arms was instantly sent by the speaker to pursue us with his attendants, and to bring both refractory members back to the House. Toler was caught by the skirts of his coat fastening in a door, and they laid hold of him just as the skirts were torn completely off. I was overtaken (whilst running away) in Nassau-street, and, as I resisted, was brought like a sack on a man's shoulders, to the admiration of the mob, and thrown down in the body of the House. The speaker told us we must give our honours forthwith that the matter should proceed no further.—Toler got up to defend himself; but as he then had no skirts to his coat, made a most ludicrous figure; and Curran put a finishing-stroke to the comicality of the scene, by gravely saying, that 'it was the most unparalleled insult ever offered to the House! as it appeared that one honourable member had *trimmed* another honourable member's *jacket* within these walls, and nearly within view of the speaker!' A general roar of laughter ensued."—Vol. 1. pp. 334—335.

Even Mr. Grattan was not exempt from this silly mania of duelling; a falsehood had been alleged against him by the notorious John Giffard, the 'dog in office,' and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be prevented from challenging him.

"Barrington," said he, "I must have a shot at that rascal!"

"Heavens!" said Barrington, "what rascal?"

"There is but one such in the world!" cried Grattan,—“that Giffard.”

"My dear Grattan," replied Sir Jonah, "you cannot be serious; there is no ground for a challenge on your part: your language to him was such as never before was used to human nature: and if he survives *your words*, no bullet would have effect upon him," &c. &c.

Barrington appears to have quieted him for the time, and Grattan was persuaded to enter his sedan and go home. In the morning, however, Sir Jonah was surprised in his bed at six o'clock, by hearing that the little gentleman, in the sedan chair, wanted to see him again. Grattan had not slept all night; nothing would satisfy him but a shot "at the fellow." Barrington at length put an end to the *penchant*, by declaring that he would fight Giffard himself if Grattan persisted, for the insult had been really aimed at him, &c.

If on this occasion anybody should have been anxious to fight, it should have been the "dog in office," as will appear from quoting Mr. Grattan's words alluded to above. They were spoken on occasion of Sir Jonah's standing for Dublin, when Mr. Grattan's vote was at first rejected, on the alleged ground that he had been erased from the list of Dublin freemen, as a United Irishman.

"The objection was made by Mr. John Giffard, of whom hereafter. On

the first intermission of the tumult, with a calm and dignified air, but in that energetic style and tone so peculiar to himself, Mr. Grattan delivered the following memorable words—memorable, because conveying in a few short sentences the most overwhelming philippic—the most irresistible assemblage of terms imputing public depravity, that the English, or, I believe, any other language, is capable of affording:—

“Mr. Sheriff, when I observe the quarter from whence the objection comes, I am not surprised at its being made! It proceeds from the hired traducer of his country—the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens—the regal rebel—the unpunished ruffian—the bigotted agitator!—In the city a firebrand—in the court a liar—in the streets a bully—in the field a coward!—And so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute.”

“Giffard, thunderstruck, lost his usual assurance; and replied, in one single sentence, ‘I would spit upon him in a desert!’”—Vol. i. pp. 260, 291.

Sir Jonah proceeds to call Mr. Giffard’s angry exclamation vapid and unmeaning; to us, however, it seems quite as full of force as Mr. Grattan’s more elaborate abuse. Of other duels we shall not speak with particularity, unless it be to mention the rencontre between a most eccentric Irish barrister, Theophilus Swift, and the Colonel Lennox, afterwards Duke of Richmond, who fought the Duke of York. This was thought by Swift, a litigious visionary, so great a presumption in a subject, that he conceived it was his duty, and every other man’s, to challenge the colonel till he fell. In pursuance of this notion, he called out Colonel Lennox, who accepted the invitation, and shot the restless barrister remarkably clean through the carcase. Swift was carried home, made his will, left the Duke of York a gold snuff-box, and recovered.

A duel was part of the official duty of a statesman. Sir Jonah gives a list of what he calls the fire-eaters.

“The lord chancellor of Ireland, Earl Clare, fought the master of the rolls, Curran.

“The chief justice K. B., Lord Clonmell, fought Lord Tyrawley, (a privy counsellor,) Lord Llandaff, and two others.

“The judge of the county of Dublin, Egan, fought the master of the rolls, Roger Barrett, and three others.

“The chancellor of the exchequer, the Right Honourable Isaac Corry, fought the Right Honourable Henry Grattan, a privy counsellor, and another.

“A baron of the exchequer, Baron Medge, fought his brother-in-law and two others.

“The chief justice C. P., Lord Norbury, fought Fire-eater Fitzgerald, and two other gentlemen, and frightened Napper Tandy and several besides: one hit only.

“The judge of the prerogative court, Doctor Duigenan, fought one barrister, and frightened another on the ground.—N.B. The latter case a curious one.

“The chief counsel to the revenue, Henry Deane Grady, fought Counsellor O’Malon, Counsellor Campbell, and others: all hits.

“The master of the rolls fought Lord Buckinghamshire, the chief secretary, &c.

“The provost of the university of Dublin, the Right Honourable Hely Hutchinson, fought Mr. Doyle, master in chancery, (they went to the plains of Minden to fight,) and some others.

“The chief justice, C. P., Patterson, fought three country gentlemen, one of them with swords, another with guns, and wounded all of them.

“The Right Honourable George Ogle, a privy counsellor, fought Barney

Coyle, a distiller, because he was a Papist.—They fired eight shots, and no hit; but the second broke his own arm.

"Thomas Wallace, K. C. fought Mr. O'Gorman, the Catholic secretary.

"Counsellor O'Connell fought the Orange chieftain: fatal to the champion of Protestant ascendancy.

"The collector of the customs of Dublin, the Honourable Francis Hutchinson, fought the Right Honourable Lord Mountmorris."—Vol. ii. pp. 3—5.

Sir Jonah adds, as an apology for himself,

"The reader of this dignified list (which, as I have said, is only an abridgment\*) will surely see no great indecorum in an admiralty judge having now and then exchanged broadsides, more especially as they did not militate against the law of nations."—Vol. ii. p. 5.

A romantic spirit seemed to fill the country. On the eve of great convulsions, the moral atmosphere becomes rarefied as it were; personal sacrifices more common, and wild tenets more practically supported. An admirable specimen of Quixotism is given in the person of the celebrated Mr. Hamilton Rowan. A young woman, Mary Neil, had been treated with violence by some unknown person; her cause was warmly taken up by some, and by others her veracity was suspected. Mr. Rowan, a gentleman of rank and fortune, felt so deeply interested in her reputation, that he vowed vengeance against all her calumniators. One of the steps which he took to this end, is exceedingly well described in the following history of a visit he paid to a society of young barristers, of which Sir Jonah was a member.

"At this time about twenty young barristers, including myself, had formed a dinner club in Dublin: we had taken large apartments for the purpose; and, as we were not yet troubled with *too much* business, were in the habit of faring luxuriously every day, and taking a bottle of the best claret which could be obtained.

"There never existed a more cheerful, nor half so cheap a dinner club. One day, whilst dining with our usual hilarity, the servant informed us that a gentleman below stairs desired to be admitted *for a moment*. We considered it to be some brother-barrister who requested permission to join our party, and desired him to be shown up. What was our surprise, however, on perceiving the figure that presented itself!—a man, who might have served as model for a Hercules, his gigantic limbs conveying the idea of almost supernatural strength: his shoulders, arms, and broad chest, were the very emblems of muscular energy; and his flat, rough countenance, overshadowed by enormous dark eyebrows, and deeply furrowed by strong lines of vigour and fortitude, completed one of the finest, yet most formidable figures I had ever beheld. He was very well dressed: close by his side stalked in a shaggy Newfoundland dog of corresponding magnitude, with hair a foot long, and who, if he should be voraciously inclined, seemed well able to devour a barrister or two without overcharging his stomach:—as he entered, indeed, he alternately looked at us, and then up at his master, as if only awaiting the orders of the latter to commence the onslaught. His master held in his hand a large, yellow, knotted club, slung by a leathern thong round his great wrist: he had also a long small-sword by his side.

"This apparition walked deliberately up to the table; and having made his obeisance with seeming courtesy, a short pause ensued, during which he

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\* Two hundred and twenty-seven memorable and official duels have actually been fought during my grand climacteric.

round on all the company with an aspect, if not stern, yet ill-calculated to set our minds at ease either as to his or his dog's ulterior intentions. 'Gentlemen!' at length he said, in a tone and with an air at once so bold and courteous, nay so polished, as fairly to give the lie, as it were, to the stern and threatening figure: 'Gentlemen! I have heard with very great regret that some members of this club have been so indiscreet as to caricature the character of Mary Neil, which, from the part I have taken, I feel identified with my own: if any present hath done so, I doubt not he will now have the candour and courage to avow it.—*Who* avows it?' The dog looked up at him again; he returned the glance; but contented himself, for the present, with patting the animal's head, and was silent: so were we.

"The extreme surprise indeed with which our party was seized, bordering almost on consternation, rendered all consultation as to a reply out of the question; and never did I see the old axiom that 'what is every body's business is nobody's business' more thoroughly exemplified. A few of the company whispered each his neighbour, and I perceived one or two steal a fruit-knife under the table-cloth, in case of extremities; but no one made any reply. We were eighteen in number; and as neither would or could answer for the others, it would require eighteen replies to satisfy the giant's single query; and I fancy some of us *could not* have replied to his satisfaction, and stuck to the truth into the bargain.

"He repeated his demand (elevating his tone each time) thrice: 'Does any gentleman avow it?' A faint buzz now circulated round the room, but there was no answer whatsoever. Communication was cut off, and there was a dead silence: at length our visitor said, with a loud voice, that he must suppose, if any gentleman had made any observations or assertions against Mary Neil's character, he would have the *courage* and spirit to avow it: 'therefore,' continued he, 'I shall take it for granted that my information was erroneous; and, in that point of view, I regret having *alarmed* your society.' And, without another word, he bowed three times very low, and retired backwards toward the door, (his dog also backing out with equal politeness,) where, with a salaam doubly ceremonious, Mr. Rowan ended this extraordinary interview. On the first of his departing bows, by a simultaneous impulse, we all rose and returned his salute, almost touching the table with our noses, but still in profound silence; which *booming* on both sides was repeated, as I have said, till he was fairly out of the room. Three or four of the company then ran hastily to the window to be *sure* that he and the dog were clear off into the street; and no sooner had this satisfactory *denouement* been ascertained, than a general roar of laughter ensued, and we talked it over in a hundred different ways: the whole of our arguments, however, turned upon the question 'which had behaved the *politest* upon the occasion?' but not one word was uttered as to which had behaved the *stoutest*."—Vol. ii. pp. 116—119.

Mr. Rowan was soon after tried and convicted of circulating a factious paper;—while in prison, charges of a heavier nature, and of a political kind, came out against him; and, as is well known, he made his escape, and at length arrived in France.

Of Curran we have a good deal in these volumes. Sir Jonah complains that his biographers knew nothing about him, a charge we believe to be not founded. Sir Jonah was intimate with him, and certainly gives a very striking idea of his alternate brilliancy and depression, his meanness and his magnanimity, his simplicity and his ability. Of the several stories relative to him we shall select one which sets his social talents in a brilliant point of view. In this, however, as in the Bounces, which we have so irreverently designated, we suspect a pervading exaggeration. "It is too good," is the exclamation with which we finish many of Sir Jonah's clever anecdotes. Curran

and Sir Jonah were accustomed to spend a part of every long vacation together in London.

"We were in the habit of frequenting the Cannon Coffee-house, Charing-cross, (kept by the uncle of Mr. Roberts, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Calais,) where we had a box every day at the end of the room; and as, when Curran was free from professional cares, his universal language was that of wit, my high spirits never failed to prompt my performance of *Jackall* to the *Lion*. Two young gentlemen of the Irish bar were frequently of our party in 1796, and contributed to keep up the flow of wit, which, on Curran's part, was well-nigh miraculous. Gradually the ear and attention of the company were caught. Nobody knew us, and, as if carelessly, the guests flocked round our box to listen. We perceived them, and increased our flights accordingly. Involuntarily, they joined in the laugh, and the more so when they saw it gave no offence. Day after day the number of our satellites increased,—until the room, at five o'clock, was thronged to hear 'The Irishmen.' One or two days we went elsewhere; and, on returning to 'the Cannon,' our host begged to speak a word with me at the bar. 'Sir,' said he, 'I never had such a set of pleasant gentlemen in my house, and I hope you have received no offence.' I replied, 'quite the contrary!'—'Why, sir,' rejoined he, 'as you did not come the last few days, the company fell off. Now, sir, I hope you and the other gentleman will excuse me if I remark that you will find an excellent dish of fish, and a roast turkey or joint, with any wine you please, hot on your table, every day at five o'clock, whilst you stay in town; and, I must beg to add, *no charge*, gentlemen.'

"I reported to Curran, and we agreed to see it out. The landlord was as good as his word—the room was filled: we coined stories to tell each other, the lookers-on laughed almost to convulsions, and for some time we literally feasted. Having had our humour out, I desired a bill, which the landlord positively refused: however, we computed for ourselves, and sent him a 10*l.* note enclosed in a letter, desiring to give the balance to the waiters."—Vol. i. —pp. 377, 378.

Sir Jonah is happy in his portraits—his sketch of Curran's personal appearance; and that of Grattan's confirms our previous notion, that these two great orators were the ugliest men that ever spoke.

"Curran's person was mean and decrepit:—very slight, very shapeless—with nothing of the gentleman about it; on the contrary, displaying spindle limbs, a shambling gait, one hand imperfect, and a face yellow, furrowed, rather flat, and thoroughly ordinary. Yet his features were the very reverse of disagreeable: there was something so indescribably dramatic in his eye and the play of his eye-brow, that his visage seemed the index of his mind, and his humour the slave of his will. I never was so happy in the company of any man as in Curran's for many years. His very foibles were amusing.—He had no vein for poetry; yet fancying himself a bard, he contrived to throw off pretty verses: he certainly was no musician; but conceiving himself to be one, played very pleasingly: Nature had denied him a voice; but he thought he could sing; and in the rich mould of his capabilities, the desire here also bred, in some degree, the capacity.

"It is a curious, but a just remark, that every slow, *crawling* reptile is in the highest degree disgusting; whilst an insect, ten times uglier, if it be sprightly, and seems bent upon enjoyment, excites no shuddering. It is so with the human race: had Curran been a dull, slothful, inanimate being, his talents would not have redeemed his personal defects. But his rapid movements,—his fire,—his sparkling eyes,—the fine and varied intonations of his voice,—these conspired to give life and energy to every company he mixed with; and I have known ladies who, after an hour's conversation, actually considered Curran a *beauty*, and preferred his society to that of the finest fellows present. There is, however, it must be admitted, a good deal in the circumstance of a

man being *celebrated*, as regards the patronage of women."—Vol. i.—pp. 374, 375.

A pendant to this is the description of Grattan, as he appeared in a morning visit to certain American gentlemen, whom Sir Jonah took to call upon him.

"At length the door opened, and in hopped a small bent figure,—meagre, yellow, and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches' kees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head.

"This apparition saluted the strangers very courteously: asked (without any introduction) how long they had been in England, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other: their replies were costive, and they seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself; but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course; who appeared quite delighted to see his visitors, and was the most inquisitive person in the world. Randolph was far the tallest, and most dignified-looking man of the two, gray-haired and well-dressed: Grattan therefore, of course, took him for the vice-president, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph at length begged to know if they could if they could shortly have the honour of seeing Mr. Grattan. Upon which, our host, not doubting but they knew him,) conceived it must be his son James for whom they inquired, and said, he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere, to amuse himself.

"This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain; and, taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the Right Honourable Henry Grattan.

"I never saw people stare so, or so much embarrassed! Grattan himself now perceiving the cause, heartily joined in my merriment;—he pulled down his shirt-sleeves, pulled up his stockings; and, in his own irresistible way, apologised for the *outré* figure he cut, assuring them he had totally overlooked it, in his anxiety not to keep them waiting; that he was returning to Ireland next morning, and had been busily packing up his books and papers in a closet full of dust and cobwebs! This incident rendered the interview more interesting: the Americans were charmed with their reception; and, after a protracted visit, retired highly gratified, whilst Grattan returned again to his books and cobwebs.—Vol. i.—351—353.

Our author, when in the meridian of his glory at Dublin, gave a dinner, to which the Speaker of the Irish parliament brought along with him two young men, just then returned to that House. These young men were Captain Wellesley and Mr. Stewart—afterwards the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh. Captain Wellesley then, in 1790, was ruddy-faced and juvenile in appearance, and popular enough among the young men of his age and station. His address was unpolished, and though he occasionally spoke in parliament, never on any important subject, and altogether evinced no promise of his future celebrity. Mr. Stewart, at that time, was a professed, and not a very moderate patriot. Sir Jonah Barrington observes, on the effect of the personal intimacy between those two individuals: "Sir Arthur Wellesley never would," says he, "have had the chief command in Spain, but for the ministerial manœuvring and aid of Lord Castlereagh, never could have stood his ground as a minister, but for Lord Wellington's successes."

Sir Jonah brings this pair again on the scene at a subsequent period, when they had undergone no little change.

"Many years subsequently to the dinner-party I have mentioned met Lord Castlereagh in the Strand, and a gentleman with his lordship stopped me, whereat I was rather surprised, as we had not met some time; he spoke very kindly, smiled, and asked if I had forgotten my friend, Sir Arthur Wellesley?—whom I discovered in his companion; but looking so sallow and wan, and with every mark of what is called a worn-out man, that I was truly concerned at his appearance. But he soon recovered his health and looks, and went as the Duke of Richmond's secretary to Ireland; where he was in all material traits still Sir Arthur Wellesley—but it was Sir Arthur Wellesley judiciously improved. He had not forgotten his friends, nor did he forget himself. He said that he had accepted the office of secretary only on the terms that it should not impede or interfere with his military pursuits; and what he said proved true, for he was soon sent, as second in command, with Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen, to break through the law of nations, and execute the most distinguished piece of treachery that history records.

"On Sir Arthur's return he recommenced his duty of secretary; and during his residence in Ireland in that capacity, I did not hear one complaint against any part of his conduct either as a public or private man. He was afterwards appointed to command in Spain; an appointment solicited, and I believe expected, by Sir John Doyle. It might be entertaining to speculate on the probable state of Europe at present, if Sir John had been then appointed generalissimo. I do not mean to infer any disparagement to the talents of Sir John, but he might have pursued a different course, not calculated, as in Sir Arthur's instance, to have decided (for the time being) the fate of Europe.

"A few days before Sir Arthur's departure for Spain, I requested him to spend a day with me, which he did. The company was not very large, but some of Sir Arthur's military friends were among the party:—the late Sir Charles Asgill, the present General Meyrick, &c. &c. I never saw him more cheerful or happy. The bombardment of Copenhagen being by chance started as a topic of remark, I did not join in its praise; but, on the other hand, muttered that I never did nor should approve of it.

"'D—n it, Barrington,' said Sir Arthur, 'why? what do you mean to say?' 'I say, Sir Arthur,' replied I, 'that it was the very best devised, the very best executed, and the most just and necessary "robbery and murder" now on record!' He laughed and adjourned to the drawing-room, where Lady B. had a ball and supper as a *finish* for the departing hero."—Vol. i. pp. 323—325.

Again, at Paris, in 1815, Sir Jonah paid a visit to the duke; he merely observes he was "intermediately much changed!" The interview was doubtless as cold as charity.

Every thing we have read of Lord Clare has combined to convey a most disagreeable impression of his character, and it was with delight we read an account of his being made ridiculous by Lord Aldborough. His lordship had had a cause decided against him, with costs, by Lord Clare, corruptly, as was conceived. He appealed to the Lords, but there sat the Lord Chancellor Clare, and, as lately in the case of Lord Eldon, decided on appeals from himself. Lord Aldborough had now no remedy left but to write *at* the Chancellor. In a pamphlet he told the following humorous story of a Dutch skipper, which he conceived precisely in point:—

"His lordship was going to Amsterdam on one of the canals in a *trekschuit*—the captain or skipper of which being a great rogue, extorted from his lordship, for his passage, much more than he had a lawful right to claim. My lord expostulated with the skipper in vain; the fellow grew rude; his lordship persisted; the skipper got more abusive. At length Lord Aldborough told him he would, on landing, immediately go to the proper tribunals and get redress from the judge. The skipper cursed him as an impudent *milord*, and

desired him to do his worst, snapping his tarry *finger-posts* in his lordship's face. Lord Aldborough paid the demand, and, on landing, went to the legal officer to know when the court of justice would sit. He was answered, at nine next morning. Having no doubt of ample redress, he did not choose to put the skipper on his guard by mentioning his intentions. Next morning he went to court and began to tell his story to the judge, who sat with his broad-brimmed hat on, in great state, to hear causes of that nature. His lordship fancied he had seen the man before, nor was he long in doubt! for ere he had half-finished, the judge, in a voice like thunder (but which his lordship immediately recognised, for it was that of the identical skipper!) decided against him *with full costs*, and ordered him out of court. His lordship, however, said he would *appeal*, and away he went to an advocate for that purpose. He did accordingly appeal, and the next day his appeal cause came regularly on. But all his lordship's stoicism forsook him, when he again found that the very same skipper and judge was to decide *the appeal* who had decided *the cause*; so that the learned skipper first cheated and then laughed at him."—Vol. i. pp. 360—362.

The lord chancellor complained in the House of this pamphlet, as a breach of privilege, and holding the book in his hands, demanded of Lord Aldborough if he admitted it to be his writing, to which his lordship replied he would admit nothing as written by him until it had been read. Lord Clare began to read it, but not being near enough to the light, his opponent seized an enormous pair of candlesticks from the table, walked deliberately to the throne, and requested permission to hold the candles for him whilst he was reading the book. The unfortunate chancellor feeling himself outdone, duly read the comparison of himself to the Dutch skipper and the rest of the libel to the House, while Lord Aldborough assiduously presented the lights, and did not omit to set the reader right when he mistook a word or misplaced an emphasis. This may well be supposed the sweetest enjoyment to an angry and litigious controversialist, and gave no little amusement to a crowded assembly, containing a large number of secret haters of the complainant. Though imprisonment was the result to Lord Aldborough, we can scarcely pity him.

We are glad to see that the formality and dulness of another lord chancellor (the present Lord Redesdale) were properly appreciated by our lively neighbours. From an account that Sir Jonah gives of a dinner, it appears that this dull, but laborious man, was completely bewildered by the eccentricities of the Irish bar.

After some witticisms of Mr. Toler, (Lord Norbury,) which raised a laugh, the hancellor seemed somewhat discomposed.

"He sat for awhile silent; until skating became a subject of conversation, when his lordship rallied—and with an air of triumph said, that in his boyhood all danger was avoided; for, before they began to skait, they always put blown bladders under their arms; and so, if the ice happened to break, they were buoyant and saved.

"Ay, my lord!" said Toler, that's what we call blatheram-skate in Ireland."

"His lordship did not understand the sort of thing at all: and (though extremely courteous,) seemed to wish us all at our respective homes. Having failed with Toler, in order to say a civil thing or two, he addressed himself to Mr. Garra O'Farrell, a jolly Irish barrister, who always carried a parcel of coarse national humour about with him; a broad, squat, ruddy-faced fellow,

\* An Irish vulgar idiom for "nonsense."



with a great aquiline nose and a humorous eye. Independent in mind and property, he generally said whatever came uppermost.—‘Mr. Garrat O’Farrell,’ said the chancellor solemnly, ‘I believe your name and family were very respectable and numerous in County Wicklow. I think I was introduced to several of them during my late tour there.’

“‘Yes, my lord!’ said O’Farrell, ‘we *were* very numerous; but so many of us have been lately hanging for sheep-stealing, that the name is getting rather scarce in that county.’

“His lordship said no more: and (so far as respect for a new chancellor admitted) we got into our own line of conversation, without his assistance. His lordship, by degrees, began to understand some jokes a few minutes after they were uttered. An occasional smile discovered his enlightenment; and, at the breaking up, I really think his impression was, that we were a pleasant, though not very comprehensible race, possessing at a dinner-table much more good-fellowship than special pleading; and that he would have a good many of his old notions to get rid of before he could completely cotton to so dissimilare body:—but he was extremely polite. Chief Justice Downs, and a few more of our high, cold sticklers for ‘decorum,’ were quite uneasy at this skirmishing.”—Vol. i. pp. 337—339.

The Chancellor’s backwardness at comprehension left him behind in court as well as at table: of this the following is an amusing instance.

“I never met a cold-blooded ostentatious man of office, whom I did not feel pleasure in mortifying: an affectation of sang-froid is necessary neither to true dignity nor importance, and generally betrays the absence of many amiable qualities.

“I never saw Lord Redesdale more puzzled than at one of Plunkett’s best *jeux d’esprits*. A cause was argued in Chancery, wherein the plaintiff prayed that the defendant should be restrained from suing him on certain bills of exchange, as they were nothing but *kites*.—‘Kites?’ exclaimed Lord Redesdale:—‘Kites, Mr. Plunkett? Kites never could amount to the value of those securities! I don’t understand this statement at all, Mr. Plunkett.’

“‘It is not to be expected that you should, my Lord,’ answered Plunkett: ‘In England and in Ireland, kites are quite different things. In England, the *wind* raises the *kites*; but, in Ireland, the *kites* raise the *wind*.’

“‘I do not feel any way better informed yet, Mr. Plunkett,’ said the matter-of-fact chancellor.

“‘Well, my Lord, I’ll explain the thing without mentioning those birds of prey:—and therewith he elucidated the difficulty.’—Vol. i.—pp 339, 340.

We have thus made a most copious selection of good things from Sir Jonah’s storehouse, while on looking at the work and at the notes we made in the perusal of it, we find an almost undiminished treasure left behind. We were anxious to have made many quotations and drawn many illustrations, which want of space, but more particularly a fit of modest shame at the extent of our robbery compel us to relinquish. One whole volume has been nearly left untouched by us, and many interesting points of the other left unnoticed. We have said enough of Sir Jonah’s tendency to colour facts and to draw for incidents on a ready fancy, in the early part of this article; we will add now, that while this vivacity certainly renders Sir Jonah’s sketches particularly amusing, it does not diminish to any great extent their historical value. It is easy to strip his stories to the essentials; and the more important divisions of his memoirs are, on the whole, more soberly penned.

The parts of the “Sketches” which especially relate to the Rebellion in Ireland are very interesting; and as Sir Jonah was inti-

mately acquainted with the principal heroes of it, his testimony is valuable. We particularly recommend to the notice of the reader his account of the dinner to which he is a party, on the eve of the rebellion, given by several of the chiefs whose heads shortly after adorned the bridge of Wexford.—Vol. 1, p. 267. There is also a very interesting chapter on Mrs. Jordan, a subject which the author treats with much mystery, while at the same time he records several instructive anecdotes and remarks. The whole of the author's residence in France, we must dismiss with a bare acknowledgment of its importance and curiosity. Sir Jonah lived intimately among the spies of the police during the hundred days, without knowing it; as he associated with the chief insurgents of Ireland without suspecting treason. In Sir Jonah's account of the scene in Paris, the administering the oath to the peers, the inspection of the army under Davoust, and various other circumstances, are told, not only in a way to attract by the interest of the narration, but by the characteristic touches which show off the narrator along with his subject. We very much wish that our limits permitted us to imitate Lord Aldborough, and hold the candle to Sir Jonah reading his own book.

We take our leave of him—if we have spoken too freely of his talent for the manufacture of *crackers*, we beg his pardon, and grant him ours in return. There is a brogue in the mind as well as on the tongue, and the intellectual accent is as difficult to dismiss as the vocal one. For an Irishman to tell a plain, straitforward, unadorned story, would be as impossible as that he should assume the quiet even tenor of English pronunciation. These ornaments are national, and if we cannot always approve of them, we can always laugh at them, and that is a real good.

Sir Jonah professes to have collected the hints for his work from several old trunks of letters which he long carried about with him, and into which he has again deposited them. We beseech him, as a particular favour, to re-open his trunks, and give us two more volumes. In the present work there is not the slightest mark of exhaustion. We have not only the garrulity of old age but the vigour of youth; and our parting wish is in a spirit of exaggerated good-will, which he perfectly understands, that “he may live a thousand years!”

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#### EMIGRATION.

THE plans of emigration on a large scale, which were talked of at the end of the last and the beginning of the present session, appear to have gone off in smoke, like all the plans which have preceded them for lessening the evils of the poor laws, or improving the condition of the labouring poor. A special report was made by the Commons' Committee early in the session, declaring “that private or local contribution in some shape ought to form the basis of any system of emigration, to which it may be expedient for this Committee to recommend any assistance from the national funds.” On the 5th of April, another report was made, in which it was recommended 50,000*l.* of the public money should be granted, to which 25,000*l.* was to be added by the Manufacturers' Relief Committee, for the purpose of,

transferring twelve hundred families of hand-loom weavers to our North American Colonies. But a gleam of manufacturing prosperity has appeared; the hand-loom weavers are employed, and the project of transporting them is at an end. With it, we fear, all ideas of plans of emigration applicable to other portions of the population have also disappeared. The precedent of the application of a large sum of the public money, with whatever prospect of repayment, to any purpose other than the injury of some portion of the human race, is naturally considered dangerous in a well ordered community. The evidence taken before the Emigration Committee, including that appended to the second report, and printed within the last month, contains much information concerning the surplus population of the kingdom. So that if no remedy be applied, it can scarcely be for want of knowing the disease.

The labouring population, for whose work there is an insufficient demand, may be divided into three classes: the cottier population of Ireland; the peasantry in those counties of England where the poor laws have been brought into most complete operation; and the manufacturers in the West of Scotland and the Lancashire district, who have been deprived of profitable employment by the changes produced by machinery.

As to the population of Ireland, notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject, the evidence before the Committee leads us to the conclusion, that its misery and its numbers are still rather under than over-rated. A paper was delivered in by Sir H. Parnell, of which the conclusions, if just, prove that the increase of population in that country, wretched as it is, has very nearly approached that which has been considered the maximum where there has been an unlimited quantity of the best land. In 1792, Dr. Beaufort computed the population of Ireland to amount to 4,088,226. But his calculation, founded on the returns of the hearth-money collectors, was made on the supposition that there were six persons in every house. This Sir H. Parnell deems too high an estimate, and takes *five* to a house as a fairer number, which would make the population, in 1792, 3,406,866.

In 1821, a census was taken, which made the number 6,801,827. In several instances, Sir H. Parnell says, actual enumerations have been since taken, (especially, we believe, in the districts in which charitable relief was afforded during the scarcity,) and the population returns were found to be too low. This, we believe, is generally the case in the first attempt at a census, as it is always difficult to persuade a people that it is not intended for purposes of taxation or conscription. If we suppose Dr. Beaufort's estimate too high, and the returns in 1821 too low, the population must have *doubled* in thirty years. A population doubling in thirty years, increases in ten years, Sir H. Parnell says, at the rate of 300,000 per million. So that the increase of the population of Ireland in ten years, from 1821, will be 2,100,000: its total population in four years hence, that is, in 1831, will be above nine millions.

We doubt the justice of Sir H. Parnell's supposition, that Dr. Beaufort's estimate was too high; as it is very probable, and was at the time generally believed, that the hearth returns were defective. The per centage of increase in ten years, in a population

doubling in thirty years, is not 300,000, but 255,000, per million.\* But, on the other hand, it is to be taken into account, that in the period between 1791 and 1821 there were rebellions and wars, which must have had some effect in checking the increase; and from which, since 1821, we have been, and may till 1831 continue to be, free. If therefore the population of Ireland do not amount to nine millions in 1831, it will not fall far short of it. At present, it is probably near eight millions.

The miserable poverty and unproductiveness of this population cannot be better shown than by the fact, that under the most taxing government of the world only ten shillings a head can be extracted from them in taxes. In England at least 4*l.* per head is paid. If we deduct from the eight millions of Irish, a tenth part, consisting of the inhabitants of the towns, gentry, and clergy, officers of government, and soldiers, who may consume nearly as much taxed commodities as the *average* of all classes, high and low, in England, the rest would seem to be practically untaxed, because incapable of paying any thing; and yet they are more wretched than the greatest tax-payers in the world.

It is clearly proved by the evidence before the Committee on Emigration and on the state of Ireland, that this superabundant population, settled as it is upon small parcels of land, continually subdivided into still smaller patches, forms the most serious obstacle to the improvement of Ireland. Without dispossessing a part of this population, an improvement in cultivation cannot take place; if they are dispossessed without removing them, the peace of the country cannot be preserved, and no farmers can apply capital to the soil, or can be tempted to make the trial. The greatest part of the time of these people is wasted in idleness, without enough food to make idleness agreeable; and the labour which they bestow is wasted on an unprofitable and scourging course of husbandry. Dr. Doyle's description of their miserable condition has been often quoted, and is too painful to repeat unnecessarily. The doctor says, "I have frequently prayed to God, if it were his will, rather to take me out of life, than to leave me to witness such evils." We do not know whether the doctor, who is a fine, robust, and tolerably well-fed passionate priest, would like to be taken at his word; but we have no doubt that the sight of the condition of such a people must be deeply affecting, even to a less sympathetic man.

There are two things that strike foreigners, and are indeed the great peculiarities of the British empire:—the vast territorial extent of its colonial possessions, and the readiness with which vast capitals can be collected for any purpose, when there is a security or even a plausible promise of profit. There is the third peculiarity which we have just detailed, and which is the more remarkable by its co-existence with the two others—that crowded and impoverished population, strong and sufficiently laborious—half-starving for want of land—three-quarters idle for want of capital—close to the heart of the

\* The Inspector-General of Hearth-money was of this opinion.—*Wakefield's Ireland*, p. 689, vol. 2.

Dr. Beaufort's calculation was in reality founded on the returns of 1789.

richest empire of the world, impeding its productiveness and disturbing its peace. It cannot be suspected that, under such circumstances, the existence of this evil is to be attributed, not to absolute necessity, but to some imbecility or negligence in the legislature.

The experiments with pauper emigrants, which have hitherto been tried upon a small scale, have completely succeeded. They have been tried in two ways. Some have been landed almost without money in the populous parts of America, and allowed to find work as they could; others have been settled on portions of land given them in Canada. Of the first kind of emigration there are details in the evidence of Mr. Hodges, annexed to the report of 1826, and that of Mr. Homewood, annexed to the second report of 1827. Of the second kind were those conducted in 1823 and 1825 by Mr. P. Robinson. These people have been placed in a condition, in which they have not only been relieved from want or pauperism, but would undoubtedly be enabled, at some time more or less distant, to repay the sums expended in transporting them.

There is nothing in emigration which, if proper precaution be adopted, should make it more difficult on a large than on a small scale. In colonies, as elsewhere, the strength of men is in union and concert; and new comers are welcomed with an instinctive feeling that they add to the wealth and comfort of a settlement. The only difficulty, therefore, is, that the government does not feel itself bold enough to expend a sum sufficient for the purpose, or strong enough to enforce payment of the advances from the emigrants, although the latter would be benefited by the expenditure, and able to repay it. The Scotch hand-loom weavers, as we shall see, are willing to enter into any sort of contract which the case admits of, to repay whatever may be expended on them. With the Irish, who are more ignorant, and consequently more suspicious and immoral, there would be no doubt greater difficulty either in making a bargain, or in enforcing it when made; but the difficulty is not so great, we think, as to induce us to abandon it in despair.

Mr. McCulloch, in an article in the *Edinburgh Review* (No. 89) urges the adoption of an extensive plan of emigration, but contends that a tax should be enforced on the rent of Ireland, and on cottages both in England and Ireland, by which the interest on a loan of thirteen or fourteen millions, which he deems necessary to convey a million of emigrants to America, will be paid, and a sinking fund for its extinction provided. He would abandon altogether all hopes of repayment from the emigrants themselves. This, we fear, is to abandon altogether all hopes of the execution of the plan. Even if the resolution of the Committee were not conclusive on the subject, we should not have the slightest hope that the Irish landlords would allow themselves to be taxed for the sake of the prospective change to be produced by emigration, of which (it must be allowed) it would require more intelligence and vigilance than most of them possess to reap the benefits.

There are various plans by which at least a considerable chance of repayment would be given. In the first place, leases might be given for seven or fourteen years, with stipulations that on payment of the sums advanced for the transport of the emigrant, he should receive a grant in fee. No doubt great objections exist, in countries like Canada,

to take any such leases; but these objections are felt by those who have the means of buying land, and are scarcely to be anticipated in those who would be placed on it by an act of national charity. The principle of not looking a gift-horse in the mouth, would be fully understood by persons in that condition. Mr. McCulloch observes, "that both in Canada and the United States numerous lots of land are every year sold for payment of the public taxes, which are so very trifling, as rarely to exceed twopence an acre;" which proves, he thinks, that no payment could be obtained. He should know, however, that in the United States at least, there are sales of land, for the most part not actually settled, of which grants have been obtained by persons who hope to profit without exertion, by the increasing population;—a class of speculators on whom a small tax per acre imposes a salutary check. If these sales, in many cases, are of settled and partially improved land, they shew that the ejection of men for non-payment of their debts to the state, is perfectly practicable, and is practised without creating discontent.

It is to be observed also, that a continued stream of emigration would afford the first emigrants the means of repaying the sums bestowed upon them with facility, in labour or in produce, as soon as the produce raised is more than sufficient for their own support. That some of them would fail, is to be expected; but if they abandoned their settlements before any expense was incurred on them, the whole loss would be the passage money: if they abandoned them at some later time, they could scarcely fail to leave the land in a more or less improved state; and in all such cases the land should be sold to the highest bidder, and not given to the government emigrants.

It does not give us a high idea of the force of moral and religious obligations among mankind, to reflect that men are left in a state of the utmost misery—thrown together, as Dr. Doyle expresses it, like savages in a wood, merely because there are well-founded doubts whether, if relieved from it, and placed in a state of comfort, they would be grateful and just enough to be willing to repay to those who effected this change, the expense incurred in benefiting them.

Mr. McCulloch objects, that any plan of repayment, arising out of the rent of land, would not be applicable to a large body of emigrants, who might be advantageously disposed of by merely landing them in Canada and the United States, without any further expense being incurred on their account. It appears to us no objection to a plan for obtaining repayment from one class of emigrants, that it is not applicable to another; but even from this class means of obtaining payment might be devised, if the numbers poured into every colony did not exceed the means of employment. If the emigrants were hired for a certain time to any person who would reimburse the government for the expense of their transport, the arrangement would be just and beneficial, we are persuaded, to the emigrants themselves, who would be thus relieved from the uncertainties incident to the first landing in a country, and would commence to act on their own responsibility only when they had acquired experience to guide them. This plan is, perhaps, most applicable to the younger class of emigrants, and is pointed at in the evidence appended to the

second Report, as applicable to the Cape of Good Hope ; \* but it is susceptible, we think, of much wider extension. There is, it is to be observed, no better security against over-supplying the demand for labour, and thus exposing the emigrant to suffering, than by making a contract for his employment for a certain time. The great objection, probably, to this plan is the misconception and prejudice to which it will give rise. The extreme suspiciousness of the Irish poor, in particular, is exemplified in the evidence before the Committee on the State of Ireland, of Mr. Robinson, who managed the emigration to Canada. "From the circumstance," he says, "of my refusing a man who offered to emigrate from Faraby, (being a Protestant,) the Catholics thought it was a plan to entrap them only; and not one person came afterwards from Faraby, and but one from Kildorney, although before that I had many applicants from both places." But the advantages of emigration, and the fairness of the intentions of the government towards the emigrants, and the exertions of the priests, (who, according to Mr. Robinson, cordially co-operated in explaining the motives of the undertaking,) might be relied upon for the removal of any unjust prejudice.

The plan which we have described may be called the natural and proper mode of managing the emigration of the labourer—the expense of the transfer of his labour to the spot where it is most valuable, is paid for by the increased value of that labour itself.

Mr. McCulloch must make up his mind, we think, to this;—emigration must either be undertaken with some prospect of repayment of the sums expended, or it will not be undertaken at all. It is quite visionary to expect that thirteen or fourteen millions can be expended, without prospect of repayment, in any plan of public benevolence or improvement. Many millions have been spent within the last two or three years in persuading the King of Ava that he was not so powerful as the King of England, (washing an ass's head, as Rabelais expresses it, and losing the soap). But that was quite another matter. It is therefore to modes for securing the repayment that the friends of the plans of emigration should apply themselves; and we are unwilling to believe that it is hopeless to attempt to make a large body of men just or grateful.

The excess of population in some of the agricultural parishes of England is much more easily disposed of than that in Ireland, because the law of settlement enables each parish with tolerable safety to proceed separately to remove its own poor, and because the parish funds supply the means of effecting the removal. The evidence of Mr. Hodges and Mr. Headcorn proves that parishes have adopted the idea of relieving themselves by facilitating the emigration of the poor, even without the advantage of any legislative aid; the testimony of several other witnesses shows that many parishes would gladly adopt it, if any facility were afforded them. But if this expedient were put in practice in England, and the result exceeded the most sanguine expectations of those who recommend it, by putting every English labourer in a condition to earn a subsistence without recourse to the poor rates, this would

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\* Evidence of Mr. Carberle, Lieut. White, and Mr. Ellis, *passim*.

be necessarily accompanied by such an advance of wages as would attract the full current of Irish pauperism in this direction, till the English labourers removed at the expense of the parishes would be replaced by a less civilized, less industrious, and less manageable race. In New York there exists a state law which compels all emigrants landing there to give a security that they do not within a certain time become chargeable to the community. As a permanent provision applied to the Irish resorting to this country, so long as there are poor laws in England and no poor laws in Ireland, so long as those who want the labour of Irishmen for a time can entice them to England and throw on the parishes the expense of sending them back, such a law would be just and expedient; but in the event of any means being taken at the expense of rate-payers throughout the kingdom, for removing the superfluous labourers in agriculture, some such precaution would be indispensable, unless the improvement of Ireland preceded or accompanied the improvement of England.

The hand-loom weavers form the principal part of the third class of the labouring population to which we have referred. It is unfortunately certain, that by almost every improvement in the productiveness of the whole community, by means of machinery, a class more or less numerous is thrown out of employment, or compelled to struggle hopelessly under all sorts of disadvantages for the most scanty support. We may flatter ourselves with the hope, that the increased demand occasioned by an improvement in the production of any article compensates the labouring classes for the changes to which they are subjected. We may indulge the hope, that men may find new occupations; but in proportion as labour is more and more subdivided, and as wages are reduced to the sum necessary for the bare subsistence of the workmen, the greater is the time needed to change an occupation, and the less can the labourer afford to sacrifice it. The following was the condition, a few weeks ago, of the hand-loom weavers at Glasgow, as given in the evidence of one of their representatives; and this or worse has been the condition of tens of thousands of hand-loom weavers in England. "The machines that we employ are all at the expense of the operative, with the exception of what is called the wheel, which is a trifling part of the materials necessary; the hours of working are various; they are sometimes *eighteen* or *nineteen* hours, and even *all night* is common *one or two nights* in the week; and on the calculation we have made of the wages, after deducting the necessary expenses, they will not amount to more than from *4s. 6d.* to *7s.* per week." The difference in wages does not arise from the difference of number of hours, but from the difference of the kind of the work. "A man that works eighteen or nineteen hours, works at *4s.* at one kind of work, when he might probably earn *6s.* at another."

This was the miserable state of men possessing some little capital and great skill, and the improvement which has taken place in their condition is a rise of perhaps from *4s. 6d.* to *6s.* as the wages of ninety-six hours' toil. Against any temporary increase of demand is to be set the continual extension of the power-loom machinery, and its gradual application to the few branches of weaving which they yet retain.

Large classes of men sacrificed for the sake of society, whether by



the voluntary act of the legislature or by the progress of inventions, have surely some claim upon the community; it would scarcely be unreasonable to expect that something should be risked (for perhaps nothing may be finally lost) in their behalf. The precedent of aiding them by public money is said to be dangerous. We see no danger connected with it except the danger of its not being followed.

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#### PROCEEDINGS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

*April 27th.* Dr. Granville gave an account from the lecture table, of his examinations of various Egyptian and other mummies, and of his attempts to imitate those of the Egyptians, by the processes which he believes them to have followed. His experiments had been very successful, so far as could be judged of, by comparing his specimens, after a lapse of two or three years, with Egyptian mummies. A great collection of mummies and preserved specimens, belonging to Dr. Granville, Mr. Brookes, Mr. Pettigrew, and others, was upon the table.

On the library tables were numerous new and curious books and objects in natural history.

*May 4th.* Mr. Faraday gave an experimental account of the action of chlorine and its compounds, when used in cases requiring disinfecting agents. The chemical action of the chlorine was explained, and the nature and composition of its compounds with hydrated lime, and with carbonate of soda was given, and illustrated by tables and experiments. These compounds are highly valuable, not only in their more important applications, when applied to medicinal purposes, but also for many domestic and daily uses.

After this subject had been disposed of, the mummy of an ichneumon was opened at the lecture table, by Dr. Granville. The library tables were, as usual, stored with literary curiosities.

*May 11th.* The subject this evening was the tenacity of metals, as exemplified and illustrated during some experiments upon the drawing of fine wires through gems and hard stones. Wire drawn in this way has been extended to the length of many miles, without an appreciable increase in diameter, and has at one draught been increased to more than twice its former length. Mr. Broekedon, who was the author of these experiments, delivered an account of them from the lecture table, with numerous experimental illustrations.

Mr. Wheatstone's beautiful phonic instrument, called the Kaleidophone, was placed upon the library table, upon which were also numerous literary novelties.

*May 18th.* A discourse on the forms of nautical vessels, from the raft to the most perfect ship, was delivered in the lecture room by Mr. Holdsworth, who, at the same time, presented the most apt illustrations from drawings, and a collection of very fine models placed upon the table.

A series of geological specimens, collected by Captain Parry, and his officers, at Port Bowen, Prince Regent's Inlet, were exhibited on the library table.

## MAGAZINIANA.

**JOHN KEMBLE'S DEFINITION OF INDEPENDENCE.**—Mr. John Kemble once seriously told me that true independence consisted in—"being able to shave with cold water!"

We had left town early; and I expressed a wish for our arrival where I might enjoy the luxury of warm water for the purpose of shaving. "There, my dear Dibdin!" observed my fellow-traveller, "you are quite wrong: you go often, I dare say, (as I do) on visits to gentlemen's houses, where a guest, who is not attended by a valet of his own, will always find it advisable to make himself as independent of his host's servants as possible: now, if you are subservient to the luxury of warm water, you must either ring your bell as soon as you awake in the morning; or, if you do not readily find one, you must call William, or John, or Thomas, (for gentlemen's servants have various names), and ask for warm water; by which means it is proclaimed to all the house that Mr. Thomas Dibdin is going to get rid of his beard; (it is a mistake to suppose he said *bird*.) On the other hand, if, even in the depth of winter, you are man enough to use cold water, you enter the breakfast-parlour in the true spirit of independence, above the necessity of previous assistance; and the neatness of your toilet receives double effect from the silent and unassuming way in which you have made it."—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin*.

**FATAL BOAST.**—In the course of conversation, our hostess, the *Juffrona Maré*, gave an account of the recent death of one of her relations in the following manner: On the 1st of January a party of friends and neighbours had met together to celebrate New Year's Day; and having got heated with liquor, began each boastfully to relate the feats of hardihood they had performed. Maré, who had been a great hunter of elephants (having killed in his day above forty of those gigantic animals) laid a wager that he would go into the forest, and pluck three hairs out of an elephant's tail. The feat he actually performed, and returned safely with the trophy to his comrades. But not satisfied with this daring specimen of his audacity, he laid another bet that he would return and shoot the same animal on the instant. He went accordingly, with his mighty *roar*,—but never returned. He approached too incautiously, and his first shot not proving effective, the enraged animal rushed upon him before he could re-load, or make his escape, and having first thrust his tremendous tusks through his body, trampled him to a cake.—*Thompson's Southern Africa*.

**Mrs. JORDAN'S "OLD HABITS."**—"How happens it," said I to her, when last in Dublin, "that you still exceed all your profession even in characters not so adapted to you now as when I first saw you? How do you contrive to be so buoyant—nay, so childish, on the stage, whilst you lose half your spirits, and degenerate into gravity, the moment you are off it?" "Old habits!" replied Mrs. Jordan, "old habits! had I formerly studied my positions, weighed my words, and measured my sentences, I should have been artificial, and they might have hissed me: so, when I had got the words well by heart, I told Nature I was then at her service to do whatever she thought proper with my feet, legs, hands, arms, and features: to her I left the whole matter: I became, in fact, merely her puppet, and never interfered further myself in the business. I heard the audience laugh at me, and I laughed at myself: they laughed again, so did I: and they gave me credit for matters I knew very little about, and for which Dame Nature, not I, should have received their approbation."—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Personal Sketches of his own Times*.

**THE ELDER SHERIDAN'S POETICAL EAR.**—During the latter part of his theatrical life, he was unfortunately subject to something like an approach to asthma, which, especially when declaiming, obliged him alternately to (what is very vulgarly called) hawk and spit; but as his ear was very fine respecting poetical measure, he never suffered the expression of his infirmity to break the quantity of a line, and therefore let it stand as a substitute for the word or syllable displaced; as thus, in Cato:—

My bane and (hawk) tidote are both before me:

This in a moment brings me to my (hawk),

And this informs me I can never (spit).

*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

**DIFFICULTY OF ACQUIRING ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.**—For a European or American to acquire a living Oriental language, root and branch, and make it his own, is quite a different thing from his acquiring a cognate language of the west, or any of the dead languages, as they are studied in the schools. One circumstance may serve to illustrate this. I once had occasion to devote a few months to the study of the French. I have now been above two years engaged in the Burman. But if I were to chuse between a Burman and a French book, to be examined in, without previous study, I should, without the least hesitation, choose the French. When we take up a western language, the similarity in the characters, in very many terms, in many modes of expression, and in the general structure of the sentences, its being in fair print, (a circumstance we hardly think of,) and the assistance of grammars, dictionaries, and instructors, render the work comparatively easy. But when we take up a language spoken by a people on the other side of the earth, whose very thoughts run in channels diverse from ours, and whose modes of expression are consequently all new and uncouth; when we find the letters and words all totally destitute of the least resemblance to any language we have ever met with, and these words not fairly divided, and distinguished, as in western writing, by breaks, and points, and capitals—but run together in one continuous line, a sentence or paragraph seeming to the eye but one long word—when instead of clear characters on paper, we find only obscure scratches on dried palm leaves strung together, and called a book; when we have no dictionary, and no interpreter to explain a single word, and must get something of the language, before we can avail ourselves of the assistance of a native teacher.—*Judson's Baptist Mission.*

**EMERY AT THE THEATRICAL BEEFSTEAK CLUB.**—To keep conversation general, it was the custom, in this society, after two or three usual toasts, to call upon one gentleman for the name of a public performer, and on another for the title of a dramatic work or quotation to correspond; as thus:—the president gave "Charles Incledon," and Mr. Coust added,

Gratiano talks an infinite deal of nothing;

or another proposed "George Cook," to which name Mr. John Johnstone, with a richly-acted brogue, exclaimed, "a load o' whiskey" (*Iodoiska*). Mr. Emery, who was introduced to this joyous assembly the same day with myself, and who was reckoned (with myself, of course) a very diffident man,—was at first much annoyed by these quotations, which, to produce greater effect, were to be given as instantaneously as possible on the name being announced, with which they were to correspond. When, on the first day, it came to Emery's turn to make a quotation, he declared that (although an actor) he never could extemporaneously think of an apt extract from a play, nor had he ever made one on any subject. On being pressed, however, without any apparent consciousness of its just applicability to himself, he said—

Indeed, indeed, sirs! but this troubles me.

[On one of these occasions Professor Porson was called upon for a quotation. The health just drunk was that of Gilbert Wakefield, who had recently published his diatribe on Porson's *Hecuba*. The Professor gave—

What's *Hecuba* to him or he to *Hecuba*.]

*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

**OTHELLO SAVED FROM SUICIDE.**—I was behind Covent-Garden scenes one evening in my boyhood, when a gentleman made his *début* in *Othello*; Mr. Hull played Gratiano. In the last scene, the new actor, naturally bewildered on such an occasion, had neglected to provide himself with a dagger with which to kill himself; and before he recollected this oversight, had got as far, in his concluding speech, as—"I took by the throat the circumcised dog," when, almost at his wits' end for something to "smite him" with, he looked round, saw a drawn sword in Mr. Hull's hand, and snatched it by way of substitute for the weapon he ought to have had. It happened to be a true Toledo, and indeed a very sharp one; and on *Othello's* abruptly seizing it, Mr. Hull, in most benevolent terror and agitation, losing sight of his assumed character, and anxious only for the personal safety of the *débutant*, rushed forward, seized the rapier, and exclaimed, in his richly energetic, though somewhat tremulous style of voice—"For God Almighty's sake, don't, sir!—it is a *real sword*!" and the curtain dropped amidst the convulsed laughter of the whole house.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

**THE WILD PIGEON OF AMERICA.**—In the autumn of 1813, I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. Having met the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in the barrens of natural wastes a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, in greater apparent numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, I felt an inclination to enumerate the flocks that would pass within the reach of my eye in one hour. I dismounted, and seating myself on a tolerable eminence, took my pencil to mark down what I saw going by and over me, and made a dot for every flock which passed.

Finding, however, that this was next to impossible, and feeling unable to record the flocks, as they multiplied constantly, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, discovered that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more the farther I went. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noon-day became dim, as during an eclipse; the pigeons' dung fell in spots, not unlike melting flakes of snow; and the continued buzz of their wings over me, had a tendency to incline my senses to repose.

Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles, where the pigeons were still passing, and this continued for three days in succession.

The people were indeed all up in arms, and shooting on all sides at the passing flocks. The banks of the river were crowded with men and children, for here the pigeons flew rather low as they passed the Ohio. This gave a fair opportunity to destroy them in great numbers. For a week or more the population spoke of nothing but pigeons, and fed on no other flesh but that of pigeons. The whole atmosphere during this time was strongly impregnated with the smell appertaining to their species.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The inquiry will show the astonishing bounty of the Creator in his works, and how universally this bounty has been granted to every living thing on that vast continent of America.

We shall take, for example, a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate of one mile per minute. This will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eighty square miles, and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion one hundred and fifteen millions one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock; and as every pigeon consumes fully half a pint of food per day, the quantity must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day which is required to feed such a flock.

As soon as these birds discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below, and at this time exhibit their plumes in all the beauties of their plumage; now displaying a large glistening sheet of bright azure, by exposing their backs to view, and suddenly veering exhibit a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower over the woods, and are lost among the foliage for a moment, but they reappear as suddenly above; after which they alight, and, as if affrighted, the whole again take to wing with a roar equal to loud thunder, and wander swiftly through the forest to see if danger is near. Impelling hunger, however, soon brings them all to the ground, and then they are seen industriously throwing up the fallen leaves to seek for the last beech nut or acorn; the rear ranks continually rising, passing over, and alighting in front in such quick succession, that the whole still bears the appearance of being on the wing. The quantity of ground thus swept up, or, to use a French expression, *moissonée*, is astonishing, and so clean is the work, that gleaners never find it worth their while to follow where the pigeons have been. On such occasions, when the woods are thus filled with them, they are killed in immense numbers, yet without any apparent diminution. During the middle of the day, after their repast is finished, the whole settle on the trees to enjoy rest, and digest their food; but as the sun sinks in the horizon, they depart en masse for the roosting-place, not unfrequently hundreds of miles off, as has been ascertained by persons keeping account of their arrival and of their departure from their curious roosting places, to which I must now conduct the reader.

To one of those general nightly rendezvous, not far from the banks of Green River in Kentucky, I paid repeated visits. It was, as is almost always the case, pitched in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude of growth, but with little underwood. I rode through it lengthwise upwards of forty miles, and crossed it in different parts, ascertaining its width to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had chosen this spot, and I arrived there nearly two hours before the setting of the sun. Few pigeons

were then to be seen, but a great number of persons with horses and waggons, guns, and ammunition, had already established different camps on the borders. Two farmers from the neighbourhood of Russellville, distant more than one hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on pigeon-meat; and here and there the people, employed in picking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the centre of large piles of those birds, all proving to me that the number resorting there at night must be immense, and probably consisting of all those then feeding in Indiana, some distance beyond Jeffersonville, not less than one hundred and fifty miles off. The dung of the birds was several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting-place like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter I observed were broken at no great distance from the ground, and the branches of many of the largest and tallest so much so, that the desolation already exhibited equalled that performed by a furious tornado. As the time elapsed, I saw each of the anxious persons about to prepare for action; some with sulphur in iron pots, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns double and treble charged. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had yet arrived,—but all of a sudden I heard a cry of “*Here they come!*” The noise which they made, though distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived, and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole-men. The current of birds, however, kept still increasing. The fires were lighted, and a most magnificent, as well as wonderful and terrifying sight was before me. The pigeons, coming in by millions, alighted every where one on the top of another, until masses of them resembling hanging swarms of bees as large as hogheads, were formed on every tree in all directions. These heavy clusters were seen to give way, as the supporting branches, breaking down with a crash, came to the ground, killing hundreds of those which obstructed their fall, forcing down other equally large and heavy groups, and rendering the whole a scene of uproar and of distressing confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout to those persons nearest me: The reports even of the different guns were seldom heard, and I knew only of their going off by seeing the owners reload them.

No person dared venture within the line of devastation, and the hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded sufferers being left for the next morning’s operation. Still the pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued, however, the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, who, by his habits in the woods, was able to tell me, two hours afterwards, that at three miles he heard it distinctly. Towards the approach of day the noise rather subsided; but longer objects were at all distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they arrived the day before, and at sun-rise none that were able to fly remained. The howlings of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, the lyax, the cougars, bears, raccoons, opossums, and pole-cats, were seen sneaking off the spot, whilst the eagles and hawks of different species, supported by a horde of buzzards and carrion crows, came to supplant them, and reap the benefits of this night of destruction.

It was then that I, and all those present, began our entry among the dead and wounded sufferers. They were picked up in great numbers, until each had so many as could possibly be disposed of; and afterwards the hogs and dogs were let loose to feed on the remainder.—*Account of the Wild Pigeon of America, by Mr. John James Audubon; Dr. Brewster’s Journal of Science.*

LETTERS.—“Heaven first taught letters;” this I very much doubt of, and do even deny; and I dread the sight of a letter: it is sure to bring more pain than pleasure; from a stranger it is rarely worth the trouble of reading; if from a friend, it generally brings painful intelligence. They say at sea, that “God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks,” (some of our cooks on shore are no great God-sends,) I can believe that heaven sends oral messengers, who come running breathless with good tidings; but the evil principle speeds the letter with bad news, neatly written, duly folded, sealed, and directed with unerring aim, like the fatal arrow. That we rarely receive agreeable intelligence by letter, shows that it is not the intention of nature that we should quit our friends; when we have found a person with whom we would wish to correspond regularly, we ought to communicate without the intervention of pens, paper, flaming scalding wax, and postmen. A letter in my eyes looks too much as if it came from the apothecary to be palatable; it resembles too closely the labelled phial, the neat-folded packet of powders, the trim pill-box, or the envelope of the soul-sickening bolus.—*Hogg’s Two Hundred and Nine Days on the Continent.*

**INVERTEBRATE COVERTOUSNESS. HENDERSON THE ACTOR.**—A namesake, if not a relation, of Mr. Henderson, lately told me that avarice was a predominant failing in the private character of this impressive actor, "who called," says the relater, "one day on my late excellent friend, Dr. Fryer, to present him, as a compliment, with tickets for his (Henderson's) benefit. The good and benevolent doctor, who knew the actor's foible, and bore with it, as he did with the failings of every one,—instead of accepting the tickets as a present, offered the money for them, which Henderson took with a blush; and as he put it in his pocket, struck his forehead with the unemployed hand, burst into tears, and said, 'I am ashamed; but, by G—d, I can't help it!'"—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

**BUSHMAN'S RICE.**—These poor creatures were at this time subsisting almost exclusively upon the larvæ of ants, which they dig from the ground with a pointed stick, hardened in the fire, and loaded with a stone in the thick end. We saw many parts of the plains full of holes which they had made in search of these insects. There are two species of ants which they chiefly feed upon—one of a black, and the other of a white colour. The latter is considered by them very palatable food, and is, from its appearance, called by the boors "Bushman's rice." This rice has an acid, and not very unpleasant taste, but it must require a great quantity to satisfy a hungry man. In order to fill the stomach, and perhaps to correct the too great acidity of this food, the Bushmen eat along with it the gum of the mimosa tree, which is merely a variety of gum arabic.—*Thompson's Travels in Southern Africa.*

**ACCOUNT OF THE SEA SERPENT.**—The captain and myself were standing on the star-board side of the vessel, looking over the bulwark, and remarking how perfectly smooth was the surface of the sea. It was about half-past six o'clock P. M. and a cloudless sky. On a sudden we heard a rushing in the water a-head of the ship. At first we imagined it to be a whale spouting, and turning to the quarter whence the sound proceeded, we observed the serpent in the position as it appears in the sketch, slowly approaching at not more than the rate of two miles an hour, in a straight direction. I suppose we were hardly going through the water so fast, for there was scarcely a breath of wind. I must premise that I had never heard of the existence of such an animal. I instantly exclaimed, why, there is a sea-snake! "That is the sea-serpent," exclaimed the captain, "and I would give my ship and cargo to catch the monster." I immediately called to the passengers, who were all down below, but only five or six came up, among whom was Miss Magee, the daughter of a merchant in New York. The remainder refused to come up, saying there had been too many hoaxes of that kind already. I was too eager to stand parleying with them, and I returned to the captain. In the same slow style the serpent passed the vessel at about fifty yards from us, neither turning his head to the right or left. As soon as his head had reached the stern of the vessel, he gradually laid it down in a horizontal position with his body, and floated along like the mast of a vessel. That there was upwards of sixty feet visible, is clearly shown by the circumstance, that the length of the ship was upwards of one hundred and twenty feet, and at the time his head was off the stern, the other end (as much as was above the surface) had not passed the main-mast. The time we saw him, as described in the drawing, was two minutes and a half. After he had declined his head, we saw him for about twenty minutes a-head, floating along like an enormous log of timber. His motion in the water was meandering like that of an eel, and the rake he left behind was like that occasioned by the passing of small craft through the water. We had but one harpoon on board, and the ship's long-boat was, for the time being, converted into a cow-house. We had two guns on board, but no ball. Two days after we saw him, he was seen by another vessel off Cape Cod, about two hundred miles from where he made his appearance to us. This intelligence reached New York about four days after we arrived there, and the description given exactly corresponded with the foregoing. I dined one day at the hotel of New York with Sir Isaac Coffin, who discredited the existence of such an animal, which was reported to have been seen by Captain Bennett of Boston about five years back; but as I assured him I had never heard previously even the report of such a monster, and that I was an Englishman, he gave full credit to it. The sketch I gave him also corresponded with the description that was circulated at that time. The humps on the back resembled in size and shape those of the dromedary.—*Testimony respecting the Sea Serpent of the American Seas; communicated by Dr. Hooker. Dr. Brewster's Journal of Science.*

**THE WAY TO OBTAIN THREE ROUNDS OF APPLAUSE.**—The novelties of Covent-Garden produced this season by other authors, were Mr. Reynolds's comedy of "Management;" "the Turnpike Gate," by Mr. Knight; "Wise Man of the East," a comedy, by Mrs. Inchbald; "Joanna of Montfaucon," a romantic play from the German, by Mr. Cumberland, who invited me to his lodgings, in Charles-street, St. James's-square, to hear him read it before it went into rehearsal, and asked me to play in it. The reason why he wished me to appear, arose from his having put into the mouth of an opposite character, addressing himself to me, "O, you have no genius, not you!"—"which," said Mr. Cumberland, "being taken by the audience in the contrary sense, will not fail to occasion three rounds of applause." With all my deference to the venerable bard's opinion, I could not exactly coincide with it in this instance, and respectfully declined the experiment.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

**AFRICAN CASCADE ON THE ORANGE RIVER.**—Having crossed the southern branch, which at this season is but an inconsiderable creek, we continued to follow the Korannas, for several miles, through the dense acacia forests, while the thundering sound of the cataract increased at every step. At length we reached a ridge of rocks, and found it necessary to dismount, and follow our guides on foot.

It seemed as we were now entering the untrodden vestibule of one of nature's most sublime temples, and the untutored savages who guided us, evinced, by the awe and circumspection with which they trod, that they were not altogether uninfluenced by the *genius loci*. They repeatedly requested me to keep behind, and follow them softly, for the precipices were dangerous for the feet of men; and the sight and sound of the cataract were so fearful, that they themselves regarded the place with awe, and ventured but seldom to visit it.

At length the whole of them halted, and desired me to do the same. One of them stepped forward to the brink of the precipice, and having looked cautiously over, beckoned me to advance. I did so, and witnessed a curious and striking scene; but it was not yet the waterfall. It was a rapid, formed by almost the whole volume of the river, compressed into a narrow channel of not more than fifty yards in breadth, whence it descended at an angle of nearly 45°, and rushing tumultuously through a black and crooked chasm among the rocks, of frightful depth, escaped in a torrent of foam. My swarthy guides, although this was unquestionably the first time that they had ever led a traveller to view the remarkable scenery of their country, evinced a degree of tact, as *ciceroni*, as well as natural feeling of the picturesque, that equally pleased and surprised me. Having forewarned me that this was not yet the waterfall, they now pioneered the way for about a mile farther along the rocks, some of them keeping near, and continually cautioning me to look to my feet, as a single false step might precipitate me into the raging abyss of waters; the tumult of which seemed to shake even the solid rocks around us.

At length we halted, as before, and the next moment I was led to a projecting rock, where a scene burst upon me, far surpassing my most sanguine expectations. The whole water of the river (except what escapes by the subsidiary channel we had crossed, and by a similar one on the north side) being previously confined to a bed of scarcely one hundred feet in breadth, descends at once in a magnificent cascade of full four hundred feet in height. I stood upon a cliff nearly level with the top of the fall, and directly in front of it. The beams of the evening sun fell upon the cascade, and occasioned a most splendid rainbow; while the vapoury mists arising from the broken waters, the bright green woods that hung from the surrounding cliffs, the astounding roar of the waterfall, and the tumultuous boiling and whirling of the stream below, striving to escape along its deep, dark, and narrow path, formed altogether a combination of beauty and grandeur, such as I never before witnessed. As I gazed on this stupendous scene, I felt as if in a dream. The sublimity of nature drowned all apprehensions of danger; and, after a short pause, I hastily left the spot where I stood to gain a nearer view from a cliff that impended over the foaming gulf. I had just reached this station, when I felt myself grasped all at once by four korannas, who simultaneously seized hold of me by the arms and legs. My first impression was, that they were going to hurl me over the precipice; but it was a momentary thought, and it wronged the friendly savages. They are themselves a timid race; and they were alarmed, lest my temerity should lead me into danger. They hurried me back from the brink, and then explained their motive, and asked my forgiveness. I was not ungrateful for their care, though somewhat annoyed by their officiousness.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

**WHEN TO KILL A LION.**—I was told here, that a lion had just killed an ox, and been shot in the act. It is the habit of the lion, it seems, when he kills a large animal, to spring upon it, and seizing the throat with his terrible fangs, to press the body down with his paws till his victim expires. The moment he seizes his prey the lion closes his eyes, and never opens them again until life is extinct. The Hottentots are aware of this; and on the present occasion one of the herdsmen ran to the spot with his gun, and fired at the lion within a few yards distance, but, from the agitation of his nerves, entirely missed him. The lion, however, did not even deign to notice the report of the gun, but kept fast hold of his prey. The Hottentot re-loaded, fired a second time, and missed; re-loaded again and shot him through the head. This fact, being well authenticated, seemed to me curious and worthy of being mentioned.—*Thompson's Travels in Southern Africa.*

**VIEW FROM BEYOND BEROHEIM.**—This is the verge of that immense flat which extends from some miles southward of Cologne, northwest through all Holland, to the very mouth of the river. A knowledge of its great extent communicated an idea of still greater magnitude and sublimity to the portion of it which the eye embraced. After a moment's gaze over the extent of prospect, my attention was caught by the distant steeples of Cologne glittering in the beam of the evening sun, and contrasting with the dull and sombre plain that encircled them.—*Historiettes, by the Author of "The English in Italy."*

**ORANGE TOAST.**—The glorious,—pious,—and immortal memory of the great and good King William:—not forgetting Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass-money, and wooden shoes. May we never want a Williamite to kick the \* \* \* \* of a Jacobite!—and a \* \* \* \* for the Bishop of Cork! And he that won't drink this, whether he be priest, bishop, deacon, bellows-blower, grave-digger, or any other of the fraternity of the clergy;—may a north wind blow him to the south, and a west wind blow him to the east! May he have a dark night—a lee shore—a rank storm—and a leaky vessel, to carry him over the river Styx! May the dog Cerberus make a meal of his r—p, and Pluto a snuff-box of his skull; and may the devil jump down his throat with a red-hot harrow, with every pin tear out a gut, and blow him with a clean carcase to hell! Amen!—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Personal Sketches of his own Times.*

**LION ANECDOTE.**—Diederik and his brother Christian generally hunt in company, and have, (between them) killed upwards of thirty lions. They have not achieved this, however, without many hair-breadth escapes, and have more than once saved each other's lives. On one of these occasions, a lion sprung suddenly upon Diederik from behind a stone, bore man and horse to the ground, and was proceeding to finish his career, when Christian galloped up, and shot the savage through the heart. In this encounter Diederik was so roughly handled, that he lost his hearing in one ear, the lion having dug his talons deeply into it.

The Buchuana Chief, old Teysho, conversing with me, while in Cape Town, about the wild animals of Africa, made some remarks on the lion, which perfectly corresponded with the accounts I have obtained from the Boors and Hottentots. The lion, he said, very seldom attacks man if unprovoked; but he will frequently approach within a few paces, and survey him steadily; and sometimes he will attempt to get behind him, as if he could not stand his look, but was yet desirous of springing upon him unawares. If a person, in such circumstances, attempts either to fight or fly, he incurs the most imminent peril; but if he has sufficient presence of mind coolly to confront him, the animal will, in almost every instance, after a little space, retire. But, he added, when a lion has once conquered man, he becomes ten times more fierce and villainous than he was before, and will even come into the kraals in search of him in preference to other prey. This epicure partiality to human flesh in these too-knowing lions, does not, in Teysho's opinion, spring either from necessity or appetite, so much as from the "native wickedness of their hearts!"—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

**A REPUBLICAN FRENCHMAN.**—He seemed of most diminutive form and stature, his insignificant person nevertheless surmounted by a large head and countenance, the eyes indeed lustreless, but the face itself beaming with placidity and benevolence—such a one as Marivaux has described as having an air *plus ancien que vieux*. His hair, which he chose not to cover, his hat being whimsically appended to the button of his coat, was of silver gray, and parted o'er the brow and cheeks, notwithstanding his age, of juvenile contour. This gave him to me a Miltonic appearance, that not a little increased my interest.—*Historiettes, by the Author of "The English in Italy."*



**ACCOUNT OF THE CARRION CROW.**—The first view of the carrion crow is disgusting, when compared with that of the *vultur aura*; its head and neck resembling in colour that of putrid matter. Its relative shortness, squareness, and clumsiness, together with its gait and manner of flying, are characteristic of an individual less powerful, and less deserving the high station which the carrion crow possesses in the order of birds, which naturalists place before eagles and falcons, so much its superior in every point of view.

"Like the turkey-buzzard, the carrion crow does not possess the power of smelling, a fact which I have ascertained by numerous observations.

"In the cities where they are protected they enter the very kitchen, and feed on whatever is thrown to them, even on vegetables. If unmolested, they will remain in the same premises for months, flying to the roof at dusk to spend the night. Six or seven are often seen standing in cold weather round the funnel of a chimney, apparently enjoying the heat from the smoke.

"Notwithstanding the penalties imposed by law, a number of those birds are destroyed on account of their audacious pilfering. They seize young pigs as great dainties. They watch the cackling hen in order to get the fresh egg from her nest, and they will not hesitate to swallow a brood of young ducks. In order to keep them from the roofs of houses where their dung is detrimental, the inhabitants guard the top with broken pieces of glass fastened in mortar, and they often kill them by throwing boiling water upon them. No fewer than two hundred of these birds are daily fed by the city of Natchez.

"Like all other cowards, these birds only fight violently when urged on by hunger or imminent danger, gradually augmenting to a high pitch; but then they make amends by beating their conquered adversary to death if in their power. When busily engaged with a dead carcass, they often jump against one another with bill and legs, striking like a common fowl, and if in the attack one overthrows the other, the victor will, without scruple, and in the most wmerciful manner, pick his naked head till it becomes clogged with blood. When any crow gains such an advantage, the victor is assisted by several others, who appear to engage in the conflict solely because there seems to be no danger.

"These birds are subject to a particular disease that I never remarked in the *vultur aura*. It consists of a kind of itching wart, which often covers the whole of the skin of their head and back of the neck, having a reddish appearance, and suppurating with a very fetid greenish humour. The bird thus afflicted, scratches these warts almost constantly, and the more irritated the larger they grow. In every one of these warts I have found fastened, as a common leech to the real skin, a small worm, very like some of those which torment certain quadrupeds, particularly, in this country, the common grey squirrel. I never could ascertain if these parasites killed the birds, but I am certain that many die during winter, or through some means to me unknown. These worms are killed by the bird, as I have found many of the warts dried, although large, but without any tenant, after a continuance of cold weather. It is not improbable that the continued filth attached to the head of these birds, after being immersed in the decayed flesh of the animals they feed on, occasions their birth. I have observed this to take place generally with the younger carrion crows, who, from the tenderness of their skin, are probably more liable to these vermin, and the older ones probably clear themselves of them more easily, as their skulls and skins become tougher. Besides these troublesome settlers, the carrion crows are troubled with lice and tick-fles of a large size, that never leave them unless they are killed, or the bird dies.

"The unexpected sight of a powerful enemy always makes these birds instantly disgorge a part of the contents of their stomachs. The object of this is supposed to be to disgust the stranger, and make him desist from advancing nearer; but in my opinion it is done to lighten the bird of an extra load, with which it is difficult for it to fly off quickly. This is more probable, as immediately after this discharge the bird takes to its wings."—*Account of the Carrion Crow, or Vultur atratus, by Mr. John James Audubon, Member of the Lyceum of New York: communicated by the Author; Dr. Brewster's Journal of Science.*

**THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.**—The Dracontes is the highest and most abrupt precipice on the Rhine's brink, crowned too with its castle; yet the beauty of a scene predominates over the sublime. Indeed it may be considered as one of the singular spots, of which these two contrary qualities dispute possession; and a gate-cloud, or a gleam of sunshine, would alternately give the superiority to one or the other.—*Histories, by the Author of "The English in Italy."*

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**A POLITE COME-OFF. GARRICK AND WEST THE PAINTER.**—When Mr. West was about to paint the Death of General Wolfe, Mr. Garrick called on him, and offered (from a wish to serve the artist, whom he held in high esteem) to sit, or rather lie for him, as the dying hero: at the same time throwing himself on the ground, he began to die, as Mr. W. related it, in so true, so dignified, and so affecting a manner, that the painter interrupted him with—"My dear Mr. Garrick, I am fully sensible of your kind intentions; but so far from the assistance you offer being likely to serve me, it would do me the greatest injury."—"Eh! eh!" said Garrick, "how? how?"—"Why, my dear sir! were it to be known, when I exhibited my picture, that you had done all this for me, whatever merit it might possess would be attributed to you."—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

**VISITORS AT A GERMAN CASTLE, IN THE VACATION.**—Diplomatists from Frankfurt and all the mock importance of the German Diet now arrived; now a professor, freed for a month's vacation from his lecturing duties at the universities—the learned Schlegel, for example, from his new chair at Bonn—German dowagers, some of the old powdered school of formality, who seemed to have kept their gravity and etiquette safe on *papillots* during the reign of French influence, so fresh, yet so antiquated, were these now produced—other dames too, of other schools more debonnaire, from the fashionable and not over precise circles of München or Wien, who had come to improve their health, air their reputation, and increase their stock of scandal, by a tour through the watering places.—*Historiettes, by the Author of "The English in Italy."*

**CHANGE OF THEATRICAL COSTUME. THE GODS IN OPPOSITION.**—Mr. West some time after remonstrated with Roscius for attiring Horatius, the Roman father, in a dressing-gown and perruque in folio, and offered him the model of a Roman toga. "No, no," said Garrick, "I don't want my house pulled about my ears: Quin dressed it so, and I dare not innovate for my life." On being further advised to dispense with the modern full-dress uniform, and adopt the tartan in the character of Macbeth, he replied:—"You forget the Pretender was here only thirty years ago; and, egad! I should be pelted off the stage with orange-peel." However high the authority from whence these trifles are related, it is certain that Garrick began that reformation of stage costume which Kemble afterwards completed.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

**THE WOODEN WALLS OF IRELAND.**—At one of those large convivial parties which distinguished the table of Major Hobart, when he was secretary in Ireland, amongst the usual loyal toasts, "The wooden walls of England" being given,—Sir John Hamilton, in his turn, gave "The wooden walls of Ireland!" This toast being quite new to us all, he was asked for an explanation: upon which, filling a bumper, he very gravely stood up, and, bowing to the Marquess of Waterford and several country gentlemen, who commanded county regiments, he said,—"My lords and gentlemen! I have the pleasure of giving you 'The wooden walls of Ireland'—the colonels of militia!"

So broad but so good-humoured a *jeu d'esprit*, excited great merriment: the truth was forgotten in the jocularly, but the epithet did not perish. I saw only one grave countenance in the room, and that belonged to the late Marquess of Waterford, who was the proudest egotist I ever met with. He had a tremendous squint,—nor was there anything prepossessing in the residue of his features to atone for that deformity. Nothing can better exemplify his lordship's opinion of himself and others, than an observation I heard him make at Lord Portarlington's table. Having occasion for a *superlative* degree of comparison between two persons, he was at a loss for a climax. At length, however, he luckily hit on one, "That man was—(said the Marquess)—he was as superior as—as—as—I am to Lord Banelegh!"—Sir Jonah Burrington's *Personal Sketches of his own Times.*

**THE ENGLISH ON THE CONTINENT.**—We are exiles, not romantic or pretentious ones, not favoured or exalted by any peculiar or dreadful visitation of Providence, Crossed in love we may have been, in friendship most have been often, wronged no doubt somewhat, but not enough to make verse withal, with every propensity to complain bitterly of the world, at least when in the spleen, but in truth with little reason, for the neglect has been on our side; would-be misanthropes, but in fact nothing more than hippish, indifferently gay, and seasonably unhappy—he, that would know more of one individual of the species, may accompany me upon my rambles.—*Historiettes, by the Author of "The English in Italy."*

**THE YOUNGER BURKE, A COXCOMB.**—The Irish catholics had conceived a wonderfully high opinion of Mr. Edmund Burke's assistance and abilities. Because he was a clever man himself, they conceived his son must needs be so too; and a deputation was sent over to induce young Mr. Burke to come to Ireland, for the purpose of superintending the progress of their bills of Emancipation in the Irish Parliament: and, to bear his expenses, a sum of 2000*l.* was voted. Mr. Keogh, of Dublin, a very sensible man, who had retired from trade, was extremely active upon this occasion.

The bills were introduced and resisted: a petition had been prepared by Burke; and, being considered neither well-timed nor well-worded, certain even of the warmest Catholic supporters declined to present it.

Young Burke, either totally ignorant of parliamentary rules, or supposing that in a disturbed country like Ireland they would be dispensed with, (especially in favour of a son of the great Burke,) determined he would present the petition himself;—not at the bar, but in the body of the House! Accordingly, he descended from the gallery, walked into the House with a long roll of parchment under his arm, and had arrived near the Treasury-bench when a general cry of "Privilege!—A stranger in the House!" arose from all quarters, and checked the progress of the intruder: but when the speaker, in his loud and dignified tone, called out "Serjeant-at-arms, do your duty!" it seemed to echo like thunder in Burke's ears; he felt the awkwardness of his situation, and ran towards the bar. Here he was met by the Serjeant-at-arms with a drawn sword,—retracing his steps, he was stopped by the clerk; and the serjeant gaining on him, with a feeling of trepidation he commenced actual flight. The door-keepers at the corridor now joined in the pursuit: but at length, after an excellent chase, (the members all keeping their seats,) he forced through the enemy behind the speaker's chair, and escaped no doubt, to his great satisfaction. Strong measures were immediately proposed: messengers dispatched in all quarters to arrest him: very few knew who he was; when Lord Norbury, (with that vivacious promptness which he always possessed,) on its being observed that no such transaction had ever occurred before,—exclaimed, "I found the very same incident some few days back in the cross-readings of the columns of a newspaper. "Yesterday a petition was presented to the House of Commons—it fortunately missed fire, and the villain ran off." "

It was impossible to withstand this sally, which put the house in a moment into good humour. Burke returned to England unsuccessful, and the matter dropped.

It being observed by some member, that the serjeant-at-arms should have stopped the man at the back-door, Sir Boyle Roche very justly asked the honourable gentleman—"how could the serjeant-at-arms stop him in the rear, whilst he was catching him in the front? did he think the serjeant-at-arms could be, like a bird, in two places at once?"—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches of his own Times.*

**HOMAGE TO GREAT MEN.**—I remember, when a boy, following John Palmer and Charles Bannister all the way from Goodman's-fields to Covent-Garden, merely for the pleasure of being near such men; and though the "drunkard might make them gods," I don't think the feeling was unnatural.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

**MRS. JORDAN'S DELIGHT IN THE STAGE.**—I have seen her, as she called it, *on a cruise*, that is, at a provincial theatre (Liverpool); having gone over once from Dublin for that purpose: she was not then in high spirits: indeed her tone, in this respect, was not uniform; in the mornings she usually seemed depressed; at noon she went to rehearsal—came home fatigued, dined at three, and then reclined in her chamber till it was time to dress for the performance. She generally went to the theatre low-spirited.

I once accompanied Mrs. Jordan to the green-room at Liverpool: Mrs. Alsop and her old maid assiduously attended her. She went thither languid and apparently reluctant; but in a quarter of an hour her very nature seemed to undergo a metamorphosis; the sudden change of her manner appeared to me, in fact, nearly miraculous; she walked spiritedly across the stage two or three times, as if to measure its extent; and the moment her foot touched the scenic boards, her spirit seemed to be regenerated; she cheered up, hummed an air, stepped light and quick, and every symptom of depression vanished! The comic eye and cordial laugh returned upon their enchanting mistress, and announced that she felt herself moving in her proper element. Her attachment to the practice of her profession, in fact, exceeded any thing I could conceive.—*Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches of his own Times.*

GERMAN AND ENGLISH RECRUITS.—The summit of the fortress [Ehrenbreitstein] presents one of the most beautiful views on the Rhine. The valley of the river is seen far up betwixt its boundaries of hills, some twenty raised castles, of celebrated names, all in view, and one ruined convent standing on a picturesque island not distant from Coblenz. Northward the eye reverted to Neuwied and Andernach. I was enjoying the scene, not however without alloy, as every neighbouring eminence crowned with rampart, battery, and entrenchment, marred the true and natural spirit of the place; but I was interrupted or rather checked in my tacit anathemas against warfare and its followers by hearing a chorus of martial voices at a distance. They neared by degrees. It was a battalion of perhaps five hundred men, young conscripts of recruits apparently, for they were without fire-arms, returning from drill, and as they pursued the zig-zag path up the fortress, they all thundered out in passable accord a splendid national hymn, the words of which I could scarcely catch; but their spirit and effect will ever dwell with me. Musical taste is the romantic side of the German character. I thought of five hundred raw English recruits, and what an attempt at any enjoyment in common, any such solace, returning from the fatigues of a sunny day's drill. Somehow or another I have had a respect for Prussian soldiers ever since,—a respect that not all the exploits of Blücher had not previously inspired me with.—*Historiettes, by the Author of "The English in Italy."*

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.—The overmastering effect of the human eye upon the lion has been frequently mentioned, though much doubted by travellers. But from my own inquiries among lion-hunters, I am perfectly satisfied of the fact; and an anecdote that was related to me a few days ago by Major Mackintosh, (late of the East India company's service,) proves that this fascinating effect is not confined exclusively to the lion. An officer in India, (whose name I have forgotten, but who was well known to my informant,) having chanced to ramble into a jungle adjoining the British encampment, suddenly encountered a royal tiger. The encounter appeared equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead heat, earnestly gazing on each other. The gentleman had no fire-arms, and was aware that a sword would be no effective defence in a struggle for life with such an antagonist. But he had heard that even the Bengal tiger might be sometimes checked by looking him firmly in the face. He did so: in a few minutes the tiger, which appeared preparing to take his fatal spring, grew disturbed—shrank aside—and attempted to creep round upon him behind. The officer turned constantly upon the tiger, which still continued to shrink from his glance; but darting into the thicket, and again issuing forth at a different quarter, it persevered for above an hour in this attempt to catch him by surprise; till at last it fairly yielded the contest, and left the gentleman to pursue his pleasure walks. The direction he now took, as may be easily believed, was straight to the tents at double quick time.—*Thompson's Southern Africa.*

PRESSING AN ACTOR, OR STAGE EMERGENCIES.—Passing the theatre, where my wife's letters from Tunbridge-Weils were to be addressed, and just looking into the hall (determined not to go behind the scenes lest I should be detained from my task,) I found a letter for me; and while reading it at the door, Mr. Lewis came out of the theatre in evident agitation, exclaiming, "What shall we do?" The instant I turned round toward him, he said, "Ah, my dear fellow, you perhaps may be of the greatest service to us: you read your piece with devilish good effect, and gave it a sort of—in short, you convinced me, that, if you would but try, you would play *Old Pickle* in the "Spoiled Child" to a wonder."—"Me, sir? I play *Old Pickle*! where and when?"—"Here, and to-night, and you must make haste too, for the play is half over. Mr. Sparks Powell (who died next morning) is taken dangerously ill: we can't find Emery, and you are the very man: the book, the dress, and all, are ready, and—"—"But, sir! I must go home, and proceed with the first act of the new piece!"—"D—n the new piece!" cried Mr. Lewis; ("all in good time," thought I) "you are too good-natured not to come to our assistance, and Mr. Harris will be eternally obliged to you."

I had seen the farce in question the very night before, and often played another part in it in the country; so permitted myself to be almost carried, rather than led, to poor Powell's dressing-apiece, and in less than an hour and a half was seated at a supper-table before the audience of the "great grand" Covent-Garden Theatre, and helping Mrs. Davenport to the wing of a supposed poll-parrot.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

JUNE, 1827.

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**FASHIONABLE CONVERSATION.**—There was a lightness, a gaiety, a sort of universal mockery of self and others, that reigned throughout the conversation, and was so general, that it seemed alone the language of good breeding.—*Historiettes, by the Author of "The English in Italy."*

**THE CELEBRATED GREEK PROFESSOR PORSON.**—Moorhead had usually resided very near the cider-cellar in Maiden lane, to which place he one evening entreated me to accompany him, that he might introduce me to his friend the celebrated Greek Professor Porson, who, as well as Moorhead, was so completely intoxicated, that the Professor took me for Moorhead, and Moorhead mistook the Professor for me.—*Autobiography of Thomas Dibdin.*

**FRANCISCAN SANS CULLOTES.**—The Franciscans to be sure, are the very *tiers état* of the religious orders, and in rank of life, as well as in *sans cullottism*, they were one of the dregs of the people in all countries.—*Historiettes, by the Author of "The English in Italy."*

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Kennet and Avon .....	40	25 10	Hope .....	50	5
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Regent's .....	40	35	London .....	25	12 10
Rochdale .....	85	93	Protector .....	20	2
Stafford and Worcester .....	140	800	Rock .....	20	2
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Grand Junction .....	50	63	United Mexican .....	40	30
Kent .....	100	29			
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# THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

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JULY 1, 1827.

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## JUDSON'S MISSION TO THE BURMAN EMPIRE.\*

IF missionaries do little good in the countries upon which they bestow their pious labours, it cannot be said that their return home is equally unbeneficial. Though the exertions of years are, perhaps, spent upon a single equivocal convert, whose christianity lasts only as long as the rum, the gunpowder, or the hatchets of his zealous teacher; yet in the course of his experience, the missionary does not fail to become acquainted with the manners, the character, and country of his residence. When he happens to be well informed and intelligent, he often mixes up with the religious history of his endeavours, profane reports of much interest and value. To this source we are indebted for many curious accounts of distant and imperfectly known regions, from the earliest letters of the missions of the Company of Jesus down to the latest report of the London Missionary Society. In addition to this accidental utility of missionary writings, they possess another feature of interest; though we may disapprove the design of attempting to spread our own faith in this manner, or doubt the probability of success; it is always a spectacle which fills the breast with a generous delight, to behold the operations of unwearied zeal, of indefatigable perseverance, of unshaken courage. It is an improving exercise of the heart to sympathize with the sufferings, and to rejoice in the success of well-meant efforts; of a stern and undeviating pursuit of, at least, a virtuous object. And in the case of missionaries, to view it in its most simple light, there is much of romance—they are knight-errants, who, impelled by a disinterested love of their kind, go forth to succour the distressed, to lead wanderers into the right path, and to proclaim the glory and surpassing excellence, not of a frail woman, but of an eternal and saving faith. They encounter hardships more appalling than lance and coat of mail can either inflict or bear; the tyrants or the savages

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\* An Account of the American Baptist Mission to the Burman Empire, in a Series of Letters addressed to a Gentleman in London. By Ann H. Judson. Second Edition. London. Butterworth. 1827.



they meet with are more formidable than armed antagonists—than even the giant ensconced behind his walls of brass. The sinking and fainting of heart which sometimes must attend lone exertions in a distant and uncivilized land—sickness among those who cannot sympathize with, but may take advantage of, weakness—disappointment at unexpected failure—even religious doubts as to the propriety or utility of their labours, hard fare, treachery, and constant apprehension for life, which is worse than death; these, all these, and worse, are to be borne by the Christian knight errant, who sallies forth to fight the battles of his faith in strange lands. The little work which we have placed at the head of this article contains the wanderings and achievements of as valorous a Baptist knight as ever beat a cushion or wielded a bible; not forgetting the exploits of the great Michael Schwartz: his name is Dr. Judson, and the record of his deeds is written by his faithful and worthy squire, Ann H. Judson; that is, profanely speaking, his wife. The history which Mrs. Judson has composed, is a most interesting narrative of the persevering efforts of Dr. Judson and his wife to spread Christianity in the Burman empire. The meritorious exertions of the worthy pair, who, by the way, are very favourable specimens of their class, are told in a simple and affecting manner by the letter-writer, and the information incidentally derived respecting the Burmese is curious and important. In the following article we propose to condense the more remarkable particulars both of the personal history of the missionaries and the more general information of which we have spoken, into a short narrative of their progress in the great work of proselytism.

Soon after Dr. Judson graduated at one of the American universities, he commenced a tour of the United States. At this time he appears to have entertained certain Deistical notions, which providential circumstances on his journey led him to question. His eagerness to settle these doubts was such, that he could not continue his tour, but returned to his father's house for the express purpose of inquiring into the evidences of the Christian religion. From this trait in his character, it may be presumed that a conviction of the truth of Christianity was not likely to lie idle in his brain. It might have been expected to show itself in a devouring zeal—in a restless passion to recover others from the awful state that he had himself just escaped. He had, however, too much good sense not to perceive that ballast was as necessary as wind for a prosperous voyage, and determined not to attempt active measures till he had stored his mind with religious knowledge. He entered a theological seminary at Andover, Massachusetts, and soon gained satisfactory evidence of having obtained an interest in Christ.

The perusal of Dr. Buchanan's "Star in the East," first led Mr. Judson's thoughts to an Eastern mission. The idea had no sooner been conceived than it "harassed his mind, and he felt deeply impressed with the importance of making some attempt to rescue the perishing millions of the East." For this is the form which a restless love of adventure assumes, in the mind of an enthusiast eager for new scenes and exciting incidents.

In the winter of 1812, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, accompanied by a brother missionary and his wife, embarked from Salem, in America, and arrived

in May at Calcutta. This was under Lord Minto's administration, and he was no friend to missionaries. The captain had orders to take back his religious passengers, under pain of being refused a port-clearance. After much difficulty and annoyance, the poor missionary and his wife were permitted to betake themselves to the Isle of France, a place not within the jurisdiction of the Company. After remaining three months in the Isle of France, Mr. Judson once more ventured within the power of the Company, and sailed for Madras. He took the precaution, however, of ascertaining what ships were in the Madras roads; and finding one bound for Rangoon, in Burmah, which would sail before the Supreme Government could get information of his arrival, he landed. A mission to the Burman empire had been looked upon as a most formidable undertaking, and at Madras Mr. Judson was strenuously dissuaded from attempting it. But now Mr. Judson saw "the hand of Providence pointing to that region as the scene of his future labours." In *lay-language*, we suppose this means that the pious missionary's zeal was roused by the fortunate opportunity thus presented of sailing directly to a strange land where he might immediately commence his exertions. The aspect of Rangoon was cheerless, and to them most disheartening. A mission had been once established here, and a house had been built. To this place the warthy couple repaired, and "soon found," in spite of the melancholy and wretchedness which marked their arrival, "that it was in their hearts to live and die with the Burmans." They applied themselves to the study of the language; and as there was no teacher who knew both English and Burman, they could only learn the names of things by pointing to them, and on hearing the appropriate name, putting it down in Roman letters, and mastering it as well as they could. Mrs. Carey, a native of Ava, but of European extraction, undertook the charge of the household, and gave orders to the servants, which relieved the missionary's wife from an awkward perplexity, and left her to join her husband in the study of Burmese. Women in this country, though actually possessing as much real power as elsewhere, are formally considered as beneath the notice of the stronger sex. The teacher of the missionary consequently thought it unworthy of him to instruct a female; her perseverance, and Mr. Judson's request, however, prevailed on him to condescend to the task.

Though they were content with the place where their lot had fallen, the report given of it is not particularly encouraging. "Thirteen months have been spent," says Mrs. Judson, "in the cruel avaricious benighted country of Burmah, without a single Christian friend or female companion of any kind." "Our home," she continues, "is in the mission-house built by the English Baptist Society, on the first arrival of Messrs. Chater and Carey in this country. It is large and conveniently situated in a rural place about half a mile from the walls of the town. We have gardens enclosed, containing about two acres of ground, full of fruit trees of various kinds. In the dry season our situation is very agreeable. We often enjoy a pleasant walk within our own enclosure, or in some of the adjoining villages." The country presented a rich and beautiful aspect, being every where covered with vegetation, and, as they thought, only wanting culti-

vation to be the finest in the world. The situation of the inhabitants is not drawn by the missionary's wife in equally flattering colours.

"But the poor natives have little inducement to labour, or to accumulate property, as it would probably be taken from them by their oppressive rulers.—Many of them live on leaves and vegetables, which grow spontaneously, and some actually die with hunger. At the present time there is quite a famine. Every article of provision is extremely high; therefore many are induced to steal whatever comes in their way. There are constant robberies and murders committed. Scarcely a night passes, but houses are broken open, and things stolen; but our trust and confidence are in our heavenly Father, who can easily preserve and protect us, though a host should encamp about us."—p. 19.

This account does not correspond with that of Colonel Symes's report; but it must be remembered that Mr. and Mrs. Judson had as yet seen nothing beyond the neighbourhood of Rangoon, a sea port, and moreover a place of refuge for the outlaws and runaways of all that part of Asia. The above extract is made from a part of a journal dated in July, 1813.

Of this journal, partly written by Mr. Judson, and partly by his wife, with connecting links solely by the lady, are the letters chiefly composed.

Under the date September 28th, 1824, which is about two years and a half after their departure from America, and thirteen months after their arrival in Burmah, there is the following entry recording the solitary celebration of the Lord's supper; the minister's sole congregation being his better half.

"This is the first Sabbath that we have united in commemorating the dying love of Christ at his table. Though but two in number, we feel the command as binding, and the privilege as great, as though there were more; and we have indeed found it refreshing to our souls."—p. 22.

December 11th in the same year, an introduction of Mrs. Judson to the viceroy's lady took place, and proved of great advantage subsequently. The circumstances of the interview are described in a pleasing manner:—

"To-day, for the first time, I have visited the wife of the viceroy. I was introduced to her by a French lady who has frequently visited her. When we first arrived at the government-house, she was not up, consequently we had to wait some time. But the inferior wives of the viceroy diverted us much by their curiosity, in minutely examining every thing we had on, and by trying on our gloves and bonnets, &c. At last her highness made her appearance, dressed richly in the Burman fashion, with a long silver pipe in her mouth, smoking. At her appearance, all the other wives took their seats at a respectful distance, and sat in a crouching posture, without speaking. She received me very politely, took me by the hand, seated me upon a mat, and herself by me. She excused herself for not coming in sooner, saying she was unwell. One of the women brought her a bunch of flowers, of which she took several and ornamented my cap. She was very inquisitive whether I had a husband and children, whether I was my husband's first wife—meaning by this, whether I was the highest among them, supposing that Mr. Judson, like the Burmans, had many wives—and whether I intended tarrying long in this country.

"When the viceroy came in I really trembled; for I never before beheld such a savage looking creature. His long robe and enormous spear not a

little increased my dread. He spoke to me, however, very condescendingly, and asked if I would drink some rum or wine. When I arose to go, her highness again took my hand, told me she was happy to see me, that I must come to see her every day. She led me to the door; I made my salaam, and departed. My only object in visiting her was, that if we should get into any difficulty with the Burmans, I could have access to her, when perhaps it would not be possible for Mr. Judson to have an audience with the viceroy."—pp. 22—24.

When Mr. Judson presented himself in his turn before the viceroy, he did not meet with so agreeable a reception. His highness scarcely deigned to look upon him. The fact being that Englishmen are no uncommon sight in Rangoon; whereas an Englishwoman was a great curiosity.

In the January of next year, (1815,) the missionary moves into the town, partly, as is stated, out of fear of robbers, and partly to be more among the common people, from whom he expected his harvest. The police of Rangoon seems certainly to be very imperfect. A band of fifteen robbers attacked a house in the night near to the one the missionary had just left, and after stabbing the owner, gutted the house of its contents. The robbers were armed with knives, spears, and guns. Mr. and Mrs. Judson visited the man who had been stabbed, and found him surrounded by his friends, who appeared to sympathize with him in his affliction. The poor man was most desirous that Mr. Judson would inform him, by feeling his pulse, whether he would live. "All these things teach us," says Mrs. Judson, "the great need of the Gospel among this poor people." But do not these things occur now and then, in countries where the Gospel has already been taught? It appears that the robbers were speedily apprehended and punished, circumstances which do not invariably follow crime in more civilized countries.

"In consequence of the robbery committed a few days ago, the viceroy ordered seven thieves to be executed. It was dark when they arrived at the place of execution. They were tied up by the hands and feet, and then cut open, and left with their bowels hanging out. They are to remain a spectacle to others for three days, and then be buried. Their immortal souls entered the eternal world without ever having heard of Him, who was put to death as a malefactor, to save the guilty.

"A native of respectability came to our house soon after the execution, and Mr. Judson asked him where the souls of the robbers had gone? He said he did not know; and asked if the souls of wicked men did not enter into other bodies, and live in this world again? Mr. Judson told him no, but they were fixed, immoveably, in another state of existence."—p. 25.

January 22.—The strangers witnessed a Burmese funeral, which is described in the journal:—

"To-day we have witnessed the Burman ceremonies of burying a person of rank and respectability. He was nephew to the present viceroy, and son of a neighbouring governor. He was killed in Rangoon, accidentally, by the discharge of his gun. The procession commenced by a number of Burmans, armed with spears and bamboos, to keep the crowd in order. Some of the inferior members of government succeeded; then all the articles of use and wearing apparel of the deceased, such as his beetle box, drinking cup, looking-glass, &c. The father and train preceded; the wife, mother, and sisters followed the corpse in palanquins. The viceroy, his wife, and family, on large elephants, concluded the procession. The crowd, which

was very great, followed promiscuously. All the petty governors and principal inhabitants of Rangoon were present; yet there was as perfect order and regularity as could have been observed in a Christian country.

"The corpse was carried some way out of town, to a large pagoda, and burnt, when the bones were collected to be buried. At the place of burning great quantities of fruit, cloth, and money, were distributed among the poor, by the parents of the deceased youth."—pp. 25, 26.

One of the persons who attended this funeral, was the governor of the province which lies on the opposite side of the river to Rangoon, the province of Dalla: he was murdered on his return home. The manner of the assassination is described in the journal, but it is attributed to a cause, which, from the knowledge we have from other sources, of the way in which the government of Ava is managed, we should be inclined to consider as unfounded, or resting perhaps only on the gossip and scandal of a sea-port distant from the capital.

"This governor was returning from the great funeral above mentioned, and had nearly reached his house, when a man on a sudden started up, and with one stroke, severed his head from his body. In the bustle and confusion of his attendants, the murderer escaped. He was, however, found, and the plot discovered. It had its origin with the head steward of the governor, who intended, after the execution of his master, to seize on his property, go up to the king, and buy the office which his master had lately occupied. He was put to the torture, and the above confession extorted from him. He was afterwards treated in the most cruel manner, having most of his bones broken, and left to languish out his miserable existence in a prison, in chains. He lived five or six days in this terrible condition. All who were concerned with him were punished in various ways. The immense property of this governor goes to the king, as he left no children, though several wives remain."—pp. 26, 27.

In spite of robberies, murder, and a fire, which destroyed a considerable part of Rangoon, the missionary and his wife pursue their preparations for teaching and preaching with vigour and cheerfulness. Mrs. Judson gives the following interesting account of their occupations:

"I can assure you that we find much pleasure in our employment. Could you look into a large open room, which we call a verandah, you would see Mr. Judson bent over his table, covered with Burman books, with his teacher at his side, a venerable looking man, in his sixtieth year, with a cloth wrapped round his middle, and a handkerchief on his head.—They talk and chatter all day long, with hardly any cessation.

"My mornings are busily employed in giving directions to the servants, providing food for the family, &c.

"At ten, my teacher comes, when, were you present, you might see me in an inner room, at one side of my study table, and my teacher the other, reading Burman, writing, talking, &c. I have many more interruptions than Mr. Judson, as I have the entire management of the family. This I took on myself, for the sake of Mr. Judson's attending more closely to the study of the language; yet I have found, by a year's experience, that it is the most direct way I could have taken to acquire the language; as I am frequently obliged to speak Burman all day. I can talk and understand others better than Mr. Judson, though he knows more about the nature and construction of the language."—pp. 29, 30.

Under the date of the above extract, September 3, the arrival of a new viceroy is recorded: a matter always of much consequence to the mission; for in his breath lay the fate of the worthy Mr. and

Mrs. Judson. The new viceroy and his wife appear to have behaved to them with much familiarity and kindness. On moving to his new house, he asked all the English and French in Rangoon to dinner, when he and his wife exerted themselves to amuse their company. When Mrs. Judson was asked to dance, she declined on the ground of her husband being a teacher, an answer that was deemed sufficient. The vicereine then asked what kind of teacher Mr. Judson might be. His wife told her that he, in their idiom, was a sacred teacher, that is, a teacher of the word of God. The Burmese entertain the greatest respect for their priests, and Mrs. Judson thus accounts for the marked attention they received from her ladyship. After mentioning these little incidents, Mrs. Judson goes on to lament that she has no good news to tell of the conversion of the Burmans, or of their eagerness to hear the will of God. They often conversed with their teachers and servants on the subject of their visiting the country, and on its being said by the missionary that if they (the Burmese) were to die in their present state, they would surely be lost, the answer was: "Our religion is good for us, yours for you." This passage is written after more than two years' residence in Rangoon, and yet it is added, "This climate is one of the healthiest in the world. There are only two months in the year when it is severely hot." But Rangoon was the grave of many thousands of our soldiers, who fell victims to the insalubrity of the climate in the late war.

Under the head of September 9th, 1816, Mr. Judson records in his journal a visit he received from Mr. Baba Sheen, an aged Armenian, high in office under government. This is doubtless the Baba Sheen who accompanied Colonel Symes from Rangoon to Umerapoora, the capital at that time, and of whom we hear a good deal in the narrative of his embassy. With Mr. Judson, Baba Sheen talked of religion, and seems to have somewhat ruffled the missionary by his shallow notions of Christianity. "Here," said Baba Sheen, pointing to his wrist, "here is the root of the religion. This finger is the Armenian church, this the Roman Catholic, this the English, &c. All are the same." Mr. Judson told him that the Bible was indeed the same, but that those only who adhered to its dictates would be saved. "Aye," said Baba Sheen, apparently feeling this was dangerous ground, "you cannot speak the language fluently. I cannot understand you well. When you can talk better, come and see me often, and I shall get wisdom." "I was ready to reply," says the missionary, "Poor man, ere that time comes, you will probably be in the grave; but contented myself with lifting up my heart unto my God."

September 30th.—We find a report of a very different kind of conversation. The theologian here met with a more equal match: he is the historian of his own victories, and therefore some allowance must be made for the force of his arguments.

"Had the following conversation with my teacher. This man has been with me about three months, and is the most sensible, learned, and candid man, that I have ever found among the Burmans. He is forty-seven years of age, and his name Oo Oungmeng. I began by saying, Mr. J.—is dead. Oo.—I have heard so. J.—His soul is lost, I think. Oo.—Why so? J.—He was not a disciple of Christ. Oo.—How do you know that? You could not see his soul. J.—How do you know whether the roots of the

mango tree is good? You cannot see it; but you can judge by the fruit on its branches. Thus I know that Mr. J.—was not a disciple of Christ, because his words and actions were not such as indicate the disciple. Oo.—And so all who are not disciples of Christ are lost! J.—Yes, all, whether Burmans or foreigners. Oo.—This is hard. J.—Yes, it is hard, indeed; otherwise I should not have come all this way, and left parents and all, to tell you of Christ. [He seemed to feel the force of this, and after stopping a little, he said,] How is it that the disciples of Christ are so fortunate above all men? J.—Are not all men sinners, and deserving of punishment in a future state? Oo.—Yes; all must suffer, in some future state, for the sins they commit. The punishment follows the crime, as surely as the wheel of a cart follows the footsteps of the ox. J.—Now, according to the Burman system, there is no escape. According to the Christian system there is. Jesus Christ has died in the place of sinners; has borne their sins; and now those who believe on him, and become his disciples, are released from the punishment they deserve. At death they are received into heaven, and are happy for ever. Oo.—That I will never believe. My mind is very stiff on this one point, namely, that all existence involves in itself principles of misery and destruction. J.—Teacher, there are two evil futurities, and one good. A miserable future existence is evil, and annihilation or nigan is an evil, a fearful evil. A happy future existence is alone good. Oo.—I admit that it is best, if it could be perpetual; but it cannot be. Whatever is, is liable to change, and misery, and destruction. Nigan is the only permanent good, and that good has been attained by Gaudama, the last deity. J.—If there be not an eternal Being, you cannot account for any thing. Whence this world, and all that we see? Oo.—Fate. J.—Fate! the cause must always be equal to the effect. See, I raise this table; see, also, that ant under it: suppose I were invisible; would a wise man say the ant raised it? Now Fate is not even an ant. Fate is a word, that is all. It is not an agent, not a thing. What is fate? Oo.—The fate of creatures, is the influence which their good or bad deeds have on their future existence. J.—If influence be exerted, there must be an exorter. If there be a determination, there must be a determiner. Oo.—No; there is no determiner. There cannot be an eternal Being. J.—Consider this point. It is a main point of true wisdom. Whenever there is an execution of a purpose, there must be an agent. Oo.—[After a little thought] I must say that my mind is very decided and hard, and unless you tell me something more to the purpose, I shall never believe. J.—Well, teacher, I wish you to believe; not for my profit, but for yours. I daily pray the true God to give you light, that you may believe. Whether you will ever believe in this world, I don't know; but when you die, I know you will believe what I now say. You will then appear before the God you now deny. Oo.—I don't know that."—pp. 39—41.

The charge of talking bad Burman, made against Mr. Judson by Baba Sheen, might at the time be true: the missionary's industry and perseverance gradually but surely destroyed all foundation for it. The difficulties of mastering the Burman seem, however, to be great, and to have put Mr. Judson's patience to a severe trial. He avows that when he reflects on the two or three years he has spent on A B C, and the elements of the grammar, he is dispirited, and that his views of the "missionary object" are indeed different from what they were when he was first "set on fire by Buchanan's Star in the East;" but then he reconciles himself by thinking that the gift of tongues is not granted in these times; and that some one must acquire the language, some one must translate the Scriptures, some one must preach, or how can the Burmans be saved? Some of the principal

difficulties of mastering the Burman tongue, are enumerated in a letter from Mr. Judson, dated January 16th, 1816.

"I just now begin to see my way forward in this language, and hope that two or three years more will make it somewhat familiar; but I have met with difficulties that I had no idea of before I entered on the work. For a European or American to acquire a living oriental language, root and branch, and make it his own, is quite a different thing from his acquiring a cognate language of the west, or any of the dead languages, as they are studied in the schools. One circumstance may serve to illustrate this. I once had occasion to devote a few months to the study of the French. I have now been above two years engaged in the Burman. But if I were to chuse between a Burman and a French book, to be examined in, without previous study, I should, without the least hesitation, choose the French. When we take up a western language, the similarity in the characters, in very many terms, in many modes of expression, and in the general structure of the sentences, its being in fair print, (a circumstance we hardly think of,) and the assistance of grammars, dictionaries, and instructors, render the work comparatively easy. But when we take up a language spoken by a people on the other side of the earth, whose very thoughts run in channels diverse from ours, and whose modes of expression are consequently all new and uncouth; when we find the letters and words all totally destitute of the least resemblance to any language we have ever met with, and these words not fairly divided, and distinguished, as in western writing, by breaks, and points, and capitals, but run together in one continuous line, a sentence or paragraph seeming to the eye but one long word; when, instead of clear characters on paper, we find only obscure scratches on dried palm leaves strung together, and called a book; when we have no dictionary, and no interpreter to explain a single word, and must get something of the language, before we can avail ourselves of the assistance of a native teacher,—

‘Hoc opus, hic labor est.’

I had hoped, before I came here, that it would not be my lot to have to go alone, without any guide, in an unexplored path, especially as missionaries had been here before. But Mr. Chater had left the country, and Mr. F. Carey was with me very little, before he left the mission and the missionary work altogether.

"I long to write something more interesting and encouraging to the friends of the mission; but it must not yet be expected. It unavoidably takes several years to acquire such a language, in order to converse, and write intelligibly, on the great truths of the gospel. Dr. Carey once told me, that after he had been some years in Bengal, and thought he was doing very well, in conversing and preaching with the natives, they (as he was afterwards convinced) knew not what he was about. A young missionary, who expects to pick up the language in a year or two, will probably find that he has not counted the cost. If he should be so fortunate as to obtain a good interpreter, he may be useful by that means. But he will learn, especially if he is in a new place, where the way is not prepared, and no previous ideas communicated, that to qualify himself to communicate divine truth intelligibly, by his voice or pen, is not the work of a year. However, notwithstanding my present great incompetency, I am beginning to translate the New Testament, being extremely anxious to get some parts of Scripture, at least, into an intelligible shape, if for no other purpose than to read, as occasion offers, to the Burmans with whom I meet."—pp. 43—45.

The missionary and his wife were thus preparing for the arduous duties of their undertaking, when an affliction befel them which appears to have sunk deep in the hearts of the worthy pair. It was the death of their son, an only child. "When our heavenly father saw,"—it is thus religionists of a certain class see the finger of God



in every thing,—“ When he saw that we had converted his previous gift into an idol, he removed it from us, and thereby taught us the necessity of placing our supreme affection on him.” The notices that occur of the “lost little Roger,” present a strange mixture of religious enthusiasm and maternal affection. It is thus that the mother speaks:—

“ Since worship, I have stolen away to a much-loved spot, where I love to sit and pay the tribute of affection to my lost, darling child. It is a little enclosure of mango trees, in the centre of which is erected a small bamboo house, on a rising spot of ground, which looks down on the new made grave of our infant boy. Here I now sit; and although all nature around wears a most romantic, delightful appearance, yet my heart is sad, and my tears frequently stop my pen.”—p. 46.

Then the female missionary raises her voice:—

“ Behold us, solitary and alone, with this one source of recreation ! Yet this is denied us—this must be removed, to show us that we need no other source of enjoyment but God himself. Do not think, though I write thus, that I repine at the dealings of Providence, or would wish them to be otherwise than they are. No: ‘ though he slay me, I will trust in him,’ is the language I would adopt. Though I say with the prophet, ‘ Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow,’ yet I would also say with him, ‘ It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.’ God is the same when he afflicts, as when he is merciful: just as worthy of our entire trust and confidence now, as when he intrusted us with the precious little gift. There is a bright side, even in this heavy affliction. Our little Roger is not lost: the little bud, which began to open into a beautiful flower, is now rapidly expanding in a more propitious clime, and reared by a more unerring hand. He is now, I doubt not, in the immediate presence of that Saviour, of whom he was ignorant in this world, and—

“ Adores the grace that brought him there,  
Without a wish, without a care;  
That wash’d his soul in Calvary’s stream,  
That shorten’d life’s distressing dream.”—pp. 46, 47.

It reflects considerable credit upon the character of the Burmese ladies, that the vicereine of Rangoon took notice of this affliction in the family of the missionary, and did all in her power to alleviate their distress. From the time that they learned that Mr. Judson was a sacred teacher, he says, that he was treated with the greatest respect and attention. This is more than toleration; which would only have induced them to refrain from injury. It speaks a regard for the nature of the office itself, without reference to the creed taught. The vicereine, under the idea of diverting the mother’s grief, conducted Mrs. Judson to her gardens in the country, which are thus described.

“ A few days after the death of our little boy, her highness, the viceroy’s wife, visited us, with a numerous retinue. She really appeared to sympathize with us in our affliction, and requested Mr. Judson not to let it too much affect his health, which was already very feeble. Some time after her visit, she invited us to go out into the country with her, for the benefit of our health, and that our minds, as she expressed it, might become cool. We consented; and she sent us an elephant, with a howdah upon it, for our conveyance. We went three or four miles through the woods. Sometimes the small trees were so near together, that our way was impassable, but by the elephant’s breaking them down, which he did with the greatest ease, at the word of the driver. The scene was truly interesting. Picture to yourselves,

my dear parents, thirty men with spears and guns, and red caps on their heads, which partly covered their shoulders, then a huge elephant caparisoned with a gilt howdah, which contained a tall, genteel female, richly dressed in red and white silk. We had the honour of riding next to her ladyship; after us, three or four elephants, with her son and some of the members of government. Two or three hundred followers, male and female, concluded the procession. Our ride terminated in the centre of a beautiful garden of the viceroy's. I say beautiful, because it was entirely the work of nature—art had no hand in it. It was full of a variety of fruit trees, growing wild and luxuriant. The noble banyan formed a delightful shade, under which our mats were spread, and we seated ourselves to enjoy the scenery around us. Nothing could exceed the endeavours of the vicereine to make our excursion agreeable. She gathered fruit, and pared it; culled flowers, and knotted them, and presented them with her own hands; which was a mark of her condescension. At dinner she had her cloth spread by ours, nor did she refuse to partake of whatever we presented her. We returned in the evening, fatigued with riding on the elephant, delighted with the country and the hospitality of the Burmans, and dejected and depressed with their superstition and idolatry—their darkness, and ignorance of the true God.”—pp. 51, 52.

It is not to be supposed that the worthy pair were thus admitted into such familiar intercourse with powerful grandees, without considering the chances of proselytism. They had already regarded the vicereine with a missionary's eye, but prudential motives required the utmost precaution.

“Though we have never said any thing to the viceroy's family on the subject of religion, yet they perceive a great difference between us and the other foreigners who occasionally visit them. Mr. Judson seldom goes to the government-house, as it is easier for me to have access to her ladyship, than for him to do business with the viceroy. She treats me with great familiarity; but I am generally reserved and serious in her presence, yet manifest a tender concern for her welfare, with which she is much pleased. I do not yet despair of finding some opportunity to introduce the subject of religion to her, in such a way as may not appear intrusive or disgusting. Were I to appear before her in the character of a teacher, she would think me far beneath her notice, and perhaps forbid my approaching her again: therefore, I think it most judicious to convince her, by my conduct, that I am really different from other females who surround her, and so far to gain her confidence and affection, that I can gradually introduce the subject, without her perceiving my object.”—pp. 52, 53.

A few days after this, a “pious captain” from Bengal offered Mr. and Mrs. Judson a passage to Bengal. Poor Mr. Judson's health had begun to decline, and the temptation of going to Bengal for nothing, and with a pious captain, was not to be resisted. Preparations were accordingly made; but while the vessel was detained, the missionary rode out every day with the pious captain, and the exercise recovered him so rapidly that it was determined to remain. The intended departure gave Mrs. Judson an opportunity of trying the friendship of the vicereine. No person can leave the country without an order, and matters are managed by the officials of Burmah much as in other governments. A great deal of money is taken, and much trouble given. It appears, from the following extract, that the vicereine of a province is no cypher; that she decides upon petitions, gives audience to members of the government, and keeps her secretary for despatch of business.

"The vicereine has lately been called to Ava; but the viceroy still remains. I regretted her going, on several accounts. She had evidently become much attached to me. I had an opportunity of trying the sincerity of her friendship at the time we procured our order for going to Bengal. I went to her with a petition, which Mr. Judson had written, and, contrary to Burman custom, appeared without a present. She was in an inner room, with the viceroy, when I presented the petition; and, after hearing it read, she said it should be granted. She called her secretary, and directed him to write an official order, have it passed regularly through all the offices, and impressed with the royal stamp. I was determined not to leave her until I received the order, as it would be very difficult to obtain it, unless delivered in her presence. It was not long after the order was sent from the government-house, before one of her under officers came in, and told me it would be a long time before my order would pass through the several offices, and that I had better return to my house, and he would bring it me. The viceroy's wife asked me if that would answer my purpose? Being perfectly acquainted with the object of the man, I replied, that I had had much anxiety on account of this order, and, if it was her pleasure, I preferred waiting for it. She said it should be as I wished, and ordered the man to expedite the business. Being ill, she did not leave her room through the day, and I had an opportunity of conversing much with her. Among other things, she asked what was Mr. Judson's object in coming to this country? Before I had time to answer, an elderly woman present, with whom I had had considerable conversation on the subject of religion, replied that 'Mr. Judson had come to tell the Burmans of the true God,' &c.; and went on and related all that I had ever said to her. The viceroy's wife then asked me what was the difference between the God I worshipped, and Gaudama? I had begun to tell her, when one of her people brought in a bag of silver. After she had given orders respecting the money, she wished me to proceed. I had but just begun the second time, when two or three members of government came in, and there it ended. My order was delivered to me towards evening; and then I made her a present, expressed the obligations I was under, and bid her good evening. When an order of this kind is procured by the under officers, it costs about twenty-five dollars, besides much trouble and perplexity."—pp. 54, 55.

By this time brother Judson had, with praiseworthy industry and perseverance, completed a grammar, and had written a tract in Burman, which his teacher and others pronounced not only intelligible, but perspicuous. To get this printed was one of his objects in going to Bengal. Brother Hough, however, at this juncture, fortunately arrived at Bengal, and had despatched a printing press and materials to Rangoon to precede his coming. It was understood that brother Hough was master of the "printing business;" and brother Judson, hearing this, hopes he shall "soon have a bit of bread to give to the starving, perishing Burmans." All this time not a single Burman had been convinced of the unhappy state of iniquity in which he was born. "If any ask," says brother Judson, "what success I meet with, tell them to look at Otaheite, where the missionaries laboured nearly twenty years, and not meeting with the slightest success, the very name of Otaheite was considered a stain to the cause of missions. Tell them to look at Bengal, where Dr. Thomas had been labouring seventeen years, that is, from 1783 to 1800, before the first convert, Krishnoo, was baptized." "If we desert this field," he continues, "the blood of the Burmans will be upon us." Brother Hough describes the Burmese as very insensible of their dreadful state. "The few," says he, "with whom brother Judson has con-

versed since I have been here, appear inaccessible to truth. They sit unaffected, and go away unimpressed with what they have heard. They are unconvinced by argument, and unmoved by love."

The letter, or journal of Mr. Hough, from which this sentence is extracted, contains a notice of several Burmese customs, which are worth quoting. The first is an account of the funeral of a priest.

"When a priest dies, he has peculiar honours paid him. Several months since, a neighbouring priest died, or *returned*, for the Burmans think it undignified to say that a *priest dies*; his body was immediately wrapped up in tar and wax; holes were perforated through his feet, and some distance up the legs, into which one end of a hollow bamboo was inserted, and the other fixed in the ground; the body was then pressed and squeezed, so that its fluids were forced down through the legs, and conveyed off by means of the bamboos; in this state of preservation the body has been kept. For some days past, preparations have been making to burn this *sacred relic*, and to-day it has passed off in fumigation! We all went to see it, and returned sorry that we had spent our time to so little profit. On four wheels was erected a kind of stage, or tower, about twelve or fifteen feet high, ornamented with paintings of different colours and figures, and small mirrors. On the top of this was constructed a kind of balcony, in which was situated the coffin, decorated with small pieces of glass, of different hues, and the corpse, half of which was visible above the edge of the coffin, entirely covered with gold leaf. Around the tower and balcony were fixed several bamboo poles, covered with red cloth, displaying red flags at their ends, and small umbrellas, glittering with spangles; among which was one larger than the others, covered with gold leaf, shading the corpse from the sun. Around the upper part of the balcony was suspended a curtain of white gauze, about a cubit in width, the lower edge of which was hung round with small pieces of isinglass; above the whole was raised a lofty quadrangular pyramid, graduating into a spire, constructed in a light manner, of split bamboo, covered with small figures, cut out of white cloth, and waving to and fro, for some distance, in the air. The whole, from the ground to the top of the spire, might measure fifty feet. This curious structure, with some living priests upon it, was drawn half a mile by women and boys, delighted with the sport, and in the midst of a large concourse of shouting and joyous spectators. On their arrival at the place of burning, ropes were attached to the hind end of the car, and a whimsical sham contest, by adverse pulling, was for some time maintained, one party seemingly indicating a reluctance to have the precious corpse burned. At length, the foremost party prevailed, and the body must be reduced to ashes! Amidst this, there were loud shoutings, clapping of hands, the sound of drums, of tinkling and wind instruments, and a most disgusting exhibition of female dancing, but no weeping or wailing."—pp. 66, 67.

Mr. Hough gives but a very uncharitable view of his new acquaintance. He says, "the Burmese are subtle, thievish, mercenary; addicted to robbery and fraud: truth and honesty are not known among them as virtues. Every person in the country reports himself as 'the king's most willing slave.'" The viceroy of Rangoon acts with a power limited only by the king. The mildest form of punishment of death, is to have the head taken off with a large knife, and at a single stroke. Reprieves are purchased by money: but when a malefactor is destitute of friends and money, he dies without mercy. The following extract gives a description of some executions.

"January 26th.—For some time past, it has been discovered that a gang of persons have been digging under some of the pagodas, to possess themselves of whatever treasures are deposited beneath them, and a few days

since, four persons were apprehended in the act. They were condemned to death. One of the servants came in this afternoon, and informed me he had been to see them executed.

"Brother Judson and myself immediately hastened to the place. It was a most shocking scene! Four Burmans were fastened to a high fence, first by the hair of the head and neck, their arms were then extended horizontally, as far as they could be stretched without dislocation, and a cord tied tight around them; their thighs and legs were then tied in their natural position; they were ripped open from the lowest to the highest extremity of the stomach, and their vitals and part of their bowels were hanging out; large gashes were cut in a downward direction on their sides and thighs, so as to bare the ribs and thigh bones: one, who I suppose was more guilty than the rest, had an iron instrument thrust side-long through the breast, and part of the vitals pushed out in the opposite direction. Thus, with the under jaw fallen, their eyes open and fixed, naked, excepting a small cloth round the middle, they hung dead.

"*February 7th.*—This afternoon we heard that seven men were carried to the place of execution. We went to witness the affecting scene. On our arrival there, we heard the report of a gun, and looking about, we saw a man tied to a tree, and six others sitting on the ground with their hands tied behind them. Observing the man at the tree, we saw a circular figure painted on his stomach, about three inches in diameter, for a mark to shoot at, for he was to die in this way. At that moment, there was another discharge of a musket; but the shot again missed; a third and fourth time he was fired at, but without effect. At every shot there was a loud peal of laughter from the surrounding spectators. He was then loosed from the tree, and a messenger sent to the governor, who returned with a reprieve. His younger brother, who was one of the seven, was then tied to the tree. The first shot slightly touched his arm; the second struck him in the heart, and he instantly expired; at the same moment, the remaining five, each at one blow, were beheaded. We saw a man put his foot on one of the trunks, and press it with as little feeling as one would tread upon a beast. Their bodies were then dragged along on the ground a short distance, and their heads taken up by the hair and removed. The two brothers, when condemned to die, requested to be shot, asking, at the same time, to be pardoned if the fourth shot should miss. The elder brother was therefore spared, while the fate of the other was more lamentable. The superstitious Burmans suppose, from the circumstance of the request of the two brothers, and the escape of the elder one, that some charm prevented his death. The crimes of these poor creatures were various. One had been digging under a pagoda; another had stabbed a woman, but had not killed her; the others, as nearly as we can learn, were robbers.

"*February 8th.*—We learnt to-day, that the man who was yesterday reprieved, has twice before, for his evil conduct, been carried to the place of execution in other places, and shot at, six times each, without being hit. He is now considered to be a wonderful man, and that a bullet cannot prove him mortal. Being asked how he became a robber? he replied, because he had not been made governor, or raised above the grade of the common people. He is now raised to a high rank among the governor's attendants."—pp. 68—70.

The date of the part of the journal from which the above is extracted, is September, 1817. Mr. Judson had been at Rangoon since 1813. In the March of 1817, he and brother Hough had printed in Burman two tracts, the one a view of the Christian religion, (one thousand copies, seven pages,) the other a catechism, (six pages, 12mo, three thousand copies.) Finding, when these were done, that paper remained for eight hundred copies of the Gospel of St. Matthew, brother Judson set to work on the translation. This month

of March is also made remarkable by the missionary being visited in it by the first *Inquirer*. This very interesting interview is thus described.

"As I was sitting with my teacher, as usual, a Burman of respectable appearance, and followed by a servant, came up the steps, and sat down by me. I asked him the usual question, where he came from? to which he gave me no explicit reply; and I began to suspect that he had come from the government-house, to enforce a trifling request, which in the morning we had declined. He soon, however, undeceived and astonished me, by asking, '*How long a time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?*' I replied, that such a question could not be answered. If God gave light and wisdom, the religion of Jesus was soon learnt; but without God, a man might study all his life long, and make no proficiency. But how, continued I, came you to know any thing of Jesus? Have you been here before? 'No.' Have you seen any writings concerning Jesus? 'I have seen two little books.' Who is Jesus? 'He is the Son of God, who, pitying creatures, came into this world, and suffered death in their stead.' Who is God? 'He is a Being without beginning or end, who is not subject to old age or death, but always is.' I cannot tell how I felt at this moment. This was the first acknowledgment of an eternal God, that I had ever heard from the lips of a Burman. I handed him a tract and catechism, both of which he instantly recognised, and read here and there, making occasional remarks to his follower, such as, 'This is the true God—this is the right way,' &c. I now tried to tell him some things about God and Christ, and himself; but he did not listen with much attention, and seemed anxious only to get another book. I had already told him two or three times that I had finished no other book; but, that, in two or three months, I would give him a larger one, which I was now daily employed in translating. 'But,' replied he, '*have you not a little of that book done, which you will graciously give me now?*' And I, beginning to think that God's time was better than man's, folded and gave him the two first half sheets, which contain the first five chapters of St. Matthew; on which he instantly rose, as if his business was all done; and having received an invitation to come again, took leave. Throughout his short stay, he appeared different from any Burman I have met with. He asked no questions about customs and manners, with which the Burmans tease us exceedingly. He had no curiosity, and no desire for any thing, but, '*more of this sort of writing.*' In fine, his conduct proved that he had something on his mind, and I cannot but hope that I shall have to write about him again.—pp. 92—94.

Mr. Judson heard afterwards, that the *Inquirer* read the books all day, and showed them to every body he met with. At the same time, Mrs. Judson collected a little assembly of females, to whom she read the tracts, and the New Testament,

"I have (says Mrs. Judson) generally fifteen or twenty. They are attentive while I read the Scriptures, and endeavour to teach them about God. One of them told me, the other day, that she could not think of giving up a religion which her parents, grand-parents, &c. &c. had embraced, and accepting a new one of which they had never heard. I asked her if she wished to go to hell, because her progenitors had gone there? She replied, If, with all her offerings and good works on her head, (speaking in their idiom,) she must go to hell, then let her go. I told her, if she went to hell after having heard of the Saviour, her very relations would contribute to torment and upbraid her, for the rejection of that Saviour of whom they had never heard, and that even she herself would regret her folly when it was too late. If I do, said she, I will then cry out to you to be my intercessor with your God, who will certainly not refuse you. Another told me, that she did believe in Christ, and prayed to him every day. I asked her if she also

believed in Guadama, and prayed to him. She replied, she worshipped them both. I have several times had my hopes and expectations raised, by the apparent seriousness of several females, as Mr. Judson had in regard of several men; but their goodness has been like the morning cloud and early dew, which soon pass away. Four or five children have committed the catechism to memory, and often repeat it to each other."—pp. 79, 80.

The worship of Guadama, an incarnation of Buddha, as far as the people are concerned, is a ceremonious religion. The "good works" are the building of pagodas, and the presentation of offerings. A great festival is held annually in honour of the god. The rejoicing sounded evil in the ears of the wife of the missionary, and she laments it in piteous strains. Great and expensive offerings appear to be made. Mrs. Judson favours us with a description of a remarkable one, the donor of which looked upon his gift to the god with much complacency.

"One last year, presented by a member of government, cost three thousand ticals, or twelve hundred dollars. It was a kind of portable pagoda, made of bamboo and paper, richly ornamented with gold leaf and paintings. It was a hundred feet in height, and the circumference of its base about fifty. Half way up its height, was a man ludicrously dressed, with a mask on his face, white wings on his shoulders, and artificial finger nails, two inches in length, in the posture of dancing. This offering was carried by sixty men, preceded by a band of music, and followed by the officer who made it, and his suite."—p. 81.

The smaller offerings become the prey of the slaves attached to the pagoda, who the week following have a kind of fair, at which they dispose of the plunder. The pagoda at Rangoon is the most celebrated of the empire; great multitudes resort to it. The magnitude of its dimensions, and the splendour of its decorations, extort the praise and wonder of Mrs. Judson.

"After having ascended the flight of steps, a large gate opens, when a wild, fairy scene is abruptly presented to view. It resembles more the descriptions we sometimes have in novels, of enchanted castles, or ancient abbeys in ruins, than any thing we ever meet in real life. The ground is completely covered with a variety of ludicrous objects, which meet the eye in every direction, interspersed with the banyan, cocoa-nut, and toddy trees. Here and there are large open buildings, containing huge images of Gaudama; some in a sitting, some in a sleeping position, surrounded by images of priests and attendants, in the act of worship, or listening to his instructions. Before the image of Gaudama, are erected small altars, on which offerings of fruit, flowers, &c. are laid. Large images of elephants, lions, angels, and demons, together with a number of indescribable objects, assist in filling the picturesque scene."—p. 82.

Mrs. Judson adds, that the pagoda, commanding a view of the surrounding country, presents the most beautiful landscapes in nature. She compares the polished spires of the pagodas glistening among the trees at a distance, to those objects which, doubtless, carried to her heart the tenderest of emotions—the *steeples of meeting-houses in our American sea-ports*.

About the latter end of 1817, Mr. Judson determined to proceed to Chittagong, to procure the assistance of an Arracanese convert, who had lately become a Christian. He sailed from Rangoon under the expectation of being absent only three months; but for more than seven months his poor wife never heard the slightest news of him.

At length, in the month of July, the vessel in which he sailed returned to Rangoon, and the captain threw some light upon the unfortunate missionary's disappearance. It appeared that unable to make Chittagong, the vessel had been tossed about in the bay three months, and the captain at length despairing of ever arriving at his port, had made for Masulipatam, where Mr. Judson had landed, and then proceeded to Madras, hoping to find a passage back to his mission-house at Rangoon.

In the mean time, the history of the mission is carried on by the letters of Mrs. Judson, who, in her lonely situation, of course consoled herself by writing to her friends. Soon after her husband's departure, the *Inquirer* made another visit, one year after his query of "How long time will it take to learn the religion of Jesus?" Mrs. Judson details the conversation she had with him.

"I asked him if he had become a disciple of Jesus Christ? He replied, 'I have not yet, but I am thinking and reading in order to become one. I cannot yet destroy my old mind; for when I see a handsome patso, (a cloth the Burman men wear,) or a handsome gownbown, (the handkerchief worn on the head,) I still desire it. Tell the great teacher, when he returns, I wish to see him, though I am not a disciple of Christ.' He requested the remaining part of St. Matthew's gospel, also catechisms and tracts for his followers. I gave all of his attendants tracts; on which he said to them, 'Take and read them attentively, and when you have embraced the doctrines they contain, come here and converse with the teacher.' I asked the number of inhabitants in the villages he governed, and whether he would collect them together to hear the gospel should Mr. Judson make him a visit on his return. He said there were about a thousand houses, and the inhabitants were Talings, (natives of Pegue, who speak a language different from the Burmans,) but he would receive a visit from Mr. Judson as a great favour, and would call his people together to hear him preach. There was something so interesting and encouraging in the appearance of this Burman, so meek and unassuming, considering the dignity of his office, that hopes are again raised concerning him. But whether he will continue to examine the Christian religion, and finally become a true disciple, or the reverse, time alone will determine."—p. 87.

Three months after Mr. Judson had sailed, it was rumoured that an order had arrived for the expulsion of all foreign teachers. Mr. Hough was summoned to the court-house, and was roughly questioned by some of the underlings. A timely petition, presented by Mrs. Judson to the viceroy, relieved him from all molestation; and the order of banishment appeared to be limited solely to the Portuguese priests in the country, of whom there were three. About this time Rangoon was afflicted with a severe attack of cholera morbus. The Burmese remedy for this dreadful disorder is much more curious than effective. Under the idea that the malady is caused by the presence of evil spirits, and that they are to be terrified out of the place by noise, they raise such a hubbub as, granting the premises, must, from its violence, produce an effectual cure. The signal for commencement was given at the court-house, by firing cannons; when immediately every Burman in the town began beating on his house, or on a drum, or, in short, on any thing that would emit a sound, with clubs, hammers, and mallets. Every man is compelled to the most active exertions in his own defence; for it is maintained, that the evil spirits escape from the uproar into the houses of those who make no noise. All this time



poor Mrs. Judson was in the utmost anxiety for her mate—an alarm increased by the rumours of war between the British and the Burmese, and the expectation that, should it break out, all hope of their meeting again would be destroyed. Mr. Hough wished to persuade her to go to Bengal, with his wife and family. At length Mrs. Judson was prevailed upon to sail; but before the vessel had got out of the river, it appeared not seaworthy, and Mrs. Judson gave up the voyage, and returned to Rangoon; at length, on the 2d August, she had the inexpressible satisfaction of hearing, that her husband had arrived in the river.

About four or five weeks after the arrival of Mr. Judson, the missionary establishment was increased by the arrival of two recruits, the Reverend Messrs. Colman and Wheelock. "They literally panted to become the heralds of salvation." A consumption, however, quickly extinguished the zeal of Mr. Wheelock, and Mr. Colman did not long survive him. The former gentleman seems to have been inspired with a sickly fancy for his profession, which the hardships of real service a good deal extinguished. "I court no greater good," he wrote to his friends—"I desire no greater joy: I seek no greater honour. To Burmah would I go; in Burmah would I live; in Burmah would I toil; in Burmah would I die; and in Burmah would I be buried!" The poor young man was evidently wild: when the disease increased upon him; he did not even fulfil his last wish, for he returned to America to die and be buried. If, however, their residence in Burmah did not produce much good, it was different in their voyage. These two lads set about converting the sailors, "and were remarkably blessed in their endeavours." The greater part of the crew became hopefully pious before the completion of the voyage.

The increase of the mission family, if it did nothing else, had the usual effect of congregation, in exciting and enlivening the zeal of each individual. "An unusual spirit of prayer and supplication" arose, and though the newly-arrived friends could not speak the language, they were encouraging those who could. A *zayat*, or chapel, was erected, and Mr. Judson began to preach to the Burmese in their own tongue. This was an epoch of the greatest interest, and crowns the labours of six years. Fifteen persons, besides children, attended; and from most of them not having been accustomed to attend Burmese worship, much confusion prevailed. Soon after the opening of his own chapel, Mr. Judson attended to hear a native Burman preach, according to the precepts of his own faith. He makes the following interesting report of what he heard and saw.

"*April 6th.* This evening I went, for the second time, to hear a popular Burman preacher. On our arrival, we found a *Zayat*, in the precincts of one of the most celebrated pagodas, lighted up, and the floor spread with mats. In the centre was a frame raised about eighteen inches from the ground, where the preacher on his arrival seated himself. He appeared to be about forty-five years old, of very pleasant countenance, and harmonious speech. He was once a priest, but is now a layman. The people, as they came in, seated themselves on the mats, the men on one side the house, and the women on the other. It was an undistinguished day, and the congregation was very small, not more than one hundred. When we entered, some said, 'There come some wild foreigners;' but when we sat down properly, and took off our shoes, they began to say, 'No, they are not wild: they are civilized.'

Some recognised me, and said to one another, 'It is the English teacher; a name by which I am commonly known. The preacher soon took notice of us, entered into some conversation, invited us to visit him, and so on; but on learning that I was a missionary, or, in their idiom, a religion-making teacher, his countenance fell, and he said no more. The people being now convened, one appointed for the purpose called three times for silence and attention. Each person then took the flowers and leaves which had been previously distributed, and placing them between his fingers, raised them to his head, and in that respectful posture remained motionless, until the service was closed. This ceremony we of course declined. When all things were properly adjusted, the preacher closed his eyes, and commenced the exercise, which consisted in repeating a portion from the Burman sacred writings. His subject was the conversion of the two prime disciples of Gaudama, and their subsequent promotion and glory. His oratory I found to be entirely different from all that we call oratory. At first, he seemed dull and monotonous; but presently, his soft mellifluous tones won their way into the heart, and lulled the soul into that state of calmness and serenity, which, to a Burman mind, somewhat resembles the boasted perfection of their saints of old. His discourse continued about half an hour; and at the close, the whole assembly burst out into a short prayer, after which, all rose and retired. This man exhibits twice every evening, in different places. Indeed he is the only popular lay preacher in the place. As for the priests, they preach on special occasions only, when they are drawn from their seclusion and inactivity, by the solicitations of their adherents."—pp. 121—123.

On the following Sunday, Mr. Judson made another public attempt, when the people behaved with more order; but it seemed impossible to fix their attention. On the Sunday after this, the zayat was fully completed, and the door laid open to the main road. "This morning," says the missionary, "I took my seat on the floor, in the open porch, under a solemn impression of the great responsibility attached to my new mode of life." This day several passengers came in from the road; these, with the missionary's own friends and neighbours, amounted to twenty-five or thirty. The day after, a party of twelve came in from a neighbouring village, to have a serious audience. One of them came again next day, with a companion. They received a great deal of instruction, and Mr. Judson's expectations rose. The next day a "bitter opposer" visited the missionary. On the previous Sunday a young man, named Mounk Koo, had strolled into the chapel, and though he appeared to be wild and noisy, but his manners to be respectful, he took a tract, and went away. On the Thursday after, he called on the missionary, and was lectured for two hours. "The truth," says Mr. Judson, "seems to have taken hold of his mind, and though he is quick and sensible, and has some savage fire in his eye, he is very docile, and ready to drink in the truth, without the numberless cavils and objections which are so common with the Burmans." These were, doubtless, very agreeable qualities in a Neophyte, and it is no wonder that Mr. Judson "felt considerable attachment to this young man," and that "his heart went forth to the mercy-seat, in behalf of his precious soul."

Mounk Koo returned the day after, and staid all the forenoon, and seemed still anxious to hear as much as possible of religion. Many others imitated his example, and came and went all the day, while Mr. Judson sat on his bench, like Socrates, teaching and discoursing with his new disciples. In May (1st) we find Mounk Nan added to the list of the hopeful. Mounk Koo still continued his visits. "But let us

see who of them," says the teacher, "will remember the day of worship." Under the next Lord's day, we find an entry, signifying that Mounng Nan alone made his appearance, and took his usual place. Mounng Koo and the other disciples had backslided. About thirty was again the number of the congregation. Mounng Nan persevered. He grew in religious knowledge, and became a Burmese apostle. He was about thirty-five years old, without family, of middling abilities, quite poor, and obliged to work for his living. He assisted his teacher much in explaining matters to the believers, which Mr. Judson found it difficult to put in an intelligible form. Poor Mounng Koo, who first excited the hopes of the pious, had entirely discontinued; but his place was well supplied by one Mounng Shway Oo, a young man of a pleasant exterior, and evidently in good circumstances. After worship on the Sunday, May 9th, Mounng Nan declared himself, in the presence of a considerable number, a disciple of the Lord. Mounng Shway Oo was strongly inclined to take the same step. He, as well as several others, were pretty well convinced that the Boodhest religion has no foundation. An earnest subject of conversation with the missionary, was the danger of embracing any new religion. All agreed that the king would cut off those who embraced, "being a king who could not bear that his subjects should differ in sentiment from himself." The friends of the missionary whispered him that he had better not stay in Rangoon, but go directly to the *Lord of life and death*, if he approved the religion; it would then spread rapidly, but in the present state of things none would venture to prosecute their inquiries, before it was known how the king might like it. Mr. Judson said, they "spoke low, and looked round fearfully when they mentioned the name of the 'owner of the sword.'"  
Mounng Shawy Oo wished, on the 13th of this busy month of May, to become a convert. He had attended two Sundays, and made occasional visits. Although he had obtained considerable knowledge of the Christian system, it was not thought he had a sufficient sense of his sins. Mounng Nan, day after day, kept pressing his suit for baptism. He was told plainly, that he might expect nothing in this world but persecution, and perhaps death; but nothing made an impression upon him. On the 6th of June he wrote, of his own accord, a letter to the Lord's three—the three missionaries—in which he prayed to be received into their church. The letter is curious. It begins—

"I, Mounng Nan, the constant recipient of your excellent favour, approach your feet. Whereas the Lord's three have come to the country of Burmah, not for the purpose of trade, but to preach the religion of Jesus Christ, the Son of the eternal God, I having heard and understood, am, with a joyful mind, filled with love," &c. &c.

At this juncture the viceroy was summoned from Rangoon, and great news of some kind was rumoured; at length it appeared that the king was dead. This is an assertion which it would be death to make there, for, as in England, the king never dies. This is the entry on June 22d, when the news was announced according to the proper form:—

"June 22d. Out all the morning listening for news, uncertain whether a day or an hour will not plunge us into the greatest distress. The whole place is sitting in sullen silence, expecting an explosion. About ten o'clock

a royal dispatch boat pulls up to the shore. An imperial mandate is produced. The crowds make way for the sacred messengers, and follow them to the high court, where the authorities of the place are assembled. Listen ye—The immortal king (wearied it would seem with the fatigues of royalty) has gone up to amuse himself in the celestial regions. His grandson, the heir apparent, is seated on the throne. The young monarch enjoins on all to remain quiet, and wait his imperial orders.

"It appears that the prince of Toung Oo, one of his uncles, has been executed, with his family and adherents, and the prince of Pyee placed in confinement. There has probably been bloody work; but it seems, from what has transpired, that the business has been settled so expeditiously, that the distant provinces will not feel the shock."—p. 142.

This prince of Pyee shortly after died in prison of his broken bones: for one of the gentler punishments of the Burmans, is to break every bone in the body with an iron mallet, and then to leave the wretched being to recover if he can. When this matter had subsided, Moung Nan was baptised. It was on a Sunday, the 27th June, after the usual service, and a particular exhortation and catechism of the proselyte, the party proceeded to a large pond in the vicinity, the bank of which is graced by an enormous image of Gaudama, and then administered baptism to the Burman convert. Moung Nan had been a hewer of wood, or some such labourer on timber, but he was now to be employed as a copyist for the mission. Moung Shway Oo had disappeared, like many others, without taking leave.

Several converts were now enrolled in the list of Christians; and the steps by which they arrived at conviction, their apprehensions and their hesitation, and finally their adoption of lowly language and sentiments of Christianity, are recorded with much minuteness by Mr. Judson, and may be studied by any one with much improvement.

One of the most interesting histories of conversion is that of Moung Shway-gnong, himself an eminent teacher, who long hesitated, and harassed Mr. Judson with many an acute doubt and warm debate. We will put down the several little entries in Mr. Judson's journal, which relate to this individual, and record, chronologically, the steps of his growing faith.

"*August 26th.* Was visited by Moung Shway-gnong, a teacher of considerable distinction. He appears to be half deist and half sceptic, the first of the sort I have met with among the Burmans. He, however, worships at the pagodas, and conforms to all the prevailing customs. We had a very interesting debate, in which we cleared up some preliminaries, preparatory, I hope, to future discussions."—p. 154.

"*August 27th.* Had but just returned home, when the teacher Moung Shway-gnong came again, and staid from noon till quite dark. We conversed incessantly the whole time; but I fear that no real impression is made on his proud sceptical heart. He, however, promised to pray to the eternal God, through Jesus Christ, and appeared, at times, to be in deep thought. He is a man of very superior argumentative powers. His conversion would probably shake the faith of many."—p. 155.

"*September 11th.* Moung Shway-gnong has been with me all day. It appears that he accidentally obtained the idea of an eternal Being, about eight years ago; and it has been floating about in his mind, and disturbing his Boodhist ideas ever since. When he heard of us, which was through one of his adherents, to whom I had given a tract, this idea received considerable confirmation; and to-day he has fully admitted the truth of this first grand principle. The latter part of the day we were fully employed in discussing

the possibility and necessity of a Divine revelation, and the evidence which proves that the writings of the apostles of Jesus contain that revelation; and I think I may say, that he is half inclined to admit all this. His is certainly a most interesting case. The way seems to be prepared in his mind for the special operation of Divine grace.

"His conversion seems peculiarly desirable, on account of his superior talents and extensive acquaintance with Burman and Pali literature. He is the most powerful reasoner I have yet met with in this country, excepting my old teacher, Oo Oungmen, (now dead,) and he is not at all inferior to him."—pp. 139, 160.

"September 18th. Moungh Shway-gnong has been with me a few hours; had spent the greater part of the day with Oo Yah, the merchant whom I mentioned some time ago, conversing on religion. Our interview chiefly passed in discussing his metaphysical cavils.

"September 19th, *Lord's day*. The teacher and Oo Yah came to worship according to their agreement of yesterday, accompanied with part of the family of the latter, and several respectable men of their acquaintance; so that the assembly consisted of about fifty. Some paid profound attention, and some none at all. After the exercises, Oo Yah seemed afraid to have it appear that he had any acquaintance with me, and kept at a distance. They finally all dropt away but the teacher, who stayed, as usual, till quite dark. He is, in many respects, a perfect enigma; but just before he left, a slight hope began to spring up in our minds, that his proud heart was yielding to the cross. He confessed that he was constrained to give up all dependance on his own merits and his literary attainments; that he had sinned against God all his life long, and that, therefore, he deserved to suffer hell. And then he asked, with some feeling, how he could obtain an interest in the merits and salvation of Jesus Christ? He appears to have a considerable share of that serious solemnity which I have observed to characterize the few who persevere in their religious inquiries, and which has been wanting in every instance of mere temporary promise. O, that he may be brought in, if it is not too great a favour for this infant mission to receive!"—pp. 160, 161.

"October 7th. Was rejoiced in the morning, to see the teacher, Moungh Shway-gnong, come again so soon. We spent the whole day together, uninterrupted by other company. In the forenoon he was as crabbed as possible—sometimes a Berkleian—sometimes a Humite, or complete sceptic. But in the afternoon he got to be more reasonable, and before he left, he obtained a more complete idea of the atonement than I have commonly been able to communicate to a Burman. He exclaimed, 'That is suitable—that is as it should be,' &c. But whether this conviction resulted from a mere philosophic view of the propriety and adaptedness of the way of salvation, through Jesus Christ, or from the gracious operations of the Holy Spirit, time must discover. I hardly venture to hope the latter. O Lord, the work is thine.

"October 23d. Have for some days been wondering at the long absence of the teacher. To-day heard a report that he has been summoned by the viceroy to give an account of his heretical sentiments."—p. 162.

"October 29th. The teacher came again, after an interval of three weeks; but he appears to be quite another man. He has not been personally summoned, as we heard; but through the instigation of the Mangan teacher, he was mentioned before the viceroy, as having renounced the religion of the country. The viceroy gave no decisive order; but merely said, 'Inquire further about him.' This reached the ears of Moungh Shway-gnong, and he directly went to the Mangan teacher, and, I suppose, apologized, and explained, and flattered. He denies that he really recanted, and I hope he did not. But he is evidently falling off from the investigation of the Christian religion. He made but a short visit, and took leave as soon as he could decently."—p. 163.

"November 21st. Moungh Shway-gnong has been with us the greater part of the day, and a little revived our hopes concerning him."—p. 168.

"December 4th. Another visit from Moungh Shway-gnong. After several hours spent in metaphysical cavils, he owned that he did not believe any thing that he had said, and had only been trying me and the religion, being determined to embrace nothing, but what he found unobjectionable and impregnable. 'What (said he), do you think I would pay you the least attention, if I found you could not answer all my questions, and solve all my difficulties?' He then proceeded to say, that he really believed in God, his Son Jesus Christ, the atonement, &c. Said I (knowing his detestical weakness), 'Do you believe all that is contained in the book of St. Matthew, that I have given you? In particular, do you believe that the Son of God died on a cross?' 'Ah, (replied he,) you have caught me now. I believe that he suffered death; but I cannot admit that he suffered the shameful death of the cross.' 'Therefore, (said I,) you are not a disciple of Christ. A true disciple inquires not whether a fact is agreeable to his own reason, but whether it is in the book. His pride has yielded to the Divine testimony. Teacher, your pride is still unbroken. Break down your pride, and yield to the word of God.' He stopt, and thought. 'As you utter these words, (said he,) I see my error: I have been trusting in my own reason, not in the word of God.' Some interruption now occurred. When we were again alone, he said, 'This day is different from all the days on which I have visited you. I see my error in trusting in my own reason; and I now believe the crucifixion of Christ, because it is contained in the Scripture.' Some time after, speaking of the uncertainty of life, he said, he thought he should not be lost, though he died suddenly. Why? 'Because I love Jesus Christ.' Do you really love him? 'No one who really knows him, can help loving him.' And so he departed."—pp. 168, 169.

Matters had gone thus far, when from some unseen cause, most of the converts gradually deserted the mission-house, and the *sayat* was obliged to be shut up. It was supposed that the government was hostile, and was probably meditating some visitation. Individuals began to speak in a spirit of persecution, and in short the atmosphere was overcast; but when the storm was to begin seemed wholly uncertain. In this posture of affairs, Mr. Judson thought it most advisable to visit the capital and present a memorial to the young king. This entry concerning Moungh Shway-gnong occurs before Mr. Judson's departure:—

"December 12th, *Lord's Day*. We were much gratified at seeing the tutor, Moungh Shway-gnong, at worship, for the first time since he was accused before the viceroy. The news of our intended expedition to Ava, has probably emboldened him. We proposed his accompanying us, but he declined."—p. 177.

On the missionary's return, Moungh Shway-gnong renewed his visits, and at length declared his determination to embrace Christianity:—

"February 28th. A visit from Moungh Shway-gnong. He had considered (he said) my last words, that one must believe and be baptized, in order to be a full disciple; it was his desire to be such; and he wanted to know what outward rules, in particular, he must observe, in case he should become a professor. I told him, that the disciples of Christ, after baptism, were associated together; that they assembled every Lord's day for worship; and that, from time to time, they received the sacrament of bread and wine. I then warned him of the danger of self-deception, and of the persecution to which disciples were exposed in this country; and advised him to reconsider the matter most thoroughly, before he made a definite request for baptism."—p. 204.

"March 10th. Moungh Shway-gnong and Oo Yan have been with me several hours; but the interview has afforded very little encouragement. The

former said but little on his own account—appearing chiefly desirous of convincing and persuading his friend, that he might gain (as I secretly suspected) some companion of his own rank in life, before he embraced the new religion. The latter acted on the defensive, and spent all his time in raising objections. He was ready to admit, that the atheistic system of the Boodhists was not tenable; but endeavoured to fortify himself on a middle system, between that and the Christian; the very system in which Moung Shway-gnong formerly rested, and which, for distinction's sake, may be fitly termed the semi atheistic. Its fundamental doctrine is, that Divine wisdom, not concentrated in any existing spirit, or embodied in any form, but diffused throughout the universe, and partaken in different degrees by various intelligences, and in a very high degree by the Boodhs, is the true and only God. This poor system, which is evidently guilty of suicide, Oo Yan made every possible effort to keep alive; but I really think, that, in his own mind, he felt the case to be hopeless. His mode of reasoning, however, is soft,, insinuating, and acute; and so adroitly did he act his part, that Moung Shway-gnong, with his strong arm, and I, with the strength of truth, were scarcely able to keep him down.

*“March 13th.* The teacher and Oo Yan, with two of their friends, came and spent several hours. The former stayed later than the others, and attended evening worship. I asked him, whether there was any point in the Christian system, on which he had not obtained satisfaction. He replied, that he was not yet satisfied as to the propriety of God's appointing one particular day in the week, for assembling together, in distinction from all other days. I saw, at once, why he had always been so remiss in attending worship on the Lord's day; and I therefore proceeded to state the nature of positive commands, and their peculiar excellence, as the best test of obedience; that it was evidently beneficial for the disciples of Christ to assemble sometimes; that God, in appointing that such an assembly should be held at least one day in seven, must be supposed to be guided by wisdom, infinitely transcending that of man; that if the disciples of Christ are to meet once at least in seven days, it is evidently best to have the day of meeting designated, in order to secure their general union and concert; and that the first day of the week had at least this claim to preference, that it was the day on which our Saviour rose from the dead. I descanted on these points to his apparent satisfaction; but let us see whether he will come the next Lord's day.”—pp. 205—207.

*“March 15th.* Another visit from the teacher, accompanied with his wife and child. Again discussed the necessity of assembling on the Lord's day. Found that the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper are, in his mind, liable to similar objections. Forsook, therefore, all human reasoning, and rested the merits of the case on the bare authority of Christ: ‘Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.’ Notwithstanding the remains of his deistical spirit, however, I obtained, during this visit, more satisfactory evidence of his real conversion, than ever before. He said, that he knew nothing of an eternally existing God, before he met with me; that, on hearing that doctrine, he instantly believed it; but that it was a long time before he closed with Christ. Can you recollect the time? said I. Not precisely, he replied; but it was during a visit, when you discoursed concerning the Trinity, the Divine sonship of Jesus, and the great sufferings which he, though truly God, endured for his disciples. He afterwards spoke with much Christian feeling, on the preciousness of the last part of the sixth chapter of St. Matthew, which he heard me read the day before yesterday, at evening worship.”—pp. 207, 208.

*“April 16th, Lord's Day.* Early in the morning, the teacher, Moung Shway-gnong came in, after an absence of just a month. He was soon followed by Oo Yan and his two friends. They spent the whole day with me; all appear hopeful. The teacher remained, as usual, after the others had left, and thereby afforded me an opportunity for private conversation. He admitted

that all his objections to positive commands were removed; and that it was his desire to be a full disciple; but when urged closely on the subject, he intimated that his wife and friends were opposed to his taking any decided step; and that if he did, he was, moreover, exposed to imminent danger of persecution and death. He mentioned these things with so much feeling, and such evident consciousness of simple weakness, as completely disarmed me. My heart was wrung with pity. I sincerely sympathized with him, in his evident mental trials. I could not deny the truth of what he said; but gently hinted, 'as thy day is, thy strength shall be,' and proposed the example of the apostles and martyrs, the glory of suffering for Christ, &c. But the thought of the iron mall, and a secret suspicion, that if I was in his circumstances, I should perhaps have no more courage, restrained my tongue. We parted with much solemnity, understanding one another better than ever before. I shall not probably see him again very soon, as it is too dangerous for a man of his distinction to be seen coming frequently to the mission-house."—pp. 217, 218.

"*May 26th.* A visit from Moungh Shway-gnong. He seems to have made no advance, in any respect, since his last visit."—p. 224.

"*June 3rd.* Another visit from Moungh Shway-gnong, more encouraging than the last. He was accompanied by several of the inquirers. Mah Myat-lah and Mah Doke, gave some evidence of being subjects of a work of grace. In the evening, determined to receive Moungh Myat-yah and Moungh Thah-yah into church fellowship."—p. 224.

"*July 17th.* Ship to be detained two days. In the forenoon the teacher, Moungh Shway-gnong, came in. I received him with some reserve; but soon found that he had not stayed away so long from choice, having been ill with a fever for some time, and occupied also with the illness of his family and adherents. He gradually wore away my reserve; and we had not been together two hours, before I felt more satisfied than ever, from his account of his mental trials, his struggles with sin, his strivings to be holy, his penitence, his faith, his exercises in secret prayer, that he is a subject of the special operations of the Holy Spirit; that he is indeed a true disciple. He stayed all day. In the afternoon, the five Nan-dau-gong visitors, the doctor Oo Yan, and several others, came together, and we had much interesting conversation. Towards the close, Moungh Shway-gnong, as if to bring things to a crisis, addressed me thus: 'My lord teacher, there are now several of us present, who have long considered this religion. I hope that we are all believers in Jesus Christ.' I am afraid, replied I, to say that; however, it is easily ascertained; and let me begin with you, teacher. I have heretofore thought that you fully believed in the eternal God; but I have had some doubt whether you fully believed in the Son of God, and the atonement he has made. 'I assure you,' he replied, 'that I am as fully persuaded of the latter as of the former.' Do you believe then, I continued, that none but the disciples of Christ will be saved from sin and hell? 'None but his disciples.' How then can you remain, without taking the oath of allegiance to Jesus Christ, and becoming his full disciple, in body and soul? 'It is my earnest desire to do so, by receiving baptism; and for the very purpose of expressing that desire, I have come here to-day.' You say, you are desirous of receiving baptism; may I ask, when you desire to receive it? 'At any time you will please to give it. Now—this moment, if you please.' Do you wish to receive baptism in public or in private? 'I will receive it at any time, and in any circumstances that you please to direct.' I then said—Teacher, I am satisfied, from your conversation this forenoon, that you are a true disciple; and I reply, therefore, that I am as desirous of giving you baptism as you are of receiving it. This conversation had a great effect on all present. The disciples rejoiced; the rest were astonished; for though they have long thought that he believed the Christian religion, they could not think that such a man could easily be brought to profess it, and suffer himself to be put under the water by a foreigner. I then turned to Moungh



Thahay, one of the Nan-dau-gong people, who, I hope, is a true believer. Are you willing to take the oath of allegiance to Jesus Christ? 'If the teacher, MOUNG SHWAY-GNONG, consents,' replied he, 'why should I hesitate?' If he does not consent, what then? 'I must wait a little longer.' Stand by, said I, you trust in MOUNG SHWAY-GNONG, rather than in Jesus Christ. You are not worthy of being baptized. MOUNG MYAT-LAH, on being similarly interrogated, wished to consider a little longer. Oo Yan was still further from committing himself. Of the women present, I interrogated MAH MEN-LAY only. She had evidently a considerable struggle in her mind, probably on account of her husband having just declined. At length she said, if I thought it suitable for her to be baptized, she was desirous of receiving the ordinance. I told her, that her reply was not satisfactory. I could not consent to baptize any one who could possibly remain easy without being baptized, and then I related the story of the two last disciples; after which the party broke up.

"In the evening I laid the case of MOUNG SHWAY-GNONG before the church, and we joyfully agreed to receive him to communion, on his being baptized.

"*July 18th.* In the morning, the teacher again made his appearance; I again asked him whether he preferred being baptized in the day or in the evening, and he again left it to my decision; on which I advised him to wait till night. He appeared very well through the day—his deportment solemn—his conversation spiritual. Just at night, I called in two or three of the disciples, read the account of the baptism of the eunuch, made the baptismal prayer, and then proceeded with the teacher to the accustomed place, went down into the water, and baptized him."—pp. 227—230.

In consequence of the bad state of Mr. Judson's health, a visit to Bengal was determined upon. The missionary and his wife went aboard, followed by nearly a hundred people, the women crying aloud, and all deeply afflicted. The teacher, and a few others, accompanied them to the ship, and then returned.

"*July 20th.* The ship having been unable to move yesterday, on account of the anchor's being foul, the teacher, MOUNG SHWAY-GNONG, espied the masts from his village, and came off in a boat, with his wife and another woman. Soon after, most of the Nan-dau-gong people came to the mission house, and finding that the ship had not dropped down, came off, accompanied by several of our own people. We were much gratified by this fresh proof of their attachment; but the ship got under weigh immediately, and they were obliged to leave us for the last time."—pp. 231, 232.

In the beginning of the next year, the missionary and his wife returned.

"*January 5th.* As we drew near the town, we strained our eyes to distinguish the countenances of our friends, amid the crowd that we saw assembled on the wharf. The first that we recognized was the teacher, MOUNG SHWAY-GNONG, with his hands raised to his head, as he discerned us on the deck; and, on landing, we met successively with MAH MEN-LAY and MOUNG THAHLAH, and several others, men, women, and children, who, after our usual examination at the custom-office, accompanied us to the mission house. Soon after, MOUNG NAU, and others, came in, who had not, at first, heard of our arrival. In the evening, I took my usual seat among the disciples; and when we bowed down in prayer, the hearts of all flowed forth in gratitude and praise."—p. 235.

"The most important event (and that relates, of course, to MOUNG SHWAY-GNONG), remains to be mentioned. It will be remembered that he was accused before the former viceroy of being a heretic, and that the simple reply, 'Inquire further,' spread dismay among us all, and was one occasion of our visit to Ava. Soon after MYA-DAY-MEN assumed the government of

this province, all the priests and officers of the village where Moungh Shway-gnong lives, entered into a conspiracy to destroy him. They held daily consultations, and assumed a tone of triumph; while poor Moungh Shway-gnong's courage began to flag; and, though he does not like to own it, he thought he must fly for his life. At length, one of the conspiracy, a member of the supreme court, went into the presence of the viceroy, and, in order to sound his disposition, complained that the teacher, Moungh Shway-gnong, was making every endeavour to turn the priest's rice-pot bottom upwards. *What consequence?* said the viceroy: *Let the priests turn it back again.* This sentence was enough; the hopes of the conspiracy were blasted; and all the disciples felt that they were sure of toleration under Mya-day-men. But this administration will not probably continue many months."—p. 238.

After this, we hear of Moungh Shway-gnong seconding the efforts of his teacher. In the following passage he acts in this capacity:

"*January 31st.* Received a visit from the teacher, Oo Oung-det, of the village of Kambet. He has disseminated the semi-atheistic doctrine for several years, and formed a small party among his neighbours, who pay no respect to the priests and the religion of Gaudama. We had a most interesting conversation of about two hours, in the presence of a large company, most of whom came with him. He successively gave up every point that he attempted to maintain, and appeared to lay open his mind to the grand truths of an eternal God, eternal happiness, &c. Moungh Shway-gnong seconded me, and discoursed in a truly impressive manner, until the attention of the old man was so completely fixed, that his friends with difficulty persuaded him to take leave."—p. 241.

He afterwards engages with Mr. Judson in a thorough revision of the parts of the New Testament which the missionary had already translated. The last notice which occurs of poor Moungh Shway-gnong is a melancholy one:

"Soon after the last date in Mr. Judson's journal, another attempt, with greater probability of success, was made to destroy the teacher, Moungh Shway-gnong. The chief of his village, in connexion with several priests, drew up and presented a document to the viceroy, in which Moungh Shway-gnong was accused of having embraced sentiments which aimed at the destruction of the Boodhist religion, and prejudicial to the existing authorities. The viceroy replied, that if their assertions were true, Moungh Shway-gnong was deserving of death. The teacher and his friends had closely watched the proceedings of the accusers, and took measures accordingly; and, as soon as he ascertained that the viceroy uttered an encouraging word to his persecutors, he procured a boat, embarked his family, secretly fled to the mission-house, to disclose to Mr. Judson his situation, and, after furnishing himself with tracts and portions of Scripture, proceeded up the river to Shway-doung, a town about a hundred miles from Rangoon. From the last accounts, he was busily employed in disseminating his heretical sentiments, and had excited much commotion among the inhabitants of that place. Thus it was, as in the days of the apostles, when the disciples of Christ were persecuted, 'they that were scattered abroad went every where preaching the word.'"—pp. 254, 255.

The flight of Moungh Shway-gnong caused much alarm among the other disciples and inquirers, so that Mr. Judson was obliged to shut up the zayat altogether. As he could not preach, he did the next best thing he could, which was assiduously to apply himself to the completion of his translation of the New Testament. To add to the misfortunes of the mission, soon after the persecution of Moungh Shway-gnong, another sincere and zealous disciple died, suddenly, after an

illness of a few hours. This was Moungh Thahlah; a very interesting case, for the details of which we must refer to the book; together with that of Moungh Ing; and more particularly Moungh Shway-bay, from whom a very curious letter is given, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Baldwin, of Boston. The letter ends as follows:

"Thus I, Moungh Shway-bay, a disciple of teacher Yoodthan, in Rangoon, write and send this letter to the great teacher Baldwin, who lives in Boston, America."

The women presented several remarkable specimens of acuteness and intelligence in pursuing their inquiries; and among the softer sex several vigorous proselytes were found, with whom we are brought acquainted in the course of the Journal. But of all the inquirers, for he was too much of a sceptic to believe any thing, the most singular character is that of Moungh Long. The conversation between him and Mr. Judson throws light upon the intellectual habits of the Burmans; for though it is an exaggerated specimen of their extremely sceptical turn of reasoning, it partakes of the same general character. Moungh Long scarcely believed his own existence. He was always quarrelling with his wife on metaphysical points. When his wife would say, *The rice is ready*, his reply was—Rice! with an air of surprise, as if the news of its existence astonished him. 'Rice! what is rice? Is it matter or spirit? Is it an idea, or is it non-entity?' Perhaps her answer is—'matter;' and he will reply, 'Well, wife, and what is matter? Are you sure there is such a thing in existence, or are you merely subject to a delusion of the senses?' Mr. Judson thus reports the conversation:—

"When he first came in, I thought him an ordinary man. He has only one good eye; but I soon discovered, that that one eye has as 'great a quantity of being' as half a dozen common eyes. In his manners he is just the reverse of Moungh Thah-ee—all suavity and humility, and respect. He professed to be an inquirer after the truth; and I accordingly opened to him some parts of the gospel. He listened with great seriousness, and when I ceased speaking, remained so thoughtful, and apparently oppressed with the truth, that I began to hope he would come to some good, and therefore invited him to ask some question relative to what he had heard. 'Your servant,' said he, 'has not much to inquire of your lordship. In your lordship's sacred speech, however, there are one or two words which your servant does not understand. Your lordship says, that in the beginning God created one man and one woman. I do not understand (I beg your lordship's pardon) what a man is, and why he is called a man.' My eyes were now opened, in an instant, to his real character; and I had the happiness to be enabled, for about twenty minutes, to lay blow after blow upon his sceptical head, with such effect, that he kept falling and falling; and though he made several desperate efforts to get up, he found himself at last prostrate on the ground, unable to stir. Moungh Shway-gnong, who had been an attentive listener, was extremely delighted to see his enemy so well punished; for this Moungh Long had sorely harassed him in time past. The poor man was not, however, in the least angry at his discomfiture; but, in the true spirit of his school, said, that though he had heard much of me, the reality far exceeded the report. Afterwards he joined us in worship, and listened with great attention, as did also his wife."—pp. 247, 248.

The anecdotes of the Burman converts have led us into such copious extracts, that we cannot consistently extend this article to any greater length, by entering into the other very interesting points in the history

of the mission. For a considerable space of time Mr. Judson was alone at Rangoon. His wife's health was reduced to that state, that it became necessary that she should visit Europe. Another event of importance was the visit to Ava, where Mr. Judson presented a memorial, which was disdainfully rejected by the monarch of the golden foot. Brother Hough returned to British India; and both brother Wheelock and brother Coleman died, the former after his return to America, the other in Chittagong. Dr. Price afterwards arrived to join the labours of the great teacher, 'Yoodthan,' when the court hearing of his medical skill, caused the whole party to be brought up to Ava, where they were treated with mighty condescension by the King. The favour of the court was indeed such as to encourage high hopes in Mr. Judson, when the war broke out with the British. Suspicion then fell upon all the 'white strangers' in Ava, and their property was seized; they were imprisoned, and treated with the harshest severity. Mr. Judson was only permitted to leave a loathsome prison, when the British army approached the capital, in order to serve as an interpreter. When the British general, Sir Archibald Campbell, became aware of his condition, he insisted, with such firmness, upon his instantaneous enlargement, and delivery into the hands of the British, that the government, then in a state of great apprehension, were compelled to comply. The cession of several provinces of Burmah to the British, gives Mr. Judson an opportunity of establishing his mission within the limits of the authority of the Company, where he will doubtless enjoy a free and fair field for his labours. The last we hear of him, when the last part of this publication went to press, was, that he had once more ventured into Ava, as interpreter and translator to Mr. Crawford, the envoy to this capital.

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#### POLITICAL ECONOMY.\*

THE outcry which has been set up by a certain class of politicians against political economy, is something like the anger which a dull child feels against his Horn-book, or did feel before that venerable instrument of instruction vanished before the march of mind and the cheapness of paste-board. The pretensions of some political economists may be excessive, (as where will there not be puppies?) but there is no pretension so monstrous as that of a man who, covering half knowledge under the false pretence of utter and indolent ignorance, professes to have a right to legislate, or even to discuss legislative measures, without a knowledge of the principles on which they are recommended.

In proportion to the growth of society, and the necessary variety and complication of interests arising with its growth, is there a demand for instruction, on the part of an active legislature. If it were true, and it would be strange if it were, that all the persons who have written on this subject have been mistaken—that all those

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\* An Introductory Lecture on Political Economy, delivered before the University of Oxford on the 6th December, 1826. By Nassau William Senior, of Magdalen College, Oxford, A.M. Professor of Political Economy. London. Mawman. 1827.

who have attended to political economy, have, for no other reason than that they have attended to it, always preferred bad reasons to good ones, still the advantages of attention to their researches, would not be less evident. Without the aid of the habit of attention, without the interest and connexion which a theory, even when an erroneous one, gives to a study, the facts which come within the knowledge of an individual, are disconnected, barren—not even remembered. A few very acute, practical men, may by long habits of observation have a very accurate knowledge of the facts, and even form rules, that is to say, theories, for their own guidance in those affairs in which their own interests are concerned; but that without some habits of study, and attention to political economy, without some attention to the classification of facts concerning the production and distribution of wealth in society, the mass of members of Parliament, of political writers, or dilettante inquirers, will have a knowledge even of facts themselves, is a supposition which has neither reason nor experience to recommend it. The men who have been loudest in their contempt of theories, have been just as signal in their ignorance of facts. Men in such a state of mind, professing to be legislators, must be at the mercy of the boldest, or the last assertion. The late debate on the navigation laws, one of the subjects on which the persons who have made war against theories have raised the loudest outcry, was a signal instance of this. The whole of this race was so overwhelmed by the superior practical knowledge of the theorist whom they had contemned, that they were unable to avail themselves of the small portion of reason which they had on their side.

It is an ill omen for these persons, that a professorship of political economy has been established by the liberality of a private individual, but still established in one of the old cradles of learning. When a prejudice absconds from Oxford, it cannot linger long upon earth. It was from Oxford that Astræa ascended to heaven in the gown of a Doctor of Laws.

Mr. Senior, the first professor, is an able and extremely well instructed man, with considerable talents for exposition, but a little too much passion for discovery and controversy, as we should judge at least from the notes to Dr. Whateley's Logic. Political economists have of late become a combative race. In his lectures, however, we hope Mr. Senior will rather indulge the talent which he possesses for expounding and illustrating.

Mr. Senior, after describing the striking differences between the present and past condition of this island, and between the actual state of England and that of some other countries more favoured by nature, proceeds thus:—

“ It is impossible to consider these phenomena without feeling anxious to account for them; to discover whether they are occasioned by circumstances unsusceptible of investigation, or regulation, or by causes which can be ascertained, and may be within human controul. To us, as Englishmen, it is of still deeper interest to inquire whether the causes of our superiority are still in operation, and whether their force is capable of being increased or diminished; whether England has run her full career of wealth and improvement, but stands safe where she is; or, whether to remain stationary is impossible, and it depends on her institutions and her habits, on her

government, and on her people, whether she shall recede or continue to advance.

"The answer to all these questions must be sought in the science which teaches in what wealth consists,—by what agents it is produced, and according to what laws it is distributed,—and what are the institutions and customs by which production may be facilitated and distribution regulated, so as to give the largest possible amount of wealth to each individual. And this science is political economy.

"If my definition be correct, the science of political economy may be divided into two great branches,—the theoretic and the practical. The first, or theoretic branch, that which explains the nature, production, and distribution of wealth, will be found to rest on a very few general propositions, which are the result of observation, or consciousness, and which almost every man, as soon as he hears them, admits, as familiar to his thoughts, or at least, as included in his previous knowledge.

"Its conclusions are also nearly as general as its premises;—those which relate to the nature and production of wealth, are universally true: and, though those which relate to the distribution of wealth, are liable to be affected by peculiar institutions of particular countries,—in the cases, for instance, of slavery, corn laws, or poor laws,—the natural state of things can be laid down as the general rule, and the anomalies produced by particular disturbing causes can be afterwards accounted for.

"The practical branch of the science, that of which the office is to ascertain what institutions are most favourable to wealth, is a far more arduous study. Many of its premises, indeed, rest on the same evidence as those of the first branch; for they are the conclusions of that branch:—but it has many which depend on induction from phenomena, numerous, difficult of enumeration, and of which the real sequence often differs widely from the apparent one. The machinery of civilized society is worked by so many antagonist springs; the dislike of labour, the desire for immediate enjoyment, and the love of accumulation are so perpetually counteracting one another, and they produce such opposite conduct, not only in different individuals, but in whole masses of people, that we are liable to the greatest mistakes when we endeavour to assign motives to past conduct, or to predict the conduct which a new motive will produce.

"For instance, the questions, whether the poor laws have had a tendency to diminish or increase the population of England? Whether the testamentary laws of France are favourable or unfavourable to the wealth of that country? Whether the wealth of England has been increased or diminished by her colonies? Whether tithes fall principally on the consumer or on the landlord? and many others, of which the facts seem to lie before our eyes, have been diligently and acutely investigated, and are still, perhaps, undecided.

"And, if we are often unable to trace all the consequences of institutions with which we have been long familiar, how much more difficult must it be to predict the effects of measures which are still untried!

"Inattention to the distinction between the practical and the theoretic branches of political economy, appears to me to have occasioned much of the difference of opinion which prevails as to the certainty of its conclusions. Those who assert that it approaches to the accuracy of logic or mechanics, must either have confined their attention to the theoretic branch, or have forgotten that the practical branch must sometimes draw its premises from particular facts, respecting particular climates, soils, and seasons; and must sometimes take into account the influence of every human passion and appetite, under every modification of government and knowledge.

"On the other hand, the uncertainty which affects many of the investigations of political economists, has been rashly attributed to them all. Because from probable premises they have deduced only probable conclusions, it has been sometimes supposed that probability, and that of a low degree, is all they can attain.

"I hope in the course of these Lectures to prove the truth of my statement, that the theoretic branch of the science, that which treats of the nature, production and distribution of wealth,—is capable of all the certainty that can belong to any science, not founded exclusively on definitions; and I hope, also, to show that many conclusions, and those of the highest importance, in the practical branch, rest so immediately on the conclusions of the theoretic branch as to possess equal certainty and universality."—pp. 6—11.

Logic of course is the most certain of all sciences, because, as it depends upon the use of arbitrary creations, (general terms,) as the artist not only makes all his tools and uses them, but creates the very stuff on which he works, it is his own fault if the result be not certain. But when Mr. Senior concedes that political economy is less certain than mechanics, he concedes, perhaps, too much; for the application of theoretical mechanics to the uses of life, are not much more certain than the application of the theory of political economy to the same purposes. It is easy to decide what force shall be sufficient to draw a perfectly hard and smooth wheel, (which never existed) on a perfectly hard, and smooth, and level surface, (which is no where to be found,) but it is not so easy to know what power will be necessary to move a pair of wheels from London to York, without knowing the state of the road, or whether a road exist. Is it not notorious that nine tenths of the experiments which are made, founded on scientific principles, by scientific engineers, fail? Did not some eminent mechanists who attempted to save Greece by varying the paddles of a steam-boat, try two years in vain?

Did not the whole body of London engineers, clubbing their science and their purses, some time since accomplish a vessel which ought to have moved like lightning, but would practically accomplish only two miles and a half an hour (with the tide)? Did not Mr. Brunel prove that the water ought not to have broken into his tunnel, and has it not broken in? Has he not showed that the leak in the bottom of the Thames ought to have been stopped by his clay-bags? Yet, because the ablest men experience these difficulties and disappointments, are we to despise the knowledge of the mechanical power, and all calculations of the strength of metals, or the pressure or resistance of water? or could we doubt that Mr. Brunel would be better at stopping a leak in the Thames, than a Lethbridge or a Gooch, however superior the two latter might be at setting it on fire?

You must know in mechanics, as in political economy, what materials you have to work with; you must make allowance for knots in your wood, and flaws in your metal; for wind, weather, heat, cold, contraction, expansion, and finally ignorance. Neither mechanics nor political economy will give a silly man brains, nor a rash man caution; nor enable a man, from the knowledge of a few circumstances, to calculate the effects of many. In all science the difficulty of application to the practice exists. A good theoretical chemist may blow his eyes out in an experiment; an excellent surgeon may kill his patient if he is tremulous or drunk; a lord might poison himself in attempting to follow the precepts of the great Ude. In all science there is little absolutely certain, but what is absolutely impracticable. Yet it is not to be conceded to the Boobies that science is therefore useless, or that political economy is more uncertain than other

sciences, because it is more incumbent on them to be acquainted with it.

Mr. Senior well observes, that no men are more obstinate theorists than those who complain of the theories of the economists. They speak *prose*, like *M. Jourdan*, without knowing it. Their assumed ground of superiority is their adherence to theories proved to be false. Quacks are not entitled to abuse the practice of physic, who have themselves—

“Stores of deleterious med’cines,  
Which whosoever took is dead since.”

His illustration from the case of Napoleon is good:—

“There never was a man of stronger common sense, a man more fitted to draw accurate conclusions from few or doubtful premises, than Napoleon. He had an utter horror of political economy, the principles of which, he said, if an empire were built of granite, would grind it to powder. On such subjects he trusted to common sense. And his common sense was an undistinguishing acceptance of the whole theory of the mercantile system.

“It appears, from his conversations at St. Helena, that he fully believed that the continent must be a loser by its commerce with England, and that it must be so on account of the excellence and cheapness of English commodities. These abominable qualities must, he thought, enable us, in the jargon of the theory, to undersell the continent in its own market, and ultimately produce its ruin, through that unfavourable balance of trade, in which, what is received is of greater value than what is given. He thought that he could put an end to this trade by his continental system; without doubt the principal object of that system was to ruin England; but he appears to have implicitly believed that it was also a blessing to the continent. The murmurs of his subjects and allies he treated like the complaints of spoiled children, who do not know what is for their own good, and who, when experience has made them wiser, will embrace from choice what they have submitted to from necessity. There can be no doubt, I think, that these opinions, and the obstinacy into which they led him, were the ultimate causes of his downfall.

“But can they be said to have been founded on common sense? If Napoleon had trusted to his own powerful sense, if he had not been misled by a theory as wild as it is generally received, could he have believed that the continent was injured by enjoying an advantageous market, and was injured precisely in the proportion in which that market was advantageous?”

—p. 31—33.

The following passage is bold and well placed:—

“The length to which this lecture has extended, prevents me from dwelling on the many other prejudices which profess to derive their sanction from the much abused term ‘common sense.’ I will only suggest, as instances, the common opinion that the unproductive consumption of opulent individuals and of governments, the mere waste of armies and of courts, is beneficial to the other members of society, because, to use the vague and unintelligible language of common conversation, ‘it promotes the circulation of money;’ and the equally common error, that a fall in the price of subsistence, arising from its abundance, is injurious to the manufacturing classes, because it diminishes the market for their commodities. These opinions, setting aside their error, are so paradoxical, that I cannot conceive a man with a mind so constituted as to admit them unhesitatingly if they were presented to him when perfectly unbiassed. But they are favourable to the interests, or to the supposed interests, of the most influential members of every community. They have been so long repeated, in so many shapes, and on so many occasions, that they have become ‘familiar in our ears as household words;’ and there is not a more common mistake than to suppose that because a proposition is trite it must be true.”—p. 33, 34.



As to the manner in which Mr. Senior proposes to teach political economy, as to the arrangement of the subject which he intends to trace or to follow, we have no very clear notion from his introductory discourse, and the part of the lecture which seems to refer to that arrangement is not so clear or satisfactory as the rest:—

“In the early part of this lecture I stated, that the theoretic branch of political economy—that which explains the nature, production, and distribution of wealth—would be found to rest on a few general propositions, the result of observation, or of consciousness. The propositions to which I alluded are these:—

“Firstly. That wealth consists of all those things, and of those things only, which are transferable; which are limited in quantity; and which, directly or indirectly, produce pleasure or prevent pain: or to use an equivalent expression, which are susceptible of exchange; (including under exchange, hire, as well as absolute purchase;) or, to use a third equivalent expression, which have value.

“Secondly. That every person is desirous to obtain, with as little sacrifice as possible, as much as possible of the articles of wealth.

“Thirdly. That the powers of labour, and of the other instruments which produce wealth, may be indefinitely increased by using their products as the means of further production.

“Fourthly. That, agricultural skill remaining the same, additional labour employed on the land within a given district, produces a less proportionate return. And—

“Fifthly. That the population of a given district is limited only by a moral or physical evil, or by deficiency in the means of obtaining those articles of wealth; or, in other words, those necessities, decencies, and luxuries, which the habits of the individuals of each class of the inhabitants of that district lead them to require.”—pp. 34—36.

Without a more detailed explanation of Mr. Senior's meaning, it is impossible to judge of the expediency of this plan of teaching, but it is obvious that these general propositions cannot be taken as true without great limitation. Omitting the consideration whether the third and fourth propositions to a certain degree contradict one another, the fourth is contradicted by every day's experience. By the draining of marshy or ill conditioned land, not only the gross but the proportionate return, is very frequently increased, and land which with a small quantity of labour (whatever the degree of skill with which it be applied) would not produce at all, may produce largely when that labour is increased. Neither is it by any means true, without equally large exceptions, that “the population of a given district,” is always limited only by those circumstances which Mr. Senior mentions; because under the most favourable circumstances the power of increase of the human race forms a limit to the population of a district as well as the deficiency of the means of obtaining the necessities, decencies, and luxuries of life; wealth may in fact increase faster than population, for it is notorious that instances are not wanting where, without the intervention of physical or moral evil, the condition of the people has improved; which could manifestly never happen if, in the absence of evil, the deficiency of the means of obtaining habitual “necessaries, decencies, and luxuries,” were the only circumstances limiting population.

We do not mention these defects in Mr. Senior's propositions, by which he intends, we presume, to lay the foundation for the principle

of competition, the doctrine of rent, and the principle of population, nor from any desire of carping at his method, or of contesting his conclusions as far as we can anticipate them, (for though his propositions are too large, he will probably so limit them, in his application of them, as to fall into no practical error,) but to show him that objections similar to those which he offers to the definitions of other economists, will apply to his own language. We refer to "a Collection of Economical Definitions," which he has appended to Dr. Whatley's Logic, under the head of ambiguous terms, and to which he calls the attention of his hearers at the conclusion of his introductory discourse.

In the collection of ambiguous terms to which we refer, what Mr. Senior sometimes calls ambiguity, is an evil that can scarcely be guarded against; for however strictly a man may adhere in the use of a term to the definition he has given of it, he cannot prevent others from using it in a different sense. All that can be hoped for is, that when knowledge of the subject is more diffused, the most convenient definitions will be adopted.

In speaking of the definitions of value, he says—"Mr. Ricardo appears to set out by admitting Adam Smith's definition of value in exchange. But in the greater part of his 'Principles of Political Economy' he uses the word as synonymous with cost, and by this one ambiguity has rendered his great work a long enigma."—p. 304. But of this enigma Mr. Senior soon after furnishes a solution, which must have occurred to every one who reads Mr. Ricardo with attention. "Having decided that commodities are valuable in proportion to the labour they have respectively cost, it was natural to call that labour their 'value.'"—p. 305. (Appendix to Whateley's Logic.)

It was surely the more allowable to use this form of expression, since at the outset of his work Mr. Ricardo especially limits its application. "In speaking of commodities, of their exchangeable value, and of the laws which regulate their relative prices, we mean always such commodities *only* as can be increased in quantity by the exertion of human industry, and on the production of which competition operates without restraint."—p. 3. Principles of Political Economy.

Mr. Ricardo most certainly has not the merit of a good logical arrangement. His work is an admirable specimen of investigation and computation, in which some words have been used as elements of the calculation like algebraical signs, rather than in a manner suited to a popular or expository treatise. His propositions sometimes need explanation and limitation (generally less of the latter than those elementary propositions on which Mr. Senior thinks the theory of Political Economy can be founded): but what he needs most is an attentive reader—one who will bring to the work some of the quality which the author possessed in so high a degree—the desire to inform himself rather than to criticise.

We shall conclude by quoting from the Appendix referred to, a remark of Mr. Senior on the ambiguities connected with the use of the word "Wages."

"Another most fruitful source of ambiguity arises from the use of the word *Wages* sometimes as expressing a *quantity*, sometimes as expressing a *proportion*.

"In ordinary language, *Wages* means the *amount of some commodity*, gene-

rally of silver, given to the labourer in return for a given exertion ; and they rise or fall, as that amount is increased or diminished.

"In the language of Mr. Ricardo, they usually mean the labourer's *proportion of what is produced*, supposing that produce to be divided between him and the capitalist. In this sense they generally rise as the whole produce is diminished ; though, if the word be used in the other sense, they generally fall. If Mr. Ricardo had constantly used the word 'Wages' to express a *proportion*, the only inconvenience would be the necessity of always translating this expression into common language. But he is not consistent. When he says, that 'whatever raises the Wages of labour lowers the Profits of stock,' he considers Wages as a *proportion*. When he says, that 'high Wages encourage population,' he considers Wages as an *amount*. Even Mr. McCulloch, who has clearly explained the ambiguity, has not escaped it. He has even suffered it to affect his reasonings. In his valuable essay, 'On the Rate of Wages,' he admits that 'when Wages are high the capitalist has to pay a larger share of the produce of his industry to his labourers.' An admission utterly inconsistent with his general use of the word, as expressing the *amount* of what the labourer receives, which, as he had himself observed, may increase while his *proportion* diminishes."—pp. 314, 315.

This distinction is useful, and not enough attended to, and it enables us to take leave of Mr. Senior with a favourable impression of his talent ; and we have no doubt that the time which he will have occasion to bestow on Political Economy, will enable him to contribute as well to its improvement as to its diffusion.

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#### BEN NAZIR.

To learn by rote words which convey no ideas is the most trying effort of memory. School-boys, aware of this fact, construe their Greek and Latin verses before they attempt to get them by heart. Foote, desiring to make an experiment of the powers of a man who boasted an excellent memory, strung together in the style of a story a tissue of incoherent nonsenses. Mr. Kean, the actor, lately found it utterly impossible to remember his part in Mr. Grattan's tragedy of Ben Nazir. Was the fault with the poet or the player ? To confess the truth, we were inclined from some acquaintance with his works to impute it to the former ; but after reading the tragedy, we are compelled to admit, that it seems to us very much like other tragedies,—that is to say, such as tragedies now are ; and that we see no particular reason why it should be more difficult to learn it by rote than the *Bertrams*, *Evadne*, *Julians*, *Brides of Abydos*, &c. Indeed we are decidedly of opinion that it is as good a tragedy as hands could make, for there is the usual proportion of Ha's and Oh's, and observation has taught us that Ha's and Oh's are the main ingredients of modern tragedy. These very superior interjections, together with the stage directions in the last scene [*she dies*] [*he stabs himself*] in fact constitute the very substance of the play. Were we therefore to consult our own tastes only, in noticing such performances, we should merely cite the '*draws a poignard*,' and so forth, at the end of the piece, and the Ha's and Oh's that have occurred in the course of it : but as we know that there are persons in the world who think it necessary to hear some account of the immaterial part, the plot and characters—

as they are ridiculously called *lucus a non lucendo*—as if it mattered who was stabbed to the heart and by what means, provided only he or she is stabbed to the heart;—we say, being aware that there are old-fashioned folks who desire information on these points, we feel bound to endeavour to convey it to them.

Ben Nazir opens with a conversation between Eudes and Clotaire. *Eudes* [from *Eûde dormio*, because his discourse has a sleep-persuading quality] is a duke of Aquitaine, who extremely wishes to be a king without knowing how. He has for his daughter the heroine Emerance, and at the time we first make his acquaintance, he designs giving her in marriage to a certain Moor, Ben Nazir by name, who is at the head of an invading army. Eudes had, however, before promised the young lady to Charles Martel, so that he is in what the French call a false position. Clotaire, a priest, endeavours to dissuade Eudes from breaking his faith and wedding his daughter to an infidel, justly and pointedly inquiring,

“And canst thou, Duke, command the unholy rite?”

The duke upon this intimates to the priest that his reverend habit shields him, and long prescription licences his tongue,

“But should you dare arraign your Sovereign’s will,”

What then? Why we have only quoted the line to show a grand resource in the dramatic art. It would have been difficult to say what would be the consequence of Clotaire’s transgression, as his impunity has just been predicated, therefore the poet gets rid of the matter handsomely by making Clotaire repeat

“My Sovereign?”

Whereupon they fall upon a dissertation on that word; his grace, according to the parliamentary phrase, *explaining*. Much of the discourse which follows is of so strictly political a nature that we cannot pretend to follow or comprehend it. The sum is, that the Duke thinks Ben Nazir a better match than Charles Martel, and in communicating this opinion he is not over civil to his ghostly counsellor, whose mind he does not hesitate to pronounce *puny*. The end of it is that Clotaire goes to Emerance to prevail upon her to do as her papa bids her. He finds her in a wonderful *taking*, reading a letter from Charles, the style of which she especially commends—

“How luminous, how lovely every word.”

Here is the epistle, and, bearing this praise in mind, confess, reader, the blindness of love—

— “For thee alone, my Emerance,  
I live and reign. I can but say adieu!  
Three days beyond that one when this shall reach thee,  
Bring me to thee—a victor yet a slave.”

“How luminous, how lovely every word!”

The lady is plainly far gone in love, and what follows in further evidence of this observation, extremely shocks that nice sense of propriety on which we value ourselves. Shall we be believed when we affirm that this fair creature hints to the priest, of all men in the world, that she can dispense with the marriage ceremony;—she seems ripe and

ready to jump over a broomstick, nay, even to reject that form of wedlock—

— “ Well, father, is he not a hero?  
*It needs no legal bonds to bind me to him.*”

Fie, for shame, miss! we’re shocked at you,—we are. And to hold such immodest language to a reverend clergyman too, who stands there blushing like a blue dog in a cream jug at your naughtiness. Oh fie!

The papa having witnessed unobserved the huge delight of Emerance on reading the letter, which he imagines to be one from Ben Nazir, is greatly pleased at her raptures, and comes in and fondles the young lady. When undeceived, he runs sulky, and his daughter then, after the manner of all daughters in such predicaments, begins lecturing him upon the impropriety of his designs, and fairly tells him that if he marries her to the moorish gentleman, there will be a terrible row about it in Heaven. He will, she says,

— “ Rouse throughout high Heaven—if passion lives,  
 [A prudent if]

And burns for earthly wrongs in heavenly bosoms—  
 One general burst of an indignant horror!”

She shortly afterwards explains that Charles is in much better circumstances than her papa had imagined, and that he is her most obedient slave. On hearing this Eudes is perfectly delighted, changes his mind, and resolves to give her to Charles.

The young lady in this place betrays further evidence of the ardour of her temperament. Referring to her lover’s promise to be at her feet in three days, she exclaims,

“ Oh Time, rush on with fresh invigorate speed,  
*For I am sick already with delay.*”

Huncamunca in Tom Thumb expresses herself to Lord Grizzle with more moderation, if to similar general effect, and we think it easy to perceive that Mr. Grattan has had that model in view.

“ Now hasten for the licence, haste, I pray,  
*For I am in the mood, and cannot stay.*”

Clotaire is now despatched to inform Ben Nazir that Eudes, in the vulgar tongue, cries off. Whereupon Ben Nazir exclaims “Furies of Hell,” after the established custom of all first villains in tragedies, and talks, you may be sure, of the desperate pang that darts through his brain—“ ’tis ice, ’tis fire,” and of rage and madness, and all the rest of it. And here we must observe, that the use of these pangs, hot and cold, does infinite credit to the memory of Mr. Grattan at least, whatever reproach their omission in the acting may have brought on Mr. Kean. We must say that we like to see a tragedy, with the old ingredients in it; and we would not give a straw for one in which the brains do not burn and freeze, and in which there is not a proper mention made of Hell and Tommy—“Furies of Hell” we should have written—our thoughts were in Chancery. Clotaire, having delivered his errand, walks off with all despatch, as becomes a prudent man; and Ben Nazir, who has been in what the Scotch term a dwam, on learning of the reverend gentleman’s evasion, heroically declares,

“ I’ll follow, seize, and trample on him. I’ll”—

Fribble, in *Miss in her Teens*, when his man is fairly off the field, says in like manner,

"I'll after and cane him—"

but the last I'LL of Mr. Grattan is an addition, and an extremely sublime one it is. Mervan, a creature of Ben Nazir, interposes, and prevents the Saracen from making a beast of himself with the priest. Big Ben subdues his wrath, and contents himself with the proclamation

"Let no man dare to slumber."

Which again reminds us of that great model of tragedy, Tom Thumb, in which King Arthur at one time gives warning that the man who frowns shall lose his head, and at another issues orders for the whipping of all the little boys. The "let no man dare to slumber" of Mr. Grattan was, we are disposed to think, intended as a hint to the audience, who by this stage of the play might naturally be supposed in a fair way to forget the proprieties of place. We hazard this remark because there appears to us to be much art in making the dialogue on the stage applicable to any uncivil disposition in the spectators.

— "Wake and hurl [continues Ben]

Yon battlements to earth."

Soldiers rush in, and the general's lieutenant orders them to retire, remarking,

"Tis but the General's wonted burst of wrath."

Your master's a fool, he says, don't mind him. Here is a pretty state of discipline! And the first act ends without the correction of Lieutenant Mervan at the triangles.

In the second, we find Eudes proposing to make minced meat of Ben, and his daughter admonishing him that to cut the throat of his late ally would be very ungentle behaviour—

"Shaming the blackness of the shrouding hour  
With felony's black blush—muffled and mute—  
To strangle gallant foemen in their sleep."

Felony's black blush! that's fine! But *brush* is perhaps the correct reading, for we may observe that felonious persons in tragedies, melo dramas, &c. always wear black beards. However, be that as it may, the young lady's idea that such doings would be vastly improper is perfectly just. Eudes, nevertheless, gives her plainly to understand that she is a fool, and knows nothing at all about the matter; and she is going off to pray, as pious children (who take infinite pains with their parents) commonly do in plays, for her papa's reformation, when who should walk in but our injured friend and gossip Ben. As Mathews says, "here was a circumstance!" The folks think, of course, that he is come to play ancient gooseberry with them; but it is no such thing,—he is gentle as a sucking dove, and only came to break his little heart. He just reproaches the maiden for disappointing him, and she pithily replies—

"'twas my father's doing."

Ben then releases Eudes from his engagement, which was as well, seeing that he did not intend to abide by it; and Eudes asks him whether he is sincere, which gives Ben occasion to deliver himself in this sublime language, the like of which is not to be found in more than one or two play-books:—

“Tear wide my breast—  
*Look at the heart that beats and bleeds within,*  
 And see the honest stamp imprinted on it.”

In tragedy this cutting for the truth is a common operation.

The bouncing style of the proposal at once wins the heart of Emerance, who observes,

“Sure his words breathe but truth.”

We see what takes effect with the daughter; the father, however, is too old a bird to be caught with chaff. He must have something more solid than words, and invitations to look at hearts; and what is it? Why an invitation to dinner.

“In fishing for men, said epicure Quin,  
 If the D—— in H—— take delight,  
 His hook bait with venison, I love it so well,  
 I almost am sure I should bite.”

What Ben baited with in particular, is not explained; but he asks them all to dinner, and they all eagerly accept his polite invitation.

“*Why this is noble,*” says Eudes; and then his imagination runs on the fine wine he shall be regaled with. To dinner, in the Moor’s camp, they all go; and at dinner they are all made prisoners. Ben having Eudes thus in his power, just thrashes him, by way of a prelude; and, after this entertainment, holds out to him the customary alternative of freedom, or the torments of a dungeon, as his daughter rejects or yields to his tender suit. Upon this proposal she first asks,

“Canst thou not die, my father?—Die with me?”

“Ah, do for once, there’s a good fellow.” The father, however, hums and haws about it; so Emerance, without more ado, blesses Ben with her consents in these obliging terms:—

“Ben Nazir—man—monster!—I am yours.—Oh, heavens!”

In the next act, the third, we find that they have been married, and the scene opens with Mervan soliloquizing about some shabby treatment he has experienced at the hands of Ben.

“But two days wedded, and already base!  
*Who could have thought it?”*

Mervan, by listening, (a favourite resource of art with Mr. Grattan—see *High Ways* and *By Ways*, *passim*,) becomes possessed of a secret of Ben’s, and turns traitor.

Charles, under cover of a fine cloak, now pays a visit to Emerance, in the camp of his mortal enemy, Ben, in the assumed character of a messenger from her father, who has joined his army. After the usual number of Ha’s and Oh’s on both sides, he presses her to elope with him, which she, standing on her propriety, declines: he therefore departs in great dudgeon and grandeur, and meeting Ben by the way, salutes him, as we collect from the latter gentleman’s account, rather uncivilly. By a *contre-temp* Emerance betrays to Ben that the messenger has been making some improper proposal to her; and Ben, in a towering rage, commands the guards to seize him. Here ends the third act of the said tragedy. In the fourth, we are entertained with

an edifying conversation between two officers, who discuss Charles's absence from his camp, caused by the sensible expedition we have last recounted, and utter some original ideas on the subject of love, such as that it is a riddle, and so forth; one of them philosophizes for the instruction of Eudes, on the indulgence due to the *escapades* of kings, tolerantly observing,

"A royal truant's but an erring man;  
I judge not harshly, and I pardon soon  
Exuberant nature's trespass 'gainst strict duty."

Very well for a subaltern, or a non-commissioned officer.

Eudes takes up the *parole*.

"Kings never want apologists, my friends.  
*Officer*. Nor slanderers—good my lord.  
*Eudes*. I fear 'tis true.  
*Officer*. I know it is notorious."

We cite this as an example of the point and energy of the dialogue.

Charles, in the assumed character of king's messenger, being brought up for examination before Ben, and being unfortunately asked, "Who art thou?" a question for which he was quite unprepared, calls upon heaven to answer it for him, and to announce his name in thunder, with a lively accompaniment of lightning.

"Who am I? Oh, indignant heaven, flash  
Upon this miscreant infidel thy fire forth,  
And with thy thunders tell him *who I am*."

Here we may remark upon that old trick which heroes and heroines have, of making all their little private piques and nonsenses the immediate affair of heaven itself. Because a man, who does not find it particularly convenient to reply, is asked who he is, he roars out, that heaven is indignant, and requests a thunder-bolt to deliver his card of address! So too, Emerance, as an argument against her marriage with Ben, declared, as we have shown, that there would be a terrible noise about it in heaven.

How Ben was disposed to put up with the thunder and lightning answer we have quoted, we have no means of knowing, because Emerance judiciously interposes the explanation, that the rank of the king's messenger is eminent, and that her country's nobles

"Deem it disgrace to be thus questioned."

Upon this Ben commences a dissertation in disparagement of birth, while Charles controverts him. This discussion is not only strikingly natural, considering the circumstances of the scene, but also in itself extremely instructive. Ben, impatient of his adversary's manner of arguing, and irritated by an offensive personality, to the effect of, "I'm the better man," thrown into the tail of a metaphor, is for putting a full stop to the discussion by stabbing the disputant; but Emerance interferes, proclaims the prisoner king Charles, and he is marched off to prison, with the usual circumstances of threats on the one hand, and glorious contempt on the other. This brings us to the end of the fourth act.

In the fifth, we have Ben taking a walk in a gallery, the reason of which in-door exercise he thus fully explains:—



" I wandered out, to the clear garden,  
*But the moon looked too fiercely in my face ;*  
 I plunged beneath, down to the noisome dungeons.

\* \* \* \* \*

But even there light beamed on me. *A glow-worm*  
 Had through some crevice crawled, and burned above.  
*I fled the agonizing ray."*

Oh, shade of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, look down, and confess thy Critic outdone! "The moon looked too fiercely in my face." Poor Ben! Oh the naughty bold moon, to look a gentleman out of his walk in his garden! And the glow-worm too, with its agonizing ray, as bad as the moon! All things, indeed, at this period, are conspiring against Ben; not only moons' and glow-worms' heads and tails, but also captains of tens and captains of hundreds. Mervan, who after having deserted to the enemy, had returned on an embassy to Ben's camp, merely for the purpose of assisting the plot of the piece, by getting himself, of course, taken prisoner, again escapes; and another traitor who accompanies him, before taking flight, offers to release Charles, which he refuses, because, though approving the measure, he does not like the man. Ben, on bearing this anecdote, is so pleased with his prisoner's conduct, that he sends a message to Charles, in which he promises him any honourable boon that he chooses to name. Charles modestly asks free intercourse with Ben's wife!

" Say, I would range this castle—*freely see*  
*The chaste and modest mistress.*"

Here we have Tom Thumb once more. When the choice of any boon is offered to that hero, he replies—

" I ask not kingdoms, kingdoms I can conquer ;  
 I ask not money, money I have enough.  
 I ask but this—to sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes."

The main difference consists in this point of morals—that Huncamunca is a single, and Emerance a married, lady.

King Arthur exclaims, on hearing Tom's boon,

" This is, indeed, a bold request."

Ben, on learning Charles's desire to have free intercourse with his wife, obviously delights in the thought of the damages.

" *Said he so ?—its mistress !*  
 Oh beam divine of exquisite revenge,  
 Thou'rt fallen like a balm drop on my parched breast.  
*Yes, he shall see her—clasp her—kiss her—bound*  
*In the wild riot of the heart's delirium—*  
 Revel in ecstasies of bliss—then—then—\*  
 Go, lead him to her chamber !"

We have now Emerance and Charles, *solus cum sola*, exchanging Ha's and Oh's. Ben interrupts their tête à tête, and the rest of the play will best be told by a dry citation of the stage directions. They contain the pith and marrow of the tragedy. In the previous parts we see the sheep driven up to market—their struggles and wanderings—and we hear their bleatings, and the barkings of their dogs; but in

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\* A manifest plagiarism, from the *Memoirs of Miss Harriette Wilson*.

the stage directions we come, as it were, to the great end of their travel, the slaughter-house, the steel, and the cutting and slashing thereof.

*"[He kneels, and lays her head on his breast. Emerance revives, sees Ben Nazir, and shrieks.] [Draws a poignard.] [Placing the poignard against Emerance's bosom.] [Charles attempts to move. Ben Nazir menaces. Emerance sinks.] [She dies.] [Raises his arm to stab her; looks on her face, and sees that she is dead.] [He places Emerance in Charles's arms, and going to plunge his poignard in his own breast, sees Eudes, and his followers, with Clolaire, entering.] [He rushes towards Eudes, who presses on him. Ben Nazir retires towards Emerance, followed by Eudes and his soldiers.] [He stabs himself.] [He totters towards Emerance's body, falls beside it, and dies.]"*

Such is modern tragedy in general, and Mr. Grattan's in particular, which the public had the bad judgment to damn, and by printing which the author has shamed the taste of the age.

#### BANKING—SMALL NOTES.\*

This is a very sensible and useful, and but for the length of the title page, we should say, unpretending treatise. The information is delivered in a plain and unostentatious manner, on a subject on which knowledge is much wanted, by a large number of noisy members of society; for the outcry against country banks is frequently loudest on the part of those who are ignorant of the transactions they carry on in detail, as well as of the effects they produce in the gross.

A great part of the prejudice felt against banks, and especially against country bank-note circulation, arises, we are persuaded, from a cause of which those who are influenced by it are themselves seldom sensible. Many of those who are most hostile to the ends which Cobbett proposes to himself, who perhaps seldom assent to any of his reasonings, and would be disinclined to agree with him, even if he were right, are yet, we think, worked upon by his pertinacity, and unconsciously influenced by the strength and vividness of the representations of the supposed evils of paper money. Besides a small class of zealous adherents, who believe him when he is in contradiction, not only to reason and experience, but (which for them must be a greater effort) to himself, there are many others who display towards him unmeasured hostility, and probably feel towards him and his intentions unmixed horror, who are yet, in some measure, guided by him in their opinions on practical questions of great importance.

\* A practical Treatise on Banking, containing an Account of the London and Country Banks, exhibiting their System of Book-keeping; the Terms on which they transact Business; their Customs in regard to Bills of Exchange, and their Method of making Calculations; also a View of Joint Stock Banks, and the Branch Banks of the Bank of England: likewise ample Information respecting the Banks of Scotland and Ireland, with a Summary of the Evidence delivered before the Parliamentary Committee, relative to the Suppression of Notes under Five Pounds in these Countries. By James William Gilbart. 1827. London.

If men were decided in their judgments, as they are commonly supposed to be, by reasoning, that is, by weighing *pros* and *cons* against one another, like a number of small weights in opposite scales, this would be inconceivable; but, unfortunately, few minds have either scales or beams, nor indeed, by any mind can the advantages and disadvantages of measure be considered simultaneously, but only in rapid succession. That good or evil has the best chance of influencing the mind which is represented most frequently and most forcibly; not that which is in itself the weightiest. People are seldomer, therefore, reasoned into measures than *bored* into them; sometimes by their friends—sometimes by their enemies, and those whom they know to be their enemies.

Cobbett's plan of proceeding has been suited to the nature of mankind, as well as to his own temper. With great powers of description; with the ability to make striking pictures, rather than to weigh or to investigate, he has applied himself to depict the evils of "the paper system," and especially of the bank note currency, attributing to it, as to a cause, with a boldness which the faith of his readers has well justified, every mischief with which it happens to coincide in point of time. Every variation of price, as if prices varied nowhere but in England; every bankruptcy, as if bankruptcy was unknown elsewhere; the occasional misery of a crowded population, as if a crowded population were miserable only in England; all these are attributed by him to the paper system, not looking, of course, at all to that which, with its banking system, *is* peculiar to this country—its unparalleled activity and power.

Cobbett's object, however, is, if not good, consistently pursued; he would overthrow the whole of the bank note system; the whole system of dealing on credit; all public and private banks; annihilate or reduce the public debt, and the stocks of all corporations; and by favour of the confusion thus created, effect a change in the government, to be followed by an adjustment of all private contracts. He is not chargeable with the folly of those, the unconscious dupes of his representations, who snap and snarl, and nibble, at parts of the system, (to which, as perhaps the most useful, he has directed his chief powers of misrepresentations) without wishing to injure the whole.

We hope it is not too late, as the portentously foolish project for suppressing the small note currency in Scotland seems to be abandoned, to inquire what is likely to be the benefit of the plan so hastily adopted, though not yet executed, for suppressing it in England.

The advantages of this measure are represented to consist in the removal of certain evils alleged to be attendant on the small note circulation, which, as far as we can collect them, are these:—1. Distress was occasioned, by the insolvency of the issuers of the notes, to the poorer classes. 2. An effect was produced on prices, and consequently on the foreign exchanges, by an increase or diminution of the issues of these notes. 3. An encouragement was given by them to improvident speculation.

We shall examine these evils in detail, and in doing so, it is absolutely necessary to attend to a maxim not sufficiently borne in mind, in reasoning on the partial alterations of a system, that the attention

must be strictly limited to the part to be changed, and that we must not allow any real or imputed evils of other parts of it to influence our judgment on the matter in question.

1. The suffering to the poor, from the insolvency of the issuers of small notes, is probably the argument which, with speculative politicians and the people in London, who seldom see a small note, and know nothing of the operations of a country bank, has had the greatest effect; but the real state of the case is explained by a writer of great practical knowledge, in the following paragraph: \*

"A great misconception prevails, that, when a country bank fails, the labouring poor suffer greatly by holding its notes. Wages are usually paid between five and eight o'clock on Saturday evening. The notes that labourers receive are paid away to shopkeepers before eleven o'clock the same night. If the banker have failed before the notes are paid to the labourer, or do not open his bank on Monday morning, the notes, by law, revert to the master who paid them. If they be held beyond the time of the bank opening, the notes are kept at the risk of the holder, who is very rarely a poor labourer. If the labourer have saved money, and placed it in a bank that fails, he is entitled to great commiseration; but he is then a man of capital, and must take upon himself the responsibility of managing his own affairs. You have recommended to him the savings bank, and offered him inducements to deposit his money therein. If he prefer another security, and sustain injury thereby, he has no more just claim for your interference on his behalf, than the man has who lends money to the Greeks, and sustains loss. When a banker fails, the public sustains but little direct loss by holding the small notes. Almost all the small notes are either then in the possession of shopkeepers indebted to the bank; or they take means to obtain them, because they can be paid for their full nominal value, in discharge of the banker's claim on the shopkeeper. The law frowns at this, but it has not yet prevented the practice. Printed handbills are yet posted up in the shop windows in Yorkshire, offering to take Wentworth's notes at their full value, (*in real value*, ten or twelve shillings in the pound) in payment for goods, although the bank failed ten months ago, and has paid no dividend.

"In point of fact, when a bank fails, the loss to the labourers, by withdrawing from the masters the means of continuing their employment, is a hundred times the extent of that which they sustain by holding their notes. Where the labourers of England have lost one penny by the breaking of the banks, they have lost one pound by even the threat of withdrawing the small notes from circulation."—pp. 34, 35.

Even this able writer, it is to be observed, has not clearly enough brought to view the fact, that the abolition of small notes could not protect in any case the labouring man, who is a *depositor* with a bank that fails. But it is obvious, from the explanation here given, that the suffering to the labouring poor, *as holders of small notes*, must be extremely slight. The distress, we believe, which has been felt, has been by the class above the lowest, who have collected sums in this kind of currency, in order to make specific payments, *ex. gr.* their rents. But whatever the amount of suffering from this cause, it is obvious, that it might have been prevented, without suppressing the small note circulation, by taking security from its issuers. Whether this special security for one class of creditors, voluntary creditors, against the default of their debtors, should be enforced by law (as a police regulation for the protection of those who ought, by their own discretion, to protect themselves) is doubtful. It would, we have no

\* Letter to the Right Hon. G. Canning. By H. Burgess, Esq. 1826.

doubt, have been sufficient, to have *allowed* bankers to give their security to the government, and to have had (when they had availed themselves of the permission) the fact announced on the face of the notes. But, at any rate, it is not competent for those to whom an expedient, which would have prevented all danger from insolvency, was open, to allege, that the sufferings from insolvency form an argument for the entire suppression of this kind of circulation. This allegation must be entirely put out of the question.

2. The effect of this species of circulation upon prices, and upon the exchanges, must arise either from its quantity, or from something peculiar in its quality. Its amount has been estimated from four to six millions. The other country bank notes may be taken at twelve; the bank of England notes at twenty millions. The quantity of sovereigns actually in circulation, can only be guessed at; for though the quantity coined is known, the quantity exported, and that in the coffers of the bank, are both unknown; it is probably under-estimated at eight millions. The country small notes thus form about the ninth part of that which is commonly called currency, but it forms a much smaller fraction of the other paper by which purchases and sales are effected, which is received and given in payment, and which is in fact neither more nor less *money* than these notes themselves. According to the evidence of Mr. Loyd, the well-known banker, before the committee of the House of Lords, (quoted by Mr. Gilbert,) nine-tenths of the circulation of Manchester consist of bills of exchange, and the same state of things exists in some other parts of Lancashire; but throughout the whole of the kingdom, it is well known, that it is through bills of exchange, nearly all great commercial transactions are carried on. The mere stamps on these bills produce yearly a revenue of from 5 to 600,000 *l.* (in 1815, so much as 673,116 *l.*) The stamp duty is so much more per cent. in bills for small than on those for large sums, that it is not easy to form an average of the per centage, and therefore of the total amount of bills brought yearly into existence. Mr. Burgess, calculating from other data, believes there are always bills representing 300 millions in existence, of which one half, 150 millions, are in circulation, "representing the transfer of commodities as much as any other description of currency."—(pp. 24, 25, of his Letter to Mr. Canning.) The amount of the stamp duty would lead us to believe that Mr. Burgess's estimate is exaggerated, but it does not allow us to doubt that this species of currency, in amount, exceeds that of all the bank-notes and gold in the kingdom. In London too, the unstamped checks interchanged at the clearing house (representing money, but never actually changed into money) form a large, distinct and substantive currency, more than equal in amount to the small notes. It is not then by the amount of the small notes, as compared with that of the rest of the currency, that any peculiar effect could have been produced; a twentieth part of the currency could not, by its *quantity*, have produced a greater effect upon prices than nineteen-twentieths.

As to the peculiar quality of this small fraction of the circulation, it so happens, that the variations in the amount stamped of *1l.* notes are less considerable than those of the *5l.* notes. According to the returns presented to Parliament, the highest quantity of *5l.* notes

stamped for 10 years, preceding 1826, was 4,176,895*l.* in 1818; the lowest, 1,069,030*l.* in 1820; the highest, after 1820, was 2,874,945*l.* in 1825. Of 1*l.* notes, the highest, also in 1818, was 2,875,715*l.*; the lowest also, in 1820, 1,612,614*l.*; the highest after that year, 3,311,861*l.* in 1825. The variations in 5*l.* notes have thus been, as 41, 10, 28. Those of 1*l.* notes, 38, 16, 33.\*

3. As to the allegation of the peculiar liability of the small note currency to increase speculation, that is to say, improvident speculation, it is difficult to imagine, from experience, that it *is* true, or to conjecture, from its nature, that it *should* be true. It is difficult to believe, that London, Manchester and Liverpool, where the small notes do not exist, are the least speculative parts of the kingdom. It is difficult to conjecture, why a man, to whom a 5*l.* note is lent, should be less speculative than a man to whom five 1*l.* notes are lent. If the small note circulation be replaced by gold, *pro tanto*, bankers must diminish their credits, because they will have less to lend. If there be a waste of wealth, and a diminution of credit, there will be less foundation for speculation, as in like manner, by burning our food, we might lessen the evils of excess of diet. But as it may be pretty safely asserted, that the employment of capital is on the whole profitable, it is doubtful whether it is wise to destroy a mass of it, to prevent it from being partially wasted.

We will give Mr. Gilbert's view of the consequences of the measure we have discussed:—

“What will be its effect upon individuals generally? People must take sovereigns instead of small notes. But these sovereigns may be a little short of weight. When the Bank of England resumed cash payments, the bankers clerks were obliged to carry a pair of scales in their pockets to weigh the guineas, half-guineas, and seven shilling pieces, that were offered in payment of bills of exchange. And full well they recollect with what sensations they saw an individual take out a hoard of guineas to pay a bill; what time it cost, what altercation took place, how the money was shifted from one scale to another, and how often it would have puzzled a philosopher to decide the simple question whether a guinea was or was not the full weight. The guineas were called in, and the scales were of no further use, as the sovereigns being all new, required no weighing. But sovereigns will wear away, and become light as well as guineas; what then is to be done? The scales must be produced again. A pair of scales or balances will become a necessary piece of furniture in the shop of every tradesman. Now all this weighing takes up time, and is a great interruption to business. A thousand 1*l.* notes might be counted in less time than a hundred sovereigns could be weighed. But trouble is not all—there is the risk. Persons who live in towns may run to a shop and weigh a sovereign they are going to receive; but what is to be done by those who live in the country? The gold will wear away, and the loss must be borne by somebody. A party might write upon a 1*l.* note the name of the person of whom he received it; and if it were bad, he could recover the value; but he cannot write upon a sovereign; if it be bad or light, he must bear the loss.

“A thousand sovereigns are a thousand times as heavy as one sovereign, but a thousand pound note is no heavier than a 1*l.* note. Persons who have to travel a long way to market, and who carry with them the money they intend to lay out, would find it more convenient to carry paper than gold. Collectors of money and bankers clerks would rather receive bank notes than sovereigns, because they are a less weight to carry.

\* A calculation of the probable amount in circulation, would not be more unfavourable to the small notes in comparison with the larger ones.

"Again, sovereigns cannot be sent by post. If I owed a person in the country three or four pounds, I could enclose the amount in a letter, but I cannot enclose the gold. And here I must observe, that the Bank of England does not grant bank post bills under 10*l*. Now many bankers and stock-brokers receive dividends which they remit immediately to their principals. But suppose the dividend amounts to any sum under 10*l*. how is it to be remitted? If indeed the person lives at a place where there is a country bank, it may be remitted through that bank, but it cannot be sent by post. I have known some charitable persons, who wished to do good by stealth, regret that they cannot now enclose a 1*l*. note in a letter, and send it to a poor family or a charitable institution anonymously, but are obliged to take (give?) a sovereign in *propria persona*."—pp. 40, 41.

This is a painful fact. Mr. Gilbert proceeds:—

"What will be the effect of this law upon an individual manufacturer? In regard to those wealthy manufacturers who want no accommodation from a banker, the law perhaps will have little effect. But very few manufacturers are of this description. Let us take the case of one who is accustomed to receive from a country bank either as a loan, or in exchange for long dated bills not negotiable in London, 500*l*. or 1000*l*. per week to pay his workmen's wages. Above two-thirds of this sum will probably be in 1*l*. notes. But small notes are abolished. What is he to do now? Five pound notes will not suit him, because his men do not earn each of them 5*l*. per week; and if he classed two or three of them together, and gave them 5*l*. between them, they must take it to the bank to be exchanged before they can divide it. In this emergency the manufacturer may adopt either of these three ways. First, he may procure sovereigns from his banker:—secondly, he may procure his banker's acceptance in exchange for his long bills, send it to London to be discounted, and have the amount remitted in sovereigns:—or, thirdly, he may open 'a tommy shop,' and pay his men their wages in food and clothing. With regard to the first plan, it is not to be supposed that the bankers will lend sovereigns on the same terms as their own notes. They will of course charge an extra commission, which must be paid by the manufacturer. As to the second plan, the banker would in this case too charge a commission upon his acceptance, and the manufacturer would have to bear the risk and expense attending the transmission of the gold, while at the same time the number of bills of exchange would be increased, and this would have the same effect upon prices and exchanges as the increase of the country notes. The other plan is illegal. An act of parliament was passed a few years ago to prohibit the practice. But this act may be as easily evaded as the laws of usury. It is only necessary to let the shop be kept in another person's name. By adopting this plan, the manufacturer would have little occasion for gold. The goods sold in the tommy shop would be paid in the usual way by a bill on London. It is obvious that in adopting either of the first two plans, the manufacturer must incur increased expense, and in the latter plan the workmen would be subject to those extortions which are supposed to be practised in shops of that description.

"After the run in December, 1825, several bankers in Lancashire drew in their notes, and burnt them. In one instance a banker took a bundle of 13,000*l*. and put it into the fire at once. One of the witnesses was asked—

"How have the manufacturers paid their workmen since the small notes were destroyed to that extent?"

"To answer that, I must divide the manufacturers into three classes:—the first and wealthiest do now, as they can at all times, pay their workmen with the notes of the national bank, without the intervention of any agent or banker, and they do pay their workmen in that manner. The second class, not so wealthy as the former, are in connection with some of the largest bankers, such as Jones, Loyd, and Co. of Manchester, and through their intervention they would obtain Bank of England notes or gold, and would continue their operations. The third class, infinitely the greatest in number,

as well as in the aggregate amount of their transactions; but the poorest cannot resort to either of the former means of obtaining money to pay their workmen. They have been accustomed to obtain accommodation from the country banks in their neighbourhood in which they live. Since the contraction of the circulating medium they have hardly been able to pay their workmen at all: they do it partly by checks on provision dealers, partly in goods, and partly by collecting from mealmen and bakers the notes of banks circulating within eighty miles of the place in which they live.\*

"What will be the effect of this act upon a country banker? It is certain the country banker will save the expense of stamps and of engraving upon his small notes, and he will also save the expense of procuring their payment in London. But then he must find gold. Let us suppose a country banker has 10,000*l.* in circulation in small notes. He must supply their place with sovereigns. He will perhaps sell out 10,000*l.* new four per cent. stock and have the amount remitted in gold. Here is a loss at once of 400*l.* per annum which he was accustomed to receive as a dividend upon his stock. It is obvious he cannot afford to issue these sovereigns on the same terms that he previously issued the small notes. He will charge an extra commission to repay himself the 400*l.* per annum which he has lost.

"But suppose the banker reasons with himself in this way—'I now without any risk or trouble to myself receive 400*l.* per annum dividend on this stock. If I sell it out, and discount three months' bills at five per cent. and charge a quarter commission, I shall get six per cent. that is, 600*l.* per annum. But then I must deduct from this amount the expense of transmitting the gold, a portion of the expense of my establishment. and the loss that will occasionally take place through discounting bad bills. I will not sell my stock: let those who want sovereigns get them elsewhere.' In this case the banker will restrict his business. The manufacturer, unable to obtain the usual accommodation, will restrict his business also. Labourers will be thrown out of work, and the productions of the country will be diminished."—pp. 41—44.

Mr. Gilbart does not here altogether keep clear of the same error which the enemies of small notes fall into,—they attack small notes on grounds which would, if real, justify them in attacking all paper currency, all credit. Mr. Gilbart, in defence of them, alleges some advantages, which, so long as other paper currency exists, we shall not be deprived of; but he also touches on a very important point.

The small note circulation *diffuses* capital throughout the country, by making it worth while for a banker, who enjoys the profit of an issue of notes, to establish himself in a district where, as a mere loan agent, or lender of his own money at the rate of interest allowed by law, he could not exist. It is not an aggravation of the evils of the funding system, as some have foolishly asserted—but a counter-acting power. It lessens that centralization of wealth which is the tendency of the funding system to encrease. The stock-holder who, having the power of issuing notes, now resides in a country town, superintends the application of his loans, and exercises a salutary moral and commercial influence, would be drawn to the large towns, principally to London, where he could most readily turn his capital, with much less labour and risk, if with a somewhat smaller profit. We do not mean to assert that there would not still be money-lenders in the country, under the same or other names; but in a given town or district they would not be so respectable. Their labour would be great in proportion to the sums they could employ; and not having the profit of

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\* Lords' Report, p. 296.



a note circulation, they would be obliged to evade the usury laws, so long as these foolish laws existed, or to demand openly a high rate of interest if these laws were abolished. Nothing is more common in the country parts of France, than complaints of the dreadful exactions of usurers. We must not take these complaints as a proof that there money-lenders are worse than their neighbours, or that even with all their exactions, they are other than useful; but we may admit them in illustration of the fact, that, in country districts or small towns, the rate of interest which a money-lender needs to pay himself for his labours, as well as for his risk and capital, must be greater than in large cities, except in those countries where, as happily in this, a collateral source of profit is afforded to him. Thus in France, the ordinary interest of the provinces appears at Paris to be horrid usury.

It is this source of profit existing in country towns, and not existing in London, which has tended to put the inhabitants of all parts of the kingdom on a level, and to diffuse activity, wealth, and industry, in the happy manner in which it is actually diffused in Great Britain. It is that diffusion, and not the splendour of the metropolis, which is the characteristic of the kingdom. There may be differences in the condition of the peasantry in different districts of England—but in the wealth and well-being of all classes, the rent of land, and the facility for commercial enterprise and industry, proximity to or distance from the metropolis makes no sensible difference.

If it be doubted (and we think no unprejudiced inquirer will doubt) whether this diffusion has been, in part at least, the effect of a system of banking, which without the small note circulation could not have been carried to its present extent, it cannot be doubted *where* the effect of the withdrawal of the notes will be felt. The amount of capital wasted or withdrawn from active employment by the suppression of these notes, is not great as compared with the whole wealth of the kingdom; but the loss will not be evenly distributed, or equally felt. It will be thrown exclusively on those places which can bear it least. From London nothing will be taken; from Liverpool nothing; from Manchester nothing; from those places where a government expenditure throws gold and Bank of England notes into circulation, nothing. The capital will be taken entirely from districts remote from the metropolis—from the agricultural districts—the woollen and iron manufacturers—from retail tradesmen—taken from among that capital which is most actively and carefully employed in the soundest and most beneficial industry—taken perhaps at a time when it can be least spared, for to finish the character of a measure which is to inflict an unnecessary blow on the kingdom, the time for inflicting has been so fixed, that it is not possible to know what will be the power of the body politic to sustain it.

Mr. Gilbart explains how the restriction on the issue of small notes forms one of the chief obstacles to the present establishment of new banking partnerships of more than six partners;—so that though the act allowing the formation of these partnerships, adopted at the time when the sentence of death was passed upon small notes, seemed to give vigour to the banking system, the promise held out to the country was delusive; and it is the nature of the two measures, taken in conjunction, that the one can afford no compensation for the other. Mr. Gilbart says:

"By a clause in the charter of the Bank of England, no partnerships formed for carrying on the business of banking, could consist of more than six persons, but by an act passed the last session of parliament,\* co-partnerships of more than six in number are permitted to carry on business as bankers in England, *sixty-five miles from London*, provided they have no house of business or establishment as bankers in London, and that every member of such co-partnership shall be responsible for all the debts of the company. These joint stock banks are also prohibited to draw bills for a less sum than 50*l.* upon any person residing above sixty-five miles of London. They must also deliver to the Stamp-office the names and places of abode of all their members, and also a list of their officers. These lists are to be copied into a book, which any person is entitled to see on paying one shilling, and to obtain a copy for ten shillings. The banks may sue and be sued in the name of their public officer, and execution upon judgment may be issued against any member of the co-partnership. They are not compelled to take out more than four licences, though they may carry on business in as many places as they please, beyond the prescribed distance.

"To many persons it appears surprising that no joint stock bank has yet been formed on a large scale, with branches in all the principal towns, but that the Bank of England is allowed to take possession of all the main posts without any kind of opposition. Such a bank would have an advantage over the country private banks, inasmuch as the notes issued from one branch would be paid from courtesy at every other branch. Thus the notes of this bank would have a more extended circulation than those of any provincial bank. It might also have an advantage over the branches of the Bank of England, by allowing interest on deposits, and opening cash accounts on the system of the Scotch banks. The business of remitting money to and from London might be transacted through a London banker till the year 1833, when London might be made the head quarters. And in the mean time the various branches might be governed by a board of directors meeting in London. The act merely requires that the 'co-partnership shall not have any house of business, or establishment as bankers in London, or at any place or places not exceeding sixty-five miles from London.' The residence of a board of directors in London, for the purpose of governing banks situated sixty-five miles distant, would be no infringement of the act. Indeed the Provincial Bank of Ireland is governed in this way, and has its establishment in St. Helen's Place. It appears then that a provincial bank for England and Wales might very easily be formed under the existing law.

"But though this limitation in regard to distance does not prohibit the formation of joint stock banks, there are other enactments which operate as serious obstacles. In the first place, the new joint stock bank could not issue any notes under 5*l.* while the Bank of England and the country bankers are permitted to issue the small notes until the year 1829. The new bank would thus be cut off from one source of profit, and would have to incur the risk and expense of obtaining their gold from London. How then could they sustain a competition with other banks? But there is also another restriction. This bank could not draw on London any bills under the value of 50*l.* The majority of bills wanted in the country are under this amount: yet such bills the joint stock bank could not supply. The effect of these two restrictions in preventing the formation of new banks, is felt most severely in those parts of England which are situated on the borders of Scotland. In those districts the circulation has consisted almost entirely of notes of the Scotch banks. But these notes are about to be withdrawn, in consequence of the parliamentary proceedings which took place last session. A memorial signed by one thousand eight hundred and twenty persons, "owners and occupiers of land, merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland," has been presented to the Lords of the Treasury, and ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. The memorial,

\* 7 Geo. IV. cap. 45.

after stating that the law which prohibited more than six partners engaging as bankers, had occasioned a preference to be given to the Scotch notes, proceeds as follows:—

“ No effective alteration has been made in the law which imposes these restrictions upon banking companies in England up to the present moment; for although in the last session of Parliament an act was passed, nominally legalizing the foundation of banks with a greater number of partners than six, yet the insertion of a clause prohibiting banks so formed from drawing bills of exchange on London for less sums than fifty pounds, has rendered the concession virtually inoperative. The difficulty of establishing any new bank is farther increased by the recent regulation, altogether prohibiting the issue of any stamps for notes under five pounds value, for what new bank can hope to commence business with a fair prospect of success which is deprived of the advantage enjoyed by existing establishments of issuing such notes until 1829.”

“ If these restrictions operate to prevent the establishment of new banks, in a place where the withdrawing of the Scotch notes would weaken, if not prevent all competition, is it any wonder that new banks should not be formed in stations where every step would be contested by banks already established? Hence it is that large capitalists have deemed it more prudent to wait until the bank charter has expired, in 1833, before they engage in the establishment of an opposition bank.”—pp. 45—47.

If we were to leave Mr. Gilbert's pamphlet here, we should give our readers the notion, and a very false notion it would be, that it is very polemical. We in fact, having our disputatious faculties strongly excited, have extracted everything polemical in the book, (though even that is illumined by a bright trait of charity)—the rest of it is merely expository. We shall extract from it the account of the *clearing house*, an expedient for saving trouble and “economizing the currency” among the London bankers, which has been often referred to in Parliament:—

“ Most of those London bankers who live in the city, transact their business with each other at the clearing-house. At this house, which is situated in Lombard-street, adjoining the banking-house of Messrs. Smith, Payne and Smith, whose property it is, and of whom it is rented by the bankers, a clerk attends from each banking-house twice a day. First he goes at twelve o'clock with those bills which he has upon other bankers. He drops the bills payable at each house in a separate drawer provided for the purpose, and he enters in his book under separate accounts, those bills that may be dropped into his drawer. At half-past twelve he returns home. He goes again at three o'clock with a fresh quantity of bills and cheques, which he delivers in the several drawers as before. He then enters in his book those cheques that may be delivered in his drawer. From three to four he receives further supplies of cheques brought to him from home by other clerks. These cheques he enters in his book, and they are then delivered in the proper drawers. As soon as the clock strikes four no further cheques are taken. He then casts up each account and strikes the balance. These balances are then transferred to the balance sheet. The balance sheet is a half sheet of paper with a list of clearing bankers, printed alphabetically in a row down the middle. On the left-hand side is a space for the debtors. On the right-hand side is a space for the creditors. The clerk begins with the house at the top of the list. If this house owes him money he places the balance on the left side of the name. If he owes money to this house he places the amount on the right side. Thus he goes through the whole list. He then goes to the clerk of each house and calls the balance to him, and if they both agree they mark it with a pen. If they differ, they examine where the error lies, and make the accounts agree. He then casts up each side of

his balance sheet. If the total amount of debits exceeds the total amount of credits he will have to receive the amount of the difference. If the credits exceed the debits he will have to pay the difference.

"If a banker does not choose to pay a bill or draft brought home from the clearing house, it is sent back and dropped in the drawer of the house by whose clerk it was presented. If this draft was delivered in the first instance in the morning clearing (that at twelve o'clock) it is usually returned before four o'clock; but in all cases it must be returned before five o'clock, or else it will not be taken back, and the banker is considered to have paid it.

"All this is usually done by five o'clock, when the clerks go home for a short time for two purposes; one purpose is to fetch the money they have to pay, and the other is to see if their balance on the sheet agrees with the balance of the books at home. At about a quarter or half-past five they return, and any clerk who has money to pay, pays it to any clerk who has money to receive. It is common however for three or four clerks to form a sort of club, and pay principally among themselves. Hence when one member of the club has money to pay, he will pay it to some member of the same club who has money to receive, in preference to paying it to any one else; by this means his friend obtains his money earlier than he otherwise might, and gets off sooner. It is obvious that all the money that is to be paid must be equal to all the money that is to be received. If this should not appear to be the case there must be some error, and the clearing-house is then said to be wrong. Two inspectors are appointed with salaries to detect errors of this kind by examining and marking off the sheets. Their signature is also necessary before any money can be paid from one clerk to another."—pp. 16—18.

The West End bankers, including those at Temple Bar, and in Fleet-street, do not *clear*. By this expedient the city bankers manage payments to the amount of five millions on ordinary days, and on particular days,\* of fourteen millions sterling—the whole sum required in bank notes or coin for settling, is about 220,000*l*. Even this comparatively small sum, as Mr. Burgess shows in the pamphlet we have above quoted, (p. 21. note,) might be saved if it were thought worth while, and the whole of these enormous payments might be settled without the intervention of any actual money at all.

Now if any rational being will relieve himself for a moment from the influence of names, get out of his ears the din of the howlers about paper money, and consider the operations of these bankers of deposit, (as they are called,) at their clearing house, he will find that the operation they perform is analogous to the issuing of bank notes. The effects exchanged at these clearing houses are cheques and bills, with which goods have been previously bought,—checks drawn upon the bankers, and bills made payable at their respective houses. The persons who draw these cheques, or make the bills payable, are either those who have deposited money at the banking houses, or those who, without having deposited money, have prevailed on the bankers to honour their demands for some valuable consideration. Even when they have deposited money, all that money of course does not remain in the hands of the bankers, but merely so much of it as is sufficient to manage the exchanges we have explained, and to answer demands at their counters. The rest is disposed of for the banker's profit. In times of great confidence these bankers keep small balances of cash, and allow with facility cheques and bills to be drawn upon

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\* The settling days of the Stock Exchange and India prompts.

them (where they see a prospect of profit). In times of distrust they keep large balances, and do not readily, as they term it, make advances; that is, allow cheques or bills to be drawn on them except by those to whom they are actually debtors. Here then we have all the operations which are effected by bank notes, by pieces of paper under another name; purchases and sales effected, an increase of currency in time of confidence, a diminution in time of distrust, with balances of cash to meet the demands which may arise out of this currency, greater or smaller, according to the temper of the individual banker, or the appearance of the times. That people, overlooking the great fluctuating amount of paper currency in the very centre of commerce, should attribute all the effects on the foreign exchanges to the 20s. notes in the remote corners of the kingdoms, would seem something like studied or jocular ignorance, if there were not so many instances of the power of names, even upon those classes who pride themselves on their practical knowledge.

## DIARY

### FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE.

*June 1st.* The extreme caution with which people bestow their praise on performances, the authors of which are, or are supposed to be, not of established reputation, is worthy of especial admiration. A striking example of this habit has just occurred. In an action for crim. con. (*Walter v. Saunders*), a copy of verses, addressed by the defendant to the wife of the plaintiff, was read as an evidence of the seducer's powers of beguiling. These verses were Moore's beautiful lines, "Fly from the world, oh Bessy, to me," with the substitution only of Susan for Bessy; but they were recited in court as the production of the defendant, (an amorous apothecary,) and commented upon by Chief Justice Best, under that impression, as appearing to him to be of *some merit*! On afterwards learning that the poetry was Moore's, his lordship remarked, that, "he thought it was in a style too superior to have been the production of a surgeon." But, it is to be remarked, he did not venture to pronounce an opinion of its excellence before he discovered that it was written by "one of the greatest lyrics of the land." While he supposed the lines were of pestle and mortar origin—the apothecary's composition, they only appeared to be of *some merit*; when their celebrated author was made known, their superior excellence became manifest. Such is the way of the world. In dispensing praise, people have a proper mistrust of their own judgment, and are under vehement apprehensions of bestowing their commendation on unworthy objects; but in passing condemnation they are not so diffident of themselves, or so nervously anxious lest they should transgress the line of strict justice. We have often seen a sufficiently good kind of man for the common purposes of life, in a pitiable state of alarm when giving a halfpenny to a beggar, lest he should be expending his charity on an undeserving person; and the same worshipful individual would not have felt a

quail in sending half a dozen houseless wretches to the tread-mill, as rogues and vagabonds, on the slightest suspicion. The reason appears to be this: when we misapply benefits we are laughed at by the world for our defect of judgment, in which case we suffer; when we misapply punishments, the subjects suffer. There is also another ingredient in the disposition under consideration. We none of us propose to do more than a very small quantity of good in the world, and therefore, of course, economise it narrowly, and have a prudent care not to waste it on the unworthy. Hence, when there is a demand on our favourable judgment, we are all wariness and circumspection; when, on the other hand, there is a temptation to condemnation, we dispense it with liberality, and without hesitation, as a thing which we possess in abundance, and may scatter in profusion.

3d. Mr. Canning, in his letter soliciting the Duke of Wellington to resume the office of commander in chief, is said to have declared, that "no officer of the army could wish more for his grace's return than he did." Considering the extreme unpopularity of the noble duke with the army, we are inclined to believe in the sincerity of this profession. Surely when the ladies raised a brazen statue of Achilles, in honour of his Grace of Wellington, they must have had a prophetic glimpse of his sulky secession?

6th. Though not much of a John Bull, I confess that I observe, with extreme disgust, the disposition in a certain class of Radicals to disparage the military and naval achievements of their countrymen. It is an article in the creed of these liberal blockheads, that the Duke of Wellington is no soldier; and that the Americans might, could, would, or should, have swept us from the seas. All our successes have, according to them, been lucky accidents; all our disasters the results of fair trials of strength, in which fortune had no part. This stuff, so monstrously untrue and unjust as it is, coming from the noisy advocates of truth and justice, is infinitely more offensive than the opposite folly of fanfarronade. Waterloo is the favourite ground on which both the boasters and the detractors delight to parade their respective absurdities. The former, with admirable lack of judgment, make it the great foundation of the duke's fame; the latter are never weary of repeating how very *nearly* beaten the victor was; and show their liberality by generously giving all the glory to the Prussians. We would leave these competent critics in complete possession of the field of Waterloo—we would concede them all the *ifs* they require, for the defeat of the duke—and they should cut off the Anglo-Belgian army to a man, smite them hip and thigh from the forest of Soignies to Brussels, from Brussels to Antwerp or Ostend, slaying and sparing not; and having given them the victory for which they so courageously argue, we would ask them, to what *accidents* the duke's successes in the Peninsula were ascribable? and would desire them to enlighten their ignorance by the perusal of a gallant and intelligent adversary's criticisms on his generalship. The French writers on strategics have done a justice to the tactics of Wellington, which has been generally denied him by his own countrymen, who, for the most part, have either generously bepraised him in the gross, or detracted from his due credit in the meanest of all little spirits. The glory of wholesale human butchery is undoubtedly extravagantly ever-

rated by mankind; but it is pitiful, when unable to combat the false principle of admiration, to resort, in violation of truth, to a denial of the butcher's skill in his craft. If picking pockets were esteemed as honourable as cutting throats under the King's commission, we have no sort of doubt that many men would contend that the illustrious William Soames had no finger for the business; that the bandanas and watches which he has possessed, fell into his hands by *lucky accidents* of trove. The same cant which denies generalship to the Duke of Wellington, raises the seven stars over the flag of England. The little American navy was an admirably organized and equipped force, partly because it was little.\* It was a concentration of power, and every resource of art was tried in it. Few ships; well found; picked men—such was its character. They beat us until we discovered their strength, and then we beat them. There are, however, some ingenious and ingenuous persons who pride themselves on averring, that they have always been our conquerors. One of these sensible worthies writes thus, under the signature of D. E. W. in the Morning Chronicle of this day:—

“On one subject Captain Jones, like Mr. James and every other English writer, loses his wonted candour and impartiality. He depreciates the late naval victories of America over England; and speaking of the celebrated action between the Shannon and Chesapeake he says, ‘*No untoward circumstance happened on either side, yet in no instance on record was the proud ensign of England in a shorter time waving over that of a foe.*’ The action between these two ships was more honourable to America than any of her victories. The Chesapeake's crew was newly collected, and unacquainted with their officers and with each other. The Shannon's seamen had for years served together under Captain Broke, who had brought them to a higher state of discipline and training at their guns, than was ever known in the English service. Notwithstanding this, as far as gunnery was concerned, the American had the best of the action; and she was captured solely by ‘an untoward circumstance’ happening in the nick of time, viz. the sudden loss of her captain, three lieutenants, and bugle or rallying man, at the moment the ships fell on board of each other. If, at the crisis when adverse bodies are rushing upon an assault, the leaders of every division of one party be accidentally shot, the fatal result is inevitable.”

“The Shannon's seamen had for years served together under Captain Broke.” To show the writer's accuracy, even in so comparatively insignificant an instance as this, we refer to James's History, which will certainly not be suspected of partiality to the English, or mis-statement of facts, where it appears that the crew of the Shannon was three hundred and six men, and twenty-four boys; and of the three hundred and six, twenty-two were Irish labourers, who had been received within the ship only two days before the action, and eight recaptured seamen, making thirty men, or nearly one-tenth of the frigate's company strangers.

“As far as gunnery was concerned, says D. E. W. the American had the best of the action.” We quote James:—“Five shot passed through

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\* With its extension it will probably lose much of its perfection. We may generally observe, that an addition of power is seldom or never accompanied with a proportionate increase of effect. In the natural world the smallest mature bodies are of the greatest comparative strength. A flea is, comparatively, of a thousand times the strength of an elephant.

the Shannon; one only below the main deck. Of several round-shot that struck her, the greater part lodged in the side, ranged in a line just above the copper. Until her shot-holes were stopped, the Shannon made a good deal of water upon the larboard tack; *but upon the other not more than usual*. Her fore and main masts were slightly injured by the shot, and her bow-sprit and mizen-mast were badly wounded. No other spar was damaged. Her shrouds on the starboard side were cut almost to pieces, but from her perfect state aloft, the Shannon, at a moderate distance, appeared to have suffered very little in the action."

Now for the plight of the enemy:—

"The Chesapeake was severely battered in her hull, on the larboard quarter particularly. A shot passed through one of the transoms, equal in stoutness to a sixty-four gun ship's, and several shot entered the stern windows. She had two main-deck guns and one carronade entirely disabled. One thirty-two pounder carronade was also dismounted, and several carriages and slides broken. Her three lower masts, the main and mizen masts especially, were badly wounded. The bowsprit received no injury, nor was a spar of any kind shot away. Her lower rigging and stays were a good deal cut, but neither masts nor rigging were so damaged that they could not have been repaired, if necessary, without the ship's going into port."

From these accounts it is clear, that the damage of the ships was pretty nearly balanced, and that so far the Americans had not the best of the action in respect of gunnery. We pass to the next assertion of the writer, which is curiously absurd in itself, and remarkably at variance with the representation we have just noted. The American was captured solely by "an untoward circumstance happening in the nick of time, viz. the sudden loss of her captain, three lieutenants, and bugleman, at the moment the ships fell on board of each other. If, at the crisis when adverse bodies are rushing upon an assault, the leaders of *every division of one party be accidentally shot*, the fatal result is inevitable."

It is so indeed; and we commonly argue, that when the leaders of every division of one party are simultaneously shot, there must be some great superiority of skill or of force on the other side; and in this particular instance under consideration, the event is to be attributed to that very gunnery in which the Chronicle writer has declared the Shannon to have been inferior. He says, in substance, "the Chesapeake was superior in the use of its arms; but, as luck would have it, all its leading officers were suddenly cut off by the bungling fire of the Shannon! If the leaders of every division are shot, the battle is lost by the untoward *accident*." A still worse case may be imagined—that of not only the leaders but the followers also being suddenly knocked on the head, in which event the result is inevitable; and the historian of the party so summarily disposed of, has only to say, that but for the untoward circumstances of all his heroes having been slain *sur le champ*, "slick right away," as the Americans express it, they would have inevitably won the battle. This is merely carrying the argument to its extreme point, and ad absurdum. Officers are often picked off by marksmanship, or fall by shots called lucky and unlucky, according to the party describing them; but when many fall together on the one side, and not on the



other, the first inference is, that the fire on the one side is superior to that on the other. At the same time it is not to be denied, that the victory would have been to the vanquished, if they had not been prevented from winning it, by the inopportune misfortune of sudden death, which attacked them all simultaneously, like an influenza. Molyneux would have inevitably beaten Cribb, if Cribb's blows had not lighted with such unlucky effect on Molyneux's body. We may suppose the black arguing thus, from the excellent model in the Chronicle before us:—"As far as pugilism was concerned, I had the best of the fight, and I was beaten only by '*an untoward circumstance*,' happening in the nick of time, viz.: the sudden loss of the use of my eyes, and the dispersion of my teeth, at the moment that we fell to. If at the crisis when adverse boxers are rushing to the scratch, the eyes of one party be accidentally bunged up, the fatal result is inevitable."

—Our law is perpetually vibrating between the two errors of showing undue favour to prisoners, or of subjecting them to unreasonable disadvantages. It would seem, that the objects proposed had been these two, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, as tenderness or irritation chanced to prevail—the *conviction* or *acquittal* of the accused. The grounds for conviction or acquittal, the facts of the case, have never been regarded by the law as the main subject of investigation; nor is this strange, for the law has a natural antipathy to the truth. Aptly, indeed, has it clothed itself in the livery of fiction, to show the master its delights to serve. From its rejecting the only principle that should regulate it, our justice, as has happily been illustrated by the editor of the Morning Chronicle, is ever acting the part of the capricious mother of an ill-regulated brood. At one moment she is all indulgence, and enduring of every species of aggression; the next, laying about her on the slightest provocation with the heaviest hand. Now she is poisoning us with her favours, and anon scourging all around. For the accused she has generally acknowledged a maudlin tenderness; but, in order to be consistent in her vice, as she shows him favour she withholds his rights. In the true spirit of the despot, she says, you shall owe every thing to my tenderness; I will have you at my feet, and then manifest my kindness to you. An innocent man wants no advantage but the truth; the truth, however, is an advantage which the law often refuses to secure to him. In support of this assertion we shall cite a late proceeding at Guildhall, in which we have the good fortune of seeing the law administered in a spirit of corresponding wisdom. Need we say, after this, that the sitting alderman was Wood. The comments of this truly civic magistrate served, with the effect of a relief, to throw out more boldly the beauties of the law.

Mr. Clarkson, the advocate of a prisoner, requested the alderman to bind over the witnesses who had been examined, to appear at the trial.

"'Why?' asks the alderman; 'are you apprehensive that any of them may run away?'"

"'Certainly not,' replied the learned gentleman; 'but you are aware if evidence favourable to a prisoner is elicited from witnesses for the prosecution, it produces a very different impression than from witnesses brought forward merely for the defence.'

"Mr. Payne (the second clerk) here observed, that the evidence of two of the witnesses who had been examined, was *mere matter of defence*; and it would be very unusual to bind them over for the prosecution."

Mr. Clarkson having persisted in his application, notwithstanding that the evidence he desired to secure was *mere matter of defence*,

"Mr Alderman Wood said, he was not to be taught his duty as a magistrate, after having sat there twenty years; and he was sure it was no part of his duty to bind over a defendant's witnesses, of whose testimony he had no opinion. He should take care to do what was proper to be done; but if he were to bind over all the witnesses which prisoners chose to bring in their defence, it would only tend to perplex the juries, and procure the acquittal of guilty persons."

We cordially agree with Alderman Wood, that "he is not to be taught his duty as a magistrate, after having sat there twenty years"—he certainly *is not to be taught*; we have long thought as much, and we are glad to see our private opinion corroborated by his public showing. We also extremely admire the modest reason he gives for not binding over the witness, whose evidence was *mere matter of defence*; namely, that though he, by his great powers of discernment, can sift its value, and find its worth at once, yet if it went before a simple judge, and a jury of twelve mere common men, with heads not made of wood, it would perplex them, poor things, and procure the acquittal of guilty people!!! What would be too much for the understandings of a judge and jury, is thus happily disposed of at a glance by Alderman Wood. This argument evinces indeed "absolute wisdom" in the magistrate, and we find that the law is worthy of the expounder.

We quote from the Morning Herald, which has with much judgment appended to the account of this proceeding a note, containing the substance of the law:—

"The duty of a justice of the peace, as to whom he shall *bind over*, is laid down in the 2d clause of the 7th George IV. c. 64, (commonly called Mr. Peel's Act,) which enacts, that "he shall take the information upon oath of those who shall know the facts and circumstances of the case;" and "shall have authority to bind, by recognizance, all such persons as know, or declare, any thing material touching any such felony, or ~~suspicion~~ suspicion of felony, to appear at the next sessions and give evidence *against* the party accused." So that if he is *falsely* accused he has the privilege of getting witnesses to prove his innocence 'as time and chance may serve.'"

And why is not a magistrate empowered to bind over witnesses to appear, whose evidence is favourable to the accused? May it not be as necessary to the discovery of truth, to secure the testimony of those who have something to say for him, as well as of those who have something to say against him? Yes; but the discovery of the truth is not a main object of our law. Make sure of the prisoner, and of the evidence against him, and you make sure of the legal proceeding, which is the grand end; leave the truth to the chances. Secure the fox, and the hounds to hunt him down, and let the accidents of the

chance, the real business in view, determine the rest. It certainly would appear easy, as it is reasonable, to bind over witnesses to appear *for* as well as *against* the prisoner; but we have no doubt that some increase of trouble is apprehended from the liberty, and trouble is a thing which our justice holds in insurmountable abhorrence, unless indeed many fees are to be got by it. Mr. Clarkson sensibly observed, that the best evidence for a prisoner may unwittingly escape from a witness against him, who will, under such circumstances, in all human probability, not appear at the trial unless compelled; such testimony under the existing law cannot be secured. If truth will serve the accused, if he is an innocent man, this is a cruel hardship on him; but it is a hardship on the innocent prisoner, compensated by abundant advantages allowed in subsequent stages of the proceedings of the guilty.

8th. The Morning Chronicle declares that, "To those who know any thing of newspaper property, the idea of corrupting newspapers by money must appear supremely ridiculous." This is rather too large a proposition. The political opinions of a newspaper form a very small part of its matter, and we would ask the editor of the Morning Chronicle to tell us, with the single exception of the political articles, what departments of the journals are incorruptible. Let him name them one after the other. Are the literary opinions of the papers unbought and unpurchaseable? and though the political opinions of his own print are of undoubted honesty, as well as of acknowledged ability, are its opinions on political productions always uninfluenced by gold? One certainly sees pamphlets and publications of a strange order puffed in it, and without the notice of advertisement over the recommendation. In fine, where are the bounds and land marks of corruption? Out of twenty columns, are ten, or five, or four, or three, or two, or one and a half, beyond its power? Let us know how honest we are—how many feet of corruption and lines of integrity.

9th. The following droll piece of gravity, so perfectly French, is extracted from a leading Parisian print. I scarcely know whether it is the peculiar wording, or the idea suggested, that the love of the dance is a test of virtue in France, which amuses one in it. As the Jesuits wage war with the innocent pleasures, all those who encourage the innocent pleasures, are supposed hostile to the hated ascetics, and consequently good men and true:—

"La petite commune de Fanière (arrondissement de Châlons-sur-Maine) a perdu dernièrement son maire, et ce maire y a été généralement regretté. Il voulait que les jeunes gens dansassent, et ils dansaient sous ses yeux dans la cour de sa maison. Ce bon maire était un pretre."—*Constitutionnel*, 5 Juin.

—Our libel law, under the auspices of the best of judges, and administered by most sapient juries, is making noble strides. M. D'Egville, the gentleman who deserves the thanks of all the saints on earth, for having cured the young men of the present day of the sinful taste for ballets, brought an action against The Age newspaper for this paragraph:—

"The ballet at the opera on Tuesday last was impudently asserted in the bills as the composition of M. D'Egville, Siege de Cythere, when it was originally composed and produced by M. Duberville.

The only credit due to D'Egville is the extraordinary memory to have so closely followed the original in every scene, group, and action, unless he made memoranda at the time, which I presume was the case. The writer of this was in Duberville's ballet when first produced at the old Pantheon, and thinks D'Egville can only copy, not compose. For example, his previous ballet of *Rose Blanche* was originally performed at Odenot's two-penny theatre on the Boulevards, expressly for the revolutionary gentry of 1792, about the time of the martyrdom of the Princess Lambelle and others, when D'Egville was very conspicuous in Paris, and accused of being the bosom friend of the murderer that carried that unfortunate princess's head on a pole."

The first allegation is, that the ballet was not Mr. D'Egville's work, and it is therefore one for which he ought to be especially grateful. It would be well for him indeed, if his enemies would deprive him thus of the discredit of the different dull performances with which he has vexed our eyes. The second charge, if charge it can be called, which carries no imputation with it, is that monsieur was *conspicuous* in Paris, at the time of the Revolution. Being *conspicuous* is hardly in itself a crime, we presume. But lastly, he was *accused* of being the bosom friend of the murderer of the Princess Lambelle.

"The learned counsel (Mr. Phillips) said, that this was the libel for which the plaintiff sought compensation at the hands of the jury, and he believed that *a more atrocious and unprovoked attack never was made on a respectable man*. It was as false, too, as it was calumnious. The plaintiff, so far from being active in promoting the Revolution, *was conspicuous* in the ranks of loyalty, and had hazarded his life in the service of the unfortunate monarch who then filled the throne of France. He put it to the honour of the jury, as to what must be the feelings of the plaintiff when *he saw himself represented* as the bosom friend of the greatest monster and most blood-thirsty wretch that figured at that sanguinary period."

We are extremely glad to learn, that a more atrocious and unprovoked attack (than the above quoted) never was made on a respectable man. We rejoice to discover that respectable men, from the beginning of things down to the present time, from Adam to D'Egville, have had nothing worse to complain of. "But what," asks the counsellor, (Phillips,) "must be the feelings of the plaintiff, when he saw himself represented as the bosom-friend of the monster," &c. The inquiry is beside the question, simply because Monsieur D'Egville never saw himself *represented* as any such thing: the terms of the libel are, that he was accused of being the bosom friend, &c.; and there is a wide difference between the representation of an accusation, and the representation of the fact, though it may escape the clear logical perception of an Irish orator.

"The Chief Justice [of the Common Pleas, be sure] summed up the case. To charge the plaintiff with being the intimate friend of a man concerned in one of the most sanguinary murders that was recorded in the history of modern times, was a gross libel, the defendant having admitted the falsehood of the statement by not pleading the truth of that statement. The jury would say what was a fair compensation to the plaintiff for the injury."

Again we observe that the libel did not *charge*; it merely alleged that the party was *accused* of an intimacy with a detested character. No defence was made; and the jury, under the circumstances, with the wisdom and moderation which now distinguish juries in libel cases, brought in a verdict of 150*l.* damages for the dancing master, who has not in the whole course of his professional life taken a more profitable step than this prosecution. In these remarks we are far from intending to justify the paragraph in *The Age*; it was of the customary complexion of that paper, which we have ourselves more than once described with the natural expressions of disgust; but we do contend that 150*l.* or a hundred and fifty shillings damages for it, is a sum utterly disproportioned to the injury. There was no defence, however, and the jury perhaps acted on that common principle which caused the chimney sweeper to be "*thrown over*" from the one shilling gallery, his abrupt ejection accompanied with the sound reason, "he ha'n't got no friends." Being in no degree better than the rest of the world, we should possibly not trouble ourselves much about this manner of disposing of chimney sweepers, were it not that we sit in the pit below, and we have our fears lest the fall of the chimney sweeper should touch our own heads. Therefore, though by no means partial to the chimney sweeper, we protest against throwing him over, even though he "ha'n't got no friends." He is a dirty sooty fellow by trade, but in punishing him beyond his offence, you may, most worthy jurors of the one-shilling gallery, lead to the injury of others who have not offended at all. You are encouraging, nay, actually rewarding a morbid sensitiveness which may be extended to the annoyance of you all. You begin with throwing over the chimney sweeper; well and good, we are all afraid of being befouled, and will not quarrel about him. But there is the baker, who is not an agreeable neighbour to the gentleman in black, and he will go over next; and there is the tallow chandler, who is not redolent of frankincense, who will follow; and the greasy butcher, and one man has a bad breath, and another's pores are too open, and another occupies more than a fair allowance of room, and another has a cough which interferes with your hearing; in short every one has some little annoying quality, and getting on from the greater nuisances to those next in degree, you will at last find that you yourself are in danger of suffering under the law you have put upon others. You say that you are safe, John, because you don't write; but you speak, man—great folly to be sure, but still speech, such indeed as it is; and if calling a bailiff a bum is declared a wicked and malignant libel, according to the best doctrine, I should like much to know what may not be considered as calumny. There are actions for words as well as for letters.

But what will be the issue of the present blind rage against the press? Verdicts will encourage actions out of number, on slighter and slighter provocations, till Mr. Bull grows weary of convicting libellers, and then a reaction will take place. A cold will succeed a hot fit, and after having found every thing libellous, our juries will find nothing libellous. The press will then, after a term of persecution, enjoy a term of tyranny. It will say and do what it likes with complete impunity. There are with John Bull fashions, in justice, as in all other things. It is the fashion just now to find verdicts of guilty in cases

of alleged libel; it will be the fashion soon to give verdicts with a *not* before them. Reason has no voice in either decision. It is the mode—the mode, the mode's the thing!

In the report of M. D'Egville's action, it is said that a witness *proved* that Monsieur had produced, *among other successful ballets, Le Siege de Cythère*. We certainly had not the slightest idea that the success of all or any of M. D'Egville's ballets could be *proved* in evidence. A pit more than half empty before the ballet is half over, was doubtless one of the facts instanced.

10th. The writer of an amusing article in the Examiner, on American newspapers, speaks of "the eternal spinnings and hideous postures of the French style of dancing," which people feel bound to admire, "in spite of *nature and common sense*." *Nature and common sense* are, I am fully aware, words of established authority in criticism, and yet one is occasionally tempted to question their relevancy. If the "eternal spinnings" and postures of the French dancers are admired, "in spite of nature and common sense," there is, we must infer, some style of dancing which is accordant with nature and common sense, and what is it? What is the natural manner of dancing? The critic must surely know, for he tells us what is offensive to nature; let him therefore also instruct us what particular steps and motions are agreeable to her; let him vault on the stage himself, and demonstrate the beauties of the natural style, or teach Buron and Fleurot the particular measure, the one-two-hop, or one-two-three-hop, acceptable to the sovereign goddess whose taste he quotes. For my part, I incline to think, that the natural dance is what I have now and then seen practised by a merry party of Irish haymakers, (which performance exactly accords with the definition of dancing so frequently given by Ovid, of beating the ground alternately with the feet,) and I must honestly confess, that I have no desire to see that style introduced on the Opera stage, even in obedience to the mandates of *common sense*. But what is this *nature*, whose laws we quote as the common law of taste; and what this *common sense*, which acts as judge and jury in the administration of them? Simply our own liking or antipathy for a thing. What pleases the speaker is *natural*,\* and agreeable to

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\* In some of the arts the use of this word is intelligible, but I resist the fashionable extension of its application to all. In painting, for example, the resemblance of a design to common appearances may be properly called agreeable to nature. We therefore say, that Turner's bilious pictures are unnatural. So is the landscape on a Chinese screen, with the rivers running up hill, and the dogs bigger than the men. The sister art, Music, does not allow of this test. Sounds can only be relatively termed natural, and then it is impossible to explain why we account them so. We feel that the *Ombra adorata* of Romeo is exactly what Romeo would or should have sung if Romeo had sung at all, which is a thing not according to custom, or in the other word, to nature, in such predicaments as his; but we do not know why the overture to Figaro delights us, and makes our souls dance with gaiety. There are no ideas of fitness associated with it. Like a brilliant colour spread on a pallet, it gratifies without connexion with sensible images or thoughts. But our critics will say, that because it does please us, and ninety-nine men out of a hundred, it is agreeable to nature and common sense, and this brings us to the leading proposition, that *nature* is in criticism another term for the liking of men; the common error in the use of it arises from this, that the individual assumes his particular taste to be the taste of the superior portion. To get rid of the confusion and misapprehension, where nature appears to have no immediate jurisdiction, let us substitute the taste of the one critic for the laws of the universe, and the commonality of sense.

*common sense*; what displeases him, is *unnatural*, and abhorred by *common sense*. Mr. Bentham's admirable exposure of the vulgar standards of right and wrong is applicable to the present subject, nay, it has been the foundation of these remarks. It may seem strange to bring the argument of the great jurisprudential authority to bear on a fallacy in opera criticism, but to what is the power of reason not applicable.

"The various systems that have been formed concerning the standard of right and wrong, may all be reduced to the principle of sympathy and antipathy. One account may serve for all of them. They consist all of them in so many contrivances for avoiding the obligation of appealing to any external standard, and for prevailing upon the reader to accept of the author's sentiment or opinion as a reason for itself. The phrases different, but the principle the same.

"It is curious enough to observe the variety of inventions men have hit upon, and the variety of phrases they have brought forward, in order to conceal from the world, and, if possible, from themselves, this very general and therefore very pardonable self-sufficiency.

"1. One man says, he has a thing made on purpose to tell him what is right and what is wrong; and that it is called a *moral sense*: and then he goes to work at his ease, and says, such a thing is right, and such a thing is wrong; why? 'because my moral sense tells me it is.'

"2. Another man comes and alters the phrase, leaving out *moral*, and putting in *common*, in the room of it. He then tells you, that his common sense teaches him what is right and wrong, as surely as the other's moral sense did; meaning by common sense, a sense of some kind or other, which, he says, is possessed by all mankind: the sense of those, whose sense is not the same as the author's, being struck out of the account as not worth taking. This contrivance does better than the other; for a moral sense, being a new thing, a man may feel about him a good while without being able to find it out; but common sense is as old as the creation, and there is no man but would be ashamed to be thought not to have as much of it as his neighbours. It has another great advantage; by appearing to share power, it lessens envy, for when a man gets up upon this ground, in order to anathematize those who differ from him, it is not by a *sic volo sic jubeo*, but by a *velitis jubeatis*.

"3. Another man comes, and says, that as to a moral sense indeed, he cannot find that he has any such thing; that however, he has an *understanding*, which will do quite as well. This understanding, he says, is the standard of right and wrong; it tells him so and so. All good and wise men understand as he does; if other men's understandings differ in any point from his, so much the worse for them; it is a sure sign they are either defective or corrupt.

"4. Another man says, that there is an eternal and immutable rule of right; that that rule of right dictates so and so; and then he begins giving you his sentiments upon any thing that comes uppermost; and these sentiments (you are to take for granted) are so many branches of the eternal rule of right.

"5. Another man, or perhaps the same man (it's no matter) says, that there are certain practices conformable, and others repugnant, to the fitness of things; and then he tells you, at his leisure, what practices are conformable and what repugnant, just as he happens to like a practice or dislike it.

"6. A great multitude of people are continually talking of the law of nature; and then they go on giving you their sentiments about what is right and what is wrong; and these sentiments, you are to understand, are so many chapters and sections of the law of nature.

"7. Instead of the phrase, law of nature, you have sometimes, law of reason, right reason, natural justice, natural equity, good order. Any of

them will do equally well. This latter is most used in politics. The three last are much more tolerable than the others, because they do not very explicitly claim to be any thing more than phrases; they insist but feebly upon the being looked upon as so many positive standards of themselves, and seem content to be taken, upon occasion, for phrases expressive of the conformity of the thing in question to the proper standard, whatever that may be. On most occasions, however, it will be better to say *utility*; *utility*, as referring more explicitly to pain and pleasure.

"8. We have one philosopher, who says, there is no harm in any thing in the world but in telling a lie; and that if, for example, you were to murder your own father, this would only be a particular way of saying, he was not your father. Of course, when this philosopher sees any thing that he does not like, he says, it is a particular way of telling a lie. It is saying, that the act ought to be done, or may be done, when *in truth* it ought not to be done.

"9. The fairest and openest of them all is that sort of man who speaks out, and says, I am of the number of the elect; now God himself takes care to inform the elect what is right, and that with so good effect, that let them strive ever so, they cannot help not only knowing it, but practising it. If therefore a man wants to know what is right and what is wrong, he has nothing to do but to come to me.

"It is upon the principle of antipathy that such and such acts are often reprobated, on the score of their being *unnatural*. Unnatural, when it means any thing, means unfrequent, and there it means something, although nothing to the present purpose. But the frequency of such acts is perhaps the great complaint. It therefore means nothing; nothing, I mean, which there is in the act itself. All it can serve to express is, the disposition of the person who is talking of it; the disposition he is in to be angry at the thoughts of it. Does it merit his anger? Very likely it may; but whether it does or no is a question which, to be answered rightly, can only be answered upon the principle of utility.

"Unnatural is as good a word as moral sense, or common sense, and would be as good a foundation for a system. Such an act is unnatural, that is, repugnant to nature, for I do not like to practise it, and consequently do not practise it. It is therefore repugnant to what ought to be the nature of every body else."—*Bentham's Morals and Legislation*.

11th. It has been well observed by the writer of an article on the Press, in the Westminster Review, that the theatrical reports of the newspapers are as contradictory as any lover of truth could desire them to be, and at divers times, and in divers publications, droll examples of their variance, as to matters of fact as well as of taste, have been presented. In order, we suppose, to contain within themselves a feature of inconsistency so amusing to the public, some journals are now laudably offering in their own columns those contradictions which we had before to seek, by bringing them into comparison with their brethren. The Morning Chronicle, for instance, of Friday the 8th, contains this account of the new opera:

"KING'S THEATRE.—Madame Pasta took her benefit at this house last night, upon which occasion a new opera, under the title of Maria Stuart, Regina di Scozia, composed for her by Signor Coccia, was produced for the first time. As it did not terminate till very near midnight, we cannot now enter into any further account of it, and have only to add, in general terms, that it is a masterly work, containing many beauties, but requiring a free use of the pruning knife, particularly in the second act."

This day, the 11th, there appears in the same consistent journal,  
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a very excellent critique, commencing with the following account of the aforesaid "masterly work," and its "many beauties," which would seem to want the hot-house more than "the pruning knife:"—

"**KING'S THEATRE.**—The opera of *Maria Stuart*, performed, for the first time, at Madame Pasta's benefit on Thursday, the music of which is composed by Signor Coccia, and the poetry by Signor Giannone, was repeated at this theatre on Saturday. Signor Coccia's music is of a very common place description. There is little of novelty in it, but much that is strange, because, much that has no conceivable connexion with the business of the scene. We have allegros perpetually occurring in the most serious parts of the drama, and there is moreover a fearful proportion of passages which are neither grave nor gay, but *simply soporific*. Mediocrity in poets was held to be an unpardonable offence by the antient arbiters of taste; but the mediocrity of musicians is, in these days, perhaps, more insufferable, because the time and place at which it is usually encountered are unfavourable to repose, and *the patient is disarmed of the natural defence which he possesses against the inflictions of indifferent poets*. The plot and general structure of this opera are as little entitled to praise as the music of the composer."

We are extremely happy to see that Mr. Ebers has converted the first row of the pit into private seats, let for the season—an improvement borrowed from some foreign theatres. The person who hires the seats has the key of the bench, which is literally locked up when unoccupied, and at whatever hour he chooses to go to the house, he is sure of his place. As this is a new arrangement, as it never existed before, it is of course an *innovation*; and John Bull will make a prodigious clamour about it, and talk of his rights, and liberty, and equality of pit, and all that; but we heartily hope that Mr. Ebers will be firm, and will continue the arrangement, which will be of great convenience to those that choose to pay for it, and will tend to restore the pit to its former respectability. He must either establish these private pit seats, or discontinue the issue of orders; for since the mob have broken into the theatre, it has become impossible to get a place after an hour too early for the *élite* of the pay people, many of whom therefore stay away in despair of a seat; and the fashion, as well as the treasury of the house, suffers by their absence. Most of these persons will become renters of the private pit seats, and half a dozen rows will probably be wanted for their accommodation. "But why," says surly John, "are they to have the best places?" Because they purchase them for a term. Why does John take his place in the mail when poor Patrick is obliged to mount the outside under a torrent of rain? because Mr. Bull was booked two or three days before. In French diligences, *apropos de bottes*, priority of booking gives the choice of seats; and this equitable law might advantageously be introduced into our vehicular code. *Innovation* how! the mob—*improvement* we answer.

13th. The fashion of the hat which his Majesty wore at Ascot races, has filled the breasts of his loyal and loving subjects with the most lively concern. This hat has been the subject of discussion in every society. The lowness of the crown, the width of the brim, and

the breadth of the band, have been descanted on at great length, and the effect of the *tout ensemble* bewailed in touching terms of regret. Indeed so strong is the public sentiment on this head, that it would in no wise surprise us if addresses were to be got up, beseeching his Majesty to be graciously pleased to alter the style of his beaver, the shape of which has pierced the hearts of his faithful subjects with unspeakable grief. Political feeling has of course manifested itself in the manner of viewing this hat. The high Churchmen, and the ultra Tories, in a word, *the Faction*, loudly declare that Mr. Canning has been the adviser of this hat, and they do talk of impeachment, averring that the minister is constitutionally responsible for so capital an error. They allege too, that it is clearly symbolic of the designs of the liberal premier. Do not you observe, they ask, how he has lowered the *crown*? and is it not evident, that the width of the brim denotes the popular basis on which the radical minister would rest it? Has he not too given it a curl never seen before, which indicates plainly the intention of turning over a new leaf? And then what does the size of the ribbon signify, but that the head of the state is encircled by no narrow party, but by the broadest of all bands—a people? Farther, they find in this hat a resemblance to Townsend's, the police officer, and this fills them with dismay, for they are of opinion that by it his Majesty intends to convey a hint, that he has an eye to the thieves, and the terrors of the police are on them. The only office in prospect before them seems to their justly alarmed imaginations, the Bow-street one, and fancy substitutes for the pleasure of grinding a people, the pain of operating on a tread-mill.

14th. When the tinkers addressed her late Majesty, Queen Caroline, she assured them, in her answer, that during her long absence from the land of her affections, the welfare of the tinkers had ever been nearest to her heart. When the tailors addressed her Majesty, she assured them that, during her absence, the tailors, and nothing but the tailors and their concerns, had occupied her daily and her nightly thoughts. When the glass-blowers addressed her, she assured them that glass-blowers had never for an instant been out of her mind. The old clothesman, in due turn, had a perpetual stall in her affections; and so on with the rest, to the last chapter in the book of trades.

“ A pox on your pother  
 'Bout one and the other,  
 They all had been first in their turns.”

It used extremely to perplex us to imagine how her Majesty's thoughts could have been perpetually fixed on tailors, glass-blowers, old clothesmen, &c. on each only professedly, and yet on all apparently; but we resolved to regard it as a mystery, and to receive it as a right royal truth, though somewhat unaccountable.

There is a like profession at public dinners, which would give strangers odd ideas of the varying value of English honours. A distinguished man dines with the Fishmongers' Company, and it is the chief glory of his life to be a Fishmonger. Next week he dines with the Skinners, and it is then his main pride to be a Skinner. Before the month is out he dines with the Dry-salters, and it is his only boast to be a Dry-salter. To be sure, he may be a privy counsellor, and a

knight grand cross of the bath, and a minister of state, or the leader of a noble faction, to boot, but nevertheless his peculiar glory is dry-salting. As the veritable Amphytrion is he with whom one dines, so the grandest honour is that which the hosts have conferred. At the Merchant Tailors' dinner of yesterday, Mr. Peel declared that he never received a distinction more gratifying to his feelings than the mark of esteem which made him a tailor. He emphatically avowed himself proud of the distinguished honour of being a tailor; and modestly expressed his persuasion, that no personal merit could have procured for him so exalted a glory, and that he must have owed it to his late situation! He then proceeded to show, that not men, but measures, were regarded by tailors; and that his thorough-stitch attachment to the constitution had earned their favour.

Lord Eldon palavered too after this fashion:—

“His lordship commenced by expressing his gratitude for the distinguished honour which they had done him; he could safely say he never felt more embarrassed. He had, it was true, been many years over the Court of Chancery, *and had got through a good deal of the heavy business of the Court.* [Good Lord! how this world's given to \*\*\*\*\*] He hoped he had acted justly—he was sure he had acted conscientiously. He could not forget events of many years ago—recollections connected with that place came to his mind. It was within those very walls, between thirty and forty years ago, that the first check was given to Jacobinism; and he begged leave, while it was in his power, to call their attention to that fact. It was then when Jacobinism, under another name, endeavoured to withdraw the allegiance of men from objects which ought to influence their minds; and he repeated, that it was within those walls that the first check was given to the ruinous and dangerous system which had nearly prevailed. His lordship alluded to the meeting of the Merchants of London in that Hall, at an early period of the French Revolution, which meeting, as his lordship described it, stemmed the tide of disaffection.”

Certainly the *sans culottes* principle, the example of going without breeches, must have been particularly alarming to the tailors, and it was natural that they, first of all men, should cover the breach of the Constitution.

In conclusion, this once loyal, now factious old gentleman, Lord Eldon, conscientiously declared—“in allusion to the honour originally conferred on him, by admitting him to the Corporation, that *when he had laid all other honours down*, it would be one of the highest sources of gratification to retain that of being a member of the Company.”

To be sure this is rather an equivocal compliment. When he has laid all other honours down, when tailoring is the only one remaining to him—it will be the highest source of gratification, simply because, in that case, he will have no other. For a quarter of a century his lordship has presided over suits in the Court of Chancery; and when deprived of that honour, he naturally looks for consolation to the superior dignity of tailoring.

Since we wrote the above, we have seen a sneer in the John Bull on Mr. Denman, which applies with particular happiness to Lord Eldon.

Substitute the name of Eldon for Denman, and Tailors for Fishmongers.

" Mr. Denman, however, reminds us of the Irish spendthrift's declaration—

' When I'm rich I ride in chaises ;  
When I'm poor I walk, by Jassus ;'

for after having explained the bitterness of his regrets, and the sorrows of his heart, to the Fishmongers, headed by Sturch, the nail-maker, of Clare-market, he says, that whatever lot may befall him, however he may tumble and be trampled upon, ' he will still endeavour to find consolation in the approbation of his own conscience, and in the esteem of *' men like you.'*"

The Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, (Best,) in his charge to the jury, in the action of Parry against the Examiner, for a libel, observed—

" It would be hard if a man were to be stigmatized with the infamous name of coward, because in a single instance he had neglected his duty. He (the chief justice) was afraid, that few individuals, not even the gallant persons who had acquired so much glory for their country and themselves, in the wars of England, could be safely subjected to so severe a test."

How does this consist with the doctrine laid down by the same authority in a late trial for murder? A captain of a merchantman was accused of having killed one of his men by barbarous treatment. The evidence of a large proportion of the crew, as given in court, was strong against him ; but it appeared, that when on the voyage, the men had, at some foreign port, signed a paper, testifying to the natural death of the deceased. This they did, according to their story, under the influence of fear. In his address to the jury, the chief justice discredited the parole evidence of the witnesses for the prosecution, on the ground of the deposition to a contrary effect they had subscribed at sea, which he refused to ascribe to the cause alleged by them, namely, intimidation, making it the grave principle of his judicial charge, that *it was not credible that British sailors could know fear*. After such a clap-trap as this, one expects, from the custom of Sadler's Wells and Astley's, to see a hornpipe danced, or to hear a song about tars and the wooden walls of old England, and glory and rory, and so forth : but in this particular instance, hornpipes and songs being forbidden by the decorum of the place, it was followed only by a verdict of *not guilty*—no doubt a wise and just decision. Still we should like to know how the doctrine of the Chief Justice Best in this case, that British sailors are not to be supposed to be under the influence of fear, can be reconciled with his subsequent declaration, that it would be hard to stigmatize a man, because, in a single instance he had been affected with a single panic, from which imputation, he said, few of our gallant defenders by land and sea would be free. Might not the sailors on board the merchantman have had their single and allowable lapse from courage in the instance of signing the paper referred to ? Though British sailors, they might yet have been afraid at that single time only, according to the terms of the learned judge's

allowance of fear to heroism. As the clap-trap, that tars cannot be believed subject to fear, has been uttered from the bench, it is of course now part and parcel of the common law of the land, and in this case it will be desirable to ascertain to what an extent it may be capable of qualification. From the data before us we should infer, that a sailor or soldier may, according to the judges, be in fear, consistently with his character, once in his life. A month ago, indeed, this moderate allowance was not granted to them; but Chief Justice Best has in the meanwhile doubtless thought better of the matter. The tar in Joe Miller, with an abundance of oaths, refuses to swear that the highwayman put him in fear of his life; this precedent would exactly accord with the spirit of Judge Best's first doctrine; but the valuable principle to be extracted from it, in the form of a clap-trap, would not suit every case, that of Parry against the Examiner for example, and therefore in that instance it received the modification we have noted. And let it henceforth be understood, that soldiers and sailors may be subject to panic once, without prejudice to their reputations for lion-heartedness.

The sheriff's officer, Levy, mentioned in my last Diary, whose fine feelings have been excruciatingly affected by the disrespectful addition of bum to his name, for which he is bringing an action, and for which he will doubtless recover handsome damages, seeing that Chief Justice Best has declared his opinion, that it is a wicked and malignant libel to call a bailiff a bum, though Blackstone, if I recollect right, says that it is the *mot propre*; this same injured individual, this man of delicate sensibilities, this sensitive spirit drooping under the surname of bum, has appeared at a police office under the following circumstances:

"HATTON GARDEN.—On Saturday, a young man of respectable appearance, named Biggs, son of the proprietor of the Baths of Pentonville, was brought to this office, charged with an assault on Levy, a sheriff's officer, and his assistant, named Scott. The defendant was accompanied by two young ladies, his sisters. The prosecutors stated that they went that morning to execute a writ against the defendant's father, at his house in Pentonville. Being admitted into the house, and told that Mr. Biggs was not at home, they went through all the apartments but one, which the defendant refused to allow them to enter, *saying his sisters were there in bed*. They supposing that Mr. Biggs was concealed in the room, were proceeding to force open the door, which the defendant resisted, and struck them both several times. During the scuffle that ensued, the door was opened from the inside, and the two young ladies in the office rushed out of the room, and assaulted both the prosecutors.

"In reply to this charge, the defendant said he had given the officers every facility of going through all the other rooms in the house, and informed them that he had four sisters in bed in the room in question, and only asked five minutes to allow them to put on part of their clothes before it was opened; this the officers refused, and were proceeding to break open the door, which he endeavoured to prevent, and was immediately assaulted by the officers in a most outrageous manner.

"A servant of Mr. Biggs corroborated this statement.

"Mr. Laing said the sheriff's officers should be protected. He conceived the defendant had acted most improperly in at all interfering with the officers. He should oblige him and his sisters to find bail for the assault.

"The defendant and his sisters were evidently amazed at this decision."—*Sum.*

We may now note in our tablets, that it is libellous to call bailiffs bums, and that brothers are liable to a beating, and an action into the bargain, for preventing, for a few minutes, the delicate creatures from breaking into bed-rooms, in which they happen to have four sisters in bed. Bailiffs are a supremely privileged order. How refined is the law's regards for their feelings, how tender its care of their persons! They make minced meat of two brothers who do not exactly approve of their breaking into the bed-rooms of the females before they have had time to hurry on their clothes, and the magistrate very coolly remarks that the gentlemen *must be protected*, and he requires bail not only of the males, but also of the poor women, who, according to a more detailed report, (we have quoted that which is the least unfavourable to the officers,) had only interfered to save their brothers from brutal violence! This is precisely what observation has taught us to expect from Mr. Laing. The parties may, as represented, have been *amazed at it*, but we were not. An affair of this kind sheds great lustre on the manner of procedure under the debtor and creditor law of our super-eminent humane country; and demonstrates its utter freedom from any thing like a brutality which would certainly not be suffered among the wildest tribe of naked savages.

The outrages committed by bailiffs, and sanctioned by law, would fill a moderately-sized volume, and with incidents not in the least sickening to humanity. There is now living one of these gentlemen, who killed a prisoner attempting escape by thrusting a poker down his throat. The scene, if my recollection serves me, was the saloon of the old Opera-house. The man was tried and acquitted. He went ever after by the description of *Poker* \*\*\*\*\* and was in great reputation and request as a bailiff who did his business in a workmanlike manner. Query, is the addition of *Poker*, according to the best authority, libellous?

26th. About a fortnight ago, a flat squib appeared in the John Bull, in the shape of an announcement of some improbable elevations to the peerage. Among others, Sir Jonah Barrington was named in the list. The Dublin Evening Mail, it seems, has gravely adopted the skit as matter of fact, and The Times has copied the paragraph from the Mail as an article of news, it having appeared as one of saucy invention, as a sneer on the ministry, only two Sundays back in John Bull! Such is the care in the conduct of leading journals, and such the history of newspaper facts:—

“ It is said that Lord Limerick is to be a marquis, with remainder to his fourth son; and that Sir Jonah Barrington is to be an Irish peer, on condition that he gives up his judicial office in the Admiralty Court in Ireland, which will be conferred on Mr. Doherty as compensation for his recent disappointment as to the solicitor generalship of Ireland.”—(*Dublin Evening Mail*), copied into *The Times* of the 26th.

Here is a paragraph which rests on a more substantial basis. It is fundamentally true.

“ The Queen of Wurtemberg is by no means so corpulent as has been represented, although a very singular mistake was made on this

subject, by her royal brother, the Duke of Clarence. When his royal highness saw the chair which had been made at Greenwich, for the purpose of lowering her Majesty from the yacht, on her arrival, he told Sir William Hoste that it was too small, and gave directions that another should be made, *two feet eight inches wide*. Sir William stared, but the royal duke's orders were of course obeyed; and in this chair, accordingly, the queen was placed. It may be imagined what was her majesty's surprise—she laughed heartily, not at the *mode* of lowering her, as the papers have stated, but at the *size* of the chair, and the ludicrous mistake which had been made. The disembarkation of the queen was effected with admirable facility and dispatch; a small carriage being placed on the temporary platform erected for the purpose; in which her majesty, with a midshipman standing uncovered at each side, was wheeled at once to her carriage. *The effect was very striking.*—*Brighton Gazette.*

It is a vulgar phrase, that such-a-one has the length of another's foot to a hair; but I was not aware that this exact mensuration extended to other departments of the person; still less to that particular one so wrapped in mystery, with the precise dimensions of which the duke professed such intimate acquaintance. However, in the result, as we have seen in the above account, his royal highness was discovered to have been greatly in error; and his mistake perhaps only illustrates the truth of the hacknied remark, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*—it is natural to exaggerate those things which are shrouded from mortal ken. The imagination has no bounds where the carpenter's rule has no application. Her majesty's seat, in the duke's mind, was, we have no sort of doubt, two feet eight inches wide; but the reality fell, as is usual in such involved cases, far short of the conception, and the means of accommodation consequently exceeded the end. So much for the moral part of the matter,—the philosophy of delusion. The political bearing of it is more important, and calls for another kind of notice. The chair so extravagantly constructed was made by a government workman, and at the national expense; and we trust that next session Mr. Hume will see the propriety of drawing attention to these facts, and of taking measures to prevent the recurrence of such a profligate waste of timber. According to the most moderate calculation, the error of the duke's imagination has put the country to an unnecessary charge of 2*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.* which might have been saved by employing a skilful carpenter, gifted with the phrenological organ of size, or practised in calculating space, to consider what was necessary and befitting, instead of trusting to the estimate of a too partial relative naturally disposed to exaggerate the grandeur of one so justly dear.

## DR. PARR'S LIBRARY OF A PEER.

THE following list of books, with the comments upon them, was dictated by Dr. Parr for the use of a young nobleman. It is curious, not only because it gives the opinion of so eminent a man upon a subject of popular interest; but also as exhibiting very characteristic marks of his peculiar manner. Dr. Dibdin has given a list of books, drawn up by the late king for his own use; perhaps he will add this to a second edition of the "Old Man's Friend," and "Young Man's Companion." If courses of literature are ever useful, there are few men, who by their extensive knowledge of books were better qualified to give advice on the subject. We are, however, of opinion, that there are few more foolish things. We doubt much, if any other than a well-meaning idiot ever yet followed a course of reading at the recommendation of another. Book begets book—no man who has ever read *one* book as he ought to have done, that is with reflection and enjoyment, ever asked what next he should read: before he has finished the one, the fear is he will be drawn off to others. Poor silly young men, who have got a notion that they are to be patterns, and who neither understand nor relish what they read, may pride themselves upon picking and choosing in a library, and steering from shelf to shelf by chart and compass; but the lad of true intelligence sometimes browses, but generally devours, and all he gets turns to chyle; or if there be any residuum, nature has supplied convenient passages for its conveyance out of the system without mischief.

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LIST OF BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY DR. PARR FOR THE USE OF A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

I shall take a wider range than I at first intended; and I shall put upon paper not only political writings, but other books very proper to be known by a member of the Upper House of Parliament.

Rapin's History of England; in two volumes folio, with continuation in a third volume, by Tindall. I am much pleased with Rapin's dissertation upon Whigs and Tories, subjoined to the second volume.

Harrington's Works, one volume folio. All enlightened statesmen read once at least, his political reveries: they were well known to Mr. Hume.

Sidney upon Government, a folio. He that for ten years reads this book once a year, will have an abundant store of political knowledge.

Camden's Britannia, by Gough; three volumes folio.

Translation of Thucydides, by Smith.

Translation of Herodotus, by Beloe.

Synchronous History, by Andrews; quarto. This is a most useful book.

Millar on the English Constitution; one volume quarto.

Precedents of Proceedings in the House of Commons, by John Hattsell; four volumes quarto.

Life of Philip of Macedon, by Dr. Leland; quarto.

History of Greece, down to the Achæan League. This is a very useful, though not a very elegant work: I read it at Norwich, but have it not. The writer a Scotchman, and his name begins, I believe,



with a G; but I will inquire. [He means Gillies, whose work is again mentioned below.]

Guy's Dictionary of Terms of Arts; two volumes quarto.

Aikin's General Biography; ten volumes quarto.

Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities. This is a *most* entertaining and instructive work. Two volumes quarto.

Gilbert Stuart's Progress of Society in Europe; one volume.

The Works of Mr. Burke.

The Works of Sir William Jones.

The Political Writings of Lord Bolingbroke; which may be had in four duodecimos.

Montague on the Ancient Republics.

Middleton's Life of Cicero; three volumes.

Hooke's Roman History; eleven volumes octavo.

Mably on the Manners and Customs of the Romans.

Kennett's Roman Antiquities.

Adams's Roman Antiquities.

Ancient Customs; two volumes; by Mr. Stockdale.

Leland's Translation of the Speeches of Demosthenes; three vols.

Curran's Speeches; one volume.

Lord Erskine's Speeches; in four or five volumes.

Parliamentary Speeches, written by Johnson, and published in the Gentleman's Magazine; two volumes. They are well worth reading.

Voltaire on Toleration.

Locke on Government.

Squire's History of Magna Charta.

Political Disquisitions, by Burgh; in three volumes. A most useful book.

Sir Hollus Pettus on the Constitution of Parliament. This should be read again and again.

The Oratio Areopagica, by Milton.

Of the Use and Abuse of Parliaments; two volumes. 1744.

An Historical Account of the Antient Parliaments of France, by the Count de Boulainvilliers; translated by Forman.

The History of the High Court of Parliament. Its Antiquity, Pre-eminence, and Authority; and the History of Court Baron and Court Leet; two volumes; London, 1731. I have found this a very useful book.

Gilbert Stuart's History of Scotland; two volumes.

Robertson's History of Scotland; two volumes.

Laing's excellent History of Scotland; four volumes.

Robertson's History of America.

Henry's History of Great Britain; in eight volumes. Every Englishman should read this book.

Andrews's History of Great Britain; two volumes.

Hume's History of England.

Brodie's most valuable Strictures upon Hume's History.

Goldsmith's Roman History; two volumes.

Goldsmith's Grecian History; two volumes.

Gillies's Grecian History; four volumes.

Mitford's Grecian History. It abounds with genuine learning and mischievous Toryism.

Hampton's beautiful translation of Polybius ; four volumes.

Puffendorf's Modern History, translated by Sayer.

Modern History, by Russell ; in four volumes.

Russell's Abridgement of Gibbon ; in two volumes.

Millot's General History ; in three volumes.

Millot's Elements of General History ; two volumes.

Lord Lyttleton's History of England. A constitutional book.

Rollin's Arts and Sciences ; three volumes ; translated, I believe, by Nugent.

Goguet's Origin ; three volumes.

Bekmann's History of Inventions and Discoveries ; translated from the German, by William Johnston ; volume three. I do most earnestly recommend the three foregoing works to every man of taste.

Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws ; two volumes.

Beccaria on Capital Punishments.

Eden on Penal Laws ; octavo.

Day on ditto ; three volumes duodecimo.

Gordon's Translation of Tacitus.

Machiavelli ; in two volumes quarto ; translated by Farnsworth, with copious and most instructive notes.

In the rapid progression of knowledge, I think every man of rank ought to avail himself of our periodical publications. I do most earnestly recommend the following :—

Quarterly Review.

Monthly ditto ; which of its numerous competitors, preserves its original excellence.

Westminster Review.

Retrospective ditto.

Gentleman's Magazine.

Monthly ditto.

European ditto.

All these books ought to be taken by a man of rank.

An Archæological Dictionary, by Wilson.

I am now going to state two works which I esteem most highly, and which ought to be read and studied by every enlightened and patriotic member of both houses of parliament. They are treasure-houses of political knowledge.

Traacts by Gordon and Trenchard ; two volumes duodecimo.

Cato's Letters, by the same writers ; in four volumes duodecimo.

I possess the Universal History, both Antient and Modern ; and I suppose they are in the family library of the noble house of ———. If they are not, I would recommend a very useful work, Guthrie's History of the World ; in twelve volumes.—It is a good substitute for the Universal History.

I ought not to omit Sully's Memoirs, and the Memoirs of Cardinal De Retz. The last-mentioned work is the best key I know to the roguery of statesmen.

I must once more point out the utility of Sydney upon Government.

I think that every nobleman should possess every Encyclopædia. I do possess them.

The British Encyclopædia, with the valuable Supplement.

Rees's Encyclopædia, which is finished.

The London Encyclopædia, which is not finished.

The Edinburgh Encyclopædia, by Brewster, &c. which is not finished.

The Encyclopædia Britannica, which is not finished; and also the Metropolitana.

Every English nobleman should possess them all.

I have to add Robertson's History of the Emperor Charles V.; and Dr. Leland's History of Ireland.

Watson's Life of Philip II.; in three volumes; and of Philip III.; in two volumes octavo.

Cunningham's History of England; two volumes octavo; published by Dr. Thomson, who very much improved Watson's Life of Philip III.

I have read, but cannot much praise Macpherson's History; yet I think that it ought to be tolerated in the library of a nobleman.

I shall close with recommending Chambers's Dictionary, edited by Dr. Rees; in five volumes folio.

Upon looking at the foregoing list, I find that I have omitted some books which ought to be inserted, as conducive to the improvement of a man of rank.

Lingard's History of England; in quarto. Four volumes have been already published, and two or three more may be expected. In point of style, Lingard surpasses all the other historians; he is a staunch Catholic, but a steady constitutionalist.

Pauw on the Greeks; in two volumes small octavo.

I should recommend all the historical works of Miss Aikin; they are in octavo, and they are beautifully written.

History of the East and West Indies, by Abbé Raynel; in eight volumes duodecimo.

The Antient History of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, and Macedonians and Grecians, by Mr. Rollin; translated from the French; in ten volumes duodecimo. This book charmed me when I was a boy, and I now read it with delight, and I may add, with instruction.

Rollin on the Belles Lettres; four volumes duodecimo.

Bolingbroke's Political Works are to be had in four duodecimo volumes.

Sully's Memoirs are in five volumes duodecimo.

The Memoirs of De Retz are in duodecimo. Every member of Parliament should read De Retz.

De Lolme on the English Constitution; one volume octavo.

In addition to the foregoing historical and political books I will put down a few works which are useful in the formation of a nobleman's taste.

Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful; one volume octavo.

Campbell on Rhetoric; two volumes octavo.

Elements of Criticism, by Lord Kames; two volumes octavo.

Payne Knight on Principles of Taste.

Uvelde Price on the Picturesque.

Watson on Pope; two volumes octavo.

Gerard upon Taste; one volume duodecimo.

Gedde's on Original Composition ; one volume octavo.

Blair's Lectures ; eight volumes duodecimo.

Aristotle's Poetics, translated by Twining ; two volumes octavo.

Webb on Poetry and Painting ; one volume.

Mitford on Harmony of Language ; one volume octavo. Get last edition.

The Critical Works of M. Rapin ; in two volumes octavo.

Critical Reflections on Poetry, Painting, and Music, by Du Bos ; three volumes octavo.

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LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLING ARTIST TO HIS FRIEND, IN THE  
SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

No. II.

*Genoa, 1st December, 1575.*

I SAILED from the Tiber, in a small vessel, destined for Leghorn, in a bright afternoon in October. The wind for some hours favoured our progress along the coast, but changed during the night ; and as I vainly endeavoured to find repose in the narrow cabin, I could distinguish, from the lengthened rolls of the vessel, and the loud flap of her shivering sails, that she was struggling with an unfavourable breeze. At day-break I went upon deck, and discovered that our little bark had been driven out of her course in the night by an autumnal gale, which blew fiercely from the Tuscan Appenines. The master of the vessel, two men, and a boy, endeavoured for some time to contend with the storm, but at length relinquished the attempt, furled every sail, lashed down the rudder, invoked the assistance of the blessed Virgin, and left the vessel to her fate. Absorbed in painful recollections, I looked on with indifference, until I beheld the high ground of Corsica rising in the distance. Conscious of the growing danger of our situation, and of the probability that our slight vessel would be wrecked upon the iron coast of that island, I remonstrated with the recreant captain and his crew of bigots ; but finding them determined to trust rather to the telling of beads than to strenuous exertion, I interrupted the devotions of the master by rolling him down the cabin stairs, and, with a pistol in each hand, I compelled the sailors to set a lateen sail, which, from its peculiar construction, enabled me to avail myself of a slight and favourable variation in the wind. Sending the sulky Romans to their captain, I secured the cabin door, and kept the boy upon deck to assist me. I seized the helm, and summoning all the nautical experience of my early youth, I cleared before night the north-east point of Corsica, and steered in the direction of Genoa. The gale abated rapidly during the night, and the sun rising in unclouded majesty, discovered to me the mountains which run through the Genoese territory, and rise above the city like a rampart. The wind suddenly veered to the westward, and was again fair for Leghorn : tempted however by the opportunity, I determined to take a hasty view of the bay and palaces of Genoa, and steering towards the nearest land, I stepped into the passing boat of a fisherman, and was landed in the evening about five leagues to the eastward of the city. Exhausted by this stormy ride over the billows of the Mediterranean, and by a night and day of unceasing vigilance and exertion, I retired

immediately to a humble couch in my fisherman's hut, and found rest and oblivion in ten hours of uninterrupted sleep.

The morning was breaking upon the hills when I commenced my walk to Genoa. As the sun advanced above the horizon, and threw a rapid succession of bright and changing hues over the wide range of mountains, I was tempted to deviate from the direct path, and to explore the picturesque steep and terraced olive groves, of which I had glimpses from the lower levels. Quitting the vicinity of the coast, I ascended a rugged mountain path, and was soon so irrecoverably entangled in a maze of towering crags and stony hollows, that I was glad to avail myself of a passing shepherd boy as a guide out of this labyrinth, and hired him to conduct me into the high road which connects the great plain of Lombardy with the Genoese territory. After a ramble of several hours, through scenery of much grandeur, my youthful guide left me before a natural arch in the cliff, which he told me was the entrance of a subterranean passage communicating with the great road to Genoa. Tracing, with some difficulty, the path through this dark and devious chasm, I turned an abrupt angle at the extremity, and paused in astonishment at the glorious landscape which burst upon me like a sudden blaze of fire. The wide bay of Genoa was spread out beneath me, glowing like a crescent of gold in the vivid sun-set of an autumnal sky; the terraced roofs of its proud city glittered like gems in the centre, and the curving line of coast to each extremity of the bay was studded with the white colonnades of numerous villas, glancing in the sunbeams. The bright rays of the sinking orb streamed in tremulous radiance over the broad and gently-heaving bosom of the deep, in which the proud galleys of the republic reflected their lofty prows and richly-sculptured sterns as in a mirror, while the tall masts and gaudy streamers threw their lengthening shadows far over the plain of waters. Light barks, of various colouring and form, were gliding in rapid and incessant intercourse between the numerous vessels in the bay, and the city of Genoa, which rose from the waters of the Mediterranean like an amphitheatre, exhibiting in clear outline a proud succession of marble palaces, and lofty towers, and swelling cupolas, climbing the terraced mountain, as if ambitious to crest the lofty Appenines. I never beheld so splendid and harmonious a combination of earth, sea, and heaven, of the proud labours of man, and the glorious creations of the divinity. My admiration was, however, soon fixed and absorbed by the world of waters, heaving like liquid gold in the sun-set. The sea is unquestionably the most sublime and thrilling object in nature. It expands and fills the soul of man, and presents, in its boundless extent and interminable undulations, the type of his future and immortal state.<sup>1</sup> The sun, moon, and stars, deck with their lucid beauty the blue vault of heaven, like brilliants on a robe of azure; but to the human eye they are merely parts of a magnificent whole, imperfectly understood, while the ocean exhibits an immense and palpable reality, instinct with life and movement, belting the globe with its immeasurable folds, like a huge serpent, and heaving from pole to pole in vast and endless articulations. To bound over its surface in a rapid vessel is to me the most intense and stirring of all excitements; and I pity the man, who, from indolence or fear, has passed through life without accomplishing a pilgrimage over the wil-

darkness of waters. It is the proudest of human privileges, for it is by this daring exercise of reason that man, assuming a power denied to him by nature, becomes a winged animal, and unites in himself the attributes of the whole animal world. I ascended the cliff by a sheep-path, to a grassy terrace above the high road, and continued to gaze with deep delight upon a scene which cheered and elevated my saddened spirits. Reclining upon the velvet moss, I measured the vast and undulating plain of waters with a wondering eye, until I began to rave at the limited powers of man, and longed to spring, like Homer's Thetis, from my Olympian height into the ocean, to roll beneath its surface like the strong Leviathan, explore the hidden mysteries of its caverns, and rouse the sea-gods from their beds of coral. I was awakened from this poetical delirium by the footsteps of travellers approaching through the excavation in the rock; and I beheld a tall man, of middle age, emerge from the chasm, supporting with one hand a bright axe upon his shoulder, and leading with the other a comely ass, on which was seated a young and lovely woman, with an infant in her arms. The man had the garb and appearance of a wood-cutter or carpenter. His companion was attired in blue drapery, and appeared a being of a higher order; her features bespoke innocence and refinement; her hair was parted across her forehead, and its abundant curls were gathered in a silken net. The bright and ruddy beams of sun-set fell directly upon the travellers, and threw a radiance around them which brought out their figures in picturesque relief against the background of rock. Gazing upon them with a painter's eye, my attention was agreeably fixed by the striking resemblance of this simple group to the Holy Family, in one of Raffael's designs of the flight into Egypt. The Raffaelesque character of the young mother disappeared, however, as she approached; and instead of the abstracted and almost unearthly expression of his Madonnas, I immediately recognized, in the features of this rustic Mary, the strong, lively, and natural affection of a young mother for her infant, which characterizes the Madonnas of the bewitching Correggio. The eyes, gazing downwards, were full of that wondrous expression which he alone could give to the drooping eyelid; and the lips were gently parted in that tender and enchanting smile, so fraught with grace and feeling, which gives the charm of life to the pictures of that extraordinary artist. So lively were the associations conjured up by this resemblance, that as the group passed beneath my shelf of rocks, I involuntarily saluted the lovely mother with an emphatic "Ave Maria!" She looked up, blushing with surprise; and her male companion, whose features I had overlooked, threw up a brow and beard so perfectly Homeric, and a countenance so full of intelligence and gaiety, that I descended from my elevation, determined to accompany these attractive travellers into the valley. The greeting was mutually frank and cordial; and when I mentioned how forcibly my attention had been excited by their resemblance, in grouping and costume, to the Holy Family, the stranger smiled with good-humoured archness upon his fair companion, and told me, that such was the appellation bestowed by the peasantry upon him, his daughter, and grand-child, when they ascended the hills to visit a sheep-farm in the upper levels. He

added, that he strongly suspected his daughter was profane enough to delight in thus assuming the garb and attitude of St. Mary, and that he had once surprised her in one of the lateral chapels of the great church in Genoa, attentively studying the head-dress and costume of a celebrated Madonna by Correggio. The lovely sinner smiled at this insinuation; and with a conscious blush, bent over the blooming infant, which reposed, like a sleeping rose-bud, on her bosom. During our progress down the steep, my new acquaintance told me, that he resided at present with his daughter and her husband, in a lovely village on the coast, a short league from Genoa; that his son-in-law was a tenant of the Durazzo family; and that he was a skilful agriculturist, a kind husband and father. There was a dignity in the person and deportment of this man, combined with an easy and somewhat poetical flow in his language, so little in accordance with his rustic garb and apparently humble pretensions, that my curiosity to learn some particulars of his original condition was powerfully excited, and I had not been long in his society before I told him so. He appeared gratified with the interest I expressed, and inquired if I would submit to village accommodation, and pass the night under the roof of his son-in-law. On this condition he would, on the morrow, relate to me the short history of his pilgrimage through life. His daughter, with hospitable glance and smile, confirmed the cordial invitation, and I concluded to delay until the morning my arrival at Genoa. We soon reached the village, and paused at the door of an ancient and ivy-clad grange, embowered in fruit trees, evergreen oak, and cypress, and built upon the rise of an eminence which frowned abruptly over the waters of the Mediterranean. The internal accommodation was spacious, and to a pedestrian of hardy habits, sufficiently luxurious. But any deficiency would have been counterbalanced by the delightful picture of domestic union and confidence which I discovered in this interesting family. The young farmer was active, spirited, and intelligent; his wife retiring and simple in manners, but, when drawn out in conversation, refined and cultivated beyond her apparent condition; and when I saw the family grouped around a rustic meal, in a trelliced arbour of myrtles, I thought the poet's picture of the golden age no longer a vision. Our evening repast was enlivened by the superior intelligence and delightful gaiety of the old man, Boccadoro, who rose rapidly in my affection and esteem. I listened with increasing surprise to his clear and harmonious periods, and was at times perplexed and astonished by his amazingly comprehensive knowledge of ancient history and mythology. I could have looked at and listened to him until day-break; but observing symptoms of fatigue in my hosts after the heat and toil of the day, I retired early to my rustic chamber, and was soon lulled into repose by the regular cadence of the tide waves on the beach below.

About midnight I was awakened by the sound of song and accompaniment. I sprang from the bed to the window, and listened with delight to a clear and mellow voice, singing a well-known romance of Pulci, to a masterly guitar accompaniment. The melting intonations of a female voice accompanied the final stanza, during which I gently tuned my guitar, and as soon as the singers had ended their sweet harmony, I repeated the symphony, glided by a quick transition into

a more lively measure, and thus addressed them:—"Whence are these heavenly sounds of voice and verse, that wake me thus delightfully from sleep, and soothe my senses with their liquid harmony?"

From the open casement of the room below, the male voice responded in the same measure:

"We are an old man and his daughter, lulling a lovely infant into slumber, and the infant's father, from whose aching lids the hot and sickly labour of the soil have banished sleep."

"Happy, thrice happy mortals!" I resumed; "ye realize the golden days of Saturn in Hesperia, when wars and heroes were unknown, and when no cruel Phalaris tortured the sons and daughters of Sicilia, nor tyrant Cæsars enriched their native soil with Roman blood!"

In reply, the voice below, after a tasteful and spirited prelude, began to sing the praise of poetry and song, in alternate aria and recitative, with the harmonious diction and glowing energy of an inspired priest of Apollo. The full melodious voice of the singer, floating on the gentle night-breeze, was heard by some of the villagers, who were enjoying at their cottage doors the mild beauty of the autumn night. Attracted by the well-known sounds, they formed a listening group around the grange, and when he had concluded, made the air ring with exulting shouts of *viva Boccadoro!*

Inspired by the occasion, and persuaded that this highly-gifted improvisatore was no other than the Saint Joseph of the Holy Family, I again seized my guitar, and adapted a golden song of Pindar to the scene and circumstance. I added, in conclusion, some stanzas, in which I painted my host to the life, and pronounced the feelings of such a man, and the high dignity of his profession, more enviable than the state of monarchs. This eulogy of their esteemed neighbour delighted the listening peasants, whose intermingled exclamations of "Long live the noble stranger! long live our Boccadoro!" re-echoed from the adjacent cliffs. Even the wild sea-waves seemed to feel the swelling impulse, and lashed the strong beach with louder murmurs.

The peasants retired to their houses, and I to bed; but the excitement of this agreeable and unexpected incident preventing the return of sleep, I rose early, ascended the contiguous eminence, and was observing the first break of morning over the bay and mountains of Genoa, when Boccadoro joined me. After a smiling and cordial salutation, I reminded him of his pledge to narrate the incidents of his early life, and he thus began: "I am the last male scion of a Tuscan family of honourable name and reputation. My father bestowed upon me a liberal education, and sent me to Vicenza, to study the works and science of Palladio, preparatory to my establishment in life as an architect. My ruling propensities, however, made me better acquainted with the poetry and mythology of Greece than with the rules and practice of architecture. About this period, the faculty of expressing my thoughts and recollections in spontaneous verse developed itself, and met with so much encouragement, that I resolved to abandon my unpromising pursuit, and, in defiance of parental opposition, to devote myself to poetry and song, with a view of becoming an improvisatore by profession. I was not unsuccessful in my undertaking, nor have I ever regretted this decision of my early youth. Excepting the premature loss of an affectionate wife, I have escaped



all serious calamities, and my existence has flowed in an even course of pleasurable excitement, heightened by the honourable and gratifying approbation of the literary public. I have been a frequent guest in the palaces of the great, and I have been cheered and applauded by the miscellaneous crowds of the various capitals of Italy; but I must confess, that the more dignified and conventional applauses of rank and opulence impart not the pleasure and the excitement which I derive from the mingled crowd of a piazza. "No!" exclaimed the old man, with sparkling animation, "the genuine triumph of my art is to behold the peasant, the mechanic, and the abbate, the ignorant and the educated, carried away in a torrent of enthusiasm, and uniting in loud and spontaneous applause. I am going this evening," he continued, "over the bay to the villa of the opulent Marchese Durazzo, who espoused some days since the Lady Sforza, a young and lovely Milanese. This marriage has been celebrated with a degree of splendour which realizes all the fictions of Arabian story, and the festivities are by no means exhausted. I have pledged myself to appear this evening at the villa, and to recite an epithalamium during the festal banquet. You must accompany me to the mansion of the noble marchese, and view the princely splendour of his halls. His palace is modelled, with some deviations, from a magnificent design of Palladio, and it has been adorned with all that refined taste and boundless opulence could accomplish. But you are perhaps already an invited guest; or, possibly, have been requested, as an accomplished improvisatore, to dignify these splendid nuptials with an impromptu."

In reply, I assured him that I had not even heard of the marriage, and that I was an amateur artist, travelling for improvement, and occasionally indulging in the gratifications of poetry and music. The benevolent old man was delighted to find in me an ardent votary of the sister arts, and pressed me with such friendly earnestness to accompany him in the capacity of guitar tuner, that I consented, but expressed my determination to decline any display of my limited talent for impromptu. I was totally unused to public exhibition, and was conscious that, without some previous knowledge of the parties, I could not awaken in their minds any gratifying associations. I passed the day with this primitive and happy family, and after a siesta of two hours, accompanied Boccadoro in a light bark to the marchesa's villa, which was about two leagues beyond Genoa, on the west side of the bay. The evening was oppressively warm, and the water was gently rippled by a breeze which swept occasionally over its surface; but there was a deep low murmur in that breeze, and a streak of white haze across the southern sky, which betokened an approaching tempest. Four vigorous rowers impelled our light vehicle rapidly across the bay, and the pleasant passage was enlivened by the vivacity and good humour of the improvisatore. This amiable old man was full of the light of song, and so thoroughly imbued with a deep love of his art, that he could not dwell upon it without the look and glow of inspiration. On these occasions he displayed a rare command of language and imagery, and his diction gradually rose into lofty and irregular numbers. The shades of night were falling fast around us, when we stepped from our boat to a broad staircase of granite, which met the waves and conducted us to the inclosed grounds of the villa. We approached the

palace by a circuitous avenue of laurel and cypress, from which we had occasional glimpses of a lovely wilderness, embellished with groves of evergreen oak, dotted with solitary pines, and enlivened by the rushing murmurs of fountains and waterfalls. Our verdant alley terminated in a labyrinthine grove of trees, linked together with tall hedges of myrtle. Following the windings of this leafy problem, we arrived at a Doric temple, inclosing a statue, the attributes of which I staid not to examine. Impatient to behold the exterior elevation of the villa, and guided by a bright glow in the atmosphere, I plunged through a partial opening in the matted foliage, and although not unaccustomed to scenes of festal grandeur, I could not gaze without surprise upon the surpassing splendour of this palladian mansion.

A lofty dome and portal, connected by long arcades with two noble wings, rose in majestic elevation before me. Myriads of starry lamps ascended in spiral radiance the lofty columns, glittered in bright festoons beneath the porticos, and blazed with oriental splendour along the immense line of entablature. Sounds of music and revelry escaped from the numerous windows, and, as I followed Boccadoro up the marble stairs, and stepped beneath the deep and lofty portal, I began to anticipate a festival of no common taste and magnificence. Nor was I disappointed. The interior arrangement and decorations of this enchanted palace surpassed even the external promise. I entered an immense rotunda of Corinthian elevation, modelled with tasteful accuracy from the Roman Pantheon. The circular aperture in the vaulted ceiling was covered with an appropriate roof, resting upon Corinthian pilasters, between which were windows of Venetian glass. The roof and dome were of the brightest azure, the mouldings richly gilt, and the walls were coated with marble and porphyry; while the ring of the aperture, the curving attic and entablature, were studded with innumerable lamps, which emitted the blaze of noon, and threw a rich and favourable light upon the noble statues which adorned the niches below. In the centre of this proud vestibule stood a fountain statue of classic taste and beauty, the design of which had been evidently suggested by Ovid's description of the Venus of Apelles. From the middle of a large circular basin of white marble, rose a pedestal supporting a marine shell, in which stood a lovely statue of the Venus Anadyomene. Her long hair floated in glassy and redundant undulations over her shoulders, veiling without concealing the exquisite proportions of the arms and bust, while the delicately sculptured hands were pressing from humid and waving curls the bright waters, which dropped like spangles into the shell, and rolled in limpid streams over the fluted edge into the larger basin below. This fairy splendour was rendered more vivid and enchanting by the skilful efforts of musicians, concealed in the recesses. Rich strains of melody rolled in soft vibrations through the vast rotunda, or soared with a lofty and harmonious swell into the vault above, and expired with a melting and unearthly cadence in the lofty roof. In the recess fronting the grand entrance were similar doors of bronze, leading, said Boccadoro, to the Idalian groves which bloomed around this mansion of splendour; and in the lateral recesses, were corresponding doors, opening into lofty corridors, communicating with dormitories and minor apartments, and terminating in the spacious halls which formed the wings of the palace. Boccadoro now conducted me through

the well-lighted corridor, and between folding doors of gilt bronze, into the hall of the banquet, where another and a widely different scene of splendour awaited me.

The spacious interior of this Doric saloon was divided by two rows of lofty columns, supporting a cornice, from which sprung a vault extending the entire length of the hall, and decorated by the bold hand of Julio Romano with mythological paintings; amongst which I could distinguish the marriage of Cupid and Psyche, and a banquet of the gods. Some renovations in this noble apartment being incomplete when the day of marriage approached, a temporary decoration had been introduced, of singular design, but, for an occasional festivity, of classical and appropriate effect. The Doric columns were covered with crimson velvet, decorated with vine-leaves and tendrils richly embroidered in gold, which ran in spiral lines round the tall shafts, and terminated in clusters of golden grapes and vine-leaves, wreathed around the capitals. The lofty walls were mantled with rich velvet, and crested with bold festoons, which fell in massy folds, relieved with broad fringes of gold; while the spaces between the lofty windows were adorned with fine paintings and portraits, shrined in deep frames of lavish magnificence. The numerous and brilliant guests were seated around long tables which occupied the entire space between the columns; and numerous candelabras, suspended from the Doric cornices above, threw a brilliant light over this gay assemblage of the nobility and beauty of Genoa; amongst whom Boccadoro made me observe Giovanni Doria, the valiant and well-known descendant of the great Andrea. I had taken a seat behind the improvisatore, in an alcove reserved for the musicians at the upper extremity of the hall, and waited impatiently for his epithalamium. He reserved himself until the guests were excited by wine and music, and during an interval between the instrumental performances, he swept the chords of his guitar. A silence, deep and instantaneous, prevailed throughout the hall of revelry, while every eye was fixed, and every ear was turned in eager anticipation. After a short and melodious prelude, which sounded through the still saloon like western breezes whispering in the foliage, the poet sang in lofty and flowing numbers the times of the Grecian heroes, the daring voyage of the Argo, the loves of Thetis and her Argonaut, the dazzling beauty of the sea-nymph, and the festivities of her nuptials, graced by the presence of all the deities of ocean. He decorated this ancient fable with the glowing imagery of Catullus, and with many beautiful thoughts and happy allusions to the scene before him. In conclusion, he described the marchese as another Peleus, the favourite of gods and men; his lovely bride as a younger and a fairer Thetis; and, with delicate and appropriate flattery, he contrasted the princely banquet, and the beauty and chivalry of Genoa, with the gloomy grottos of the deep, and the green and tangled monsters assembled at the marriage of the sea-nymph. "But the muse I worship," he continued, "ceases to inspire me. The light of poetry and song abandons me. I feel the awful presence of the god of song, the bright and glorious Apollo, who this day has descended from the Appenines to grace your nuptial banquet." With these words, the gay and mischievous old poet seized me by the hand, dragged me from the crowd of musicians, and compelled me to take his guitar. Over-

whelmed with surprise at this unexpected frolic, I stood with embarrassed mien and glowing cheeks before the illustrious assemblage. A sudden murmur of approbation sounded through the hall, and every eye was rivetted upon me in expectation. Resistance was now in vain, and, preferring the lesser evil of compliance to the shame and ridicule of a precipitate retreat, I determined to collect my faculties for the occasion. I selected that measure in which I possess the greatest facility, the lively Anapestic verse, that rises upon the ear with a sustained and increasing harmony, and to which you loved to listen on the shores of Garda. After a brief prelude, I sang with natural feeling my surprise and embarrassment at an incident so unexpected. I described myself as a wandering stranger, landed some hours since on the coast of Genoa, and invited by the friendly Boccadoro to view the splendours of this regal banquet. "And yet," I continued, "although a stranger, I plead not ignorance of the princely house, whose chief thus worthily proclaims that he hath won the loveliest flower of Lombardy. His well-earned fame, his fostering care of art and friendless talent, have passed the bounds of Appenine and Alp. Deign therefore to accept with kindness these simple flowers of poesy, which, with a hasty and unskilful hand, I strew around your hospitable board." I proceeded to describe the proud city and bay of Genoa, the naval power and high character of the republic; forgetting not to paint in glowing colours the brilliant valour and heroic achievements of Giovanni Doria, in a recent combat with the Turks. "The cruel son of Thetis," I continued, "shines in the storied page with lustre undeserved, because his reckless deeds were blazoned in immortal verse. Had they been sung by less illustrious bards, the memory of his name had perished long, in the deep gulph of time. The loftier attributes and genuine greatness of Doria and Columbus shine by no borrowed light, nor seek the poet's aid to enroll their fame in long-enduring records." I concluded my epithalamium by congratulating the marchese on his happy love, and predicted that he would become the proud father of another Themistocles, who would revive the golden age in Genoa, and raise her fortunes to their proudest summit.

In the course of my impromptu, I was occasionally interrupted by the applause which a successful stanza excited, but I suspect that this compulsory effort possessed no merit beyond that of extricating me from an embarrassing predicament. The marchese and his guest now rose from table, to conclude the evening with a ball, for which preparation had been made in the large saloon that formed the corresponding wing of the palace. As the numerous company moved to the sound of music in a slow procession through the hall, the bridegroom quitted the ranks, and approached me, accompanied by two lovely women, whom he introduced as the bride and her friend. The marchese, a man of noble and dignified exterior, honoured me with a cordial welcome to his villa, and thanked me for the gratification I had afforded to him and his friends. He requested me to accompany his guests into the ball-room, and to remain under his roof during the continuation of the festivities. I cast a look of doubt upon my travelling garb and heavy sabre, and told him that I was not attired for the occasion, but, with his permission, would accompany my friend Boccadoro as a spectator. He insisted, however, that I

should appear as a privileged guest, and kindly added, that he and his friends had discernment enough to know a diamond in a rusty setting. A few words from the lovely bride, in tones of Dorian sweetness, aided by an enchanting smile from her beautiful companion, subdued my hesitation in a moment, and I followed in the gay throng, selecting a position from whence I could obtain a distinct view of the marchese and her friend. How shall I describe these charming women! Both of them perfectly beautiful, and yet displaying in complexion, hair, eyes, features, expression and form, a striking and absolute contrast. The bride was not above the middle standard of women, but her figure was moulded with luxuriant and perfect symmetry. Her step was light, graceful, and elastic, and every movement developed a new charm. Her features exhibited a kind of loveliness not easily described. They were not cast in the regular mould of Italian beauty, but were delicately rounded, and indicated, by certain peculiarities, her descent from the light-haired Lombards. Her eyes, radiant with love and happiness, were the clear, deep blue of the midnight heavens. Ringlets of light and glossy hair nearly concealed her ivory brow, and flowed in golden waves and rich profusion over her shoulders. Her complexion was of that dazzling and crystal fairness which betrays every movement of the soul, and blushes of the deepest dye flitted in rapid succession across her dimpled and transparent cheek. But the predominant charm of this lovely countenance resided in its peculiar and enchanting smile. It was not the obvious smile which follows an external impulse, nor the unvarying and eternal simper of imbecility, but that vivacious, involuntary, and fascinating expression of delight, which springs from exuberant gaiety of animal spirits, and which plays almost imperceptibly around the lips, dances in the eyes, and lights up every feature with incessant radiance. I have succeeded beyond my expectations in sketching the portrait of this Lombard fairy; but I approach with diffidence the attempt to convey to you any adequate conception of her awfully beautiful companion. Boccadoro obtained for me the intelligence that she was a Roman lady, accomplished, high-born, and opulent; her name, Valeria di Villa Bella; and her residence, alternately at Rome, and at a villa near lake Albano. When I first beheld her majestic form, and marked the serious and lofty dignity of her features, I was struck with her resemblance to an admired statue of Minerva, in the museum at Rome. When she approached me with the marchese and his bride, and I observed her imperial carriage, and the magnificent proportions of her person, through the glittering undulations of her velvet drapery, the vision of Pallas disappeared, and I fancied myself in the overpowering presence of a Juno: but, when she stood before me, and accompanied with her magic smile the invitation of the marchese, I recognized in the powerful intelligence of her eyes and forehead, and in that heavenly-beaming smile, the bright image of the Queen of Muses, the pure and lovely Venus Urania. To speak in more intelligible phrase, I never beheld a female form and countenance so proudly, so magnificently Roman. Her stature rose considerably above the standard of women, but the proportions of her fine person were so exquisitely true, that her unusual height was discoverable only by comparison with that of others. Her luxuriant dark hair was

parted on her lofty forehead in the manner of *Raffaël's* Madonnas, and fell behind in raven clusters, from which interwoven diamonds emitted a starry and perpetual radiance. Her complexion was a bright, clear, transparent brown, in perfect harmony with the rich bloom of her cheek, and adding lustre to eyes of dark and dangerous beauty. Her well-marked eye-brows were delicately arched and pencilled; her nose was aquiline, and, when viewed in conjunction with her high and commanding forehead, recalled the image of the awful deity of the Parthenon; but this loftiness of expression was abundantly redeemed and softened by the delicate oval of the lower cheek and chin, and by an occasional smile of unutterable power and fascination. Following in the train of her numerous worshippers, I gazed upon her dignity of step, and the unstudied elegance of her garb and deportment, until I entered the folding doors of a ball-room, which realized all the wonders of *Armida's* palace. The dimensions and general arrangement corresponded with those of the banquetting-hall, but the elevation was Corinthian. Fluted columns of white and brilliant marble supported the pictured dome, in which I again recognised the classic pencil of *Julia Romano*, and his muses, dancing with *Apollo* in the groves of *Parnassus*. The walls of the saloon were of spotless marble, and, between the windows, tall Venetian mirrors, set in deep mouldings of superb Sicilian agate, reflected and multiplied a scene of Arabian enchantment. The central compartment of the hall blazed with the light of a thousand tapers, which threw a noon-day radiance from classic tripods, and pendant candelabras of burnished silver; and, on a pedestal before each lofty mirror, a marble nymph of graceful form and attitude, supported a coloured lamp, nourished with scented oils, which diffused a delicious fragrance; while rainbow beams of softened light shot through the tinted alabaster, over that portion of the saloon appropriated to pedestrians and gazers. The square within the four central columns was occupied by a large shell-formed basin, margined by low and oblong pedestals. On these reclined, in musing attitude, four lovely naiads, whose long and watery tresses streamed over their silent urns. The basin was partially filled with water, through which some beautiful exotic shells displayed their splendid colouring. Before the ball commenced, the rush of rockets announced a display of fireworks, and, in a moment, every eye was turned to view the tall girandoles of many-coloured light, which arose before each giant window. After a brief existence, the girandoles assumed, with magical celerity, the imposing form of lofty palm trees, which glowed for some time in Oriental splendour, and disappeared. The silence which ensued was interrupted by the soft swell and rich vibrations of flutes and harps, performed by unseen musicians, concealed in a curtained alcove at the upper extremity of the hall; and by a simultaneous arrangement, the effect of which was eminently tasteful and poetical, garden fountains began, at the sound of music, to throw up their silver spray before every window; streams of sparkling water issued from the classic urns of the river-nymphs, and fell with soothing murmurs into the shell below; while, from a large conch in its centre, a fountain threw on high its crystal column, and tempered the oppressive heat of the crowded ball-room.

Recollecting at length the bride and her friend, I felt a sudden and ardent curiosity to view their lovely forms in the dance, and sought them amongst the numerous figures which glittered in lively movement between the columns. The majestic Valeria was standing near the fountain, in animated conversation with the marchese, and the lovely bride was dancing with a grace and vivacity which attracted every eye. Her golden ringlets waved in rich profusion over her rosy cheek, and her soft blue eyes beamed with a sunny brightness. She looked the heaven-descended seraph of delight, waving her purple wings, and dispensing light and love and joy to a favoured world. I saw the happy marchese gazing upon her brilliant form and graceful movements with proud delight, and I could not suppress a rising sigh as I contrasted this splendid celebration of a happy marriage with my own blasted hopes and dubious prospects. I envied him not his wife, but his feelings; and what man, possessing the ardent sensibilities of youth, would not have envied him this universal homage to the idol of his affections, this happy and festal transition from the doubts and anxieties of a lover to the blissful security of marriage!

The atmosphere had been for some hours oppressively hot, and a moaning breeze at intervals announced the approach of a thunder storm. The ominous haze which I had observed in the southern horizon had gradually swelled into a pile of lurid clouds, which were rapidly extending over the face of heaven. The tempest now approached in its might, the blue lightning flashed, the thunder broke loudly over the palace, and a fierce gust of wind, rushing through the open windows, extinguished many of the tapers. The marchese directed his attendants to close the lateral windows and the folding doors, leaving open the large windows at the upper end of the hall for the refreshment of the dancers. Thus secured from immediate annoyance, the festal throng pursued their object in defiance of the elemental strife without. The music swelled into a louder and more joyous strain, the unwelcome interruption was forgotten, and the dancers followed with glittering feet and undulating motion the intricacies of a lively measure. A group of youthful maskers, dressed in Arcadian garb, and linked together with wreaths of flowers, now approached the Marchese and his bride, who had joined the spectators; and, after separating them from the surrounding company, threw a shower of roses over their persons, danced around them with sprightly grace, and disappeared amidst the crowd of gazers. It was at this moment, when the revelry had reached its climax, when the music floated in triumphant swell around the pillared hall, and every heart was beating with delight, that the report of fire-arms struck my ear. I had retired to a sofa in the deep recess of a window, and, listening attentively, I clearly distinguished the ringing sound of successive shots, followed by the loud clamour of numerous voices. A deep, hoarse murmur, like the rise of a stormy tide, began to reverberate from the corridor. It approached with more intelligible sound, and, to my practised ear, the heavy tramp of armed men in rapid movement, became distinctly audible. In a moment the massive bronze doors flew back upon their wheels and hinges with the roll of thunder, and a numerous band of tawny, turbaned, and bearded figures, belted with pistols, and armed with crooked sabres, rushed into the hall. The dancers flew back in

dismay, the ladies screamed with terror, and sought refuge behind the pillars, and in the deep niches of the windows. For a moment it was conjectured that these bearded and bare-legged strangers were employed to perform a Moorish mask or pageant, for the amusement of the marchese's guests, but this delusion soon yielded to the dreadful certainty that we were surprised by African pirates. The leader of the band, a tall man, of stern visage and magnificent form, with flashing eyes, and features less Moorish than Italian, threw a rapid and eager glance around the hall, and, darting forward with a party of his men, felled the approaching marchese to the earth with his sabre. He then seized the trembling bride with a giant's grasp, while his men made captives of the beautiful Valeria and a group of lovely women around her, and returning with rapid steps, disappeared through the corridor, leaving the doors guarded by a numerous party of the robbers.

I foamed with rage and indignation at this atrocious outrage, which was accomplished with inconceivable rapidity, and struggled fiercely to approach the lawless band; but I was so pinioned by the crowd of fugitives, flocking into my window niche, that I could not move a limb in the pressure; and it was not until the ladies had been carried off that I succeeded in drawing one of my travelling pistols. Levelling it at the head of an athletic Moor, who seemed to command the party at the door, I fired and brought him to the ground. The explosion cleared for me an immediate passage, and I rushed upon the startled Africans with my sabre and remaining pistol. I was seconded by Giovanni Doria, wielding a light rapier, and by all the men of spirit in the saloon, some armed with dress-swords, and others with chairs and tables. The pirates met our attack with a discharge of pistols, which proved fatal to some of our party, and, after sustaining the combat with their sabres for a sufficient period to cover the retreat of their comrades, they retired hastily through the corridor, leaving several of their number dead upon the ground. The wounded and insensible Marchese was hastily committed to the care of his attendants, and a general pursuit of the robbers commenced. But their measures had been too well concerted. The storm still raged without, the rain fell in torrents, the lamps were extinguished, the bending pines creaked in the whistling blast, and amidst the intense darkness and tumult of this tempestuous night, we lost all traces of the pirates, and were compelled to relinquish every hope of immediate recapture. Returning to the palace, the wrath of Giovanni Doria, whose married sister was one of the fair captives, blazed out like the fury of a bereaved lioness. In a voice of thunder, he summoned every man around him, and proposed our immediate departure for Genoa, where some galleys, at anchor in the bay, might be fully equipped before day-break, and sail in instant pursuit. Excited by the recent encounter, and burning with impatience to revenge an outrage almost unparalleled for extent and audacity, I loudly cheered his proposal, and we proceeded at once through storm and darkness to Genoa, accompanied by the bereaved husbands and brothers, and by every youth of brave and generous feelings. Two hours before daylight we entered the city gate, roused the commandant, and hastened to equip, by torchlight, four powerful galleys with a full complement of rowers and combatants. The gale was abating, but the wind still blew strongly from the south, and as the



pirates could avail themselves of this breeze to proceed east or west, our commander, Doria, divided his force, and despatched two gallees to search the waters between the coasts of Provence and Corsica, while he steered with the others in the direction of Elba and Sicily. The first rays of morning were running up the sky when our noble gallees, impelled by numerous rowers and a powerful breeze, left the bay, and bounded over the swelling waves like Arabian coursers. But I must delay to a more convenient hour the conclusion of a narrative which I have penned during a period of exhaustion and suffering. You will readily infer, however, the sequel of this adventure, when I tell you that the marchese and I are at this moment reclining upon couches in the saloon of the Durazzo palace, in Genoa; that he is rapidly recovering from his dangerous wound; that I am all but convalescent after a fever, occasioned by neglected cuts and bruises; and that the bright forms of the lively marchesa and her supremely beautiful friend, are flitting around us like ministering angels.

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#### NIEBUHR'S ROMAN HISTORY.\*

It is singular enough, that though the first edition of Niebuhr's History has been published for fifteen years, Mr. Walter should have produced a translation of that book at the very time when a second edition, completely altered, made its appearance;—at the very time when the author decried his old work, and issued a new one with a completely new stamp. The following is the style in which Niebuhr, in his second edition, speaks of that from which Mr. Walter has made his translation:—

“The work which I here deliver to the public, is, as the first glance at it will shew, an entirely new one, in which merely particular passages of the earlier one are re-embodied. It would have been incomparably easier to have retained the outline of the first edition: I resolved, however, on the far more difficult labour, as more suitable to my object—through which harmony and unity has arisen. The whole is now (this with the perfected second volume and those which will follow it) the work of a mature man—whose powers may fail, but whose convictions are thoroughly grounded, and whose views are unalterable; and I thus desire that the first edition may, in comparison with this, be considered as a *juvenile* production.”

This is really an unpleasant predicament for a translator; but we would, notwithstanding, earnestly recommend all persons who are not acquainted with German, and who are fond of historical investigation, to resort without delay to Mr. Walter's translation; for though it be a juvenile work, it is the juvenile† work of a profoundly learned and

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\* Roemische Geschichte, von B. G. Niebuhr, Mitglied der K. Academie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin. Erster Theil. Zweyte, voellig umgearbeitete Ausgabe. Berlin 1827.

The Roman History, by B. G. Niebuhr. Translated from the German, by F. A. Walter, Esq. F. R. S. L., one of the Librarians of the British Museum. 2 vols. London.

† The tender “juvenile” was, we believe, between forty and fifty at the time of the publication of his first edition. His juvenility must therefore be considered only comparative.

ingenious man. There is too a perfect identity in the tone and temper of mind in the two editions, and the man who after reading the first shall peruse the second, will have the satisfaction of coming to the conclusions by the steps through which Niebuhr himself arrived at them.

Niebuhr's work will never be popular with the great mass of readers, because in fact it is less a history, than a series of dissertations upon history. The first edition was little more than a transcript of a course of lectures delivered by him at the university of Berlin; and in the second edition, though alterations and additions are introduced very freely, and though the form is in many instances changed, the spirit remains. It is essentially polemical—a clearing away of the errors with which Roman history has been encumbered. Such a work, however ably it is performed, supposes an acquaintance on the part of the reader with the errors themselves, and even an interest in them. It pre-supposes a tolerable knowledge of the ancient historians, to know the value of assertions which, to an uninstructed man, may appear trivial, or unnecessary, or obscure. The obstacles which this plan opposes to the readableness of his book, are increased by the mode of execution. Like Gibbon, Niebuhr delights to convey information by insinuation, leaving the reader to collect a fact by inference, instead of imparting it to him by a direct assertion. This is not the result with Niebuhr, as it perhaps was with Gibbon, of moral obliquity or of affectation, but of fulness of his subject, and of the delusion which a candid and sanguine mind is especially apt to cherish, that every one is as full of it as himself. But from whatever cause it proceeds, it is an unpardonable vice in style, especially in historical style.

But if it be considered in a higher point of view, not as a popular work, but as a contribution to the historical knowledge of Europe, and as an attempt to present to studious and reflecting men a true picture of the origin and rise of the most remarkable state that the world has seen, it throws into the shade not only every other history of Rome, but the work of every author who has treated of any part of ancient history.

The industry with which Niebuhr has availed himself, not only of the obvious materials of Roman history, of the incidental notices and illustrations scattered in the Greek historians of all ages, in the ancient poets, commentators, and even lexicographers,—the extent of his information concerning modern and colonial states and laws, which has enabled him to form conjectures concerning the course of traditions, the progress of institutions, and the concatenation of events, which mere ingenuity could never attain;—his profound knowledge of the civil law, and finally, his accurate observation of the antiquities of Italy, would have entitled him to high respect, even if he had not brought to his labour rare excellencies of morals and intellect.

Circumstances have favoured Niebuhr. He is the son of the well known Danish traveller in the east, and was, till 1808, a commissioner of the bank at Copenhagen, and from some disgust, we believe, at the proceedings either of that body or the government, relinquished his employment. He was afterwards employed by the government of Prussia, in the execution of the great internal reform effected by Hardenberg, the enfranchisement of the *leib-eigenen* or vassals, and the new settlement of the rights of property, which became necessary in

consequence of this measure. This employment, it is said, first turned his particular attention to that portion of Roman history on which he has thrown so much light, the disputes concerning the division of the public lands. When the university of Berlin was founded, he was called thither by the king, and delivered his lectures, which were soon after published in an historical form. He had previously had the advantage of communication and discussion with the distinguished learned men who were collected at Berlin, but especially with the greatest of modern civilians, Savigny, to whom in general, as well as in a number of particular instances, he expresses his obligations, and whose profound knowledge of the antiquities and history of Roman law, have evidently been of the highest value to him. The Prussian government, the distinguishing trait of which, a trait which would cover many vices, is its liberal and honest encouragement of learning of all kinds,\* sent him to Rome as envoy, apparently for the purpose of giving him an opportunity in an office which needs very little official exertion, of making himself thoroughly acquainted with the antiquities of Italy, and of perfecting a work honourable to himself and to his adopted country. He has since returned to Prussia, and resides at the Rhenish university of Bonn, where he remodelled the first volume of his work, which stands at the head of this article, corrected the second, and composed the third, which are to appear in succession.†

In addition to the advantages of his own learning, of the opportunities of availing himself of the learning of others, and to his advantages of local investigation, he has brought to the composition of his history a spirit of impartiality, not connected, as that spirit, rare in itself, generally is, when it is found, with indifference for the interests of the race—for right and wrong. His probity, in fact, arising not from the extinction of all feelings, but from the cultivation of the best feelings,

\* The Prussian government has been judged of in England, not by what it has done, but by what it has omitted to do; a hard rule, especially where so much praise is lavished on the smallest wares of government reformers (Peel's to wit.) If it had been judged by what it has done, it would have stood in a very different rank in common estimation, and that rank it is, we are happy to see, ascending to. A government which encourages learned men, not because they calumniate or falsify, but because they inquire; which rewards the exertion of the intellect, without requiring, as a condition, the corruption of the intellect and the subjection of the will, is not entirely corrupt. A government which, like that of Prussia, retains the censorship on the press, is not entitled to the praise in the largest sense of being not afraid of knowledge; but when, in every department, except that of the politics of the day, it encourages the progress of truth, not fearing whither it may lead, it may be taken to be less afraid of knowledge than other governments which administer more liberal laws.

Some superficial observers have likened Prussia to a great camp. They should be informed, that what they see is not a hired soldiery, but an armed nation. Whether the Prussian military system be or be not, in an economical point of view, wise, is doubtful. It is, however, an unequivocal proof of the magnanimity of a government, that it trains the whole population to arms, and allows it to be instructed.

† Niebuhr, in a dedication of this edition to the king of Prussia, alludes to that monarch's kindness:—

“Your royal majesty's kindness granted me the most happy leisure; it allowed me to become domesticated at Rome, and both universities of Berlin, the opening of which gave me occasion to undertake the work, and that of the Rhine, to which it is my pride to belong, as a free associate, are the noble creations of your majesty.

“This history is thus indebted for its existence to the gracious monarch to whom I dedicate it with feelings, faithful as those of a native subject, and with a lively remembrance of every favour with which your royal majesty has distinguished me.”

Niebuhr last winter delivered lectures on Roman antiquities at Bonn.

ensures him the sympathy of all honest readers, and would make him indulgent to more faults than he is guilty of.

After this acknowledgment of his merits, we may be allowed to speak plainly of what appear to us to be his defects; he can afford to have them thus spoken of. Amidst the most judicious and scrutinizing doubts, we are startled at times by instances of extraordinary credulity, as if he had, with the habit of doubting every thing, the power of believing any thing. Sometimes these instances may be considered scepticism, (we use the word in no condemnatory sense,) assuming the form of dogmatism; at other times they are utterly unaccountable, and can only be explained by examples.

Ex. gr.—After giving an account of the story told by Livy and other authors, of the surrender of the capitol to the Sabines in the time of Romulus, by the treachery of Tarpeia, (to the whole of which story, together with all the stories of the kings, he does not give the slightest credit,) he adds this most remarkable tale:—

“The memory of her guilt still lives in a popular tradition. The whole Capitoline hill is broken through with stone quarries, extremely old adits wrought in the loose tufa: many are walled up; near the houses which are built upon the rubbish which conceals the hundred steps, where the Tarpeian Rock is nearest the Forum, by the ruined buildings which are called Palazzaccio, several are accessible. A report concerning a well of extraordinary depth, which must have been older than the aqueducts, (because, after their construction, no one would have applied labour to such an object,) and which certainly gave water to the defenders in the siege by the Gauls, drew me into this labyrinth: girls from the neighbouring houses were our guides, and related on the occasion, that deep under the hill, sits in a state of enchantment, decked with gold and jewels, the fair Tarpeia; that whoever sought to reach her, could never find the way; that once, the brother of one of them had seen her. The inhabitants of this district are smiths and keepers of inns for the peasantry, without any growth of that seeming living knowledge of antiquity which reaches other classes through the most troubled springs of trivial books. By true oral tradition for two thousand five hundred years, Tarpeia is in the mouth of the people, who for many centuries have ceased to know the names of Clelia and Cornelia.”—p. 225.\*

An oral tradition for two thousand five hundred years, in any place and under any circumstance, would require a tolerable swallow. But in a place where the trade of cicerone is so general, among houses built on the rubbish of the old city, the thing does not need reasoning about. We should think ourselves in luck if in a blind alley in St. Dunstan's in the East, we could find a true oral tradition of the manner in which the patron saint pulled the devil by the nose; but this event is not a third part so ancient as the story of Tarpeia, nor has London been subjected to a tenth part of the calamities of Rome.

What we have quoted is one of the extreme cases; what follows, belongs to the class of scepticism dogmatized.

“The Aborigines are described by Sallust and Virgil as savages, who, in hordes, without morals, without laws, without agriculture, lived by hunting and wild fruits. This does not agree with the traces of their towns in the Apennines; but the whole account can be considered as little else than an

\* Second edition. Our extracts throughout are our translations from the second edition, except where Mr. Walter's translation of the first is specially quoted.

old speculation concerning the progress of men from brutal rudeness to civilization, like those which in the latter half of the past century, without forgetting the circumstance of brutal speechlessness, were repeated *usque ad nauseam*, particularly out of Germany, under the assumed name of philosophical history. These observing philosophers swarm with quotations from voyages and travels, only overlooking this fact, that not a single example is to be adduced of an actually savage people, freely passing over to civilization, and that where this civilization has been forced upon it, physical extinction of the race has been the consequence; for example, among the Natticks, the Guaramis, the missions in New California, and those at the Cape. For every race of men has received its vocation assigned to it from God; the disposition of its impulse and its seal. Society also was earlier than individual man; as Aristotle wisely says, the whole before the part. They do not perceive that the brutal man is either degenerated, or originally only a half man."—p. 82.

We certainly should not have condemned Niebuhr for his attack on the so-called philosophical history; and we admit that the extreme difficulties which seem to be opposed to the civilization of certain races of men, occasionally give reason for believing that the obstacles are not merely moral ones, and perhaps justify us in forming a practical inference of some importance; that it is more useful to propagate good races than to attempt to improve bad ones—a conclusion directly the reverse of the efforts of a prevailing kind of humanity, spurious we are tempted to call it, though like other spurious offsprings, it is very natural. But when Niebuhr, instead of well-founded doubts, makes these positive assertions as matter concerning which even his great knowledge cannot warrant him in forming half an opinion, he ought to be checked by a wary critic. As to the instances which he demands of a savage people becoming civilized, the difficulties that would present themselves in answering him would be obvious, because he would always be permitted to doubt whether the people civilized were originally really savage, or were afterwards really civilized. What could he say to the people of Owhyhee? Certainly the king and queen when constrained to civilization in the Adelphi Hotel, did die, but Poki has returned to his native volcanoes, a shining light of cultivation. The experience of man in these matters is very limited; but surely in some of the islands of the Pacific, it can be asserted that people very like savages, have, with something very like spontaneity, come over to something very like civilization. But Niebuhr must define where civilization begins—where the savage state ends.

Another defect of Niebuhr, natural and excusable enough after he had found the worthlessness of many of the obvious sources of Roman history, is to attribute exaggerated importance to the indications of facts or opinions which his own industry and sagacity have brought to light. He demolishes the fairy palaces of fiction, and builds occasionally, in their stead, some historical pyramids—with the points downwards. For instance, the whole of the history of the Roman kings, as far as the particular events, their "birth, parentage, and education," are concerned, he considers as poetical traditions; and he points out with great acuteness, the distinguishing epic character of all this portion of so-called history. The history of Servius Tullius he would have classed with the rest. This most

remarkable of the Roman kings would have remained just as mythological as Romulus or Numa; "but," says our author, "he is removed from this region by a notice (which in itself is miraculously preserved) into an historical light; yet to a place where we should never have expected him. And this forms at the same time a decisive example that the mythologies concerning historical personages have no reference to the real facts of their history, and that the seemingly history which is derived from them is absolutely and entirely false."

What this notice is, the reader must be anxious to know. Niebuhr relates it thus:—

"The most faithful adherents to the derivative so-called history of the oldest times of Rome, could not decline the challenge to leave the decision to Etruscan historical works, if a miraculous fate procured them for us in an intelligible tongue. For they must allow that Etruria had a far older literature than Rome, and that the oldest Roman authors can have only been, in point of time, on an equality with the more modern Etruscan ones. But now there is found information of what these annals related concerning Servius, in the fragments of the speech of the Emperor Claudius on the reception of Lugdunensian Gauls into the senate, which, preserved in two tablets found at Lyons in the sixteenth century, have since the time of Lipsius been not unfrequently printed with Tacitus, but have rarely found a reader. And the author of the Tyrrhene History is here a very sure witness.

"He begins from the origin of the town to relate how often the supreme government was changed, and how, already, even the royal dignity was imparted to foreigners. Then he says of Servius Tullius, 'according to our annals he was the son of the captive Oeresia; but if we follow the Tuscans, he was the most faithful companion of the Caeles Vibenna, and shared all his fortunes. At last overpowered by various misfortunes, he left Etruria with the remnant of the Caelian army; he repaired to Rome, and took possession of the hill Caelius, which he called after his old commander. He changed his Tuscan name, Mustarna, for a Roman one, obtained the kingly dignity, and exercised it with the greatest advantage to the state.'"

The fragment to which Niebuhr here refers is printed with Justus Lipsius' *Excursus*, on the eleventh book of the Annals of Tacitus, and is said to have been dug up near the church of St. Sebastian at Lyons in 1529, and does not seem to have been heeded by Niebuhr in the composition of his first edition,\* any more than by other historians. If it had formed a part of the more obvious historical authorities we think Niebuhr would have raised some objections to its historical value, which could not be easily refuted. "Though the Etruscan annals," he would have said, "would have been of great importance, had they been preserved and readable, for the affairs of Etruria, yet we cannot attribute much authority to their writers, when they profess to record the fate of an exile whose proceedings could have been of little interest to them, and in a case where the motive for assigning a derivation from their nation to the most popular monarch of a people on whom they were dependant as subject allies, was so obvious. Neither is there a greater probability in the story that an armed band of fugitive adventurers occupied a hill on the suburbs of a city already great and flourishing, than that the orphan child of a foreign monarch taken in war and educated in the House of Tarquin, obtained influence in his family and in the state.

\* It is, we observe, noticed in the appendix.

The Emperor Claudius, too, relates it with the Roman traditions concerning the other kings, to which I have shown that no weight can be attributed, and with that concerning Servius himself, over which he gives it the preference, apparently only because it best illustrated the subject of his speech—the propriety of occasionally admitting illustrious foreigners to the highest honours of the state. Where priestcraft ruled, as in Etruria, the annals must have been in the hands of the priests,\* and must have been liable to the same sort of extravagances and interpolations which seem to have occurred among the Egyptians, and certainly are frequent among the Hindoos.†

This partial credulity, this extraordinary indulgence not towards vulgar errors or common belief, but towards some fancy hastily taken up, or founded upon evidence of which the only recommendation is, that on account of its slowness and imperfection it escapes the fault of inconsistency, is, as far as we are acquainted with their works, not an unfrequent peculiarity of German inquirers, even when their habitual temper of mind is sceptical and alert. These freaks and fancies, more amusing and more easily remembered than their wisdom, have detracted in too great a measure from their general reputation.

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“ The dram of base  
Doth the whole noble substance of worth out.”

But with Niebuhr, the noble substance is much too important to be overpowered by any such defects.

A detailed criticism of Niebuhr's work would be as bulky as the work itself, and would pre-suppose learning as various as that of the author. Even a detailed and satisfactory account of his views, would much exceed the limits of any periodical work, for there is scarcely one point of that part of the history which he has yet travelled over, in which he follows the common opinions of the herd of his historians, or in which it would suffice to refer the reader to some work already known. His accounts of the early people of Italy, his judgment on the traditions concerning the Trojan colonies and Alba, his opinion or conjectures as to the formation of the city, as to the history of the kings, as to the origin and relations of the different orders—patricians, clients, and plebeians, (for he draws a marked line of distinction between these two last classes,) in the war with Porsenna; on the early chronology, and mode of computing time; on the constitution of Servius Tullius; on the relations of debtor and creditor, the rights of the several classes on the land, and the matters of dispute between the patricians and plebeians, are all full of novelty, and to the historical student, of interest. This new edition does not come down to the time of the Licinian Rogations, of his opinions on which, as they appear in the first editions, an account was given some time

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\* This is Niebuhr's own phrase.—p. 118.

† The Emperor Claudius wrote a Tyrrhene history in twenty books, and there can be no doubt that, as the Lyons tables prove, he had searched into the Etruscan annals and monuments. Niebuhr complains that such general contempt oppressed this book from its first appearance, that nowhere is the smallest portion of it quoted, and he laments it as the greatest loss for early Roman history. Is it not a reasonable conjecture that the extraordinary contempt for the work of Claudius may have arisen from the manifest untrustworthiness of his authorities, in a country where the abundance of credulity is likely to have found its corresponding portion of fraud?

since in the *Quarterly Review*. We believe his view on this subject has not been altered by his subsequent inquiries.

In this present work, Niebuhr gives a dissertation on the Pelasgians, of whom he gave a more cursory notice in his first edition; and he traces and connects all the notices concerning them which appear in the ancient writers, with remarkable care and acuteness. This people, who have given occasion to so many conjectures, Niebuhr believes to have been, at an early period, the most widely extended race in Europe; and he investigates their settlements from the Po to the Hellespont. At the time when history begins, the race seems to have been in a state of decline and dissolution, in some places scattered before invading nations, or brought into vassalage under them; in some assimilating themselves to a predominant race, as to the Hellenes in Greece and in Asia Minor; in others impressing the characteristics of their own language and arts on more barbarous tribes, as on the Aborigines or *Casci*,

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“ Genus unde Latinum  
Albanique patres atque altæ mœnia Romæ.”

The Pelasgians, according to Niebuhr, were a nation distinct from the Greeks; but this distinctness is not to be extended to that degree of diversity which existed between the Greeks and the Thracians, or Illyrians. Their language, according to Herodotus, was different from the Greeks,\* (though the people of Attica, and all the Ionians, were Pelasgic by origin,) but Niebuhr observes, that nations, the languages of which were more nearly allied than Latin and Greek, would be unintelligible to one another. An essential affinity between the Pelasgic and Greek, notwithstanding the distinction between them, is probable, he observes, on account of the facility with which Pelasgian nations were transformed to Hellenes. The Pelasgians, at the time of the earliest notices of them, were settled not only in parts of Asia Minor, the islands, probably in Macedonia, in Epirus, in Thessaly and Greece, but also in the south of Italy, under the name of *Ænotrians* and *Peucetians*, in Sicily as *Siculi* (*Σικελδοί*), in Tuscany as *Tyrrhenes*.

In tracing the unity or connexion of people of the same nation or language, Niebuhr avails himself with great acuteness of the poetical genealogies—(in this case of the genealogy of the sons of *Lycaon*, whose names seem to have indicated the great divisions of the Pelasgic race)—and of the ancient traditions of emigrations, though he protests against the application to history of the supposition, that the whole of a race, similar or identical, has proceeded from one spot. “The origin of nations is,” he observes, “beyond the limits of our conceptions, which can only comprehend development and progress. (p. 55.) If the inquirer acknowledges this truth, and contents himself with going back, step by step, within the circuit of history, he will frequently meet with nations of the same stock, or at least identical in peculiar language and kind, on coasts opposite to each other, (as the Pelasgians in Epirus, Greece, and Southern Italy,) without any circumstance to demand the supposition that one of these separated countries was the original home whence a part emigrated to the other. Thus we find,

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\* Herodot. i. 57.



in the islands of the Mediterranean, Iberians; in Gaul and Britain, Celts. This is analogous to the geography of the races of animals and of vegetation, the large districts of which are separated by mountains, and include confined seas." He does not, of course, mean to assert that these people have dwelt in the places in which we have found them from the beginning of the human race; he only objects to a supposition not justified by our knowledge.

The Tyrrhenians, we have observed, he mentions among the Pelasgic nations. In his second edition he distinguishes these people from the Etruscans, with whom they have been confounded by all writers, ancient and modern. The Etruscans, who are known in the history of Rome, he considers to have been a stream of emigrants from Rætia, who, like the Gauls and Germans of later times, descending into Italy, spread themselves across the Po—afterwards across the Apennines to modern Tuscany—and, finally, when at the height of their greatness, to Campania. In Tuscany, previous to the irruption of the Etruscans, the Tyrrhenes, the Pelasgian race, though perhaps not themselves the oldest inhabitants, lived and (according to Niebuhr's theory) flourished; of whom many remained in vassalage under the Etruscans, while others emigrated towards Greece, and gave occasion to the notices of a wandering people, called sometimes Pelasgians, sometimes Tyrrhenians, and Tyrrhenian Pelasgians, which are frequent in the ancient Greek historians. Herodotus mentions a separate tribe of the Pelasgians—separate, for the original people of Attica were themselves a Pelasgian tribe, who were allowed to settle themselves on the Hymettus, on condition of building the wall of the Acropolis, which bears their name, the massy work of which has outlived Pelasgians and Hellenes, and which probably at this moment remains in rude grandeur, when the works of the age of Pericles are, we fear, levelled with the ground. This tribe, which afterwards inhabited Lemnos, and driven thence to the peninsula of Mount Athos, is called by Thucydides, "Tyrrhenians—a Pelasgian people."\*

The name of Tyrrhenia and Tyrrhenes continued to be given to the country, and the invading Etruscans, who neither called themselves Tyrrhenes nor Etruscans, but *Rasena*,† as the name of Mexico and Mexicans is given to a colony of Spaniards, and Britons and Britain to the English and the country they govern. He seems inclined to the belief that the *Rasena* derived much of the knowledge of art for which they derive their fame, from the people who remained among them as vassals, and of whose architectural industry, when in a state of banishment, we have such extraordinary proofs. Much of the reputation of Etruscan greatness, of their reputation for good and for evil, (for piracy was a common attribute of them,) in the more ancient works of Greece, is to be understood of the old Pelasgian Tyrrhenes. Hesiod, in his Theogony, mentions among the sons of Ulysses and Circe, *Latinus* and *Agrios*, who ruled over the celebrated Tyrrhenians,‡ (*Τυρρηνοῖσιν ἀγαλκιστοῖσιν*) a derivation which, with a multitude of other traditions, implies an ancient belief of an affinity between the Tyrrhenians and the ancient Greeks, as well as between the Tyrrhenians and the Latins.

\* Thucyd. iv. 109.

† Dionysius, i. 30.

‡ Theogon. v. 1113, 1115.

This theory of Niebuhr's, which is supported, we may say established, with the utmost ingenuity, reconciles many difficulties in the notices of the ancient historians. Though the concurrent testimony of all antiquity concerning the Pelasgian origin of the *Tyrrhenians* would seem to leave no doubt on that subject, there is not in the *Etruscan* inscriptions the slightest similarity discoverable to the Latin or Greek; and Niebuhr's inquiries have convinced him, in opposition to the assumption of the modern Italian literati, but in accordance with the testimony of ancient writers, that the language has as little affinity with the Oscan. The Etruscan was written from right to left, with the omission of the short vowels; from which last circumstance he conjectures that the language was rough, and fancies that he finds in this, and even in the rough pronunciation of the modern Tuscans, an indication of the mountain origin of the people. Livy states, that the Rhetians, and other Alpine people, were Etruscan; but he expressly states, that they first inhabited below the Apennines, on the Lower Sea, (Mediterranean,) and afterwards sent colonies to the northward of the mountain ridge, who occupied all the country beyond the Po, except the corner of the Veneti up to the Alps.

The manner in which Niebuhr avails himself of the testimony of the ancient historians, as to the facts within their own knowledge, while he disputes or reverses their conclusions as to occurrences antecedent to the time which their direct testimony can reach, is well exemplified in this instance. Livy's testimony, as to the similarity between the language of Rhetia and that of Tuscany, and the memorials of the Etruscan domination between Tuscany and the Alps, leave no doubt as to the extension of the Etruscan people, but it is apparent, that his evidence, as to the direction in which the nation moved, must be of quite a different rank in point of value. Niebuhr opposes to it—1. The improbability that a nation, loosely held together by a federal union, after the manner of the Etruscans, should have undertaken the difficult and unprofitable task of conquering the Alpine valleys, or should have been able to do so, (as is supposed by others,) when flying from the irruption of the Gauls. 2. The testimonies as to the existence of a Tyrrhene Pelasgic race in Tuscany. 3. The notices which present themselves, in the earliest historical times, of the conquest by the Etruscans of various towns in Tuscany, from a more ancient people. 4. The fact that Bononia (Bologna), under the name of Felsina, north of the Apennines, was in early times the capital of Etruria.\*

It cannot be denied, that even to this theory, in the extent to which it is carried by Niebuhr, objections may be raised, and some critics might perhaps accuse him of inconsistency, inasmuch as he attributed to the Etruscan annals so much weight in determining the origin of a Roman King, while he will not allow them to be authorities concerning the progress of their own nation. Not only Livy, but Flaccus and Cæcina, (of whose assertions on this subject notices are preserved by one of the Scholiasts on Virgil,) assert, evidently on Etruscan authority, that the Tuscans had moved from the south to the north, and that the towns north of the Apennines were not their first settlements, but later colonies. Niebuhr, however, deems this assertion to have been

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\* Plinius, iii. 20.

an invention of the priestly annalists of Etruria, who, as they boasted that their country was the favourite land of the Gods, naturally boasted also that they were its original inhabitants. It must be confessed, that amidst historical conjectures, it is much more easy, as he himself somewhere expresses it, to make a choice than to establish a distinction.

Niebuhr thinks that the Latin people arose from an intermixture of the Casci, an original people of Italy, allied to the Oscans, Opicans, and probably other of the ancient tribes, with the Siculi, a Pelasgian race, from whom the civilization of the people was derived. He remarks that the words house, field, plough, to plough, wine, oil, milk, ox, swine, sheep, apple, and words which concern agriculture and civilized life, agree generally in Latin and Greek, while the objects which belong to war and hunting, are designated in Latin by words not allied to the Greek. Of this union of two nations, the traditional union of Æneas and Latinus appear to him to be an indication.

We shall, in our next, give an account of the theory which Niebuhr now holds, (in some respects different from that given in his first edition,) of the foundation of the city, and his opinions on some of the points of internal history.

It has been said, we understand, in some journal, for we do not happen to have seen the passage, that he has changed his opinions on the matters in controversy between the patricians and plebeians; and that he has given to the whole work an aristocratic character. It may not be superfluous to say, as the second edition is not in every one's hand, that this assertion must have been made in utter ignorance of his book. What will the man who wrote it say to the following passage, which may be useful to some other people at this moment?

"Every Oligarchy is envious, oppressive, and deaf to moderation and prudence; not that this peculiarity adheres merely to an order designated by a particular name. It is the same spirit of Oligarchy,—under the canvas frock of the peasant of Uri, who not only denies to his neighbours,\* how long so ever their forefathers have been settled in the canton, the higher privileges of participation in the government, but robs them of the ordinary rights which they have long enjoyed,† and under the satin *talar* of the Venetian *nobile*."—p 505. 2d Edition.

\* *Boysen*—the descendants of those who were not originally members of the Republic.

† I choose this example, because just at the time of my writing it has become a subject of conversation, through a complaint of the canton of the Grisons.—*Niebuhr*.

### PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT.\*

THE idea on which this little work is founded, is excellent. "Any body, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "can bring a horse to the water, but who can make him drink?" Now, this is a plan not to make him drink, but by putting the water before him in an attractive manner, by pouring it out to show its lucidity, and rattling it in a trough, to allure

\* *Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest, being an Attempt to illustrate the first Principles of Natural Philosophy, by the aid of Popular Toys and Sports.* London. Longman. 1827. 3 vols. 12mo.

him by its agreeable sight and well-known sound. Talk to a child of centrifugal force and the revolution of the heavenly bodies, and you merely overwhelm his little understanding with a cart load of words; but speak of his *sling*, and the attention is immediately roused, for that is something he *knows*; you appeal to facts that must necessarily have come within his observation, and he can follow you in the discussion. Moreover, his sling and his other playthings have always appeared to him in the shape of pleasure, and he consequently associates the idea of gratification with the subject proposed. But this decoy is only necessary to the ill-trained child, the boy or girl who has much to unlearn, and has lived with bad teachers. Nothing can be more true than that the acquisition of knowledge is delightful; and it is as delightful to the child that is just beginning to run, as the philosopher who grows grey over his ponderous folio. The apparent contradiction of the fact in the case of children, arises from the mistake of instructors, who fancy they are communicating ideas when they but fill the ear with phrases. The grand object in education, and it is all done before seven or eight years of age, is to promote inquiry and reflection. It is easy by showing, or sometimes only half showing phenomena; and their causes, to rouse the curiosity; it is likewise easy to teach the child to cast about in his mind to discover the *way* of a thing's happening. At first, he may require a little assistance; but the judicious teacher will know when to leave him to himself, and when to stretch out a helping hand. This may be illustrated by the method in which older boys teach younger ones to swim. Were they to fling the little urchin into the water as he is flung into learning, out of his depth, the experiment would quickly be terminated by a resort to the Humane Society. But there is no Humane Society to recover the suffocated and drowning senses of poor lads, who are choked by the garbage of learning. No: the young swimmer is first carefully held up by the chin, until he feels the support of the water, and has learnt to balance himself, and produce motion by the use of his arms and his legs. And not until he not only is able, but knows that he is able, does his teacher cease to apply his hand, either to his breast, his chin, or his hair.

When we have said above, that we would promote inquiry among children, we did not mean that they should be induced to ask eternal questions, as is the case in numerous half-clever families. For no thing can be more pernicious to the faculties of a child, or more annoying to adults, than the unceasing—what is that? why is that? and how is that? and what you call this? of children who are taught always to ask for information at all times, and who, consequently, become shallow meddling pretenders; and, instead of being taught to reflect and invent, and to pursue a train of inquiry, are never capable of any reflection, and depend entirely upon others all the days of their lives. The excellence of all Miss Edgeworth's plans and books of education is, that they are designed to teach, not so much things, as the habit of inquiry and thought. She well knows that knowledge is rapidly acquired, as soon as the appetite is excited for it; the difficulty is so to manage the first communications, as to make the child feel that it has tasted of knowledge; for the first taste has the effect, that the first taste of human blood is said to have upon animals; it is so sweet and gratifying to the animal palate, that they then go about seeking

whom they may devour, and think nothing a delicacy that does not go upon two legs.

This is a point on which turns the grand difference between "Philosophy in Sport" and the works of Miss Edgeworth, similar in kind. In "Harry and Lucy," the thing is taught by an exhibition of the way in which children teach themselves, with the occasional assistance of adults; we see the manner in which thought is created and pursued with them, the train of association, which leads to knowledge, discovery, and invention. This is a spectacle which, while it is delightful to the man, interests the child by the strongest claims upon his sympathy, and charms him by communicating information. It is thus that the intelligence is cultivated, and at the same time, but quite as a secondary consideration, that knowledge is contributed. It is of the smallest possible consequence, whether in "Harry and Lucy," the admirable authoress goes the whole circle of natural philosophy, or the whole round of arts and manufactures. It is the exercise which is the end, and not the quantity of ground traversed. On the other hand, the author of *Philosophy in Sport teaches*—he sets up a lecturer, who *communicates* knowledge; it is true that the children are somewhat set in motion, and are called upon both to act and to think, but it is at the bidding of another. So that, although the frowning face of science is disguised with the cap and bells, and other trappings of the merry Andrew; though the lecturer *makes as if* he were aiming at nothing but drollery, tumbling and other antics, he is after all a lecturer, and delivering grave matters with a grinning countenance. This is all very well; something may be gained by it, but it falls far short of the "divine" mode of instruction pursued by the most excellent of women.

We have a further objection (strange habit of criticism we have fallen into of making objections where we intend to say nothing but praise; *we* have a friend, reader, who, though we believe he holds *us* in high estimation, he is the last man on earth we would send to for a character; he is fond of discussing doubtful points, of splitting hairs and defining shadows, so that, instead of dwelling upon the great and substantial body of our perfections, he would instantly turn to the settling of any equivocal points about us, which may at some time or other have excited his disquisitory faculties; thus his auditor would leave the self-satisfied orator with the notion, that he had heard a very ingenious defence of a very bad man, an impression, of course, wholly erroneous; this is a very long parenthesis, and to proceed:—our objection is, that the merry Andrew, who spins his top and flies his kite before his youthful audience, speaks not the language of his craft. However droll his antics, his words are long and hard. The author, instead of explaining his tricks in the common language of conversation, uses his terms of art; he employs, moreover, a sounding phraseology neither natural nor pleasing, and to children not very intelligible. His little boys speak as Sir Humphry Davy does, not perhaps as he writes, but as he would talk at a royal society tea party on a Monday evening. By the *sortes virgilianæ* shall the truth or falsehood of our assertion be tried. On the desk before us lies one volume; and on the table on which the desk stands, the other two are scattered. The volume on the desk is taken up, and on looking at the label we discern it to be the first—now for the *lot*. Inasmuch as the greatest events take

their rise from small ones, and that which is called chance is but the regular and ordinary operation of causes whose disposition is not discerned by the human eye, so has a little arrangement of the binder's art led us to open at the 204th page, for between that and the 205th page is interposed a band, indicating the middle of a sheet, and by its bulk, thus causing the volume to expand more easily at this than at some other points. Beginning at the top, and extending half way down page 204, will be found this passage:

"The revolution of the marble, my dear boy, is brought about by no less than three forces: look attentively at the diagram, and you will easily comprehend my explanation. There is, in the first place, the rectilinear motion given to it by your hand; then there is the friction of the ground; since, however, this latter acts in a contrary direction, it merely tends to lessen or counteract the velocity with which the under surface proceeds, and consequently to give a relatively increased progressive motion to its upper part; then comes that force by which its several parts cohere, and which may be represented by  $c\ h$ ; so that the two forces producing the revolution of the point  $c$ , are justly expressed by the lines  $c\ g$ ,  $c\ h$ ; but these are in the direction of the two sides of a parallelogram; the point will therefore move along the diagonal  $c\ e$ ."

It may be alleged, that these terms are defined; so they are, in all books of science; but if the phenomena and the nomenclature are to be learned at the same time, the plan is open to the most fatal of all objections. But they are not defined, at least not generally, and they are used because they are the habitual language of scientific men, among whom we are certain our author may be classed; and if we were to try the divining lots again, perhaps we might prick him among the members of the Royal Society. Though doubtless, any of that learned body would be dreadfully ashamed of being caught in the fact of composing a book for children, we can tell them, that they are generally much less usefully employed; that their ordinary investigations require talent of a much more common kind; and that taking it for granted that it is a mean occupation, and it being allowed that extremes meet, and that old women are usually set to take care of babies, we may say that there are plenty among them who, if they cannot do this, can do nothing else.

But now for the merits of this work: the principles of natural philosophy are well illustrated and analysed; the writer is as well master of his sport as of his science, and always bearing in mind that he is a lecturer, he lectures uncommonly well. The toys and games are well chosen; the author has very extensive reading, and is stocked with curious information; all which he has brought to bear in an easy and natural manner. Then again, some of his characters are well conceived, and well supported; and in most other respects, the execution may be said to be good, under the plan. We have said that the idea is excellent, and we repeat it. The author ought to have a medal for that alone.

We shall now, having said all that has occurred to us, bring the writer himself into court, and by the specimens he shall produce, stand or fall. A few extracts will probably be worth more than all we could write concerning the book; but it is odd, that this is a truth that never occurs to a writer until he wants an introduction for the passages he is about to quote.

First of all, let us introduce to our readers the Rev. Peter Twaddleton, the antiquary of the piece, who relieves the severity of Mr. Scymour's instructions, by his historical and etymological information, and also by the simplicity of his character.

"The Rev. Peter Twaddleton, Master of Arts, and Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, for we must introduce him in due form, was about fifty-two years of age, twenty of which he had spent at Cambridge, as a resident Fellow of Jesus College. He had not possessed the vicarage of Overton above eight or nine years; and, although its value never exceeded a hundred and eighty pounds a year, so limited were his wants, and so frugal his habits, that he generally contrived to save a considerable portion of his income, in order that he might devote it to purposes of charity and benevolence: but his charity was not merely of the hand, but of the heart; distress was unknown in his village; he fed the hungry, nursed the sick, and cheered the unfortunate. His long collegiate residence had imparted to his mind several peculiar traits, and a certain stiffness of address and quaintness of manner which at once distinguished the recluse from the man of the world; in short, as Shakespeare expresses it, 'he was not hackneyed in the ways of men.' His face was certainly the very reverse to every thing that could be considered 'good-looking,' and yet, when he smiled, there was an animation that redeemed the irregularity of his angular features; so benevolent was the expression of his countenance, that it was impossible not to feel that sentiment of respect and admiration which the presence of a superior person is wont to inspire: but his superiority was rather that of the heart than of the head; not that we would insinuate any deficiency in intellect, but that his moral excellencies were so transcendent as to throw into the shade all those mental qualities which he possessed in common with the world. He entertained a singular aversion to the mathematics, a prejudice which we are inclined to refer to his disappointment in the senate-house; for, although he was what is termed at Cambridge a '*reading man*,' after all his exertions he only succeeded in obtaining the '*wooden spoon*,' an honour which devolves upon the last of the '*junior optimes*.' Whether this arose from any defect in his *bump of numbers* we are really unable to state, never having had an opportunity of verifying our suspicions by a manual examination of his cranium. He was, however, well read in the classics, and so devoted to the works of Virgil that he never lost an opportunity of quoting his favourite poet; and it must be admitted, that, although these quotations so generally pervaded his conversation as to become irksome, they were often apposite, and sometimes even witty. He had a happy knack of applying passages in a sense of which the poet could never have dreamt, and yet so pertinently, that it really appeared as if they had been intended for the occasions on which they were cited; but notwithstanding the delight which he experienced in a *lusus verborum* in the Latin language, of such contradictory materials was he composed, that his antipathy to an English pun was so extravagant as to be truly ridiculous. This peculiarity has been attributed, but we speak merely from common report, to a disgust which he contracted for this species of spurious wit, during his frequent intercourse with the Johnians, a race of students who have, from time immemorial, been identified with the most profligate class of punsters. Be this, however, as it may, we are inclined to believe that a person who resides much amongst those who are addicted to this vice, unless he quickly takes the infection, acquires a sort of constitutional insusceptibility, like nurses who pass their lives in infected apartments with perfect safety and impunity. His favourite, and we might add his only pursuit, beyond the circle of his profession, was the study of antiquities. He was, as we have already stated, a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; had collected a very tolerable series of ancient coins, and possessed sufficient critical acumen to distinguish between Attic *ærae* and the spurious verdure of the modern counterfeit. Often had he undertaken

an expedition of a hundred miles to inspect the interior of an ancient barrow, or to examine the mouldering fragments of some newly discovered monument; indeed, like the connoisseur in cheese, blue-mould and decay were the favourite objects of his taste, and the sure passports to his favour; for he despised all *living* testimony, but that of worms and maggots. A coin with the head of a *living* sovereign passed through his hands with as little resistance as water through a sieve, but he grasped the head of an Antonine or Otho with insatiable and relentless avarice. Mr. Twaddleton's figure exceeded the middle stature, and was so extremely slender as to give him the air and appearance of a very tall man. He was usually dressed in an old-fashioned suit of black cloth, consisting of a single-breasted coat, with a standing collar, and deep cuffs, and a flapped waistcoat; but so awkwardly did these vestments conform with the contour of his person, that we might have supposed them the production of those Laputan tailors who wrought by mathematical principles, and held in sovereign contempt the illiterate fashioners who deemed it necessary to measure the forms of their customers; although it was whispered by some of the loquacious spinsters in the village, that the aforesaid mathematical artists were better acquainted with the *angles* of the Seven Dials, than with the *squares* of the west end. They farther surmised that the vicar's annual journey to London, which in truth was undertaken with no other object than that of attending the Anniversary of the Society of Antiquaries, on Saint George's day, was for the laudable purpose of recruiting his wardrobe. If the coat, with its straggling and disproportioned suburbs, possessed an amplitude of dimensions which ill accorded with the slender wants of his person, this misapplied liberality was more than compensated by the rigid economy exhibited in the *netter* part of his costume, which evidently had not been designed by a contemporary architect; that vestment which is never alluded to in polished society but through the medium of ingenious circumlocution, stuck as closely to the part it was destined to protect, and as faithfully represented it, as the most zealous member ever adhered to the interests of an independent borough. Not so his shoes, which, for the accommodation of those unwelcome parasites, vulgarly called *corns*, were constructed in the form of a battledore, and displayed such an unbecoming quantity of leather, that, as Ned Hopkins, a subaltern wit of the village ale-house, observed, 'however economical their person might appear, he was undoubtedly supported in extravagance.' In a village like Overton, where there resided no less than seven discontented old maids, this joke against the vicar's *understanding* was not likely to be lost; nor did the natural association between tithes and '*corn-bags*' escape the observation of Hopkins, but was repeated with various other allusions of equal piquancy, to the no small annoyance of the reverend gentleman, and, as he declared, to the disparagement of his cloth."—Vol. i. pp. 11—17.

With the aid of the vicar of Overton, Mr. Seymour, a gentleman of fortune, undertakes the task of philosophizing the sports of his children. Mr. Seymour thus explains his plans to the vicar:—

" 'Then may I hope that you will indulge me so far as to listen to the scheme, by which it is my intention to turn 'sport into science,' or, in other words, *toys* into instruments of *philosophical instruction*.'

" The vicar nodded assent.

" Mr. Seymour proceeded. 'In the first place, I would give the boy some general notions with regard to the properties of matter, such as its gravitation, vis inertiae, elasticity, &c. What apparatus can be required for such a purpose, beyond some of the more simple toys? Indeed, I will undertake to demonstrate the three grand laws of motion by a game at ball; while the composition and resolution of forces may be beautifully exemplified during a game of marbles, especially that of '*ring-taw*;' but in order that you may more clearly comprehend the capability of my plan, allow me to enumerate the various philosophical principles which are involved in the operation of the



several more popular toys and sports. We will commence with the ball; which will illustrate the nature and phenomena of *elasticity*, as it leaps from the ground; of *rotatory motion*, while it runs along its surface; of *reflected motion*, and of the *angles of incidence and reflection*, as it rebounds from the wall; and of *projectiles*, as it is whirled through the air: at the same time the cricket-bat may serve to explain the *centre of percussion*. A game at marbles may be made subservient to the same purposes, and will farther assist us in conveying clear ideas upon the subject of the *collision of elastic and non-elastic bodies*, and of their *velocities and direction after impact*. The *composition and resolution of forces* may be explained at the same time. The nature of *elastic springs* will require no other apparatus for its elucidation than the numerous leaping frogs and cats with which the nursery abounds. The leathern sucker will exemplify the nature of *cohesion*, and the effect of water in filling up those inequalities by which contiguous surfaces are deprived of their attractive power; it will, at the same time, demonstrate the nature of a *vacuum*, and the influence of *atmospheric pressure*. The squirt will afford a farther illustration of the same views, and will furnish a practical proof of the weight of the atmosphere in raising a column of water. The theory of the pump will necessarily follow. The various balancing toys will elucidate the nature of the *centre of gravity*, *point of suspension*, and *line of direction*: the see-saw, rocking-horse, and the operation of walking on stilts, will here come in aid of our explanations. The sling will demonstrate the existence and effect of *centrifugal force*; the top and tetotum will prove the power of vertiginous motion to support the axis of a body in an upright position. The trundling of the hoop will accomplish the same object. The game of *bilboquet*, or cup and ball, will show the influence of rotatory motion in steadying the rectilinear path of a spherical body, whence the theory of the rifle gun may be deduced. For conveying some elementary ideas of the doctrine of *oscillation*, there is the swing. The flight of the arrow will not only elucidate the principles of *projectiles*, but will explain the force of the air in producing rotatory motion by its impact on oblique surfaces: the revolution of the shuttlecock may be shown to depend upon the same resolution of forces. Then comes the kite, one of the most instructive and amusing of all the pastimes of youth: its ascent at once develops the theory of the composition and resolution of forces, and explains various subordinate principles, which I shall endeavour to describe when we arrive at the subject. The theory of colours may be pointed out to the boy as he blows his soap-bubbles; an amusement which will, at the same time, convince him that the air must exert a pressure equally in all directions. For explaining the theory of sound, there are the whistle, the humming-top, the whiz-gig, the pop-gun, the bull-roarer, and sundry other amusements well known in the play-ground; but it is not my intention, at present, to enumerate *all* the toys which may be rendered capable of affording philosophical instruction; I merely wish to convince you that my plan is not quite so chimerical as you were at first inclined to believe.

"Upon my word," said the vicar, "you are the very counterpart of Cornelius Scriblerus; but I must confess that your scheme is plausible, very plausible, and I shall no longer refuse to attend to you in the progress of its execution.

'Cedo equidem, nec nate, tibi comes ire recuso;'

as Virgil has it."—Vol. i. pp. 48—52.

As an example of the mode Mr. Seymour takes to carry his plan into execution, we give the discussion of the *sucker*.

"Tom, fetch your leathern sucker."

"John is, at this moment, amusing himself in the garden with the one which I brought with me from school," replied Tom.

"Then you shall construct another for yourself. Here is leather and string."

" 'This leather is too stiff; but I may, perhaps, make it answer the purpose by first soaking it.'

" 'Having allowed it to remain in water for a short time, the leather became sufficiently pliable for his purpose; he therefore cut it into a circular shape, and affixed a string through its centre. The juvenile party now hastened to the lawn, and having once again dipped his newly constructed sucker into the water, the ingenious boy placed it upon a stone, pressed down the leather with his foot, and succeeded in making it raise the weight.'

" 'Well done, my boy. Now, then, explain the reason of the leather's adhesion to the surface, and of its being thus capable of retaining its hold, notwithstanding the gravity of the stone.'

" 'In the first place,' answered Tom, 'the edges of the wet leather, from being closely pressed, stuck with sufficient firmness to the smooth surface of the stone, to resist the force of the string, as I pulled it upwards; the consequence was, that a hollow was formed in the middle part of the leather; and, as that hollow place cannot contain any air, it is called a *vacuum*.'

" 'Very well,' replied his father, 'so far you are right; but you have not informed me in what manner a *vacuum* acts, in preventing the stone from quitting the leather.'

" 'It makes it adhere to it by some kind of *suction*, but I confess that I do not exactly understand the subject.'

" 'Then let us proceed cautiously and deliberately in the explanation. In the first place, you have said, and said correctly, that the edges of the leather adhere to the stone; but what is the nature of the power to which this adhesion is to be referred? I perceive you are puzzled by the question; attend, then, to my explanation: you must know that there exists a tendency in all bodies to adhere together, provided the contact of their surfaces be sufficiently perfect; this property is termed *cohesion*, or cohesive attraction, from the Latin word *coharreo*, which I need not inform you signifies to *stick together*. The dry leather will not adhere to a smooth surface, because in that case, the contact cannot be rendered sufficiently perfect; but, when saturated with water, the interstices of the leather are filled with that fluid, and the inequalities of the surface, which must always prevent close contact, are removed. If two bodies, when placed together, be not sufficiently smooth, or polished, it will be vain to make any attempt to produce their cohesion; since the particles will, in such a state, touch each other only in a few points; it is for this reason that carpenters, when they intend to glue pieces of wood together, plane the surfaces perfectly smooth, before they apply the glue.'

" 'Tom here acknowledged that he had not before understood the reason of the leather's adhesion to the stone.'

" 'Having then settled this point to your satisfaction,' continued Mr. Seymour, 'let us proceed. Your idea of a *vacuum* being formed in the hollow part of the leather is perfectly correct: for, as you draw up the central part by the string, the hollow thus produced must necessarily be a *vacuum*, since the air cannot pass through the leather to supply it; in this state, therefore, the atmosphere presses upon the exterior of the leather, and like any other weight prevents its rising from the stone.'

" 'Fanny and Louisa here expressed some surprise on hearing of the weight of the atmosphere; the former observed, that she did not feel any pressure from it. Their father explained the reason of their not being conscious of the weight by informing them that their bodies contained air, which, by its elasticity, counteracted the pressure from without; but that, if it were possible to remove all the air which the body contained, the pressure of the atmosphere would not be counteracted; and the consequence would be, that we should be crushed to atoms by its weight, which had been ascertained by experiment to be equal to fifteen pounds upon every square inch of surface, or, as much as forty thousand pounds upon the body of a man of ordinary size.'

" 'Until your explanation,' said Tom, 'I really believed that the leather adhered to the stone by some kind of *suction*, just as the back of my hand adheres to my lips, whenever I place it to my mouth, and draw in my breath.'

"Mr. Seymour here expressed a doubt whether his son was even yet a perfect master of the subject: he told him that there was no such operation in nature as *suction*; that it was merely a popular term to denote the action of the air upon a vacuum. 'Your hand,' said he, 'adheres to your mouth, in consequence of your forming a vacuum within it, by forcibly drawing in your breath, and the resistance which is opposed to its removal, arises entirely from the pressure of the atmosphere upon it. Many are the effects which may be explained upon a similar principle. I dare say you will remember the astonishment which you expressed at the force with which the limpets attached themselves to the rocks.'

" 'O yes, papa,' exclaimed Louisa, 'I well remember, when we walked on the sea-shore, that, on first touching the limpets, they appeared loose and moveable, but before I had time to remove them they fastened themselves as firmly as though they had been a part of the rock upon which they were fixed; how could that happen?'

"Mr. Seymour replied that these sea-insects possessed the power of converting their whole bodies into *suckers*; and he informed them, that many other animals are endowed with a similar faculty. He instanced the claws of the polypus, which were furnished with many such suckers, by means of which the animal is enabled to hold to whatever it attaches itself with very considerable force.

" 'Have you never observed,' asked Mr. Seymour, 'the security and ease with which flies frequently walk upon a smooth wall, or a plane of glass, or even along the ceiling, with their bodies downward?'

" 'To be sure,' replied Tom; 'but are not their legs provided with some sticky matter, which enables them to preserve themselves from falling?'

"That is a popular error, my dear; the fact is, that their feet are provided with little cups, or suckers, which they alternately exhaust and fill with air; by which means they are enabled to walk in every position, over the most slippery surfaces. In like manner, the walrus, or seal, a painting of which you may remember to have seen in the Panorama of Spitzbergen, is capable of climbing the masses of slippery ice with perfect security.

"At this moment, Tom's stone fell from the sucker. Louisa enquired how it could have happened.

" 'The circumstance is easily to be explained,' said her father. 'The atmosphere, by its pressure, ultimately forced its way through the edges of the sucker; its interior, therefore, became filled with air, and it consequently balanced the external weight, which had before confined it.'

" 'I think,' said the vicar, 'that Tom must now surely understand the theory of the leathern sucker; what say you, my boy? Cannot you exclaim with Persius, '*Intus et in cute novi*.'

" 'Which I suppose,' observed Mr. Seymour, 'you would construe, 'Well do I know the nature of the *cavity*, and the operation of the *leather*.'"  
—Vol. ii. 27—33.

A very good illustration both for the author and for us, is the *soap-bubble*.

" 'Tom,' said his father, 'bring me a saucer with some hot water; a piece of soap, and a tobacco-pipe. I have promised to teach John the art of blowing soap-bubbles.'

"Tom immediately proceeded to execute his commission, and shortly rejoined the party on the lawn, bringing with him all the necessary implements for bubble-blowing. John, under the direction of his brother, made the lather: and Mr. Seymour, turning towards the elder children, asked

them whether they understood the philosophy of the operation they had just witnessed ; they were, however, unable to return a satisfactory answer, and their father proceeded as follows :—

“ ‘ Most liquids, by agitation, exhibit the appearance of froth, in consequence of the escape of the air in small bubbles, which had been forced into them by the operation. If, however, the liquid be viscid and tenacious, like soap and water, the air is, as it were, imprisoned in the mass, producing the appearance which is commonly called *lather*. ’

“ ‘ Louisa here enquired ‘ whether the air did not escape with more or less readiness, according to the degree of resistance it met with in the liquid. ’

“ ‘ ‘ I thank you, ’ said Mr. Seymour, ‘ for having so kindly assisted me in the explanation. ’

“ ‘ Louisa smiled at this mark of her father’s approbation, and Mr. Seymour proceeded,—‘ It is on that very account, that spirit, after it has been shaken, so soon regains its transparency ; for, in consequence of the superior lightness of that fluid, and the little cohesion which subsists between its particles, the air makes a rapid escape. In like manner we may account for the spongy appearance which gives such superiority to our bread ; in that case, the air disengaged during the fermentation of the dough cannot escape through so viscid a mass ; it therefore remains, and thus produces the eyes or bubbles, which you may always observe in every well-baked loaf. ’

“ ‘ ‘ See, papa, ’ exclaimed Tom, ‘ the bubbles which John has blown in the lather, are not round, but angular figures—they appear to be like the hexagons which we used to cut out for our *papyro-plastics*. ’

“ ‘ ‘ They are certainly hexagonal, ’ replied Mr. Seymour ; ‘ and the form arises from the pressure of the bubbles upon each other. The same appearance is to be seen in the pith of vegetables, when examined by the microscope, and is the result of the general re-action of the solid parts, similar to that which takes place in the honey-comb. ’

“ ‘ ‘ I thought, papa, ’ said Louisa, ‘ that the form of the cells in the honey-comb was to be ascribed to the skill of the bee. ’

“ ‘ ‘ That is a very general opinion, but it is not correct ; it is now acknowledged by philosophers to be the effect of the mechanical laws which influence the pressure of cylinders composed of soft materials ; the nests of solitary bees are uniformly circular ; and the cells of the pith of wood are only hexagonal in the central parts ; towards the extremity, where there is but little pressure, they are circular. I will take an opportunity of showing you the same fact in the berries of a lobster ; but let us proceed to blow some bubbles. Plunge the bowl of the tobacco-pipe into the lather. ’

“ ‘ Tom obeyed his father’s directions, and blowing through the stem, produced a bubble. ’

“ ‘ ‘ See, see, ’ cried Louisa, ‘ what a beautiful bubble ! but there is a quantity of soap hanging to its under part. ’

“ ‘ ‘ I will take it off with my finger, ’ said Mr. Seymour. ’

“ ‘ ‘ There it goes ! ’ exclaimed Tom. ’

“ ‘ ‘ What beautiful colours it displays ! ’ as bright and as gaudy as those of the rainbow, ’ observed his sister. ’

“ ‘ ‘ It has burst ! ’ cried Louisa. ’

“ ‘ ‘ Ah ! my dear children, ’ murmured the vicar, with an air of pensive gravity, ‘ *Tenues secessit in auras*, ’ as the poet has it. Even thus it is with all the fall-blown bubbles of our fancy, raised by the breath of hope ; the moment they appear most vivid and promising to our imagination, they ‘ vanish into air, into thin air, ’ like the gaudy and unsubstantial soap-bubble you have just witnessed ; but proceed to blow another. ’

“ ‘ ‘ There is one ! ’ exclaimed Louisa ; ‘ see, it is of an oblong shape, like an egg !—there it goes,—but I declare it is now perfectly round !—what can be the reason of its changing its figure ? ’

“ ‘ ‘ I am glad you have asked that question, because my answer will serve to illustrate an important property of air, and which, indeed, is common to

all fluids. While the upper part of the bubble was attached to the bowl of the pipe, its gravity being resisted, drew it into an elliptical form; but the instant it was detached, the contained air pressed equally in all directions, and the bubble in consequence became a perfect sphere.

" 'I do not exactly understand what you mean ' by pressing equally in all directions.'

" 'The expression is surely sufficiently intelligible. Did you not learn in our conversation of yesterday, that air has weight, and exerts a pressure as much upwards as downwards and laterally? Were this not the case, how could the air in the interior of our bodies counteract the pressure of the atmosphere? The form of the bubble proves the same fact in a different way; for, had the air in its cavity pressed more in any one direction than in another, the bubble could not have been round, or to speak more correctly, a sphere.'

" 'What are you musing about?' cried the vicar, who had observed the attention of the boy rivetted upon the bowl of the tobacco-pipe: 'I am sure, from your countenance, that some circumstance is puzzling you.'

" 'You are right, my dear sir; I was just then thinking how it can possibly happen, that the bubble should not have a hole in its upper part; for, while I am blowing it up, there must, of course, be a communication between my mouth and its interior, or else how could the air pass into it?'

" 'True,' said his father; 'but the act of throwing it off from the bowl of the pipe will unite this breach; for there exists a strong cohesive attraction between the attenuated particles of the lather; you will, therefore, perceive that, on this account, the bubble will be more readily and securely separated by a lateral than a perpendicular motion of the pipe.'

" 'I wish,' said Tom, 'that I could discover some method of preventing their bursting so soon, for there is scarcely time to examine them before they vanish. What can be the cause of their short duration?'

" 'Consider, my dear boy, the frailty of their structure, and I think that the precarious tenure of their existence will cease to astonish you; indeed, the wonder is, that they should endure so long. The film, of which they consist, is inconceivably thin, so that the slightest impulse will be apt to rupture them; besides which, there must be a considerable evaporation going on from their surface, while the contraction of the contained air, from change of temperature, must also tend to limit their duration. You must likewise remember that the soap-lather will have a tendency to gravitate towards the depending part of the bubble, and, consequently, by quitting the upper portion, to render it of still greater tenuity. This last effect might, perhaps, be obviated, in some measure, by giving a rotatory motion to the bubble around its axis; but this, again, would accelerate the evaporation; which, after all, is the principal cause of the shortness of its duration: so that, unless this latter effect could be remedied, I despair of suggesting any expedient by which the frail existence of our airy structure could be protracted. You must, therefore, seek, from a succession of bubbles, the prolongation of an amusement which no single one can afford you.'—Vol. ii. 49—56.

The bellows, though no toy, are well used at p. 61. vol. ii.

" 'If that be your belief,' said Mr. Seymour, 'I will not lose a moment in putting your knowledge to the test.—Tom, do you run into the house, and fetch hither the kitchen bellows.'

" The bellows were produced, and Louisa, having been desired by her father to explain the manner in which they received and expelled the air, proceeded as follows: 'Upon raising the upper from the under board, the interior space of the bellows is necessarily increased, and immediately supplied with an additional quantity of air, which is driven into it by the pressure of the atmosphere; when, by pressing down the upper board, it is again expelled through the iron tube or nose.'

" 'To be sure,' said Tom, 'in the same manner that the water was expelled from my squirt, when I pushed down the handle.'

“ ‘So far you are quite correct,’ said Mr. Seymour; ‘but you have not yet told us the use of the hole in the under-board, and which is covered, as you perceive, with a movable flap of leather: it is termed a valve, or *wind-clap*.’

“ ‘That,’ replied Tom, ‘is for the purpose of admitting the air, when we raise up the board.’

“ ‘Exactly so; and also to prevent the air from passing out again, when you press it down. I wish to direct your attention particularly to this contrivance, because, simple as it may appear, its action will teach you the general nature of a valve. Without it, the operation of filling the bellows with air, would have been so tedious as to have destroyed the utility of the instrument; for the air could, in that case, have only found admission through the nose, and that, again, would have been attended with the additional disadvantage of drawing smoke and other matter into its cavity; when, however, you raise up the board, the air, by its external pressure, opens the wind-clap inwards, and thus finds an easy entrance for itself; and when you press the board downwards, the air, thus condensed, completely shuts the valve, and its return through that avenue being prevented, it rushes through the tube.’

“ ‘The children were much pleased with the simplicity of this invention, and Tom inquired of the vicar who first thought of it.

“ ‘We are informed by Strabo,’ replied Mr. Twaddleton, ‘that Anacharsis, the Scythian philosopher, who lived in the time of Solon, about six hundred years before Christ, invented the bellows, as well as the anchor, and potter’s wheel; but,’ he added, ‘there is some reason to doubt the truth of this statement. The bellows, however, were certainly known to the Greeks; and the great poet Virgil alludes to them in his fourth *Georgic*:’

——— ‘*Alii taurinis foliibus auras  
Accipiunt redduntque.*’—Vol. ii. p. 61—63.

We shall next quote the author’s account of rockets. It contains information on a popular subject, and we believe the explanation is not found in the juvenile library; but it is not certainly expressed in a very popular manner.

“ ‘Are those paper cylinders, with long sticks, rockets?’ inquired Tom.  
“ ‘They are; and if you will attend to me, I will explain the principle of their construction. They have ever been considered as holding the first place amongst single fire-works, and deservedly so; not only on account of the splendid appearance they present when fired by themselves, but from their extensive application in increasing the beauty of other exhibitions. The rocket, you perceive, consists of a strong paper cylinder, which is filled with a suitable composition; it is crowned with a head, or *pot*, as it is technically termed, charged with various materials, which throw out sparks, stars, and other decorations, as soon as it takes fire in the air, after the body of the rocket has been consumed. You may observe that the head is made to terminate in a point, which greatly facilitates its passage through the air. The whole is affixed to a straight stick, which, like the rudder of a ship, makes it turn towards that side to which it is inclined, and consequently causes the rocket to ascend in a straight line.’

“ ‘But, papa,’ observed Louisa, ‘all the rockets have not straight rods; see, there is one with a crooked stick.’

“ ‘That is for the purpose of causing the rocket to ascend in the form of a screw: the first effect of the bent rod will be to make the rocket incline towards that side to which it is bent; but its centre of gravity bringing it afterwards into a vertical situation, the result of these two opposite efforts will be, that the rocket will ascend in a zig-zag or spiral form. In this case, however, since it displaces a greater volume of air, and describes a longer line, it

will not ascend so high as if it had been impelled in a straight direction ; but I think you will admit that, on account of the singularity of this motion, it produces a very agreeable effect.'

"And what causes the rocket to ascend into the air ?" asked Tom.

"That is a question much more readily asked than answered," replied Mr. Seymour : "it is a subject which has engaged the attention of several most distinguished philosophers. I shall first describe to you the theory of Desaguliers. He says, 'Let us suppose that the interior of the rocket were inflamed, and that there were not any vent for the fire ; the consequence would be, either that the rocket would burst in the weakest part ; or, if all the parts were equally strong, and able to sustain the impulse of the fire, that the rocket would burn out without any motion. Now, as the force is equal in all directions, suppose its action downwards, or that upwards, sufficient to lift forty pounds ; as these forces are equal, but their directions contrary, they will destroy each other's action. In the next place, imagine the rocket opened at the choke ; in consequence of which, the action of the flame downwards is taken away, and there remains a force equal to forty pounds acting upwards, to carry up the rocket, and the stick or rod to which it is attached. We accordingly find that if the composition of the rocket be very weak, so as not to give an impulse greater than the weight of the rocket and its stick, it does not rise at all ; or if the composition be slow, so that a small part of it only kindles at first, the rocket will not rise.' Dr. Hutton explains the phenomenon in somewhat different a manner. He says, 'that at the moment when the powder begins to inflame, its expansion produces a torrent of elastic fluid, which acts in every direction ; that is, against the air which opposes its escape from the cartridge, and against the upper part of the rocket ; but the resistance of the air is more considerable than the weight of the rocket, on account of the extreme rapidity with which the elastic fluid issues through the neck of the rocket to throw itself downwards, and therefore the rocket ascends by the excess of the one of these forces over the other.'

"Tom observed, that he thought Dr. Hutton's explanation more simple and plausible, than that of Desaguliers.

"Dr. Hutton adds," continued Mr. Seymour, 'that the rocket could not rise unless a sufficient quantity of elastic fluid were produced, and hence arose the expedient of piercing the rocket with a conical hole, so as to make the composition burn in conical strata, which, having much greater surface, produce a much greater quantity of inflamed matter and elastic fluid. Without such a contrivance, the composition would inflame only in circular coats of a diameter equal to that of the rocket ; and experience has shewn that this is not sufficient for the purpose.'—Vol. iii. p. 95—99.

To the third volume are appended a considerable body of notes to our taste ; we confess they are pleasanter pastime than the text. They contain some little curiosities in science, which it will give pleasure to most of our readers to peruse ; we shall therefore quote two or three of them.

In the text, it must be observed, that a temple of Flora is described. It is situated in Mr Seymour's grounds, and the flowers planted about it are so selected, that a consultation of them will serve instead of a clock. This ingenious device is founded on the information contained in the following note.

"The Horologe of Flora is alluded to by Pliny with his usual felicity of thought and expression. 'Dedi tibi herbas horarum indices ; et ut ne sole quidem oculos tuos a terra avoces, heliotropium ac lupinum circumaguntur cum illo. Cur etiam altius spectas, ipsumque cælum scrutatis ? Habes ante pedes tuos ecce Vergilias.'—*Hist. Nat.* lib. xviii. c. 27.

"Linnaeus enumerates forty-six flowers which possess this kind of sensibility. The following are a few of them ; with their respective hours of rising

and setting, as the Swedish naturalist terms them. " He divides them into *meteoric* flowers, which less accurately observe the hour of unfolding, but are expanded sooner or later, according to the cloudiness, moisture, or pressure of the atmosphere.

" 2d. *Tropical* flowers, which open in the morning, and close before evening every day; but the hour of the expanding becomes earlier or later, as the length of the day increases or decreases.

" 3d. *Equinoctial* flowers, which serve for the construction of Flora's dial, since they open at a certain and exact hour of the day, and for the most part close at another determinate hour: for instance, the *Leontodon Taraxacum*, dandelion, opens at 5—6, closes at 8—9; *Hieracium Pilosella*, mouse-ear hawkweed, opens at 8, closes at 2; *Tragopogon pratensis*, yellow goat's-beard, opens at sunrise, and shuts at noon with such regularity, that the husbandman who adopts it as the signal of dinner-time need not fear to have his pudding too much or too little boiled; *Sonchus lœvis*, smooth sow-thistle, opens at 5, closes at 11—12; *Lactuca sativa*, cultivated lettuce, opens at 7, closes at 10; *Tragopogon luteum*, yellow goat's-beard, opens at 3—5, closes at 9—10; *Lapsana*, nipplewort, opens at 5—6, closes at 10—11; *Nymphæa alba*, white water-lily, opens at 7, closes at 5; *Papaver nudicaule*, naked poppy, opens at 5, closes at 7; *Hemerocallis fulva*, tawny day-lily, opens at 5, closes at 7—8; *Convolvulus*, opens at 5—6; *Malva*, mallow, opens at 9—10, closes at 1; *Arenaria purpurea*, purple sandwort, opens at 9—10, closes at 2—3; *Anagallis*, pimpernel, opens at 7—8; *Portulaca hortensis*, garden purslain, opens at 9—10, closes at 11—12; *Dianthus prolifer*, proliferous pink, opens at 8, closes at 1; *Cichoreum*, succory, opens at 4—5; *Hypocharis*, opens at 6—7, closes at 4—5; *Crepis*, opens at 4—5, closes at 10—11; *Picris*, opens at 4—5, closes at 12; *Calandula Africana*, opens at 7, closes at 3—4, &c."—Vol. iii. pp. 111, 112.

" ' Thus in each flower and simple bell,  
That in our path betrod-den lie,  
Are sweet remembrancers who tell  
How fast the winged moments fly.' "

We have in the extract, which relates to the *sucker*, extracted that part of the work which is a superstruction on the following note. The fact, that flies walk on the ceilings, and up perpendicular walls and windows, by exhausting the atmosphere from under their feet at every step, is thus supported.

" We are indebted to Sir Everard Home for a description of that peculiar structure, by which several species of animals are enabled to sustain their bodies in opposition to the force of gravity. His first paper upon this subject is published in the 106th volume of the Philosophical Transactions, in which he says, he was not aware that any animal, larger than the house-fly, was endowed by nature with such a power, so as to admit of examination, until Sir Joseph Bank smentioned that the *lacerta gecko*, a species of lizard, which is a native of the island of Java, comes out of an evening from the roofs of the houses, and walks down the smooth, hard, and polished chinam walls, in search of the flies which settle upon them, and which are its natural food, and then runs up again to the roof of the house. Sir Joseph, while at Batavia, amused himself with catching this animal, by standing close to the wall, at some distance from the lizard, with a long flattened pole, which being made suddenly to scrape the surface of the wall, knocked the animal down. He presented Sir Everard with a specimen, weighing five ounces and three quarters, avoirdupois, which enabled him to ascertain the peculiar mechanism by which the feet of this animal can keep their hold of a smooth, hard, perpendicular wall, and carry up so large a weight as that of its body.

" The foot has five toes, at the end of each of which, except that of the thumb, is a very sharp and much curved claw; on the under surface of each toe are sixteen transverse slits, leading to so many cavities or pockets, the



depth of which is nearly equal to the length of the slit that forms the orifice; they all open forwards, and the external edge of each opening is serrated, like the teeth of a small-toothed comb. The cavities, or pockets, are lined with a cuticle, and the serrated edges are also covered with it. The structure just described is supplied with various muscles, whose action is to draw down the claw, open the orifices of the pockets, and turn down the serrated edges upon the surface on which the animal stands. Upon examining attentively the under surfaces of the toes, when the pockets are closed, Sir Everard Home was struck with their resemblance to the surface of that portion of the *echineis remora*, or sucking fish, by which it attaches itself to the shark, or to the bottom of ships; and it consequently suggested the probability of obtaining, from an examination of this latter apparatus, much useful information which might be applicable to the subject of the lizard; more especially as the parts of which it is composed are so much larger in size, and more within the reach of anatomical examination.

"The surface on the top of the head of this fish, fitted for adhesion, is of an oval form, and bears a considerable proportion to the size of the whole animal; it is surrounded by a broad, loose, moveable edge, capable of applying itself closely to the surface on which it is placed; and it is evident, that when the external edge is so applied, and the cartilaginous plates are raised up, the interstices must become so many vacua, and the serrated edge of each plate will keep a sufficient hold of the substance on which it rests to retain it in that position, assisted by the pressure of the surrounding water, without a continuance of muscular exertion. It thus appears, that the adhesion of the *sucking fish* is produced by so many vacua being formed through an apparatus worked by the voluntary muscles of the animal, and the pressure of the surrounding water.

"From the similarity of the mechanism of the under surface of the toes of the *lacerta gecko*, there can be no doubt that the purpose to which it is applied is the same: but as in the one case the adhesion is to take place under water, and is to continue for longer periods, the means are more simple; in the other, where the mechanism is to be employed in air, under greater disadvantages with respect to gravity, and is to last for very short periods, and then immediately afterwards be renewed, a more delicate structure of parts, a greater proportional depth of cavities, and more complex muscular structure become necessary.

Having ascertained the principle on which an animal of so large a size as the *lacerta gecko* is enabled to support itself in its progressive motion against gravity, Sir E. Home felt himself more competent to inquire into the mechanism by which the common fly is enabled, with so much facility, to support itself in still more disadvantageous situations. In the natural size, the feet of the fly are so small, that nothing can be determined respecting them; Keller was the first person who made a drawing of the fly's foot in a highly magnified state, in which the concave surfaces are visible, and which, no doubt, like those of the lizard above described, are employed to form vacua, which enable the fly to move under such disadvantageous circumstances. Mr. Bauer, who has so greatly distinguished himself in microscopic researches, was judiciously enlisted into the service of Sir E. Home upon this occasion; and he has shown that this principle, on which progressive motion against gravity depends, is very extensively employed by nature in the structure of the feet of insects; and Sir Everard observes, that now this structure is known, it can be readily demonstrated by looking at the movement of the feet of any insect upon the inside of a glass tumbler, through a common magnifying glass; the different suckers are readily seen separately to be pulled off from the surface of the glass, and reapplied to another part.

In consequence of the expedition to the polar regions, Sir E. Home was enabled to obtain and examine the foot of the walrus, in which he detected a resemblance in structure to that of the fly; and it is not a little curious that two animals so different in size should have feet so similar in their use. In

the fly, the parts require to be magnified one hundred times to render the structure distinctly visible; and in the walrus the parts are so large, as to require being reduced four diameters, to bring them within the size of a quarto page.

"Nor is progressive motion the only function in which nature avails herself of the pressure of the atmosphere for the accomplishment of her purposes. The act of feeding is continually effected in this manner. The operation of sucking is too familiar to require comment. It may not, perhaps, be so generally known that it is by the very same process that bees reach the fine dust and juices of hollow flowers, like the honeysuckle, and some species of foxglove, which are too narrow to admit them. They fill up the mouth of the flower with their bodies, and suck out the air, or at least a large portion of it, by which the soft sides of the flower are made to collapse, and the juice and dust are squeezed towards the insect, as completely as if the hand had pressed it externally."—Vol. iii. pp. 181, 185.

We shall conclude our extracts with the following note on that delectable instrument, the Jew's harp. We are surprised that the author, who is so evidently attached to etymology, and the derivation of manners and customs, from remote periods, has not told us why the harp is thus called the Jew's harp:

"The memoirs of Madame de Genlis first made known the astonishing powers of a poor German soldier on the Jew's harp. This musician was in the service of Frederick the Great, and finding himself one night on duty under the windows of the king, played the Jew's harp with so much skill, that Frederick, who was a great amateur of music, thought he heard a distinct orchestra. Surprised on learning that such an effect could be produced by a single man with two Jew's harps, he ordered him into his presence; the soldier refused, alleging, that he could only be relieved by his colonel; and that if he obeyed, the king would punish him the next day, for having failed to do his duty. Being presented the following morning to Frederick, he was heard with admiration, and received his discharge and fifty dollars. This artist, whose name Madame de Genlis does not mention, is called Koch; he has not any knowledge of music, but owes his success entirely to a natural taste. He has made his fortune by travelling about, and performing in public and private, and is now living retired at Vienna, at the advanced age of more than eighty years. He used two Jew's harps at once, in the same manner as the peasants of the Tyrol, and produced, without doubt, the harmony of two notes struck at the same moment, which was considered by the musically-curious as somewhat extraordinary, when the limited powers of the instrument were remembered. It was Koch's custom to require that all the lights should be extinguished, in order that the illusion produced by his playing might be increased.

"It was reserved, however, for Mr. Eulenstein to acquire a musical reputation from the Jew's harp. After ten years of close application and study, this young artist has attained a perfect mastery over this untractable instrument. In giving some account of the Jew's harp, considered as a medium for musical sounds, we shall only present the result of his discoveries. This little instrument, taken singly, gives whatever grave sound you may wish to produce, as a *third*, a *fifth*, or an *octave*. If the grave tonic is not heard in the bass Jew's harp, it must be attributed, not to the defectiveness of the instrument, but to the player. In examining this result, you cannot help remarking the order and unity established by nature in harmonical bodies, which places music in the rank of exact sciences. The Jew's harp has three different tones; the base tones of the first octave bear some resemblance to those of the flute and clarionet; those of the middle and high, to the *vox humana* of some organs; lastly, the harmonical sounds are exactly like those of the *harmonica*. It is conceived, that this diversity of tones affords already a great variety in the execution, which is always looked upon as being feeble

and trifling, on account of the smallness of the instrument. It was not thought possible to derive much pleasure from any attempt which could be made to conquer the difficulties of so limited an instrument; because, in the extent of these octaves, there were a number of spaces which could not be filled up by the talent of the player; besides, the most simple modulation became impossible. Mr. Eulenstein has remedied that inconvenience, by joining sixteen Jew's harps, which he tunes by placing smaller or greater quantities of sealing wax at the extremity of the tongue. Each harp then sounds one of the notes of the gamut, diatonic or chromatic, and the performer can fill all the intervals, and pass all the tones, by changing the harp. That these mutations may not interrupt the measure, one harp must always be kept in advance, in the same manner as a good reader advances the eye, not upon the word which he pronounces, but upon that which follows."—Vol. iii. pp. 197, 199.

We ought not to conclude without observing, that it has not been possible for us to give the specimens which might probably have shown the author to the best advantage, for we cannot quote plates; and there are numerous diagrams necessary for the understanding of many important parts. There are also many head and tail pieces of great merit by that original artist George Cruikshank, which add to the humour of the work, by illustrating the Rev. Mr. Twaddleton's positions by many curious devices.

#### THE NORTH AMERICAN AND QUARTERLY REVIEWS.\*

It has been often observed, that the community of language between the people of this country and those of the United States ought to form a bond of union still stronger than the recollection of affinity and the similarity of our laws. It has been, unfortunately, forgotten that one of the uses of language is as an instrument of dispute. While other nations can only read our abuse of them through the medium of translation, our brethren across the Atlantic receive our venom in an undiluted shape, and return our obloquy in kind, or rather would return it, if they had any ill to say of us.

It is unfortunately the case, in addition to their facility of understanding our censure, that they are very sensitive to it. *Why* they are so is a curious subject of inquiry, for in England we expect that five persons out of ten rather like occasionally to hear their country abused; either because all the ill that can be said of it must be an invention pleasing from its absurdity, or that though part of the abuse may hit themselves (which is wrong,) a greater part must attach to their enemies, relations, and friends, which is preponderantly pleasant and useful.—Why is it that the Americans have grown to such a pitch, not of national pride, but of national sensitiveness?

The Americans are, in fact, in the condition not of upstarts—that would offend them mightily,—but of people not very well established in the world, who are jealous of a newly-acquired rank. No nation, except ourselves, is more admired; and probably next to ourselves, because most like ourselves, they are of all nations most worthy of admiration. But yet all will not do. In vain does the President prove

\* The North American Review, No. LV. Art. 5.

every year, in five columns of the National Intelligencer, that they are the favoured people of Providence, (which, after ourselves, they are, they are always reddening and bristling up at some real or fancied insult.

Besides the newness of the Americans as a nation, we fear the liberty of the press and the form of their government contribute to load them with that painful sense of national responsibility with which each individual among them seems to labour under. Being universally amenable to popular opinion, they acquire a grave and *sostenuto* deportment; and every man being a constituent part of the sovereign people, feels himself bound to maintain the honour of the sovereignty. It is an excellent quality of a limited monarchy, that all the dignity is confined to one man:—"against the peace of our lord the king, his crown and dignity," are admirable words. That most sagacious of animals, who backed slowly into the water, holding a lock of wool in his mouth, was a type of the wisdom of the body politic who transferred to one idle man the prurigo of dignity with which the Americans seem to be afflicted. It has been remarked, by all the wisest writers, that the condition of a king is miserable. How miserable, therefore, must be a country where every man suffers, at least in imagination, under this condition.

The Americans have been infected by a bad portion of our literature. Therodomontade of bad novels, and the flowers of Irish eloquence, prevail more in America than in England, and among a more powerful class of citizens, and exercise a greater influence on the real affairs of life. A very grave and sensible man, at the end of an article of eighty pages, which we have before us in the North American Review, says, apparently in sober earnestness, "that what has happened to other nations, may happen to (England); and the traveller may yet enquire for the site of London, as we now enquire for those of Nineveh and Babylon." He evidently thinks this is a *hit*; that each Englishman has upon his head, like an American, the care not only of all the national affairs of the present day, but of those of future ages. But we laugh at him. The idea, that a man arriving per coach from Brighton at the Elephant and Castle, should inquire the way to the site of London, does not afflict us in the least. We know it can never happen but through the fault of our government. But think, Jonathan, that at some future time, the adventurous navigator, sailing over that which once was Washington, as over the country of Lioness, may cast his sounding-lead on the skull of the last president of America! "Sincerely do we hope," as our trans-Atlantic friend says, this may never happen; but there is an instability about the new continent which makes us apprehend the worst. This is a subject we should dwell upon at large, did we not fear to wound the feelings of a worthy people.

The same temper induces the same respectable writer to imagine that the English are enemies of General Jackson, because he commanded at New Orleans. We have, unfortunately, carried on war on much too large a scale, to bear any animosities of this sort. We recollect, certainly, that a party of our people, from one of our West India islands, landed at the place referred to, in the hope of seizing some cotton, and were beaten off by the natives. The business, by

no means creditable to the civilization of Europe, was mentioned in the newspapers at the time. But how can the Americans imagine, that such things can be borne in mind in England? Were not the natives of Owhyhee, who killed Captain Cook, (a much worse case,) lodged at the king's expense, and taken to see all the sights by Mr. Byng, of the Foreign Office?

The article before us, which has given rise to these reflections, is a very elaborate one on the subject of the Indians; mainly intended as an answer to an article of the Quarterly Review, on the subject of the Indians employed in the late war on the frontiers of Canada; and we own the answer appears to us to be completely successful, though it is not argued on the broadest and best grounds, and admits too many of the assumptions on which the reasoning of the Quarterly is founded.

The Quarterly contends in substance, that the Indian savages had been injured by the Americans of the United States, and that, therefore, having grounds of war in common with ourselves, it was justifiable for us to use them as allies. In aid of this reasoning, a pathetic picture is drawn of the frauds practised upon the red man by the white, and the occasional injustice and cruelty asserted to be exercised towards them by the out-settlers of Kentucky and Ohio, and the Indian warfare carried on under the protection of the British army against the inhabitants of the northern frontier of the United States, which of course, with such a prelude, receives the colouring of the just retaliation of an heroic but suffering people. This is, as is not unfrequently seen, detestable in morality, pieced out with fustian sentimentality.

Suppose it to have been true, that in the series of years in which the great white community peopling the United States had grown up, (under English protection, by the way) the Indians had not only suffered in the inevitable course of events, but had been the victims of deliberate injustice, would it be reasonable for any civilized nation, much less the nation which was the cause of whatever injury had been done, to allow to be perpetrated under its banners whatever cruelties the passion of revenge would induce the remaining savages to inflict upon the settled and civilized people?

There are some persons who can only understand the wickedness of an act when it is retorted upon themselves. A nation which, under colour of some dispute in Europe, should let loose upon our West Indian colonists their negro slaves, allow these injured sons of Africa to burn, murder, and violate, under the shelter of a well-disciplined white army, would be an insufficient counterpart to our conduct with the red savages. A more exact one would be found if the injured negroes having ceased to exist, and our sugar islands being cultivated by an industrious race of whites, an European power should transport amongst them an army of Ashantees, and allow them to make drums of the skins of his Excellency the Duke of Manchester, his honour David Finlayson, and the other members of the government of the West Indies, in order to revenge the past wrongs of injured Africa.

The fact does not, however, appear to be, that the Indians have suffered more than savage men always suffer when they come into contact with a more civilized race; which is a suffering similar to that

which a man feeble in body and mind suffers in society. He is out-worked and over-reached, not by the government, but by individuals. In the same way, the Caffres suffer at the Cape, and the Aborigines in New Holland. Civilized man is happily too strong for savage man; and deck them out as we may, the North American Indians are savages, if not incapable of civilization, yet not to be civilized without great difficulty. The American Reviewer says—

“The tenure by which the primitive inhabitants of this continent held their land, is a question of metaphysical speculation, rather than one of practical right. All will agree, that they were entitled to as much as would supply them with subsistence, in the mode to which they were accustomed. And there will probably be an assent, little less general, to the proposition, that whatever was not thus wanted and employed might be appropriated by others to their own use. The new race of men, who landed upon these shores, found that their predecessors had affixed few distinctive marks of property in the forests where they roamed. There were none of those permanent improvements, which elsewhere by universal assent become the evidence and the security of individual appropriation. From Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn, the various nations of Europe have formed settlements, and have gradually by force or purchase reduced the aboriginal inhabitants to a state of vassallage, or driven them into the interior. European sovereigns have divided this immense country, by their charters or their treaties, into many colonies or provinces, and have assumed a general jurisdiction over them, without the slightest regard to the primitive occupants. And the hoisting of the first flag, and the burying of the first bottle, are important incidents, which have occasioned many a perplexing discussion to grave diplomatists.

“Almost all the country now composing the Atlantic portion of the United States, was thus acquired by England. Our colonial records contain the history of many of these negotiations and purchases, but time has swept away almost every vestige of the consideration paid to the Indians. Since the establishment of their independence, the United States have adopted the system of acquiring the aboriginal title by peaceable purchase, but they have adopted it with an important change, consulatory to all who look with sympathy upon this falling race. The plan of *permanent annuities* guaranties to the Indians a never failing resource against want, and its beneficial effects are apparent in the improved condition of the Wyandots, the Shawnese, and the Miamies. But one instance in the history of the United States can be found, where they have acquired any title to the unappropriated country by force; and that was at the termination of the wanton and unprovoked hostilities of the Creeks, originating probably in foreign influence, but prosecuted in a spirit of atrocious cruelty, not often displayed, even in Indian warfare. Peace, without exemplary chastisement, would have been but an invitation to new aggressions.

“The condition of our primitive people is a moral phenomenon, perhaps without a parallel in the whole history of man. During two centuries, they have been in contact with a civilized people. They have seen our improvements, and felt our superiority. They have relinquished their bows, and arrows, and skins, and flint knives, and stone tomahawks, and have adopted our arms and ammunition, our cloths, and many of our instruments of iron and steel. But in their own moral qualities, if they have not receded, they certainly have not advanced. A principle of progressive improvement seems almost inherent in human nature. Communities of men, as well as individuals, are stimulated by a desire to meliorate their condition. There is nothing stationary around us. We are all striving in the career of life to acquire riches, or honor, or power, or some other object, whose possession is to realize the day dreams of our imaginations; and the aggregate of these efforts constitutes the advance of society.

"But there is little of all this in the constitution of our savages. Like the bear, and deer, and buffalo of his own forests, an Indian lives as his father lived, and dies as his father died. He never attempts to imitate the arts of his civilized neighbours. His life passes away in a succession of listless indolence, and of vigorous exertion to provide for his animal wants, or to gratify his baleful passions. He never looks around him with a spirit of emulation, to compare his situation with that of others, and to resolve on improving it. In a season of abundance, he never provides for a season of scarcity. Want never teaches him to be provident, nor misery to be industrious. This fatuity is not the result of ignorance. Efforts, however ill directed, have not been wanting to teach and reclaim him. But he is perhaps destined to disappear with the forests, which have afforded him food and clothing, and whose existence seems essential to his own.

"Under such circumstances, what ignorance or folly, or morbid jealousy of our national progress, does it not argue, to expect that our civilized border would become stationary, and some of the fairest portions of the earth be abandoned to hopeless sterility."—pp. 390—392.

There is nothing extraordinary in the condition of the Red Indians. With savage people this absence of progressive improvement is not the exception but the rule. It is much more easy to replace them than to improve them, and all that rational humanity can desire is, that they should become extinct (as they inevitably will) with as little suffering as possible. The plan of purchasing their lands for permanent annuities is creditable to the Americans.

In fact the whole conduct of the American government towards the Indians seems to have been considerate and just, and to contrast most disadvantageously with that of our own. As for individuals, there must be so perfect a similarity between the back woodsmen in Canada and those of Ohio, that it would require the credulity of the Quarterly Reviewer to suppose that the behaviour of one can be materially different from that of the other.

We shall extract from the North American Review an account of the precautions the United States have adopted in favour of the Indians.

"The laws of the United States, regulating trade and intercourse with the Indian tribes, have made every provision, which could be devised, for protecting the rights of the Indians, and restraining our citizens from injuring them. Among these provisions the following are the most prominent.

"Places are designated, where the traders must reside, in order that their conduct may be more open to observation, than it would be, if they were suffered to roam at pleasure through the country.

"No person can enter the Indian country to trade, without first obtaining a license from the proper agent, and giving bond with sufficient sureties for his good conduct.

"These licenses must be annually, or at most biennially renewed, and any malconduct prevents their renewal.

"An invoice must be submitted to the agent, previously to the granting of the license, that proper articles only may be introduced into the Indian country.

"An abstract of these licenses is required to be annually submitted to Congress, and thus are they subject to the supervision of the national legislature.

"These are the principal provisions, by which the government of the United States has attempted to regulate the conduct of its citizens in their intercourse with the Indians. That they are wholly effectual, or that they

are never violated, no one needs to be told, who knows what feeble barriers statutory regulations frequently interpose between ignorance and cupidity. But their object and tendency cannot be misunderstood, and it is difficult to conceive what other general system can be adopted, better suited than this to attain the desired end. Our laws also contain other regulations, not less honourable to the government than useful to the Indians.

"All persons are prohibited, under heavy penalties, from hunting or trapping, or settling upon the Indian lands, or from driving horses or cattle to feed thereon.

"The purchasing or receiving from any Indian a 'gun or other article commonly used in hunting, any instrument of husbandry, or cooking utensil of the kind usually obtained by the Indians in their intercourse with the white people, or any article of clothing, except skins or furs,' are rendered indictable offences.

"The United States guaranty to the Indians full payment for injuries done to them by any citizen, who shall pass the boundary line. In all disputes between the Indians and the whites, respecting property, the presumption is declared to be in favour of the Indian, where possession has ever been with him.

"There is also a permanent act, which appropriates a sum of money annually, 'for the civilization of the Indian tribes adjoining the frontier settlements.' The first section of this act, is a memorable proof of the feelings of the government of the United States, towards the Indians, and is, in itself, too interesting to be passed by unnoticed.

"For the purpose of providing against the further decline and final extinction of the Indian tribes, adjoining the frontier settlements of the United States, and for introducing among them the habits and arts of civilized life, the President of the United States shall be, and he is hereby authorized, in every case, where he shall judge improvement in the habits and condition of such Indians practicable, and that the means of instruction can be introduced with their own consent, to employ capable persons of good moral character, to instruct them in the mode of agriculture suited to their situation; and for teaching their children reading, writing, and arithmetic, and for performing such other duties, as may be enjoyed, according to such instructions and rules, as the President may give and prescribe, for the regulation of their conduct in the discharge of their duties.'

"And yet 'it is the boast of American policy, that the Indians shall be made to vanish before civilization as the snow melts before the sunbeam!'

"The inordinate indulgence of the Indians in spirituous liquors is one of the most deplorable consequences, which has resulted from their intercourse with civilized man. Human nature, in its vast variety of aspects, presents no phenomenon like this. Among other nations, civilized and barbarous, excessive ebriety is an individual characteristic, sometimes indulged and sometimes avoided. But the Indians in immediate contact with our settlements, old and young, male and female, the chief and the warrior, all give themselves up to the most brutal intoxication, whenever this *mad water* can be procured. This propensity was remarked at a very early period, for Le Père Ducreu, in his *Historia Canadensis*, says, '*Illi austerâ illâ non suavitate, sed acrimonia barbarice capti, sine modo legeque, pellium permutatione coemptum hauriunt.*' (p. 62.) There is no reason to believe, that prior to the discovery of America, the Indians north of Mexico used any artificial liquor whatever. We can find no trace of any preparation similar to the *ava* of the Polynesian islands, or to the intoxicating liquor of the Mexicans. This remarkable abstinence, of which few examples can be found, has been succeeded by a melancholy reaction, equally unprecedented. Elsewhere habitual drunkards have paroxysms of intoxication followed by sobriety; but as long as the stimulus can be obtained, an Indian abandons himself to its indulgence, with the recklessness of desperation.



"At the treaty of Chicago, in 1821, the commissioners ordered, that no spirits should be issued to the Indians, and informed them, in their own manner, that the bungs were driven into the barrels. A deputation of the chiefs was sent to remonstrate against this precautionary measure, and at its head was Topnibe, the principal chief of the Potawatomie tribe, a man upwards of eighty years of age. Every argument was used to convince them that the measure was indispensable; that they were exposed to daily murders, and that while in a state of intoxication, they were unable to attend to the business, for which they were convened. All this was useless, and the discussion only terminated by the peremptory refusal of the commissioners to accede to their request. 'Father,' said the hoary-headed chief, when he was urged to remain sober, and make a good bargain for his people, 'Father, we care not for the money, nor the land, nor the goods. We want the whiskey. Give us the whiskey.'

"But fortunately, these revolting scenes are confined to the vicinity of the settlements, where spirituous liquors can be more easily procured. In the interior, the transportation of all articles is so expensive, that whiskey cannot be profitably sold in any considerable quantity. The ascent of rapid streams, and the crossing of numerous portages, where boats and their lading must be conveyed by human labor, render the Indian trade hazardous and expensive. And if the laws could be eluded, still the trader would be admonished by his own interest, not to attempt the sale of this deleterious article. If introduced at all, its introduction must be to the exclusion of commodities essential to the subsistence of the Indian, and consequently to the object of the trader. We have seen many Indians, remote from the white settlements, who had never tasted spirituous liquors, and we can testify, from personal knowledge, that the evil itself is almost unknown there.

"Every practicable method has been adopted by the government of the United States, effectually to prevent this traffic. The introduction of spirituous liquors into any part of the Indian country is rendered penal, and subjects the offender to fine and imprisonment, and to absolute forfeiture of all his goods. And the officers upon the frontier are enjoined to search all packages entering the country, and to seize and confiscate all outfits, among which this proscribed article shall be found. These regulations are rigidly enforced, and as there are certain great avenues of communication, by which alone merchandise can be imported into the Indian country, it is not difficult to control the arrangements of the traders. These routes are the Mississippi and Missouri, the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, the Illinois river, the St. Peter's river, and the straits of Sainte Marie. By closing these great natural highways, all entrance into the country is effectually interdicted, and upon or near all of them, military posts are established, where a rigid system of surveillance is maintained. The police of the Indian trade is here in active operation, and every security is provided against fraud and oppression, which can be applied in such a complicated and extensive concern.

"The cultivated frontier of the United States, with which the Indians are placed in contact, extends from Detroit to Nachitoches, a distance upon this line of fifteen hundred miles. Settlements occur at intervals, of greater or less extent along this whole border. There is nothing to prevent a daily intercourse between the inhabitants and the Indians; and where the passion for spirituous liquors is so strong, and the determination to indulge it at all hazards so fixed, it is easy to conceive, that opportunities would not be wanting, even were our institutions less free than they are.

"During the administration of Mr. Jefferson, that distinguished philanthropist regarded with deep solicitude the condition and prospects of the Indians, and promoted with untiring zeal every measure for their improvement. He addressed a circular letter to the governors of the several states and territories, upon the Indian frontier, respecting this traffic in spirituous liquors; and as this letter discloses the views of the government upon this important subject;

we shall insert it below\*, as another evidence of this 'exterminating' policy, as it was exercised twenty years ago; and similar proofs we might adduce even to the 'fiftieth time,' if it were necessary.

"To the judgment of the world we may safely commit the conduct of the American government, in regard to the particulars here touched upon."

About two hundred thousand dollars a year are also laid out in Indian schools. Now let us hear it asked what England has done.

"But when has England stretched forth a hand, to stay this wasting pestilence, which is sweeping before it all that time has spared us of the race of red men? The whole continent, north of the United States, is under her control. From the gulf of St. Lawrence to Nootka Sound, she exercises undisputed sovereignty. In those extensive regions, many tribes of Indians yet remain, if not with primeval manners, yet with strong claims upon the sympathy of the government and people, who assert and exercise jurisdiction over them. There is here no want of physical wretchedness, or of moral depravity. The climate is rigorous, and the country sterile, and a scanty and precarious subsistence is furnished by the rivers and lakes, and forests of these hyperborean regions. The living fountain of depravity has sprung up here, and the white man has presented that poisonous draught, which brings forgetfulness of the past and recklessness of the future; which converts an Indian into a demon, with every baleful passion excited, and every moral barrier prostrated, exhibiting a loathsome spectacle, of which no conception can be formed by those, who have seen only the *excesses of civilized life*."

"Our inquiries, concerning the measures which have been adopted by the British government on this important subject, have been direct, and the answers have been brief. To Upper Canada, however, these inquiries have been principally confined, because there our opportunities have been most favourable, and because in Lower Canada the original population has almost disappeared. *What has been done, no one has told us. What has been left undone, embraces the whole circle of duties, which the relative situation of the parties imposes upon the Christian power.* There is no law to prevent the sale of spirituous liquors to the Indians; none to prevent persons from hunting and trapping upon the Indian lands. There is no law to prevent the introduction of spirituous liquors in any quantity into the Indian country; or to require Indian traders to be licensed or to give bonds; or to regulate their conduct; but they trade, when, and where, and how they please. No annuities are paid to the Indians; or rather none is known to be paid to them, except in the case we have already mentioned. And in Mr. Halkett's histo-

\* "Sir,

"Washington, Dec. 31, 1808.

"The general government of the United States have considered it their duty and interest, to extend their care and patronage over the Indian tribes within their limits; and perceiving the injurious effects produced by the inordinate use of spirituous liquors, have passed laws authorising measures against vending or distributing such liquors among them. Their introduction by traders was accordingly prohibited, and for some time was attended by the best effects. I am informed, however, that latterly, the Indians have got into the practice of purchasing such liquors themselves, in the neighboring settlements of whites, and of carrying them into their towns; and in this way, our regulations, so salutary to them, are defeated. I must therefore request you to submit this matter to the consideration of your legislature. I persuade myself, that in addition to the moral inducements which will readily occur, they will find it not indifferent to their own interest, to give us their aid in removing from their neighbors this great obstacle to their acquiring industrious habits, and attaching themselves to the regular and useful pursuits of life. For this purpose, it is much desired, that they should pass effectual laws to restrain their citizens from vending and distributing spirituous liquors to the Indians.

"I am, &c.

TH. JEFFERSON."

rical notes, respecting the North American Indians, published in 1825, we are told, that 'in Canada, there is but one regular protestant Indian mission!'

"We have not heard that any plan has been digested or proposed for removing the Indians from any part of the lands they now occupy, where they are peculiarly exposed to temptations and danger, to more remote positions, beyond the reach of the advancing tide of civilized vices and population. Mr. Buchanan has indeed suggested, that the country on the eastern coast of lake Huron should be appropriated as a land of refuge, where these timeworn pilgrims may find rest and safety. But, unfortunately for the success of this well intended project, this tract has been purchased by the British government, since the promulgation of Mr. Buchanan's scheme, and the compass and chain are already preparing it for division and sale and settlement.

"The reviewer in the Quarterly has also expressed his approbation of this plan of protection and seclusion, but his benevolence is not less Catholic, than it is disinterested. He proposes, that the Indians, living within the United States, should be received, and protected, and improved in the British dominions. But he shall speak for himself.

"'With us, humanity and policy dictate but one course. As the stream of American population continues to drive the tribes before it, some part of their remaining numbers may be forced northward, within the *nominal* [?] boundary of our possessions. There the fugitives should find shelter and protection, and opportunities of social improvement. There the remains of the primitive people of that vast continent might yet be collected.'

"This is as just as it is generous, for we are assured, that to the Indians, 'is the preservation of Upper Canada, in the first year of the war, mainly to be attributed.' That after these essential services, and after being compelled to abandon the 'Michigan country, of which it was intended to give them lasting possession,' a district should be assigned for their permanent occupation, would not be unreasonable to expect. And, in the philanthropy evinced by the proposition, we must find an excuse for the total ignorance displayed of the course of Indian migration, which will never be directed towards the arctic regions. But unfortunately, the concluding sentence, by disclosing the true object of it, converts this benevolent scheme into a mere interested defensive preparation.

"'There the remains of the primitive people of this vast continent might yet be collected; and their settlement on the western flank of our cultivated country might form no contemptible barrier and point of support against future aggressions, by which it is idle to suppose, that the Canadas are not yet to be menaced.'

"Hapless people! Still destined to fight the battles of others, after your own are fought and lost! You are to become a living bastion on the flank of the Canadian defences! And this after all is the object of the proposition. The Indians are to be concentrated on our boundary, and thence they are to descend upon the cultivated country, as the Goths descended upon Rome, involving in one indiscriminate destruction the monuments and arts of civilized life, and those who reared and cultivated them.

"The total absence of all restrictions upon the Indian trade in the British dominions has naturally led to the most revolting scenes. We shall extract from Captain Franklin's narrative a few passages, exhibiting facts, to which nothing similar can be found, from the mouth of the St. Croix to the mouth of the Colombia.

"In describing York Factory, the principal establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company, Captain Franklin observes, speaking of the Crees,

"'The inmates had a squalid look, and were suffering under the combined afflictions of the hooping cough and measles; but even these miseries did not keep them from an excessive indulgence in the use of spirits, which they unhappily can procure from the traders with too much facility; and they nightly serenaded us with drunken songs.'

We shall not follow the American reviewer in these quotations from books within the reach of many of our readers. They justify his general assertions.

The Indians of all our territory beyond our Canada boundary are given up to the mercy of the Hudson's Bay and North West company. Their authority is in the hands of a set of agents, who, if they are not of the worst description of savages, do not fail of being so on account of any check imposed on them by the government, or by circumstances. The disputes between Lord Selkirk, (who had got into his hands the power of the Hudson's Bay company,) and the North West company, in which the two parties accused one another of all possible crimes, especially towards the Indians,\* are yet in the recollection of some of our readers. The two companies have now combined, but we presume they are not likely to have improved by having ceased to be checks or spies upon each other.

Under these circumstances, it really would be better to imitate the American government, than to accuse it. Not to whine over an inevitable benefit to mankind, the ultimate substitution of populous communities of civilized men for scanty tribes of wandering savages, but to take some reasonable precautions against the needless misery which may be scattered by greedy traders beyond the boundaries of civilization.

As to our American friend, we assure him, he has well maintained the dignity of his country, and when he is destined to look for the site of London, we hope he may find some kind guide to show him the way.

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\* 'From the manner in which the trade of the North-west Company is carried on, the natives are subjected to continual and grievous oppressions and cruelties, and their race is menaced with speedy extinction.'—*Hudson's Bay Company Pamphlet*.—p. 58.

'The intercourse of the North-west Company with the Indians is not indeed entitled to the appellation of a trade, but under the semblance and disguise of commerce, is an organized system of rapine.'—p. 61.

'The Indians are often kept in the forts of the North-west Company in a state of intoxication, until they are deprived of all they possess.'—p. 53.

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#### RIVAL HOUSES OF YORK AND LANCASTER.\*

It is with considerable reluctance that we attempt to review a publication on English History, from a female pen; for our opinion of its utility and merit must, we are well aware, fall very short of the expectations of the fair author: and to give even momentary annoyance to one, whose sex must alone paralyse hostility, would be far less painful to her than to ourselves. But remarks which the work before us may elicit, will, we hope, be considered as applying to the department of literature to which it belongs, rather than to the specimen; and, as we are fully disposed to concede that Miss Roberts has succeeded in the object with which she professes to have written, it is only the fear, produced by parts of her volumes, that her real views

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\* *Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster, Historical and Geographical, from the Accession of Richard II. to the Death of Henry VII.* By Anne Roberts. 2 vols. 8vo.

have exceeded those professions, which renders us afraid that some of our observations may wound rather than gratify her feelings.

To the character of standard historical works, Memoirs like those of the Misses Aikin, Benger, Roberts, &c. have no pretensions; though it is very far from our intention to deny that they are, to the some extent, useful. We are fully aware, that there are numerous persons whose tastes are so much vitiated by what is termed, *par excellence*, "popular literature," that they are wholly incapable of receiving history in a pure and unadulterated form; hence their puny appetites must be satisfied either by a mixture of the gossippings and scandal of chroniclers, mixed with the sentimental nonsense of the compounders, or by the still more stimulating preparations of historical novelists. Those who in their hearts are indifferent to history, are nevertheless ashamed of being entirely ignorant at least of the names of the principal characters and events of former times; but in what way is this necessary qualification for a place at the tea-table of a blue, however light, or indeed of admission into any respectable society, to be attained? Lingard, or even Hume, are much "too dry;" and the original sources being still "drier," are of course totally out of the question. The lynx eyes of publishers were not long in discovering the desiderata; and after deliberating upon the cheapest method of producing them, enlisted such ladies as were not wholly engaged by the manufactory of Leadenhall, or in the somewhat more respectable occupation of making love-stories for magazines, to compile books bearing the imposing title of "Historical Memoirs." By gentlemen and ladies under the age of twenty, such concoctions are eagerly devoured; their imaginations are charmed by the descriptions of love and chivalry, with which they take care to crowd their pages; but sober inquiries into truth are as unsuited to their capacities, as to the wishes of their master spirit, the publisher, who, if they attempted to introduce them, would assure them that they would prevent the book from selling. The first work of the kind in modern times is Miss Aikin's Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, whose precedence in time and merit are equal. The success of the first naturally produced a second work of the same description, and we were soon afterwards favoured with Memoirs of James the First; but whether from its being inferiorly written, or much more probably from the interest which his majesty excited being much less than what was felt about "the virgin queen," they were not so well received; an unfortunate fact, to which may perhaps be ascribed the non-appearance of the memoirs of all his royal descendants.

Before Miss Aikin, for whose talents we entertain the sincerest respect, had quitted the arena of "Historical Memoirs," the late Miss Benger entered it; but profiting by the knowledge of the comparative indifference on the part of the public to the memoirs of gentlemen, she confined herself to her own sex, and "Anne Boleyn," "Elizabeth of Bohemia," and "Mary Queen of Scots," were immortalised by her pen. All the juvenile part of society, as well in mind as age, became proportionably enlightened. A slight pause ensued; but the world has recently been favoured with "Memoirs of Henry the Eighth," by another fair authoress; a period we should fancy peculiarly revolting to a female mind, but on which, with the happiest tact, she has written

without once violating the decorum requisite in every writer, but which in a lady was indispensable.

We had scarcely time to recover from the delight into which we were thrown by the series of "Memoirs" we have enumerated, when a new champion appeared in the field. The inexhaustible Froissart, Hall, and Hollingshed, having been sifted with unwearied industry for such materials as suited the publisher's plan, for we are sufficiently acquainted with the process by which such works are manufactured, to be aware that these important gentlemen have almost as much to do with the literary as with the printing department, two volumes have been presented to the public precisely resembling, in their outward form, the successful Aikin's "Queen Elizabeth," and "James the First," entitled "Memoirs of the Royal Houses of York and Lancaster," and embracing a period of above one hundred and thirty years! Hence, whilst her predecessors confined themselves to one reign, or one individual, Miss Roberts has taken a far more extensive and perilous flight. Finding the more modern times of Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, and James the First, pre-occupied—her publisher or herself, for we presume it was nearly the same thing—had no choice but to select an age long before those which had been the subject of other labourers in the same vineyard. Memoirs of the "Rival Houses of York and Lancaster," is, it is true, a most fascinating title, and in effect is only inferior to that under which we believe the book was originally advertised—"The Wars of the Roses;" but this was changed, lest, we suppose, it might be mistaken for a real novel; to the "Memoirs of the Rival Houses," it is therefore our duty to invite the attention of our readers, and to confine our own.

In a preface remarkable for its modesty, Miss Roberts informs us of her inducement for undertaking the work, and the objects she has endeavoured to accomplish. She says, that this is her "first attempt in historical composition;" and that, "attracted by the grandeur of the subject, and strongly induced to enter a field comparatively neglected by former writers, she has perhaps trusted too securely to the interest attached to the period which she has endeavoured to illustrate, and ventured upon a theme which required higher and more varied powers." Her plan, we are told, was "amid the mass of materials to be found in the British Museum, to choose those which would be generally acceptable to the reading portion of the community; and her object has been to unite amusement with information, to divest antiquarianism of its dryness, and to give life and motion to the picture of other days, by the animated narrations of contemporary historians." We are thus informed, with very creditable frankness, that the author's intention was to write a book which would interest "the reading portion of the community," a description which we shall take leave, from the context, to interpret to be that portion who can only be seduced into reading the history of their country, when "*amusement* is united to information," and "antiquarianism is divested of its dryness;" and which we agree with Miss Roberts in believing to contain about nine-tenths "of the reading portion of the community." It would be unfair to estimate the merits of a work by any other criterion than the object which its author professes to have had in view; hence, in the limited space which we can afford to bestow

on these volumes, we shall merely consider how far they are likely to supply "amusement and information" to the class of persons for whom they were expressly written.

The chief requisites for the author of a work like that under our notice are, sufficient industry to peruse all the writers likely to conduce to her object, and tact to select and arrange such extracts as may be necessary for its completion. Of Miss Roberts's industry we willingly express our admiration; and in numerous instances she has displayed considerable judgment in her extracts, and some talent in her observations; merits which have certainly enabled her to produce "Historical Memoirs," which possess very fair claims upon the attention of those for whom they were designed. It is only when she is misled by ambition that there is any thing to regret. She would have acted wisely if she had avoided entering upon some disputed points of history which have long been, and perhaps will always be, matter of uncertainty; and still more so, if she had refrained from attempting to throw *new lights* upon the characters of individuals. With this qualification, her labours have our praise; and we have no doubt they will be deemed, by better judgments than our own, a valuable historical work. We say, "by better judgments than our own," because, as we do not profess to belong to the class who reject information unless it be made "amusing," and can even tolerate the "dryness of antiquarianism," we cannot presume to be fair judges on the subject. In the opinion which we have anticipated will be pronounced upon these volumes by those whom the authoress has undertaken to enlighten, we are thus far prepared to concur; that they are valuable because they will impart information to numerous persons, old and young, who would never open a more important book; and we see no ground for refusing to consider Miss Roberts as the Aikin of the fourteenth and fifteen centuries. For having added in an essential degree, as best in point of time, to the series of historical memoirs, *by ladies*, which is now complete, from the year 1377 to 1628, she deserves all the gratitude and all the praise which are due to such an exertion.

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#### HISTORY OF WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.\*

THIS is an arduous undertaking, executed in a creditable manner. No industry has been spared, and a spirit of good sense reigns through the labours of the biographer. The writer has possessed himself of all that was necessary to be known; he has instituted successful researches for materials hitherto concealed from the public eye, and has condensed into one large, and we must say, well arranged mass, every fact connected with the life of his illustrious subject. They who wish to know any and every thing about the great Lord Chatham, may find it here. This life and many others similarly compiled, are, however,

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\* A History of the Right Honourable William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, containing his Speeches in Parliament, a considerable portion of his Correspondence when Secretary of State, upon French, Spanish, or American Affairs, never before published; with an Account of the principal Events and Persons of his Time, connected with his Life, Sentiments, and Administrations. By the Rev. Francis Thackeray, A.M. London. C. and J. Rivington. 1827. 2 vols. 4to.

rather the materials of the biographer than biography itself. To one accustomed to the contemplation of classical models, we fear that these compilations must appear crude and undigested; and in comparison with an equal, uniform, and spirited narrative, flowing from the crucible of the writer's own brain, unpleasing and unworthy. In writings of this kind, we pass from an incident to a letter, from an event of general history to a state paper, from a quotation from some other work, confirmed by references and supported by notes, to a few insulated observations of the author, which lead again to a speech on a sermon. It was a strong and valid objection to Bishop Tomline's life of the son of Lord Chatham, that it consisted of speeches from the throne, speeches from the ministers, speeches from the opposition, and, in short, looked more like an annual register than a biography. The same may be said of Mr. Thackeray, though the blame is by no means equal. Something else might more justly be expected of the tutor and the friend, than of the writer living in a subsequent age, and having no other materials than such as were accessible to all those who had time and leisure to pursue the same route.

Mr. Thackeray appears to have a just perception of the character of Lord Chatham, and in the gross, to comprehend the value, object, and tendency of his actions and opinions; we do not perceive, however, any very nice appreciation of the more refined shades of character, or any very acute calculations of the position of his noble subject in the more difficult or the more delicate events of his life. We likewise desiderate that philosophical grasp of intellect which comprehends the whole theatre of action at once, and narrates its course or speculates upon its tendency in the spirit of a master; Mr. Thackeray is the servant of his undertaking, and laboriously heaps pile upon pile; we can conceive a writer, who disposes of his materials with ease, who arranges them with order, who, in the time, and with hardly more than the toil of a glance, distinguishes the essential from that which only encumbers, and thus constructs or rather raises almost magically, with a kind of unconscious progress, the whole of a beautiful edifice before the admiring eyes of his readers.

But let us not be ungrateful; much is to be learned from Mr. Thackeray's work, and they who have the industry to follow the biographer through his work, will meet with a multiplicity of interesting facts, a mass of the finest specimens of oratory, and a large collection of instructive details, shewing the manner in which nations are governed. If reflection be brought to the task, and some portion of previous instruction, a considerable harvest of sound improvement in knowledge, and a great acquisition in motives to virtuous and honourable ambition, will most assuredly be reaped.

Previously to the appearance of Mr. Thackeray's life, we possessed no other memoirs of Lord Chatham than the anecdotes of the life of Lord Chatham, published by Almon, in 3 vols. octavo. Mr. Archdeacon Coxe, whose opinion is entitled to respect, pronounces this work a "wretched compilation" from newspapers and partly pamphlets, interspersed, perhaps, with a few anecdotes, communicated in desultory conversation with Earl Temple. The works of a superficial and inaccurate work are too clearly impressed upon this book, to render the testimony necessary of one "who has had access to the papers and



documents of the times." No one has enjoyed this advantage to a more fortunate extent than the Archdeacon, and this is a feature which confers a high value, in addition to their other claims upon our attention. We apprehend that Mr. Thackeray has not been so highly favoured. In the composition of that period of history, during which Lord Chatham was Secretary of State, he has, doubtless, derived much correct and novel information from consulting the documents of the Secretary of State's office, but we see no marks of his having been admitted to the archives of the illustrious families, where, in truth, much of the early history of the period lies buried. Mr. Coxe's forthcoming work on the Pelham family, will prove the extent of this assertion. Of the printed works, whether pamphlets, papers, or more important publications, our author has availed himself with a laudable perseverance; we believe him, when he says he has spared neither labour nor expense to obtain, or to avail himself of the best information; and we hope that the use which he has made of that which was in his power, will induce the possessors of manuscript stores to throw them open to him for the improvement of a future edition.

Though by thus availing himself of all the means to which he has or may have access, Mr. Thackeray may become a useful and respectable writer, we cannot flatter him with the possession of those faculties which would make him remembered otherwise than in a catalogue. He wants ideas; he has no volume of thought; great occasions only draw from him ejaculation. It may be thought that this is a weakness of style, and that the practice of writing and the cultivation of taste will improve his style. It may be so, but neither practice nor cultivation can inform his sentences with mind; the one thing wanting. If youth should be pleaded in abatement of this charge, there is another fault in Mr. Thackeray, to which some other apology must be found; we allude to his pomposity and egotism. The pronoun *I* is an argument with him, and had it the same weight with others that it has with Mr. Thackeray, there would be a short way with all discussion and investigation. It is needless to adduce instances of this offensive peculiarity, for no one can read a chapter of the work without discovering numerous instances of the substitution of the eternal *I, I, I*, for argument, for authority, and sometimes for inquiry. Every event Mr. Thackeray conceives to have a particular relation to himself; if he believes the narrative of it to be true, he says, "*I* believe it," with the air of Dr. Johnson; if the fact require investigation, he says, "*I* have examined," and the thing is settled; and should he have any new information to communicate, he does it as he would turn the compliment of a note, "*I* am happy to say that the fact was otherwise."\* This would be peculiarly inappropriate in any history, but it is more particularly absurd in writing the history of so towering a character of Lord Chatham; by the side of numerous examples of his gigantic egotism, that of Mr. Thackeray strikes the reader as very puny and ridiculous.

It seems an evil, inseparable from the labour of biography, that the narrator becomes so partial to the subject on which he has spent his

\* Vol. ii. p. 81. Speaking of the quarrel between Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, which, it has been said, was never made up.

tail, that he can see no fault in him. The tone of eulogy in which "lives" are written, diminishes both the pleasure and the utility of this valuable class of composition. Mr. Thackeray errs on this head, as well as his brother biographers. It is true that he now and then hints that certain parts of Lord Chatham's conduct have not been approved, and on one occasion he allows that we learn the course Lord Chatham took with pain. Now, though we might allow that a smaller portion of blame attaches to the character of Lord Chatham, than, perhaps, to any other statesman, yet his was not a temper to pass through the world without error. The critical biographer who examines his conduct will find much to censure, while he will allow that the description of Lord Chatham's great qualities was of that peculiar kind, that is necessarily alloyed with evil. His chief virtues arose out of a temperament of uncommon warmth and energy, and though his intelligence was rapid and quick in the extreme, and his principles of the loftiest and most noble kind, it is not to be expected that his quickness of feeling would not hurry him into rash opinions and precipitate projects, and when such had been the case, his notions of honour and towering pride were not likely to smooth the way to an easy retreat. He was, however, too wise not to be also magnanimous, and it is seldom that he is detected in error; more seldom still that he is found persevering in it. The consideration of such a character, when it is fairly and freely discussed, cannot be otherwise than beneficial; and we regret that the biographer has pursued his task too much under awe of him, who, indeed, while he was alive, inspired all who came near him with that feeling. It seems that the lofty spirit, the noble bearing, the glance of fire, the voice of a god, that used to strike listening senates with such profound sentiments of admiration and respect, have had their influence even from the grave upon his biographer. He has approached his sacred remains with somewhat of servile fear, and disturbed his memory, it would seem rather with a view to canonise than to criticise it. Now, though we are far from speaking harshly of such feelings, they are not in the spirit in which we would have the actions of great men sifted; it is not thus that good can come to posterity. If there ever were a character that required to be discussed with freedom, it is that of Lord Chatham; for, although a man of mighty powers, and although the good he did was decided, yet it was owing solely to the shadows which his high qualities cast before them that that good was not multiplied ten thousand fold. This is a truth which a very cursory review of the events of his life will exhibit in the clearest point of view; we shall, at the same time, be able to shew by some specimen the way in which his biographer has performed his task.

The first speech made in the House of Commons in 1786, fixed his reputation as an orator, and proved, without the hesitation of a moment, that *power* was there. Sir Robert Walpole, then at the head of affairs, confessed an alarm. "We must, at all events," says he, "muzzle that terrible cornet of horse." It was not the speaker's matter, but that which all observers well know forms nine-tenths of the orator's influence—*manner*. It was the lightning of his eye, the harmonious modulation of his voice, the grace of his action, the earnestness of his air, the self-possession with which he delivered his

sentiments, which struck his audience. Mr. Burke, whose speeches were full of wisdom, whose language was choice and elegant, whose figures were beautiful and lively, whose information was as inexhaustible as his intelligence—he scarcely took his audience with him; whereas, in the instance of Lord Chatham, whose sagacity, though great, was seldom supported by reasoning, an assertion from him fell upon the house with the weight and solemnity of an oracle. Most speakers can reason tolerably, and many can dress their opinions in elegant language; but the number of those who are inspired by their subject, and speak the conviction of the *heart*, are very few indeed. And when an instance occurs of energy which is moulded by grace—of intensity of passion, guided by wisdom and moderated by benevolence—we must not be surprised that it should inflame our sympathy, and hurry our feeling along with its irresistible theme. It is the nature of man to like better to *feel* than to *think*; with such an orator as Lord Chatham, the passions are roused, as in a tragedy; with such a speaker as Burke, the taste is gratified, and the reason is satisfied, but the auditor is called upon for an effort which is painful.

Of Lord Chatham's qualifications for an orator, all writers have spoken; but there is one passage in Mr. Butler's *Reminiscences* that we must transcribe; it relates to his voice. "His voice was full and clear: his lowest whisper was distinctly heard; his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied: when he elevated his voice to its highest pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of the sound. The effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer or animate. He then had spirit-stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible. He frequently rose, on a sudden, from a very low to a very high key, but it seemed to be without effort." It is evident, that for such a man to rise to speak was like the striking up of a musical instrument, and we are not to be surprised that the effects were always such as the poet attributes to the skill of Timotheus. Mr. Pulteney, at this time, was the leader of opposition, a party headed by the then Prince of Wales, the late King's father. The maiden speech was on occasion of the Prince's marriage; it is an elegant but somewhat florid eulogium on his character. Sir Robert Walpole is said to have tried the integrity of the youthful orator; it is certain that he dismissed him from his cornetcy, a very foolish and a very infamous step, by which we may gauge the present force of public opinion, for it is certain, that no minister of the present day, for a *like* offence, the expression of opinion in Parliament, durst adopt such a measure. It could have no other effect on Mr. Pitt, than to give additional asperity to his remonstrances, and to make him despise the meanness of the man as much as depreciate the wisdom of the minister. The honour of the nation was Mr. Pitt's first theme, as it was the last. He had certain notions of dignity, by which he measured the prosperity of the country, as he did the integrity and the correctness of his own personal conduct. It was this notion of dignity which now induced him to goad the minister into a war with Spain, and which animated his last and dying effort in the House of Lords, when he stood up to deprecate the independence of the United States. Sir Robert Walpole was driven into the war with Spain, and the ill success with which he conducted it, drove himself out of power. In 1742, Walpole was created

Earl of Orford, and resigned his employments. Mr. Pitt was at that time thirty-four years of age. Lord Carteret and the Duke of Newcastle came into power, at an unfortunate crisis. Our part in the continental war at that time existing, which involved us in immense expense, and in the vexatious entanglements of European alliance, was taken by these ministers. The king's attachment to Hanover, and the sacrifices made in behalf of that country, became a source of bitter discontent. The management of the war, and the waste of money in subsidies, became the theme of Mr. Pitt's eloquence. Lord Carteret's measures were always viewed with detestation by Mr. Pitt, and for many years he occasionally spoke of him as the curse of his country. Mr. Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, was brought forward to oppose Mr. Pitt on these questions. In the Memorials of the Right Hon. James Oswald, there is a most interesting comparison of the oratory of these two great men, which we shall extract from Mr. Thackeray's work :

" On the first day, Murray was introduced to support the court, which he did in a set speech, extremely methodical, with great perspicuity, and very fine colouring. He was replied to by Pitt, who, in the most masterly manner, laying hold of the weakest parts of his speech with the greatest strength of expression, and in the most manly style I ever witnessed, turned almost all his colours against him. Murray had laid a good deal of stress on exposing the inconsistency of advising one thing the one year, and the next abusing it, merely through a spirit of opposition. Pitt shewed how this object was varied, but varied by the ministers ; and then turned every argument Murray had employed against himself. The one spoke like a pleader, and could not divest himself of a certain appearance of having been employed by others. The other spoke like a gentleman, like a statesman, who felt what he said, and possessed the strongest desire of conveying that feeling to others, for their own interest, and that of their country. Murray *gains* upon your attention by the perspicuity of his arguments, and the elegance of his diction ; Pitt *commands* your attention and respect by the nobleness, the greatness of his sentiments, the strength and energy of his expressions, and the certainty you are in of his always rising to a greater elevation, both of thought and style. For this talent he possesses, beyond any speaker I ever heard, of never falling, from the beginning to the end of his speech, either in thought or in expression ; and as in this session, he has begun to speak like a man of business, as well as an orator, he will in all probability be, or rather at present is, allowed to make as great an appearance as ever man did in that House. Murray has not spoken since, on the other two debates, where his rival carried all before him, being very unequally matched with Pelham, Young, and Winnington. I dare say you will scarce be able to read this scrawl, which I have drawn to an immeasurable length, from the difficulty I find in having done when Pitt is the subject, for I think him sincerely the most finished character I ever knew." -

" Mr. Pitt's opposition to the system of foreign subsidies raised him high in the estimation of the people. He had been for some years admired as an orator, he was now revered as a patriot." The famous Duchess of Marlborough, by her will, dated about this time, (August, 1744,) left him a legacy of ten thousand pounds, " on account of his merit in the noble defence he has made in the support of the laws of England, and to prevent his ruin." Mr. Thackeray has thought proper to introduce into this part of his narrative, the whole of the speeches which have been attributed to him : they are, however, chiefly the composition of Dr. Johnson, and they bear so many marks of his style and manner of thinking, that there can be no doubt that

the essayist was but little indebted to the orator for even his materials. This is a fact which, while Mr. Thackeray seems to allow it, ought to have prevented their admission into the "life" as genuine specimens of Lord Chatham's oratory.

Up to this point of Lord Chatham's life, his motives have never been suspected, nor his conduct disapproved. We propose to cast a hasty glance upon the different crises of his history, and were commencing with the first and greatest—the change in his opinions on the subject of the employment of mercenary forces on the Continent, when we discovered that we had arrived at the end of our Magazine for this month: we shall therefore postpone the further consideration of this subject to our next number.

## MAGAZINIANA.

**ECCELESIASTICAL DISCERNMENT AT ROME.**—In spite of the terror of pontifical bulls, and the activity of those who watched over their execution, the writings of Luther and Melanchthon, Zuingle and Bucer, continued to be circulated, and read with great avidity and delight, in all parts of Italy. Some of them were translated into the Italian language, and, to elude the vigilance of the inquisitors, were published under disguised or fictitious names, by which means they made their way into Rome, and even into the palace of the Vatican; so that bishops and cardinals sometimes unwittingly read and praised works, which, on discovering their real authors, they were obliged to pronounce dangerous and heretical. The elder Scaliger relates an incident of this kind, which happened when he was at Rome. "Cardinal Seraphin, (says he,) who was at that time counsellor of the papal Rota, came to me one day, and said, 'We have had a most laughable business before us to-day. The Common Places of Philip Melanchthon were printed at Venice with this title, *per Messer Ippofilo da Terra Negra*. These Common Places being sent to Rome, were freely bought for the space of a whole year, and read with great applause; so that the copies being exhausted, an order was sent to Venice for a fresh supply. But in the mean time a Franciscan friar, who possessed a copy of the original edition, discovered the trick, and denounced the book as a Lutheran production from the pen of Melanchthon. It was proposed to punish the poor printer, who probably could not read one word of the book, but at last it was agreed to burn the copies, and suppress the whole affair.'"

—*M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Italy.*

**TURKISH LAW AT SMYRNA.**—In 1685, a severe law was enforced against all Franks, that every one who married a Raya (a Jewish or Christian subject of the porte) should cease to be a Frank or Free-man, but be liable to the Haratch or Capitation Tax, and interdicted from leaving the Turkish territories. To this end an inquisition was made at Galata, and between forty and fifty were found married to subjects of the Grand Seigneur, who were compelled to submit to bondage. Mr. Pentloe, an Englishman, a member of the Turkey company, at Smyrna, had married a Greek, by whom he had children. He died, and left two British merchants his executors, with directions that they should send his wife, children, and property to England. They were all seized in the act of embarkation, and the executors thrown into prison, and threatened with torture, to compel them to discover more property. Application was made by the then ambassador, but no redress could be obtained. This event caused a great sensation in Europe.—*Levant Company, by Dr. Walsh.* [No wonder for it. Quere: Are these the terms we are on at present with our good allies the Turks?]

**LORD CHATHAM AND MR. CANNING.**—In the number of the *Quarterly Review* just published, it is said that the principal political character of *De Vere*, identified by the newspaper puffs of the day with a great living statesman, is obviously a portrait; and upon the whole, it is added, "we consider it a just one in the most critical periods of his life." The following is the character of Mr. Wentworth, from *De Vere*:

"But it is not easy to describe this able and accomplished person. His mind was an assemblage of all that could excite, and all that could soothe; his heart, the seat of an ambition, belonging, as it were, to himself; equally above stooping to court or people, and which no fear of either could afflict."

"With all this, his feelings were attuned to friendship, and his intellect to the pleasures of elegant cultivation. Thus he shone alike in the tumult of party, and the witchery of letters. In these last, he had been beautifully distinguished, and had had many amiable associates, before he had acquired his political eminence."

"In the senate, his eloquence was like a mountain river, taking its rise from reason, but swelling its impetus by a thousand auxiliary streams of wit and imagination, which it gathered on its way. It is, indeed, difficult to say, whether his wit, or his reason predominated; for such was the effect of both united, that never was reason so set off by wit, or wit so sustained by reason. The one was a running fire, flashing from right to left over the whole field of argument, so as to embarrass and paralyse his antagonists; while the other, when seriousness was resumed, struck down every thing that opposed, with the force of thunder."

"But he had a more powerful recommendation still to the favour of his auditors, whether in the senate or elsewhere. His politics, as his heart, were truly, I might say insularly, British; and though he contemplated and understood the Continent, as well as any, and better than most who went before him; of the Continent it was his principle to steer clear, except in so far as it was connected with Britain. This did not fail to 'buy him golden opinions with all sorts of persons;' and he wound up all by a staunch adherence to his personal friends, not one of whom he had ever been known to fail, or to abandon. This made him the most loved for his own sake, of all the leaders of his time out of the House, while in it he reigned without struggle or compeer,—*nihil simile aut secundum*."

"Yet, superior as Mr. Wentworth was in all these respects, he was kept, strange to say, from rising to the highest point, by the influence or intrigues of far less gifted rivals. Men wondered at this, but (happily for the repose of mankind) the times are over when a man who could not rule by other means, did not scruple, if he could, to seize the government by force, and awe even his prince into dangerous compliances."

"Mr. Wentworth knew this, but, even in other times, would never have attempted to go so far, and he therefore contented himself at present with a second place."

"This, at the time we write of, was the less irksome, because the high quality and worth, and still more, the long habit of being considered the leader of his party, which belonged to the Premier, induced the submission of all to his authority, without a murmur."

"Every body, however, foresaw, from what has been stated, that the Premier's resignation would occasion a contest for the succession, which might shake the administration to its centre; and Mr. Wentworth was not a man to submit to hold a second rank under any other living person."

"Such, then, was the public character of this accomplished man; and there were not wanting those who observed, in his connection with great families, in the spread of himself among all men of parliamentary power, and particularly in the attachment of the young men of rising talents to his person, a promise of future strength which might one day influence the fate of the empire."

"Mr. Wentworth's public dinners were frequent and thronged, and in

them he displayed all the felicity of his wit, and all the conciliation of his manner. But the delight of his secret heart was in banquets far more select, and far more happy. These were his private parties, with men who were either independent of politics, or with whom politics did not form the first passion of their minds; men who were of kindred with himself in every thing that could charm the taste, or enlighten the understanding. With these, he continued still occasionally to live, although often separated from them by that which separates all who are not linked in the same pursuit—the struggles of ambition, and the tumults of party.”—Vol. ii. pp. 201—204.

Now any body who knows a particle about the matter must see that there is scarcely a trait in this portrait which resembles Lord Chatham, and not one which would not precisely be given to Mr. Canning, by a friendly admirer.

“All that could excite and all that could soothe.”—There was nothing soothing about Lord Chatham.

“Feelings attuned to friendship.”—Lord Chatham neither had nor cared for friends.

“Beautifully distinguished in letters.”—He was never distinguished at all in them.

His eloquence was not a mixture of wit and reasoning; it was bold denunciation or sarcastic allusion—his politics were so insular, that the only thing he attended to in power was our foreign interests, and the carrying on a continental war. He was not loved *out* of the House at all, but treated his colleagues and others with hauteur and coolness. Mr. Pitt was not kept from rising to the highest point by the influence or intrigues of rivals; he was kept out by the king's dislike to him, owing to Tory denunciations of Hanover; and so far from not seizing the government by force, it was just the thing he did. The king actually shed tears when he saw him enter the drawing-room. (See Storer's *Memoirs of a celebrated Political and Literary Character*.) He never was second in office; he had place before he came into power, but when he came into power at all, it was to the dictatorship he was raised. While this part of the character applies to Mr. Canning and Lord Liverpool exactly, it has no kind of parallel in Lord Chatham; there was no Lord Liverpool in his time. As for private parties and select banquets, Mr. Pitt never gave them: he led a private life of the deepest retirement, partly owing to his constitutional malady, and partly to his naturally unsocial disposition. The writer in the *Quarterly* must have hazarded his assertion in a total ignorance of the subject.

**TURKISH SOBRIETY.**—At a table near us, covered with a dessert of fruit and cakes, sat a knot of young Turks, the bucks of the quarter, pushing about the bottle with a noisy emulation, which did not confine itself to their own party, but brought them staggering to our side of the room, with tumblers of wine, pledging repeatedly our healths, and looking at us for approbation as acknowledged masters of the art.—*Hobhouse's Journey*.

**MERCANTILE CATECHISM.**—In 1662, John Broadgate was chosen chaplain at Smyrna. He was a rigid Puritan, and having prepared a *Catechism* for the instruction of the factory, stitched in blue paper, he sent out a bale filled with it, and required that the merchants should get it by heart, and answer the questions contained in it, for which purpose he catechised them every Sunday after church. The factory, however, refused to comply with this discipline, and after much disgraceful altercation, Mr. Broadgate returned home in disgust. The company at this period exercised a rigid censorship over their officers abroad. The consuls could not marry without their consent, and the factors were often severely reprov'd for “sensuality, gambling, Sabbath breaking, neglect of public worship,” and other irregularities of conduct.—*Levant Company, by the Rev. Dr. Walsh*.

**MORE TURKISH LAW.**—In 1673, Mr. John Sawyer, a factor at Smyrna, renounced the Christian religion, and turned Turk. This circumstance occasioned much expense and inconvenience to the company, in securing the estates of his principals in England.—*Levant Company, by Dr. Walsh.* [Query: Does the whole firm of a mercantile establishment in the Levant become subject to Turkish law, if one of the partners turn Mahomedan?] ]

**BIOGRAPHY.**—A work is in the course of publication in Paris, called "Biography of Contemporaries," which we beg to recommend most forcibly to the attention of our readers. Biographical Dictionaries do not pretend to give the histories of persons still alive, and seldom give those who have lately died. Now it is precisely of such individuals that it is most difficult to procure information, for their works are scattered if they are literary or scientific, and if political or military, their achievements are not yet recorded in history. Take as an instance the name of Championnet, a French general of the Directory; those who know the history of the Revolutionary wars, will remember that he was a celebrated general, and that he distinguished himself as commanding a division of the army of the Sambre and Meuse; and afterwards as being the leader of the famous army of Italy against Mack; but reading lately a very clever novel, newly published in Edinburgh, called "*Vittoria Colonna*," in which General Championnet cuts a conspicuous figure, we wished for more particular information concerning him. On referring to the 18th Livraison of this Dictionary of Contemporaries, we found a spirited little memoir of him, which satisfied us in every point. We have examined many other instances with equal satisfaction. The full title of this work is "*Biographie Universelle et Portative des Contemporains, ou Dictionnaire Historique des Hommes célèbres de toutes les Nations, morts et vivants; Ouvrage entièrement neuf, contenant plus de trois mille Notices nouvelles qui ne se trouvent dans aucune Biographie, et rédigé d'après des Documents les plus authentiques par une Société de Publicistes, de Législateurs, d'Hommes de Lettres, d'Artistes, de militaires et d'anciens Magistrats.*—*Un seul Volume in 8vo. orné de 250 Portraits.*"

**RAPID COMMUNICATION.**—In Mr. Nicolas's Memoir of Augustine Vincent, a herald contemporary with Camden, a memorandum is given from the hand-writing of Vincent, which gives a brilliant idea of the improvement of the moderns:—

"My dwelling is at Affington in Lincolnshire, within a mile of Stamford, and you may direct any letters thither by the waggoner of Stamford, who comes to town every Saturday, and lies at the Croose Keyes in White Cross Street, and goes out of town every Munday morning. "JOHN VINCENT."

**TURKISH OPIUM EATERS.**—Among the frequenters of the coffee houses may be seen some of the *Teriakis* or opium eaters, who are always noticed among the curiosities of the Turkish capital. Pale, emaciated, and rickety, sunk into a profound stupor, or agitated by the grimaces of delirium, their persons are, after the first view, easy to be recognised, and make, indeed, an impression too deep to be erased. Their chief resort is a row of coffee houses in a shady covert near the Mosque of Sultan Solymán; the increasing attachment to wine has diminished the consumption of opium; but there are still to be found *Teriakis* who will swallow in a glass of water three or four lozenges, amounting to one hundred grains. They are mixed with spices, and stamped with the words *Mash alla*, the work of God.—*Hobhouse's Journey.*

**A QUAKER IN ROME.**—About the year 1661, John Perrot, a Quaker, born in Dublin, went to Italy to convert the Pope of Rome. He was thrown into the Inquisition, but was soon after liberated, having been considered an insane person; he was treated with mildness, and sent back to Ireland at the Pope's expense, and on his arrival, he published a curious book, entitled, "*A Batter'd Ram against Popery.*"—*Whitelaw and Walsh's History of Dublin.*



**FIRST HEBREW BIBLE.**—From the year 1477, when the psalter appeared in Hebrew, different parts of scripture in the original continued to issue from the press; and in the year 1488, a complete Hebrew bible was printed at Soncino, a city of the Cremonese, by a family of Jews, who, under the adopted name of Sencinati, established printing-presses in various parts of Europe, including Constantinople. This department of typography was almost entirely engrossed by the Jews in Italy, until the year 1618, when an edition of the Hebrew scriptures, accompanied with various readings, and Rabbinical commentaries, proceeded from the splendid press which Daniel Bomberg had recently erected at Venice.—*M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Italy.*

**A QUAKER IN TURKEY.**—In 1661, a Quaker went to Constantinople to convert the Sultan to Christianity. He was taken by the Turks and lodged in their lunatic asylum, where he was supported for six months; but having frequently pronounced the word "*Inghis*," he was brought before the earl of Winchelsea, the British ambassador. On refusing to take off his hat in his presence, this nobleman ordered him to be bastinadoed on the spot, and sent him back to his confinement.—*Account of the Levant Company, by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, chaplain at Constantinople.*

**SOUTHERN AFRICAN ELOQUENCE.**—"It is clear that it is our best policy to march against the enemy before he advances. Let not our towns be the seat of war; let not our houses be stained with bloodshed; let the blood of the enemy be spilt at a distance from our wives and children. Yet some of you talk ignorantly; your words are the words of children or of men confounded. I am left almost alone; my two brothers have abandoned me; they have taken wives from another nation, and allow their wives to direct them; their wives are their kings!" Then turning towards his younger brothers, he imprecated a curse upon them if they should follow the example of their elder brethren. Again addressing the people, he said, "you walk over my head while I sleep, but you now see that the wise Maccoas respect me. Had they not been our friends, we must have fled ere now before the enemy." Turning to Wleeloqua, the eighth speaker, he said, "I hear you, my father; I understand you, my father; your words are true and good for the ear. It is good that we be instructed by the Maccoas. May evil overtake the disobedient! May they be broken in pieces!" Be silent, ye women! (addressing them,) "ye who plague your husbands, who steal their goods, and give them to others, be silent; and hinder not your husbands and children by your evil words. Be silent, ye kidney eaters,\* (turning towards the old men,) ye who are fit for nothing but to prowl about whenever an ox is killed. If our cattle are carried off, where will you get kidneys?"

Then addressing the warriors, he said, "there are many of you who do not deserve to eat out of a broken pot; ye stubborn and stupid men! consider what you have heard, and obey without murmuring. Hearken! I command you, ye chiefs of the Matchapees, Matchoroos, Myrees, Barolongs, and Bamacootas, that ye proclaim through all your clans the proceedings of this day, and let none be ignorant. And again I say, ye warriors, prepare for the day of battle; let your shields be strong, your quivers full of arrows, and your battle-axes sharp as hunger." Turning a second time towards the old men and women, he said, "prevent not the warrior from going forth to battle, by your timid counsels. No! rouse up the warrior to glory, and he shall return to you with honourable scars; fresh marks of valour shall cover his thigh;† and then we shall renew the war-song and dance, and rehearse the story of our achievements."

\* The Dechuwas imagine that none who eat of the kidneys of the ox will have any offspring; on this account, no one, except the aged, will taste them. Hence the contemptuous term of "kidney-eaters," synonymous with dotard.

† The warriors receive a new scar on the thigh for every enemy they kill in battle.

**PRICES OF SHARES IN THE PRINCIPAL CANALS, DOCKS,  
WATER-WORKS, MINES, &c.**

CANALS.	Amt. paid.	Per share.	INSURANCE OFFICES.	Amt. paid.	Per share.
Ashton .....	100	130	Albion .....	500	50
Birmingham .....	17 10	295	Alliance .....	100	10
Coventry .....	100	1240	Ditto Marine .....	100	5
Ellesmere and Chester .....	133	106	Atlas .....	50	5
Grand Junction .....	100	311	British Commercial .....	50	5
Huddersfield .....	57	18	Globe .....	100	10
Kennet and Avon .....	40	26	Guardian .....	100	10
Lancaster .....	47	35	Hope .....	50	5
Leeds and Liverpool .....	100	399	Imperial .....	500	50
Oxford .....	100	700	Ditto Life .....	100	10
Regent's .....	40	39	Law Life .....	100	10
Rochdale .....	85	96	London .....	25	12 10
Stafford and Worcester .....	140	810	Protector .....	20	2
Trent and Mersey .....	100	1590	Rock .....	20	2
Warwick and Birmingham .....	100	285	Royal Exchange .....	100	205
Worcester ditto .....	78	47			
<b>DOCKS.</b>			<b>MINES.</b>		
Commercial .....	100	80	Anglo-Mexican .....	100	85
East India .....	100	83	Ditto Chili .....	100	42 10
London .....	100	84 10	Bolanos .....	400	375
St. Catherine's .....	100	50	Brazilian .....	100	20
West India .....	100	301	Colombian .....	100	20
<b>WATER WORKS.</b>			Mexican .....	100	21
East London .....	100	122	Real Del Monte .....	400	400
Grand Junction .....	50	63	United Mexican .....	40	30
Kent .....	100	29			
South London .....	100	90	<b>MISCELLANEOUS.</b>		
West Middlesex .....	60	66	Australian Agricultural Comp. .....	100	8
<b>GAS COMPANIES.</b>			British Iron Ditto .....	100	37 10
City of London .....	100	90	Canada Agricultural Ditto .....	100	10
Ditto, New .....	100	50	Colombian ditto .....	100	13
Phoenix .....	50	31	General Steam Navigation .....	100	13
Imperial .....	50	48	Irish Provincial Bank .....	100	25
United General .....	50	40	Rio De la Plata Company .....	100	7 10
Westminster .....	50	61	Van Dieman's Land Ditto .....	100	4
			Reversionary Interest Society .....	100	65
			Thames Tunnel Company .....	100	37
			Waterloo Bridge .....	100	100
			Vauxhall Bridge .....	70	22 10

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ENGLISH FUNDS.	HIGHEST.	LOWEST.	LATEST.
Bank Stock, 8 per Cent.....	206½	203½	206
3 per Cent. Consols.....	shut	shut	shut
3 per Cent. Reduced .....	86	82½	85½
3½ per Cent. Reduced.....			
New 4 per Cents. ....	shut	shut	shut
Long Annuities, expire 1860 .....	19½	19½	19½
India Stock, 10½ per Cent. ....	shut	shut	shut
India Bonds, 4 per Cent. ....	86s. pm.....	70s. pm.....	86s. pm.
Exchequer Bills, 2d. per day .....	53s. pm.....	41s. pm.....	53s. pm.
FOREIGN FUNDS.			
Austrian Bonds, 5 per Cent. ....	92	91½	92
Brazil ditto, ditto .....	59½	56½	59
Buenos Ayres ditto, 6 per Cent. ..	60½	57½	60½
Chilian ditto, ditto .....	29½	27	27½
Columbian ditto 1822, ditto .....	28½	23	26½
Ditto ditto 1824, ditto .....	32½	27	30½
Danish ditto, 3 per Cent. ....	62½	61	62½
French Rentes, 5 per Cent. ....	101½	100	101½
Ditto ditto, 3 per Cent. ....	72½	70	72½
Greek Bonds, 5 per Cent. ....	18½	15	16½
Mexican ditto .....	56½	54½	56½
Ditto ditto, 6 per Cent. ....	70½	68½	70½
Peruvian ditto, 6 per Cent. ....	27	23	26
Portuguese ditto, 5 per Cent.....	76	74½	75½
Prussian ditto 1818, ditto .....	99½	97½	98½
Ditto ditto 1822, ditto .....	100½	98½	100
Russian ditto, ditto .....	93½	91½	93
Spanish ditto, ditto .....	12½	11½	12

# THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST 1, 1827.

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## AMERICAN NAVY.

Personal Narrative of Travels in the United States and Canada in 1826, Illustrated by Plates. With Remarks on the Present State of the American Navy. By Lieut. the Hon. Frederic Fitzgerald De Roos, Royal Navy. 1827.

THE first thing that struck us in Mr. De Roos's Personal Narrative of Travels in the United States is, that in order to view that great nation, he had a month's leave of absence from Halifax, of which nine days were unhappily consumed in his passage to New York. We were therefore tempted to settle the lieutenant's chronology, and find his time was occupied in the following manner:—

At New York he landed after nightfall, 24th May, 1826, "guided by the lights of the city," and proceeded with his companion, Major Yorke, to the theatre. The next morning, (May 25,) "being anxious to push on," at twelve o'clock he embarked in the steam-boat for Philadelphia; passed with the greatest rapidity by numerous detached farms and houses, "as far as he could distinguish objects through an odious fog;" arrived at Trenton at nine at night; embarked the next morning (26th) at five for Philadelphia, and arrived there at ten. "As we were (observes the lieutenant) only to stop there *two hours*, we immediately proceeded to deliver our letters." At twelve, sure enough, he proceeded to Baltimore, where he arrived at *three* in the morning of the 27th, and found there was just room for his companion and himself in a coach which was to start at half-past *four*. At twelve on the same day, Saturday, to his great joy, he arrived at Washington; and on Monday the 29th, at seven o'clock in the morning, he left it by the mail on his way back, and at one arrived at Baltimore. On the 30th, at five in the afternoon, he proceeded towards Philadelphia, which he reached at night on the 31st of May. The next day, June 1st, he embarked for New York, where he arrived in the evening, staid four clear days, and started on the morning of the 6th for Boston by way of Albany. On the 7th, at three a. m. he arrived at Albany by the steam-boat, having come one hundred and sixty miles in seventeen hours, including stoppages; and

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having found, unluckily, that the mail had started, was obliged to stay five hours in that city, and then went off in an accommodation stage for Boston. In the afternoon of the third day, (9th June,) arrived at Boston too late for the table d'hôte, and secured a passage in the Eastport packet, which sailed at *four o'clock*.

Mr. De Roos's time was therefore arranged as follows:—

New York .....	$\frac{1}{2}$ day.
Fog and journey to Philadelphia .....	$\frac{3}{4}$ day.
Philadelphia .....	$\frac{1}{2}$ day.
Journey to Washington .....	1 day.
Washington .....	$1\frac{1}{2}$ day.
Journey to Baltimore .....	$\frac{1}{2}$ day.
At Baltimore .....	$1\frac{1}{2}$ day.
Journey to Philadelphia.....	$\frac{3}{4}$ day.
At Philadelphia .....	1 day.
Journey to New York .....	1 day.
At New York .....	4 days.
Journey to Boston .....	4 days.
At Boston, that indefinite fraction of a day, which is between too late for dinner and 4 p.m.; say .....	$\frac{1}{3}$ day.

The gallant lieutenant was thus sixteen days in the United States, besides a day that he was detained on his return at Eastport, a village on the boundary towards New Brunswick. Of his sixteen days, eight-and-a-half were spent in rest, refreshment, and observation; the remainder in locomotion, in steamers, in fog, and stage coaches.

We do not make this analysis to detract from the lieutenant's merit. The briefness of his stay in the United States displays his activity not less than his patriotism; for he observes, on sailing from Eastport in an English vessel, "I must confess, that finding myself once more under English colours, was not a little agreeable to me." But though an abode of three weeks under a foreign jurisdiction was too long for his feelings, it was necessarily too short to enable him to give much novel information of the country visited, especially as the leading facts concerning it have been ascertained by former travellers. It was known, before Mr. De Roos's visit, that the United States were inhabited by a people of Teutonic extraction, speaking a language derived from the Saxon, acquainted with many of the arts of life; and it was indeed sufficiently established, that tillage was not unknown to them, before our travellers saw some of their farms through the fog from the Philadelphia steam-boat. In fact, as the peculiarities of America are less obvious, so it would need more time to observe any thing worth relating, than if a traveller from Europe were transported, for the first time, to Timbuctoo.

Human powers are limited, as a great author has justly observed; and though Professor Hamilton professes to teach Greek in fifty hours, we doubt whether in three times fifty hours, a lieutenant in the navy acquires a title to pass a judgment on a great continent.

Considering, however, the disadvantages under which the lieutenant laboured, from his necessity of "pushing on," it is remarkable that so much of his little work is worth reading; it is, in fact, a striking

proof of the advantage which he has over travellers in general—the advantage of knowing something. By dint of naturally good abilities, aided by seven years study on board his majesty's ships of war, Mr. De Roos has made himself acquainted with the head and stern of a ship, and with many minor points of knowledge comprehended within those limits; and as some portion of his eight days and a half was spent in visits to the dock-yards of Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, he has given some information on a subject of interest in this country. Under this head, however, it is desirable to separate his facts from his speculations, though both are worthy of attention.

First for his facts.—At the yard at Washington he saw two frigates on the slips; one constructed on the latest and most approved principles of the American builders. "Her timbers were close together, her shape remarkable for a very full bow and a perfectly straight side. She had a round stern, but its rake and flatness, combined with the judicious construction of her quarter-galleries, gave it quite the appearance of being square."—p. 17.

By the way, how strange is the fact, that in the art of ship-building every thing is yet entirely empirical; and that though when a ship is built, it can be confidently predicted that it will float, it can scarcely be guessed whether it will sail. In a country like England, which is indebted, or for a long time believed that it was indebted, for its independence to its naval power—with the greatest mechanical ingenuity among the people, and the highest scientific excellence among the learned classes, scarcely any thing has been done to ascertain how a ship can be best made to sail; very little attempted—very little attempted *now*, though more now than at any former time. The Baltimore people were famous in the war for building schooners which, as Mr. De Roos expresses it, "puzzled our cruisers." In one of the private yards, Mr. De Roos met with a builder who had a book of drafts of all the fastest sailing ones; but he adds, "after an hour spent in entreaty I could not induce him to part with one leaf of the precious volume. Though provoked at his refusal, I could not help admiring the public spirit which dictated his conduct, for the offer I made him must have been tempting to a person in his station of life."\* —p. 38. Strange that, with all our science, with our boundless means of investigating and experimenting, we should be reduced to pirate from the empiricism of American mechanics.

But the fact is, that there are scores of the most trifling matters to which more attention has been paid, than to this.—To return to Mr. De Roos.

He saw also at Washington a frigate, the *Potomac*, hauled up on ways in a cradle, an expedient called Porter's cradle, after its inventor, Commodore Porter (a little gentleman with an enormous cocked hat who is swaggering at, and as Mr. De Roos calls it, puzzling the Spaniards with a Mexican squadron). The Americans, it seems, have

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\* "There we saw a schooner building for the purpose of smuggling on the coasts of China. Every thing was sacrificed to swiftness, and I think she was the most lovely vessel I ever saw."—p. 38.

not had money enough to spend on dry docks, and they have adopted this expedient for examining the bottoms of vessels where there is little tide. The hauling up was easy, but the ground had given way under her stern, and the inclination had been altered, so that Mr. De Roos doubts very much whether she will ever be got down again. But this is a speculation. We will bet two to one she will. Besides, if she is not, it is no objection to the plan, (in which the mechanical enterprise of the Americans shines,) for the substratum may, in another instance, easily be made firm.

At the same place is a foundry of tanks, and a manufactory of blocks, the shells of which are made of several pieces bolted together. They are said to be stronger than those made by the boasted machinery at Portsmouth; and the operation, Mr. De Roos says, is "undoubtedly much less complicated." "The sheds," he says, "under which they build their ships, are not of an approved construction."—p. 18. Is Mr. De Roos aware how recently it is that ships were first built under sheds in England?

At Philadelphia he saw on the stocks, the *Pennsylvania*, a three-decker, which is said, by the Americans, to be the largest ship in the world; "but," says Mr. De Roos, "I believe her scantling to be nearly the same as that of our *Nelson*. There were not more than twenty people employed about her; but every thing was in readiness, so that at an emergency she could soon be launched. She has a round stern, and mounts 135 guns, including those on her gangways. There was also a round-sterned 60 gun frigate on the stocks. I was struck with the circumstance of her having a trough of rock-salt running fore and aft her keelson, and learned that this application was supposed to possess a chymical property of preserving the wood from decay."—p. 41. This is the thousand and second scheme against dry-rot and wet-rot. "The tanks intended for the frigate, formed a platform; the wing tanks being fitted to the side of the vessel." This is an improvement. It seems to be a plan with the Americans to allow their ships to continue on the stocks till wanted for service. They are probably enabled to preserve them much better in that state than in ordinary in their harbours. The plan would be worthy of consideration here; but in America, the necessity for it is more imperative; as the waters of many of the American harbours, and probably the rapid changes of temperature, are destructive to ships in ordinary.

The yard at New York is not much larger than that at Philadelphia. Mr. De Roos there saw a 60 gun frigate building; and went on board the *Boston*, a sloop of 20 guns. To avoid the weakness resulting from the break, which is always made (in England) in the after part of the lower decks of vessels of this description, in order to give greater accommodation to the officers, it was laid so as to form a plane inclining to the stern.

Another peculiarity of the American vessels is the flatness of their decks. The object of this is to prevent the ship's sides from being forced out by the flattening of an arched deck; and the result is, that the lee guns are more easily worked.

He here saw the *Ohio*, a two-decker, but with a poop and guns on her gangways, carrying 102 guns; in ordinary—not housed over.

A more splendid ship he never beheld; but, though built only seven years, rapidly falling to decay from want of common attention and care. The remark of Mr. De Roos on this subject is curious. "I afterwards learned that this vessel was an instance of the cunning, I will not call it wisdom, which frequently actuates the policy of the Americans. They fit out one of the finest specimens of their ship-building in a most complete and expensive style, commanded by their best officers, and manned with a war compliment of their choicest seamen. She proceeds to cruize in the Mediterranean, where she falls in with the fleets of the European powers, exhibits before them her magnificent equipment, displays her various perfections, and leaves them impressed with exaggerated notions of the maritime power of the country which sent her forth. She returns to port, having effected her object; and such is the parsimony of the marine department, that she is denied the common expences of repair."—p. 63. Repairing is difficult on account of the want of docks.

Here too Mr. De Roos saw the extreme difficulty the Americans experience in manning their navy; a large bounty is offered to seamen, but it does not procure a sufficient number; and a receiving ship is fitted up with masts and yards to drill landsmen. In the course of the day he was in the yard; only two men, one a landsman, had been procured, with which day's progress the officer was well satisfied, though a frigate and sloop were fitting for sea, and greatly in want of hands. The Fulton steam-frigate is considered a failure.

In his account of the yard at Boston, nothing is so remarkable, as that, in his short stay there, he was able to visit it at all. It is two miles from the city. It is large, nearly 100 acres. Two ships of 102 guns, finished, but not launched, were varnished over for the purpose of preventing decay.

The mode of building in all the dock-yards is uniform. The plan Mr. De Roos understood to be this: "On the model of every ship to be built, a committee is held, the draft determined on, and transmitted to the builders of the dock-yards; and as periodical inspections take place, no deviation from the model can occur. Their system of classification, and admirable adherence to approved models, have been attended by the most beneficial results; which are visible in the beauty and excellent qualities of the ships of the United States."

On the new system, the Americans divide their ships into five classes, viz.—three-deckers, two-deckers of 102 guns, frigates of 60 guns, corvettes of 22 guns, and schooners.

We have faithfully extracted all the facts possessing any novelty, or conveying any instruction, which Mr. De Roos derived from observation or local inquiry; for the official list of the American navy might have been gathered from newspapers, either English or American.

We certainly wish he had not been under so pressing a necessity for "pushing on;" and that he had possessed more knowledge, we mean more accurate mechanical knowledge, though he has had enough to admire and learn from the mechanical excellence of the Americans. The mechanical skill of England is superior to that of the continental nations of Europe; that of the Scotch is boasted of by the ancient nation, as superior to that of England; and that of the Americans, who are called by the Chinamen two-chop Scotch, is perhaps superior to either. What



it is that gave superiority to the mechanical skill of England, is not easily determined; but it is not to be wondered at, that in a country where the scarcity of labour continually stimulates man to inventions for economizing it, the mechanical genius of the English race has been carried to the highest pitch. If, as one of our friends has remarked, the smallness of the American navy makes it the less wonderful that it was excellently well manned; that very circumstance, and the newness and unexpensiveness of its establishments, makes it more remarkable, that its *matériel* and organization was so perfect. It is extremely creditable to the civil administration of their little navy. Besides, turn it as we will, it was remarkable, when we consider the advantages of organization, of habit, of confidence,—when we consider how few officers in the American navy could, at the breaking out of the last war, have ever been in an action, it was remarkable, we say, that they acquitted themselves as they did.

The general feeling of Mr. De Roos on seeing their first dock-yard, was that of disappointment—apparently from the want of attention to forms and appearances as well as essentials, which is to be found where there is a superabundance of wealth and labour. The sentry admitted him and his companion without difficulty: “He *guessed* we were at liberty to see any part of it we pleased.” There was no residence for any officer, except a house for the commissioner or captain; and great part of the area was unoccupied. But it must be recollected, that the Americans have six dock-yards for forty-six vessels. He remarked too, that at New York the fitting out of two ships created more confusion and disorder than would have been occasioned by the fitting out of twenty at Portsmouth; but the English navy is ten times as great as the American.

As Mr. De Roos, in his eight days and a quarter, has really seen more of the American navy than perhaps any Englishman who has written on the subject, his speculations on the question—Whether America can speedily become a great naval power?—are worthy of attention. The subject is one which an Englishman can scarcely approach in an equal temper of mind, without too much apprehension, or an overweening confidence, by which he seeks to dispel that apprehension.

Mr. De Roos quotes and adopts the arguments of a Mr. Haliburton, in a pamphlet, “which, he regrets to find, is at present confined to private circulation.” The argument is as follows:—

“It ought not to be taken for granted, as it unfortunately is by many, that America must inevitably become a great maritime power. Many predict that she will be so, because she possesses a great extent of coast, has the means of supporting an immense population, and abounds in rich productions, with which she can carry on an extensive foreign trade.

“It must be admitted, that a country so situated may become very powerful upon the ocean; and it is highly probable, that the navy of the United States will very soon be a valuable addition to the fleets of any of the European powers in future wars. But let it be recollected, that France and Spain possess all the advantages which have been enumerated, and yet their united naval force has ever been unable to overpower that of Great Britain. And to what is it owing that thirty millions of Frenchmen, aided by ten millions of Spaniards, are unable to equip and man fleets sufficiently powerful to destroy the navy of an island which does not possess half that population?

Principally to this ; that the inhabitants of the inland parts of France and Spain, which form so large a portion of their population, reside in a country which affords them the means of subsistence, without obliging them to seek it abroad ; and they are, therefore, indisposed to encounter the hardships of a seaman's life : whereas, Great Britain is every where surrounded by the ocean ; the most inland parts of the island being not very distant from the sea ; and as the productions of the soil would not support a very numerous population, a large portion of its people are compelled to seek their subsistence by engaging in the fisheries, or in the coasting and foreign trade ; and it is from this hardy and enterprising portion of her subjects, that Great Britain derives the means of establishing and maintaining her superiority upon the ocean.

" Now it is evident, that the United States of America, even now, resemble the countries of France and Spain in this particular more than Great Britain ; and as their people recede from the ocean, and plant themselves in the valleys beyond the Alleghany mountains, the resemblance will be still greater. By far the greater part of the inhabitants of those distant regions will live and die without ever having placed their feet upon the deck of a ship ; and will consequently add nothing to the maritime population of the country : the rich productions of their fertile valleys will find their way to New Orleans, and there provide abundant means of carrying on foreign trade : but the carriers of these productions to the foreign market will either be foreigners, or natives of the Atlantic states.

" It is to those states then that America must look to provide the seamen who are to man her navy ; and among those, New York and New England will stand pre-eminent. The southern states of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, it is true, carry on an extensive foreign trade ; but independent of their being destitute of any very commodious harbours for ships of war of the larger classes, their climate and the nature of their population equally unfit them to produce hardy and enterprising mariners. They have few, if any, vessels engaged in the fisheries ; and are therefore destitute of that first great nursery for seamen.

" The mercantile sea-ports to the southward of the Delaware, will doubtless produce a very respectable number of sailors at the commencement of a war ; but as it is notorious, that merchants usually navigate their vessels with the smallest number of hands, the employment of these men in the navy, in a country where the labouring classes cannot provide substitutes for them, will not only be productive of great inconvenience to the mercantile interest ; but will render it difficult, if not impracticable, for the American navy to procure further recruits from the southern states after it has made its first sweep from the ships of the merchants ; for surely those who are destined to wrest the sovereignty of the sea from Great Britain, will not be selected from the indolent slaves of the southern planters.

" I submit it then (continues Mr. Halliburton) to the consideration of those who will reflect seriously upon this subject, whether the maritime population of the United States of America must not be principally derived from New York and New England. - - - - - Let us then view their present situation, and consider whether there is much probability of their increasing the means they now possess of adding to the naval strength of their country.

" The states of New York and New England are now old settled countries. The population of the former may become more numerous in the back parts of the country, but an increase in that quarter will add but little to her maritime strength. But New England, and the south-eastern parts of New York, are already so fully peopled, that frequent emigrations take place from them to the inland states. Massachusetts does not, and I believe we may say, cannot, raise within herself bread to support her present population ; and therefore never can increase her numbers very rapidly ; while the western territory offers to her youth the tempting prospect of obtaining a livelihood in that rich country, upon easier terms than they can procure it within her limits. :

"Let it not then be deemed chimerical to say, that America has no immediate prospect of becoming a great naval power. - - - - - When those fertile valleys of the western territory are all fully occupied, and no longer hold out a temptation to the youth of the Atlantic states to remove thither, then they must follow the example of their ancestors in Great Britain; and if the soil of their native country will not yield them a subsistence, they must seek it from the sea which washes its shores. But that day, I think it will be admitted by all, is far distant," &c.—p. 76.

"Such (says Mr. De Roos) is the argument of Mr. Haliburton; to which I may be permitted to add, that so extensive is the line of sea coast of our own North American colonies, and so admirable a nursery do they afford for the rearing of seamen, that I am inclined to believe they would soon prove very powerful competitors with the United States upon the sea, even without the aid of the mother country. - - - - - The growing preponderance of the inland states, bids fair to oppose a powerful obstacle to such an occurrence (as war). So little importance did Mr. Jefferson attach to the maritime interests of the United States, that during his presidency he went the length of recommending the abandonment of the carrying trade, &c.

"Notwithstanding the foregoing remarks, the American maritime states persist in the notion, that as their merchant service is nearly as extensive as the British, so they could, upon a sudden emergency, man a naval armament with equal facility. Than this theory nothing can be more fallacious. Such is the nature of their trade, that their vessels, which are chiefly worked by foreign seamen, are scattered over the face of the globe, and are not available for immediate and unexpected demands. The government, destitute of the powers of impressment, and thrown upon its pecuniary resources, would be compelled to bid high in the market for hired assistance; and thus intrust to mercenary hands the protection of her coasts, and the honour of her flag."—p. 79.

There is in this joint argument some good sense, mixed with much that is childish, and some show of probabilities unfortunately contradicted by admitted facts.

Lieutenant De Roos adopts as an axiom from Mr. Haliburton, that no man goes to sea, who, without doing so, can get salt to his porridge; an axiom which we should have "guessed" he would have been led to doubt by his own experience; for not only is it probable, that he has some patrimony, but he is certainly a young man of decent abilities, very capable of gaining a livelihood in any less irksome profession. It is rather awkward of the lieutenant, after he has adopted Mr. Haliburton's argument, which proves, if it prove any thing, that no American will go to sea now an easy subsistence is open to him on the land, to admit the fact, that the American merchant service is nearly as extensive as the British; which proves, that some Americans do go to sea.

If the example of America shows that the absence of poverty does not prevent men from turning to maritime pursuits, the example of Ireland, a country of which every part is within a day's journey of the sea, is a proof that poverty alone will not make men sailors. The vessels registered in all the ports of Ireland in 1817, (the year we first turn to, and one is just like another,) amounted only to 1,204, and 64,693 tons, a twenty-fifth part probably of the amount of the American commercial navy, though the population of America was, to that of Ireland, scarcely as five to three.

If Mr. Haliburton asks why the Americans should be more dangerous naval enemies than thirty millions of Frenchmen, aided by ten millions of Spaniards, we answer, "because they are not Frenchmen

and Spaniards;" and because the fact is undoubted, that they have already a great commercial marine.

When Mr. Haliburton says, that the United States of America resemble the countries of France and Spain more than Great Britain, in the fancied necessity which he supposes drives men to sea, he is certainly mistaken. The working people of the United Kingdom, live probably in a greater state of affluence than those of France, certainly than that of Spain; yet it has a far larger navy in proportion to its population than either of those countries. The working population of America is better off than that part of our own people. Yet it has a still greater commercial navy in proportion to that population than the United Kingdom.

Whatever the cause may be, there is no fact more undoubted than this—of all the qualities which the North Americans have inherited from their English forefathers, no one is more strongly implanted in them, than maritime enterprise. They are co-partners with us in the trade, the piracy, the naval warfare of the world. While Lord Cochrane is fighting for the Greeks, Admiral Guise for the Peruvians, Captain Norton for the Brazilians against Admiral Brown, who is for the people of Buenos Ayres, Commodore Porter commands the squadron of Mexico, and his countrymen are swarming in Colombian privateers. The instance which came under Mr. De Roos's observation, of the schooner built at Baltimore, to smuggle on the coast of China, is an exemplification of the alertness of the Americans to seize, at whatever risk, the chances of gain which the most distant sea presents to them; not that the Jonathans who navigated the smuggler, might not obtain "the means of subsistence" at home, without violating the laws of the Celestial Empire, and the supposed law of human nature, which leads man above all things to dread a wet jacket.

In the season of 1818-19, according to the evidence before the Lords Committee on the trade with the East Indies and China (1821, Appendix F,) American ships imported into China to the value of 10,017,151 dollars, and exported 9,041,755 dollars. In the year 1825 there was employed, in the trade between this country and the United States, 37,852 tons of British, and 181,033 tons of American shipping.—4000 American vessels, and 50,000 American sailors, are employed yearly in the fisheries of Labrador and Newfoundland. "I suppose," says Mr. Uniacke, in his evidence before the Emigration Committee, (22d, March, 1826,) "that 40,000 American seamen are employed in the fishery; and I think we have not a third of that number. I am sure there are not more than 20,000 in the English fishery, taking all Newfoundland, and every thing else." This refers to the fisheries on the banks and shores of our own colonies; a fishery which the Americans carry on partly under permission, and partly in defiance of law, and in spite of hindrances.

We do not adduce these scattered facts as at all conclusive as to the prospects or comparative progress of the commercial marine of the two nations; but to show, by the activity and success of the Americans, in the most remote commerce, in the most laborious fishery, and in a case in which they are our rivals in the trade between their country and our own, how utterly unfounded is the idea, that

there is any thing in the favourable circumstances of their labouring population, likely to turn them from maritime occupations.

Mr. Haliburton seems to imagine, that the amount of population on the coast does not depend on the profitable occupation which they can find in commerce, but that the amount of commerce must depend on the population of the coast. It was an idea somewhat similar to this, which induced a projector to propose to Louis XIV. to multiply, God knows how many times, the revenue of his kingdom, by turning all the coast of France into sea-ports. If the cotton, the corn, the tobacco, the wood, which America can export, and the goods which her increasing population require for its consumption, be increased ten-fold, her maritime population will be increased in a similar ratio; and that not only without enlarging the surface of the maritime states, but without turning all those provinces into sea-ports. It is certainly a remarkable fact, showing clearly the determination of the people to maritime pursuits, that Massachusetts does not grow bread enough for its population. The same thing may be said of Maine. But this will not limit the population; for if Mr. De Roos inquire in Wapping, and Portsmouth Point, he will find that those districts supply a still smaller proportion of the grain which is needed for their resident and occasional population. The sea coast of America is supplied by the inland districts of America—(our own sea-ports are not unfrequently aided from the same source). The great agricultural districts are content to feed men who bring them foreign produce and manufactures, and will be content to feed a greater population of fishermen and sailors, as soon as they need more service of the same kind.

The difficulty which Mr. De Roos says was found in procuring sailors for the national navy at New York, in the spring of the year 1826, will startle those who remember the condition, at that time, of the merchant service in this country. If at that moment, in spite of the bounty offered, such a difficulty existed, it proves, that at a time when the commercial navy of England, and we may say of Europe, was suffering under unusual depression, the marine of America must have continued in a state of advancement. Mr. De Roos does not seem to have been aware of this inference; but it appears to us to be irresistible.

We have no doubt that the mercantile navy of America must increase. It has increased, and is increasing; and all the causes of its increase are still in operation; for though the measures lately adopted by Mr. Huskisson, are admirably contrived to turn a considerable portion of the lumber trade from the northern part of the states into the channel of the St. Lawrence, and into British shipping, the vast increase of the wealth and population of the United States, the bulkiness of its products, (of which its ships must remain almost exclusively the carriers, except as far as England and her colonies are concerned,) must more than counterbalance any possible diminution which she can apprehend from this cause. The increase of the mercantile marine of the United States is beyond a question; though we hope and believe, that that of England is destined, with the increase of its North American and Australian colonies, to receive also a considerable increase.

But a mercantile marine, though it has been hitherto, and is likely to continue to be, the source from which a fighting navy is recruited;

is not itself such a navy. At present, in comparison with our own, the American is insignificant enough. The whole number of American vessels of war, of all descriptions, built and building, is 46, (exclusive of those on the lakes, which are said to be in a state of decay,) 12 ships of the line, 15 frigates, and 19 sloops of war, &c. On the 1st of July, 1827, the royal navy of England consisted of 603 vessels, built or building; but as in this number are included a number of mere hulks, and ships much less advanced than the majority of those returned as "building" in America, our navy may be taken at ten times the *material* force of the American. But if we look at our force of *officers*, we are superior in a much greater ratio. The Americans have *no* admirals—we have 217. The Americans have 33 captains—we have 824; just 25 to 1, not reckoning a dozen or two superannuated ones. The Americans have 27 masters-commandants—we have 860. The Americans have 212 lieutenants—we have 3709. In surgeons, and surgeons'-mates, we beat them 20 to 1. The article of chaplains is the only one in which they can make a respectable stand against us. They have 10, while we only 37, on the "active list."

No doubt the great superiority in the number of our ships would give us an advantage, which at present the Americans could not hope to overcome; and the great number of our unemployed officers seems to add to our superiority. We could almost man a fleet equal to the Americans, with officers. The dead weight is in part the cause and in part the consequence of this enormous list of officers. The "dead weight," from which the Americans are free, is about equal to the whole expenditure of America, including the interest on the debt, and the sums paid towards its liquidation. When the debt disappears, which at the present rate of reduction in America must happen in a few years, there will be no payment made out of the public treasure in the United States, except for public service actually performed. From this circumstance, and the unexpensiveness of the internal administration, the financial power of the Republic, applicable to the creation of a navy, will be as great as its power of recruiting it; and we have no doubt that it will be able, without any violent exertion, to create a half-pay list, if it be disposed to do so. It must not be concluded, that because there are only 60 captains and commanders in the American navy, there are only 60 persons qualified to command ships. Nor must it be concluded, on the other hand, that because we have 1684 of the same class, that we have that number of persons to whom it would be expedient to entrust a command. Among our half-pay officers in the lower ranks, are a great number of active men in the prime of life, well acquainted with their profession, and still attached to it; but there are many long disused to naval affairs, who could not—others who have taken root in other professions, and who would not serve in another war. Of the higher ranks, it has already become a matter of complaint, that the majority are too old for service; and we are reduced to the alternative of perpetuating, or even increasing the burden of the "dead weight," or of allowing the list of officers to become a list of invalids. The Americans, on the other hand, burdened with no such incumbrance, would be able in war to encourage enterprise by rapid promotions of the better class of men from their merchant service. If the officers thus procured might not

be equal to the best who are trained in a ship of war, they would probably be as much more than equal to those who have been long languishing in inactivity, or in professions not maritime.

In fact, America has all the elements of a naval force, which only the necessity or the disposition to spend money enough is wanting, to call forth and embody. Abundance of mechanical ingenuity and skill in ship-building; abundance of maritime enterprise; a great and increasing and hardy maritime population; a vigorous and efficient naval administration; and, what is of great importance, a *pattern navy*, small, but excellent in its kind.

What Mr. De Roos calls the instance of the "cunning" which actuates the policy of the Americans, appears to us to be also not without its usefulness. The few ships which they send forth, are the finest specimens of ship-building; most completely, and even extensively fitted up; commanded by their best officers, and manned by the choicest seamen. They have thus a security that the ships upon the brunt of any sudden hostilities which may fall out, will not disgrace their national flag; they have a standard up to, or towards which, they must bring any additions to be made to their fleets; they have a school of discipline and reputation. This is certainly much more cunning—it appears to us quite as wise as a half-pay list of 1139 doctors and doctors'-mates, and a "dead weight" of 666 pursers.

"But (says Mr. De Roos) the American government has not the power of impressment, and would thus be obliged to bid high in the market for hired assistance; and thus intrust, to mercenary hands, the protection of her coasts, and the honour of her flag." The want of the power of impressment would be felt, if at all, in a contest with a government which possesses that power; and if this deficiency be attended with inconveniences, it surely has some compensating circumstances. On the breaking out of a sudden war, the demand for sailors being increased, and the supply of them on the sudden not augmented, the merchant service, or the national service, or both, must suffer inconvenience and difficulty, whether the power of impressment exist or not. But it is well known that one of the consequences of the power of impressment is, to lessen the number of sailors, by driving them, at the commencement of a war, to places of refuge; and, among other places of refuge, to foreign ships, where impressment is not dreaded. Thus, for instance, on the breaking out of a war between England and America, sailors would be driven in great numbers from our own merchant ships to those of the Americans; and thus, though the difficulties of the American national marine might still in some degree continue, yet the whole difference between the demand for sailors, and the supply, would be diminished; while in England it would be increased, though the burthen would be thrown from the shoulders of the public on those of the proprietors of merchant vessels.

What Mr. De Roos means by "mercenary hands," we do not exactly understand. If he suppose that men pressed, manacled, and flogged into the service, are necessarily better sailors than those who enter under the temptation of pay and bounty, we dispute his position; if he suppose that those mercenaries are necessarily foreigners, he is wrong; if he suppose that such of them as are foreigners, and chiefly Englishmen, will not fight well, he is also wrong; and the last

war shows it—in which the mercenary hands in the American ships fought as men ought to fight, who desire to gain prize-money on the one hand, and to avoid hanging on the other.

We do not wish at all to judge the question, whether the form of the American government (the merits of which are not to be decided by the affection which fugitives and outlaws from other countries bear towards it) be on the whole a good one; but there is no doubt that the facility which foreigners, and especially Englishmen, have of entering into the full enjoyment of the rights of citizenship, in a democratical republic, is to that republic a real source of power, and especially of maritime power; since the ties of sailors to their native land, are of necessity more liable to be severed than those of any other class of men.

It appears to us, therefore, that though on a sudden emergency, the want of the power of impressment might be felt by the United States; yet that the deficiency would be compensated, in a protracted struggle, by the influx of sailors flying from impressment, and by the encouragement which their institutions offer to the lower classes of society.

One great advantage of the United States too, is, that they have no foreign dependencies to defend. A force, which though small, would be perfect in its organization, and always enabled to act on the offensive, would very much annoy an enemy with extended and scattered possessions.

The soundest and most defensible part of Mr. De Roos's remarks, is that which questions the policy, on the part of the Americans, of sacrificing other objects to naval superiority. The strong stimulus of necessity must be always wanting with the Americans. They do not need a navy; they are unassailable by any foreign power; and if Great Britain imitate their wise toleration, she will have as little to fear with her twenty millions as they have with their ten, even if her wooden walls were weakened or destroyed.

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#### MADEIRA.

Rambles in Madeira and in Portugal, in the early Part of M.DCCC.XXVI. with an Appendix of Details, illustrative of the Health, Climate, Produce, and Civil History of the Island. London. C. and J. Rivington. 1827. 8vo.

We shall view this work in the quality of an invalid, and on the strength of the weakness of our lungs, we doubt not that we shall be able to look at it in a light which will be useful to a most interesting class of our country men and women—they of the large bright eye, the transparent skin, the enthusiastic spirit, the kindling soul, and, alas! the narrow chest. They who shoot out, blossom, pine, and die—they who attract all hearts, encourage every high expectation, and disappoint all hopes; in short, the *poitrinaires*—the inheritors of this country's curse. Madeira has long been considered as the best refuge of those who discover that they bear about them the fatal pulmonary taint, which only ceases its ravages with the cessation of life: many observations have been made upon its advantages and its contrary disadvantages; but in the course of our investigation into the subject, we have met with nothing so copious and satisfactory as the work before us.



The "Rambles" is manifestly written by an amiable and enlightened person, who has had the painful charge of a pulmonary patient—a friend or relative. Prior accounts have been chiefly given to the world by persons who visited the place with a ship calling there, and whose stay could only afford them very imperfect information. The author truly observes, that almost every traveller who has crossed the tropics, opens his quarto with some short notice of Madeira in passing; but none of these will afford the reader any very distinct notion of the climate or scenery, or the manners of the place. Mr. Bowdich's work is almost wholly scientific, and is not to be regarded as an exception; and the sketch of the island by Mr. Coleridge, in his *Six Months in the West Indies*, we have already shown (No. 26, February, 1827) to be full of delusion.

We shall class the information we can collect under three heads; the first is the medical division, comprising the advantages of the climate to a person labouring under pulmonary disease; secondly, the financial part, or the domestic accommodations and their cost, together with the facilities of locomotion to such person; thirdly, the social branch, which shall treat of the description of intercourse, the nature of society, and the recreation and amusement afforded by the character of the country and its productions.

I.—Comparatively speaking, there is no winter in Madeira; but the chief characteristic of the climate is the mitigation of the summer heat, which, except in particular situations, hardly exceeds that of an ordinary hot season in England. The uniformity of temperature is always considered by physicians as the most essential quality of climate, looked at with a view to the relief of phthisical malady.\* At Madeira the difference of the summer and winter temperature is unusually small, ranging commonly from 60 to 70 degrees of Fahrenheit, and, in the greatest extremes, seldom sinking or rising more than five degrees below or above that medium. The night is warm and generally delicious; there are, however, evenings which are there termed cold. These are described to be such as we constantly experience during our summer, and when, to use the expression of the Rambler, a fire is not unacceptable. The rains are violent, and approach to those visitations of water which only occur in tropical climates; but they are also periodical and circumscribed, and never lingering or teasing. Of the piercing winds, which are met with more or less all over the continent, there are none. Throughout almost the whole of the summer, the "trades," and land and sea breezes prevail, which serve to attemper the heat delightfully with a pure current of air. The precipitous streets of Funchal, and its neighbouring coasts, and it is of these only we speak, are always shady, cool, and clean; a streamlet flows through the middle of most of the streets. It boasts, says a writer of an article in the Appendix to this work, the anomaly of a city without smoke or dust, and with all the advantages of a sea-side village. Of a wind which prevails at Madeira, and is considered noxious by the inhabitants, the author thus speaks:—

"March 1.—They have here a wind called the *leste*, which, as its name implies, comes from the east, although all east winds are by no means *lestes*.

\* See the instructive Dialogue on Climate, placed at the end of the Guide to Mount's Bay and Land's End, by a Physician. This useful little work is attributed to Dr. Paris.

It is, I believe, of much the same kind with the sirocco of the Levant; of a hot, close, drying nature, particularly oppressive to some constitutions, whom it affects by languor, head-ache, and a parching of the skin and lips. What is remarkable, they are the residents whom it most disorders in this way. Visitors in general suffer much less, and the invalids are never so well as while it lasts. There has been something of this sirocco in the air for a day or two past, and I have found it far from disagreeable. The air is hot, but not to me at all oppressive; and in other respects the weather is lovely; for a very peculiar clearness and cloudlessness in the atmosphere are among the invariable indications of leste."—p. 96.

And again:—

"April 5.—I set off early, and alone, on an expedition to walk down the Socorridos Valley from the Curral. The day was leste—of that perfect beauty and delightfulness which leste alone can bestow; and of which, indeed, no other weather which I have ever experienced has given me the notion. The sky of a deep bright blue—so stainless one might fancy it had never been sullied by a cloud since the creation; with a transparency in the atmosphere, which, like the effect of moisture, seemed to bring out fresh hues from every object.

"The air was warm, and even hot, yet with nothing of oppressiveness in the temperature—on the contrary, it seemed rather to brace the nerves and exhilarate the spirits; thus sensibly heightening that kind of intoxication with which the eyes drank in the glowing colours of sky, and sea, and mountains.

"The country looked very lovely. The vines are already in nearly full leaf; the corn fields in their freshest green; in the orchards the figs and peaches seemed almost to have attained their full size."—pp. 119, 120.

We learn more of the character of the climate from the following pleasant extract, which speaks of the absence of that sudden change from winter to spring, which in more ungenial climes fills all animated nature with delight. The force of contrast is a source of joy which all the framers of imaginary bliss forget to enumerate.

"April 3.—We have lately had some days of violent rain; and the weather has not as yet settled into that genial warmth and sunshine, which at Madeira commonly makes a fine day a matter of course. Our garden, however, is always beautiful; and at this season, every morning reveals to me some fair shrub or flower, which I had never known before, (or, if at all, only as the denizen of an English conservatory or hot-house,) putting forth its leaves or its blossoms to the sun. The Judas trees, with their swarm of pink butterfly blossoms, are particularly conspicuous. The selandria (*grandiflora*) too is beginning to develope its large white bells, but they are neither in shape nor hue so elegant as those of the datura; this last I am glad to see has not yet exhausted her stores. Some of the passion-flowers at present in bloom are very exquisite; especially one of the scarlet kind—the flowers of which, wreathed in the dark hair of a young Madeirense, forms one of the most effective coronals I have seen.

"You are not, however, sensible here of that change, either in the air or in the face of things, which makes spring so delightful in England,

—When April starts, and wakes around  
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,  
And lightly o'er the living scene  
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green."

There is hardly any sense of this delightful vicissitude at Madeira: the year is one summer, with comparatively little alteration either of temperature or hue! and I have not as yet made up my mind which system of seasons I should prefer. We have had a profusion of flowers all the winter; indeed the tribe of roses has never been in such full and general glow as soon after we arrived in January: the trees then, too, were laden with guavas, and

oranges, and custard-apples, which now only give in their flower the promise of another crop next autumn. There are still bananas, however, which, I believe, last all the year; and oranges we get from the north: as for the others, their loss to me is more than compensated by the quantity of wild strawberries which they are now beginning to bring down by baskets full from the mountains, and which form a delicious addition to the breakfast table.

"Some improvement, nevertheless, in the face of the country, the spring works even here. The vines are now beginning to push their leaves, and the corn fields to look green; which gives to the lower slopes of the mountain an aspect of verdure, which at other times, perhaps, they too much betray the want of. There is little or no change observable in the woods and hedges: few or none of the indigenous trees and bushes are deciduous. Of exotics, the chesnut is the only one seen in considerable quantities, and the plantations of that are very partial."

"I do not know that the native Flora has much improved since we came; the little peasant girls have for some time ceased their morning tribute of violets from the hills."—pp. 112—115.

The author arrived in winter, it must be observed, about the latter end of December. The temperature of the climate is surely indicated by its plants, and the author of *Philosophy in Sport* might, if he chose, make out a thermometer in the Temple of Flora as well as a chronometer. In the Appendix to the *Rambles* is a very useful register of the weather, heat, rain, wind, &c. during four months of the year 1825. The mean temperature of Funchal seems to be about 65°. The difference between the mean temperature of February and August, which may be considered the extremes of heat and cold, averages 10°. In the register for four months, from February to May exclusive, the greatest variation in the course of the twenty-four hours is 14°.

In cases of confirmed *phthisis pulmonalis* there is but too much reason to think, that no climate\* can arrest the progress of disease.

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\* The following passages from Mier's *Travels in Chile and La Plata* point out the climate at Mendoza, a town in the Pampa plains on this side the Andes, as well deserving the attention of persons interested in ascertaining the most salubrious spot for residence in cases of pulmonary affection:—

"We spent the evening with Doctor Colesberry, a physician from the United States of North America, who had left his country, labouring under a severe pulmonary affection, from which he had entirely recovered in the genial clime of Mendoza. . . . Doctor Colesberry described the climate of Mendoza as exceedingly salubrious, especially in cases of pulmonary affection, instances of which had come under his observation, and which have since been confirmed by others. Dr. Gillies, a Scotch physician of great ability, now resident in Mendoza, has afforded a no less remarkable instance of the efficacy of this climate; he was obliged to leave his native country from a pulmonary affection, from which he was quickly relieved by the air of Mendoza."—Vol. i. p. 153.

"The climate of Mendoza is one of the finest in the world: this is more especially evinced in its efficacy in pulmonary complaints. Doctor Gillies, an English physician, who has been four years resident in this town, describes the climate in this respect as superior to any other: he was compelled to leave England from a severe pulmonary affection, which had gone to such an extent, that his friends scarcely expected he would ever reach the shores of South America alive. I have already quoted Dr. Colesberry as another instance; and am besides personally acquainted with four other persons, who have experienced similar benefits."—p. 226.

Captain Head, in his *Rough Notes*, gives a very remarkable account of the dryness of this atmosphere: decomposition of dead animal substances takes place with such extreme slowness, that Captain Head determined to ascertain whether a horse found lying in the road, and which had been dead some days, was so in reality. We are glad to learn that Dr. Gillies intends to publish his observations on the climate of Mendoza. It is to be lamented that the general ignorance of the nature of disease is such that reports of most travellers are only calculated to mislead.

But in those stages of the disorder termed *incipient phthisis*, the effects of climate are allowed to be beneficial in some instances in avoiding the disorder, in others of postponing its ravages. In these cases there seems little doubt that, on the whole, Madeira holds out advantages which are not to be met with combined elsewhere. From a communication made to the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* by Dr. Renton, a practitioner in the island, it appears that during the last eight years, up to 1826, he has had thirty-five cases of incipient phthisis, of whom twenty-six returned much improved in health, and of whom the Doctor still continues to receive favourable accounts; of five he has not heard, and four have since died. The general character of these patients is described by Dr. Renton to be young people, who are said to have "overgrown" themselves; and who had been subject in England to inflammatory attacks, having cough, &c.; others had suffered from neglected or mistreated inflammation; and in many, there was a strong family predisposition to pulmonary disease. "Most of them," he adds, "I have little doubt would have been in their graves, but for the precautionary measure which was adopted."

Dr. Heineken, the author of a paper in the Appendix, recommends a residence in Madeira, as a *preventive* alone, where symptoms of consumption have shown themselves: in such cases he thinks it would be well worth the sacrifice of a winter or two in Madeira—in the most *incipient* stages of disease *several* ought to be passed here; that in that stage, which in the profession goes under the name of "*incipient phthisis*," nothing short of the residence of some years (the winter in the town and the summer in the country) can be of any permanent avail; that in the more advanced stages, the sufferer must submit to total expatriation, and that only with the hope of prolonging life; and that in the still more advanced steps of the malady, he will be as well, or perhaps much better, in his own home, and surrounded by his friends.

Some further general information, which falls under this head, may be collected from the following passage:—

"Although thus in the enjoyment of an almost continual spring, the island is singularly free from the annoyances and inconveniences that so commonly infest warm climates; and which go far, in fact, to overbalance all the luxury derivable from the temperature itself. There are here no periodical fevers; and, what is more remarkable, no snakes or noxious reptiles of any kind; nor scarcely even a gnat. Mosquito curtains—light defences! the bare mention of which consoles us for so much of what is ungenial in our own atmosphere—are altogether unknown."

"It is another pleasant circumstance† at Madeira, though of course not

\* "The place indeed seems unusually poor in animal life; I saw very few birds, though the green canary and turtinigo are common. This last has a low, rich, sweet note, with a song much resembling that of the nightingale, but considerably inferior in compass and power. There is game in the mountains; woodcocks, snipes, quails, and red-legged partridges; but it is scarce—Mr. Carvalhal has in vain endeavoured to naturalize the hare. You sometimes see a large vulture—the manto—balancing himself over the wilderness. Rats and mice are abundant; they could scarcely fail to find their way in so many ships: they are often very destructive to the grapes. The lizard, too, in the lower and warmer parts, is seen sunning himself on every rock."

† "And I may add yet another—the abundance and excellence of the water—a circumstance particularly grateful in warm climates, though not so commonly met in them. Springs are found every where, and copious; even the streams at the bottom

so peculiar, that throughout the year, the days do not materially differ in length; perhaps not three hours in the whole. The sun, I believe, never sets much before six, nor long after seven. This equal division seems very much preferable to the system that prevails in our latitude. One would never desire to have darkness before dinner, nor day-light after.

"The heat of the day begins to decline early in the afternoon; at a time which is commonly the hottest in England. There is little or no twilight. In fine weather the sun in setting often leaves a rich purple glow over the face of things; but within half an hour after all is dark. One misses, therefore, the charm of evening—so much the most grateful season of the summer day with us.

"The nights are dry and warm; varying (and it is a further peculiarity of the climate) comparatively little in their temperature from that of the day. When between the island of Madeira and Africa," says Humboldt, "we were never weary of admiring the beauty of the nights; nothing can be compared to the transparency and serenity of an African sky. I do not know that I was quite sensible of this difference: the stars, however, are very brilliant: Venus, they say, casts a shadow—in the morning, I suppose, when her light is strongest.

"Although the weather is never properly cold, in the sense in which we understand the word in England, yet, during the winter, there is often a chill and damp in the air, which would make a fire not disagreeable. None of the town-houses, however, have fire-places; with the exception of those of one or two of the English merchants, who have brought their English habits with them; nor, in general, is their construction or furnishing well adapted for cold weather. Among the Portuguese neither carpets nor curtains are usual.

"What has been said must be understood as applying to the town of Funchal, and the coasts in its immediate neighbourhood, which is very much the warmest part of the island. I observed that in the gardens within, or immediately adjoining to the town, the deciduous trees, such as the chestnut and plane, and even the vine, often preserve their leaf, though somewhat withered, throughout the winter. You are sensible of a difference in this respect almost immediately upon leaving Funchal—a circumstance that forms another happiness of the place, as it enables you, with a very slight expense of locomotion, to attemper your atmosphere exactly according to the season. In the summer every one flies from the town, to the comparative coolness of the neighbouring mountains. In ascending these the thermometer varies at every hundred yards; and by crossing their summits to the north, you come into a different climate altogether; combining all the shade and coolness and freshness so peculiarly grateful at that season. As you ascend, however, the air, thought cooler, becomes more damp; the quintas at the mount are frequently involved in mist, while all is sunshine in the city below."—pp. 149—152.

II.—There is no difficulty in getting to Madeira; but it is not so easy to get away. Almost every vessel going south of the Line makes the island, and not a few touch there; so that besides the monthly packet to Falmouth, there are seldom wanting opportunities of conveyance from the principal ports of the United Kingdom. Moreover, the wind is commonly favourable; and it is not unusual to arrive after a week's voyage from Falmouth, and ten days from the Thames. But the packet which goes on to the Brazils does not return by the same course. The island also lies altogether out of the track of the homeward-bound vessels from a voyage south of the tropics.

of the ravines, fed by the mountain mists, are never dry in the hottest season; and the height from which they descend enables the inhabitants to divert the course of the water at any elevation, or in any direction: the whole cultivated region, therefore, is irrigated on all sides by these levadas."

The sole means of returning, therefore, are the vessels that trade directly with the island; and these are not numerous; as a great part of the wine is shipped in East Indian and other ships bound on ulterior voyages.—See Appendix, No. I. p. 305.

There are four English boarding-houses in Funchal, the terms of which average from a dollar and half to two dollars a day for each person; with of course separate sleeping rooms, but a sitting and dining room in common: private sitting rooms may be had for a proportionate increase of payment; but in one only, it is said, can apartments and meals be had distinct from the general establishment. Single individuals or families of two to three persons may, at any of these, be sufficiently accommodated. Larger families may procure furnished houses at the rate of about two to four guineas a week. *Apartments*, either with or without furniture, cannot be had; and there is no such thing as boarding and lodging with a family. From the great hospitality of several of the resident English, it is not a very unusual thing for individuals to remain during the winter guests in a merchant's house, and then they enjoy most of their country's comforts and conveniences.—(Vide Appendix, No. II. p. 340.)

The expenses of living do not appear to differ very much from those of a residence in London. With the exception of meat and wine, almost every article of ordinary use and consumption is carried from England, and cannot generally be cheaper than we have them here. House-rent is not particularly low; being in general about ten pounds a month, the term being never less than six. The meat in general is good, particularly the beef. Fish is abundant, and in great variety. Poultry is plentiful, and turkeys peculiarly large and fine. The only material deficiency in these matters is the scarcity of fresh butter. Wine of course is both cheap and good.

There is not a wheel-carriage in the island, and those therefore who cannot afford to keep one, are saved the mortification of showing it.

III.—The social enjoyments of Madeira are considerable: the English merchants live in a state of much luxury, and are famous for their hospitality. Besides which, the resort of invalids, labouring under a malady that rather increases than diminishes the appetite for social pleasure, produces a large migratory company of individuals that have nothing to do but to amuse themselves. Public amusements or spectacles there are none—the Portuguese are a house-keeping and retired people; parties are not frequent. But the constant influx of strangers from the vessels in the port keeps up a regular series of dinner entertainments in the houses of the English merchants. The following extract describes the mode of life common in this class, and speaks of some of the productions of the island.

“There is a large circle of our countrymen residents here,—so large, indeed, as to make them quite independent; in respect to society, of the Portuguese; and accordingly the two races do not seem much to mix together. The English are thus at liberty to preserve all their old ways and habits, which, for the most part, they do most religiously; and a stranger is at first rather disappointed in finding so little of novelty in the social habits and forms of the place. We breakfast, lunch, dine, and drink tea, precisely in the same manner, and at the same hours, that we did in England. I have not yet seen a dish that could be called foreign; and every article of

dress, or furniture, or utensil of domestic economy, is, without exception, of English manufacture.

"The fruits of the desert alone remind us of our latitude. Nearly all the productions of the tropics are cultivated here with great success; and the guavas, citrons, bananas, and custard-apples, are even considered as superior to those of the West Indies. It is commonly the case, indeed, that fruits of all kinds are improved by being grown in a climate that renders some degree of care or attention necessary for their production. Thus the pine-apple here is decidedly inferior to those we have in England. Oranges, of course, are abundant, but they are not, in general, of the finest sort. Those of St. Michael's and Lisbon are superior; chiefly, I suppose, because being an article of commerce in those places, more attention is paid to the cultivation of the tree. At Madeira the vine absorbs every consideration.

"The vegetables are the same as in England, and generally of much the same quality. We are now (Jan. 4) revelling in green peas and French beans, a luxury that would strike us rather, were the season more marked by its European attributes; it really requires an effort of the mind to remember that it is winter. The same garden which gives us our dessert, supplies the coffee which closes it. The tree succeeds here perfectly, and the produce is of the finest kind; but till lately it has been grown only for curiosity or ornament.

"Jan. 5. Dined out with a large party; all men, including a good many Portuguese from among the first in rank or in office in the island. The dinner was very sumptuous, but quite *à l'Anglaise*. What I fear must be considered as English too, is the series of toasts, each drank with three times three, as they call it, and followed by an appropriate speech of thanks, which literally occupied the whole evening after. In England, however, this foolery is confined to a public dinner at a tavern; it is wearisome enough there; but introduced into private society, it is really intolerable."—pp. 20—22.

One of the most rational and the most healthy recreations, for those who have strength to bear the fatigue, is to ramble over the island, like our author, in search of the picturesque. Madeira affords numerous points of magnificent beauty, which are well worth examination. These excursions are chiefly performed on ponies; each pony being attended by a boy called *burroquero*: they are a race of hardy intelligent young fellows, who find no difficult in keeping up with their charge on foot, in the longest and most arduous expeditions, with no other assistance than an occasional hold by the tail of their pony while galloping up a steep ascent. That the roads alone are not deficient in beauty, may be seen from this pretty description of the road from Funchal to Mount Church:—

"We took a ride towards the Mount Church by the direct road. It is steep, paved throughout, and for the greater part of the way runs between the high walls of the Quintas and terraces which through this ascent to the mountains—and yet the effect is far from unpleasing. The walls are almost invariably crowned by ranges of low square pillars, that support the arches and trellices of the vine-corridors; the geranium and fuchsia, and a variety of beautiful flowering shrubs from the gardens within, surmount the fence, and bush out their exuberance of flowers down to our reach; the creeping plants, it may be believed, are still greater truants—while from the holes in the wall, intended to give passage for the moisture from the terraced earth, a number of pretty flowering weeds take root, and hang down their green tresses with very graceful effect. Each garden, moreover, has its summer-house, or belvedere, overlooking the road: they are often of a very pretty construction; and the sound of your horses feet has not uncommonly the

effect of inducing some dark-eyed tenant of its shelter to look through the lattice."—pp. 23, 24.

This little specimen may give the reader a taste for the author's descriptions of more remarkable scenery. We shall satisfy his curiosity by quoting a few entries from the diary of a part of the month of March, devoted to excursions. We purposely avoid the more elaborate description of the Curral, as it is a kind of show scene to which all visitors are taken, and of which many speak.

"*March 7.*—A beautiful day, which I devoted to the exploration of the Ribeiros Frio and Meyometade. It was a pure *leste*, but I set off early in the morning, in order to pass the mountains betimes, and thus spent the whole heat of the day in the forest.

"The Ribeiros Frio—as before, the scene at the bridge particularly struck me. Nothing can be imagined more lovely, or more complete in its own character of shade, and freshness, and seclusion. The descent of the bed of the stream is very rapid—yet it does not, as is usual with such, hurry down in incessant quarrel with its obstructions, but falls over the masses of rocks that at every few yards bar its course, and collects below in a beautiful glassy pool—then falls again—and again, as it were, reposes awhile in clearness and quiet—thus forming a succession of cascades and lakelets, each of which, from the happiness of surrounding circumstances, would in itself compose a perfect picture. The banks consist of masses of smooth mossy rock, richly hung with underwood, from the midst of which spring the finest *lilis* and *vinhaticos*, over-canopying the glaid and its naiad, with their unperied shade.

"I explored the stream for some way above and below—it preserves throughout the same character in its course, which is always very beautiful; but I think nowhere with so happy a disposition of accident as at the bridge.

"The ravine, or rather the valley of the Meyometade, is of a very different character, but as perfect in its way.\* The mountains above were to-day quite unclouded. These are the mightiest of the island—Arieros—the Torrinhas—Ruivo—with their peers; and they do not here, as at the head of the Curral, present a bare wall of cliff to the valley, but each peak severally descends to it by a distinct ridge of mountain rock, clothed on both sides with the thickest wood, and inclosing between a deep ravine, that looks as if cut into the entrails of the parent mass. There are, I think, some half dozen of these chasms; all of which seem, as it were, to bring the tribute of their gloom and their precipice—their woods and their torrents—to aggravate the wilderness, and blacken the night of the abyss below—which is of immense depth—the sides almost precipitous, but not so as to be incompatible with the growth of the finest forest trees, that shoot up from the steeps in the full throng and rankness of primæval nature. I rambled in the direction of the head of the valley, and then clambered down its

\* Hairy sides

‘ With forest overgrown, grotesque, and wild,’

till the increasing precipitousness of the descent made it prudent to stop. There was a clump, or rather bunch of *vinhaticos* of enormous size, and all shooting like so many suckers from the same stem—literally giving out—“*uno ingentem de cespite sylvam.*” Here I staid my descent, and leaning from between the trunks of this giant weed, contented myself with watching awhile the blue torrent foaming beneath me. The mountains on each side descend to its bed—no strip of cultivation intervenes—a woodman's hut scattered here and there, I thought rather heightened than disturbed the

\* See “Views in the Madeiras.” [The “Rambles” were originally written in illustration of this work, with which we have not yet met; we may be tempted to extend our notice to the plates.—Ed.]



desert grandeur of the scene: so slight a trace of man seemed to remind you the more strongly of the absence of his power, and marked how little the native genius of the spot had been profaned by its intrusion.

"Returning to the Ribeiro Frio, I took my dinner of sandwiches, on an isle of rock, in the midst of the stream; cooling my wine in its unsunned lymph. It was nearly dark before I got home.

"March, 11.—These mountain excursions are pleasant enough, but they require a whole day for the expedition, and are practicable only in a favourable state of the atmosphere. For some time past the summits have been commonly covered. It must be confessed that the island is not favourable for taking much exercise; walking beyond the town is out of the question; and independently of the gratification of any taste you may have for natural scenery, there is no great temptation to ride. All the roads ascend immediately and steeply from the town, except those to the west, which, however, are far from affording the most interesting part of the environs; and they are nearly all paved; so that I can fancy that having once fairly familiarized myself with all the sights in the neighbourhood, the mere gratification of riding would not often tempt me to mount my horse. This is one of the most considerable drawbacks that occur to me upon the pleasure of living here.

"For short rambles almost the only resource is, the shore. The coast in the neighbourhood of Funchal, and generally on the south of the island, (with the exception indeed of the headland of Cab Giram) is not comparable in boldness of character to that on the north; but it is nevertheless often very fine in itself, particularly that lying east of the little Ribeiro de St. Conçalo. A pathway, very practicable for footmen, commonly leads along the base of the cliff; and I have never yet exhausted the pleasure which I find in wandering among these rocks."—pp. 101—105.

We have thus collected, under the three heads we proposed, much of the necessary information respecting this island, which, although it will be far from satisfying the inquiries of the emigrating invalid, will direct his search for further instruction. One half of the volume relates to Portugal. It affords the other side of the picture given by Mrs. Baillie in her little work on the same country: her remarks were unfortunately always written with a bad odour under her nose, and a nasty sight before her eyes. The present author, on the contrary, is willing to be pleased; and understands that there are other modes of being comfortable besides the truly British. He is an admirer of beauty; and the numerous passages in his book which discuss, describe, or discriminate the diverse kinds of loveliness in women, prove the susceptibility of his feelings. Thus writes the youth concerning the women of Portugal:—

"The balconies of the Lisbon streets form the most attractive circumstance about them. In the first place, when neatly painted, they add much to the effect of the buildings—then they are often filled with flower-pots—*cravos de janella*, a very large kind of carnation, are at present the favourites—and still more frequently with *donnas*, who unmask their beauties to our gaze, unobstructed by any of those *zelosias* of which we read in the old Spanish novels. The women are really often very pretty; of the young I think the look is commonly pleasing—at any rate it cannot be dissembled, that they form an indisputable improvement upon the Madeirenses, and it would be paying these last too bad a compliment, to suppose that the recollection of them constituted all the charms of their fair sisters of the continent. The faces of the Lisbonians are not so round nor so full—characters that suit any part of the person rather than the face—their features, though small, are of a more delicate chiselling—their complexions decidedly finer: now and

then, indeed, we have seen the most beautiful skins, exquisitely clear, and smooth, with the slightest and most delicate tinge of carnation on the cheek that one can fancy. The red and white of an English complexion is not unfrequently apt to border a little upon *fadeur*. This, at least, is not the fault of a Lisbon *belle*, whose skin when fairest has a warmth of tone the farthest possible remote from insipidity; and when shaded by thick black curls, and animated by eyes—not so large and full perhaps as those we had left at Madeira—but of a longer shape, shadowed by a richer fall of lash, and, partly perhaps from that circumstance, more soft and intelligent in their expression—I have sometimes been for the moment half-shaken in my allegiance to the rightful supremacy of English beauty. Their forms, too, have little of the Madeira *embonpoint*, though in general, while young, they avoid the other and perhaps worse extreme. But they are seldom tall, and except the *infantas*, we have seen but few instances among them of what we should call fine figure or commanding air. Their feet, we are assured, are often very beautiful, and that they set much by the advantage, sparing no pains or expense in the due ordering of their *chaussure*. The very sedentary habits of their lives may with them, as with the Chinese, assist in cherishing this distinction—though even among the lower orders we observed many instances of its occurrence.\*

“With respect to the *donnas*, it must be confessed, we have had few opportunities of verifying this important fact of the *asciutto, breve e ritondetto pede*. We seldom see them except leaning from their balcony, or kneeling at mass. The same circumstance has, of course, rather limited our means of judging of them in one or two other respects. In general I fancy I perceive something studiously feminine in their air and expression; in that respect reminding us a good deal of the French, with whom, we know, this sort of personation is the great secret of female attraction. A French woman never for a moment suffers one to forget her sex; evincing thereby her usual depth in the principles of coquetry; for it is certain that we love, or rather perhaps fall in love, with women, not for the qualities which they have in common with us; or even which are abstractedly good in themselves, as much as for those which are appropriately and peculiarly feminine. There is less of this sort of consciousness betrayed in the manner of Englishwomen than of any others—a distinction for which, no doubt, they are indebted to the greater simplicity of their education—assisted a little, perhaps, by the genius of our language, which is the only one in Europe that does not incessantly indicate the sex or the person speaking, or to whom you speak. Another peculiarity in which the Lisbon women also resemble the French, is the marked demureness, and even seriousness of countenance, which all classes of them invariably preserve in the street. Meeting them in this way, you never by any chance catch their eye—a kind of reserve which, it must be allowed, that they abundantly make up for when in their balconies.”—p. 278—281.

It is well that the writer of the following passage was spending the last day of his stay at Lisbon, when he fell in with the dangerous subjects of it: his friends should take care, that before he sets sail again, he provides himself with a permanent protection against such temptations:—

“Almost the last day of our stay in Lisbon, I met with two exquisitely pretty women. One was in the balcony of a large house near the Pateo das Chagas, and struck me as the very ideal of a Spanish beauty. Tall; her

\* “I have little to say of the appearance of the men. The peasantry seem as stout and hearty as those of other countries; but the Lisbonians themselves are rather an under-sized race; and, contrary to what is the case with us, the lower orders are in general better built and better looking than the higher. It must be admitted that these last do too often abuse that ‘privilege to be ugly,’ which, however, it is a great consolation to know, is among the most undoubted and undisputed of the rights of man.”

figure rather slight, but of uncommon elegance of make and mien; small and delicately formed features; a complexion clear, though pale; long dark eyes of a soft and languid expression, though there was something almost of disdain in the curve of her little lip. Her head was most beautiful both in shape and air, and she had the true donna-like carriage of it. The other was in the Botanic Garden; she was of a fuller make; with more colour in the cheek; more animation in the eye; more sweetness and play of expression in the countenance; but lovely as she was, she has scarcely made so vivid an impression on my memory as the vision of the balcony.

"Every body, I suppose, in travelling, has felt the charm of the apparitions of grace and beauty, which in this way flit across our path, and the sort of irritating recollection which they leave behind. The very mystery that attends these beings, 'whose course or home we know not, nor shall know,' lends them half their interest."—p. 248.

Adieu! gentle youth. In gratitude for the pleasure of thy agreeable company, the worst wish we send you is, that none of these mysterious and interesting apparitions, may ever lead thee out of the right path; that these irritating recollections may be all smoothed down in good time, by some gentle reality, whose "grace and beauty" shall stand the test of a nearer examination than that to which youthful fancy subjects the visions that shine from a balcony, or twinkle behind a lattice.

#### HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS: THIRD SERIES.

High-Ways and By-Ways; or, Tales of the Roadside, picked up in the French Provinces. By a Walking Gentleman. Third Series. In three Volumes. London. Colburn. 1827.

HERE we have the Walking Gentleman again, with his dog Ranger and his izards. His dog Ranger and his izards are as afflictively tiresome as ever; but the author has much improved since last we met him in his High-Ways and By-Ways. The two tales which we have read, the Cagot Hut and the Conscript's Bride (we skipped the third, hearing that it was comic, and having a dismal dread of Mr. Grattan's humour), though abounding in monstrous faults, are nevertheless agreeable compositions—pleasant in sentiment—but absurd in story. The author's success is in the detail—his failure in the scheme of his tales. Of nature, in the large sense of the word, he does not seem to have the slightest idea; but he appears familiarly acquainted with her in some of her minutest forms. Accordingly, under a general plot, which is an outrage against all verisimilitude, he gives certain small strokes of character which are of a graceful truth. He can fill up some of the parts of monstrous outline with very pretty effect. He is among writers what a flower painter commonly is among painters; he can execute a leaf or a petal with exactitude, and while he is on a stem he is equal to his task; but let him venture on the woods, streams, and mountains, and he throws all nature into confusion. There is nothing approaching to a likeness of any thing in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, in the general view; if, however, we look closely at the picture, we perceive that some of the leaves and sprigs are described with considerable truth and delicacy.

So on a Chinese plate, which fairly sets all proportions at defiance, we may observe a lily-of-the-valley about the bigness of an oak, executed with no mean skill. Mr. Grattan works with about as much regard to the relations of things, and the ordinary phenomena of the universe, as the Chinese artist. Nevertheless his colouring is often agreeable, and he is, as we have before intimated, occasionally happy in parts.

The scene of the first tale is laid among the Cagots, a despised tribe inhabiting the Pyrenees, whose wens invite the particular attention of the sentimentalist. He takes occasion to fall sick at one of their huts, and amuses himself with imagining the concealed wen of a young lady, who has no wen at all, as it turns out in the denouement. In this abode he plays Paul Pry to the life; listens and marvels, and puts two and two together, and conjectures, and guesses, and surmises, touching all the tumours and doings of the family. He sees a battle between the Army of the Faith, and the Constitutionalists, in which there is this original incident—that when the first throw in a volley of small arms, the latter return the compliment with a peal of laughter, which extremely wounds the feelings of the enemy.\* The whole ends with the assassination of a hero and the despair of a heroine. The back history of the plot, commencing after the catastrophe, is clumsy, and to the last degree uninteresting.

The Conscript's Bride is a better story, and better told. It has its improbabilities, like all the author's fables; but they are of a less sublime character than common, and consequently not so offensive. The plot is sufficiently simple; a vain young fellow, a Frenchman, leaves his mistress for the wars of Napoleon, and gets his beauty spoiled with a sabre to such a degree, that he is ashamed to show his face to her on his return to his father-land. Such is the *peripeteia*. The *anagnosis* is, that his visage is not so much disfigured as his vain fears gave him to apprehend; and his mistress takes him for better for worse in spite of his scars. Napoleon is introduced into this story, and with particularly bad effect. He is made the author of a great tragedy (not Ben Nazir). Being like Dominie Sampson, oblivious at a grand review, and consequently omitting to give a brigade of cavalry the signal to halt, the troops gallop over a parterre, play the very deuce with the plants, nearly break an old gardener's heart, and actually break some of their horses knees and their own legs among the flower-pots! This sets Napoleon and soldiering in very dark points of view.

We have said that the author is pretty and natural in parts. We shall give an example in support of our assertion. The hero, on being drawn for the conscription, hastens to his fair cousin; their

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\* We are tempted to quote this passage:—"Then came down from the mountain-side a harsh and general screech of laughter, that seemed vollied from the bitterest depths of contempt. The *unwearied echoes* caught the tones, and in their insensible yet living mimicry, they prolonged them from hill to hill, blending with each other the loudest with the feeblest repetitions, in a way so wild and thrilling, as to give an air of fiendish mockery to the whole. My blood felt frozen, and every nerve cramped up, [poor Walking Gentleman!] as I breathlessly gazed on the immoveable men from whom *such strange and demon sounds proceeded*."—Vol. i. p. 227. This laugh was as serious an affair as the Stranger's laugh by easy stages, as ha!—ha!—ha!—ha!— in the play, which provokes from his friend the Baron the remark: "My dear friend, rather never let me hear you laugh again than laugh so."

feelings for each other have not hitherto been understood by the attached couple; and the new sense of their nature called forth by the threatened separation is painted with much truth and delicacy in the manner of Marmontel:—

“At length she saw him coming. She marked the agile bound with which he sprang across the stile that divided the coppice from the lawn; and she read in his quick and forward air, security to her hopes; to her happiness, and to him. A faint scream of joy burst from her, and she rose from her seat to fly towards him. But she caught his sudden pause, as the house seemed to fix his attention. She marked the hurried and agitated movement with which he tore the ribbon from his hat and placed it in his bosom—and the agonizing quickness of affection too plainly seized upon the rest. The whole story of his fate and her's seemed told, and the broad volume of affliction was self-opened to the deep-searching glance of instantaneous grief. Valerie tottered to a chair. A sickness of heart succeeded to its momentary expansion. She felt the blood rush from her freezing cheeks. Her eyes swam. But she had a fine and vigorous mind—and even in this stage of acute and sudden suffering, she rose up against the weakness which she could not avert. To meet Lucien was the immediate impulse of her recollection: in joy or in woe, her first movement was towards him. She therefore slowly and with faltering steps, quitted the room; but when she reached the stairs, she was forced to pause, and lean against the banisters for support; from the faintness which returned upon her more overpoweringly than at first. She heard Lucien's step as he approached the house—she saw him open the door and enter—she marked him coming towards her—she felt herself folded in his arms—but she seemed rivetted to the spot where she stood; her tongue cleaved to her mouth, her sight began to fail, she heard not even the accents of *his* voice—and, for the first time in her life, Valerie fainted away.

“The rustic habitation of Mr. Lacourtelle was not accustomed to this so common occurrence in the elegant mansions of fashion. The enervations of refinement had not reached the nerves of its occupants; but, as has been seen, feeling did not hold a less mighty sway within their hearts. Lucien, confounded and shocked by the spectacle of Valerie's pale and insensible form, lost for a while all thought of self, and with hurried movement he bore her down stairs, and into the little parlour, which was the common sitting room of the family. He threw open the window, and applied cold water to her forehead, and forced some into her lips. A less confident mind would, in such a moment, have prompted an immediate call for help; but that of Lucien contained none of the elements of weakness, which in times of difficulty or peril seems to lean for support on others. He never thought of assistance, but such as he could himself afford; and as Valerie's eyes opened wildly upon him, he endeavoured to bring her back to consciousness by sounds of the most soothing endearment.

“Called thus into life, the lovely girl soon revived, and a sense of her situation and of his came rapidly upon her. As she recollected all, a shuddering crept across her frame, and she felt sinking again; but she was saved from this relapse by a copious flood of tears—that dew of the heart, which waters the parched feelings and saves the mind from withering.

“‘Dear Valerie,’ said Lucien, ‘what is the cause of this? are you ill indeed, or is this but emotion at my return?’

“‘Your return—your return, Lucien? Oh! do not think to deceive me—I know you are going from us for ever!’

“‘My dearest girl, what can have put such a notion into your head? For ever! what a frightful word. Come, come, you have me with you still—you see I am come back.’

“‘Do not think to deceive me, Lucien. You are come back, but to leave us—and to part with you at all, seems for ever.’

"But why suspect all this, my Valerie—I have not told you this ill news."

"Yes, yes, you have—this has betrayed you—I saw you hide it here!"

"With these words she drew the bunch of ribbons from his bosom, pressed it between her hands, laid her head upon the table, and, sobbing convulsively, she bathed the gaudy emblem with her tears."

"Lucien was utterly astonished. He had a strong affection for his cousin, his play-mate, his earliest and almost his only friend. He was conscious of her affection for him—but he had never till that moment suspected that she *loved* him, and never knew till then what it was to love. He had not thought of analyzing the feelings which Valerie had excited. He had been happy when with her, but not wretched while away. His attachment seemed that of relationship and habit, but its heretofore security left him ignorant of what it really was. He had till then, held *himself* a more prominent place in his own consideration; but the speaking events of this awakening scene told him irresistibly, that the supremacy of self was at an end."

"Perhaps the most intoxicating feeling of the mind is the first conviction of being truly loved. To one of Lucien's temperament it was almost insupportably delicious. All thought of suffering or sorrow vanished before it. An exulting consciousness filled his breast. He knew and felt at the same instant that all the calm and brotherly feelings he had believed in, were no longer his. A magic touch had changed the dull compounds into passion's brightest ore, and the heart's alchymy had gained its utmost triumph. He pressed Valerie's hand in his. He held her to his bosom, and felt her's throb like it. A whirlwind of new sensations rushed through his breast and brain. The chill pure covering of friendship dissolved from his heart; which revealed, like a northern landscape at the melting of its snowy veil, the bursting germs and blossoming delights that had been working their silent unsuspected growth beneath."

"Lucien's first sensation was one of unbounded happiness. He felt a proud glow of importance on his cheek and brow. He gazed on his companion, kissed off her tears as if no bitterness was in them, held her in his arms with a triumphant pressure, and devoured with eager eyes and newborn feelings the ripening form and eloquent features of the lovely girl."

"Valerie had just attained the earliest stage of womanhood. She was about a year younger than Lucien, and, like him, perhaps more advanced in person and in feelings than the generality of young persons of the same age. Without knowing why, she had latterly begun to feel a reserve, an awkwardness, a something she could not define, in Lucien's presence, and a sensation still more puzzling while he was away. Naturally reserved, she seemed to shrink still farther within herself—the only retirement left as a deeper shelter from her habitual seclusion. This timidity had been rapidly growing upon her; and now, pressed in her cousin's arms for the thousandth time, she trembled with an unknown sense of fear and shame; and in proportion as his look grew warmer, and his words more glowing, the undeveloped sense of female modesty overpowered her with its mystic and embarrassing force."

"They marked each other in mute and reciprocal surprise. She could not comprehend his air of happiness, at the moment of parting, perhaps for ever. He was astonished at her coldness, while he seemed to have been transported to a world of unimagined bliss. There were no words for them; but by degrees they interchanged ideas through a medium less deceptive, and sighs spoke a language that rarely lends itself to guile."

"After an interval, whose duration they could not themselves have told, Lucien appeared by degrees to have recovered the mastery over speech. He made many faint and ineffectual efforts, to express his sentiments, but he could for many minutes give utterance but to monosyllables, or short and commonplace phrases. At length he succeeded in saying, with many a

pause between the words, and with impassioned looks and gestures filling up each chasm—

“‘Can it—can it be possible, Valerie? Do you feel all this for me? All this deep sorrow at losing me?’

“‘Indeed, indeed, I do, Lucien, more a hundred times than I can or would express. My heart is almost breaking at the thought of your leaving me—us, I would say. What will your father—’

“‘Dearest, dearest Valerie, let us not think of him—yet. I am so delighted to find that you love me, so surprised at the way in which I love you, that I can think of nobody nor nothing but you. And you do love me as much as this, quite as much as this?’

“‘As much as is possible—as much as I could, or ought, dear Lucien,’ murmured the blushing girl, confused and abashed at the growing warmth, and increasing pressure of her cousin.

“‘As you ought! and how much is that, Valerie? Ought there to be any bounds to your affection? Should you not love me as much as ever you can—more than ever you did—more than any one ever loved another, except as I love you? You should and will love me this way, Valerie—tell me that you do.’

“‘I cannot say all I feel, Lucien—I hope I do not love you too much.’

“‘Too much, too much! No, no,’ answered he, kissing her almost to suffocation, ‘that is impossible. We must love each other, even more than this, my own Valerie. There must be no bounds to what we feel, and think, and say to one another. I feel as I never felt before—’

“‘So do I, I am sure,’ said Valerie. ‘I hope in heaven, I feel rightly and correctly.’

“‘Good God! what do you mean, Valerie? What are you afraid of—why do you shrink from me?’

“‘I don’t exactly know, Lucien—but I believe I am afraid of you—or of myself perhaps—I do not know what is the matter with me. My brain is reeling round;’ and here she laid her head upon his shoulder, and sobbed, and wept, in a burst of mingled sorrow, and shame, and fear.

“‘This deep display of emotion brought Lucien to himself. A new feeling rose upon him, an awakened sense of propriety and respect towards her, which he irresistibly obeyed without stopping to define. He imprinted one calm kiss upon her forehead—and gently disengaging her from his embrace, he placed her again upon her chair; then sat down upon another beside her, and with trembling hands he held one of her’s firmly, but not ungently clasped, while he poured forth in unstudied phrase the feelings that rushed warm and rapidly from his heart.”

The third tale we have not, as already declared, read—because we understood that it would be comic; and being moderate men, the portion of humour we have encountered in the serious stories has satisfied us. The author’s fun is of that order which is received with unbounded applause at Sadler’s Wells and the Coburg Theatre. The dram bottle, which is the *thema et fundamentum* of wit at these places of polite recreation, is the machine which Mr. Gratian turns to great account; and as the managers of the aforesaid theatres may profit by the knowledge of his peculiar turn for drollery so applicable to their purposes, we shall cite two examples. Here is a fellow drinking a dram—imagine the roars of the gallery:—

“‘His viands all dispatched, he drew from the pocket of his loose breeches a flask, containing some liquor, most probably brandy. He slowly uncorked it, leaned back his head, opened his mouth wide, and holding his head high and steadily, he poured with great precision the continuous stream of liquid, not spilling a single drop, and thus swallowing the whole without once closing his lips, or letting them touch the bottle; a method of drinking very

common to the Spanish peasants. He then handed the empty vessel to the boy, to have it replenished by his father's hand."—Vol. i. p. 14.

Here is something *recherché*. The pilgrim is prescribing for the Walking Gentleman ill in bed, and at the same time addressing him self to an applicant for admittance at the cottage door. The idea of the cross speeches is particularly unhacknied:—

"Whack, whack, whack! said the heavy fist of the person at the cottage door.

" 'Saints, devils, and martyrs!' roared the pilgrim, 'keep quiet I say.' Then turning to me, 'For the love of heaven, sir, don't stir.'

" 'Open the door, good Christians,' whack, whack! went the tongue and fist outside; while the pilgrim went on, turning alternately from me, and to me.

" 'Go to the devil—Pray keep cool—(whack, whack, whack!)—May you never eat nor drink—swallow large draughts of ptisan—('Open, open the door.')—May you perish from cold!—Cover yourself well with the blankets—(whack!)—May the frost pinch you!—Encourage perspiration—And the wind whistle through you!—And keep yourself warm—(whack, whack!)—Keep quiet!—lie still—I'm coming—I'm going—I'll open the door—I'll shut the door—(whack, whack, whack!)—May curses seize you!—May God bless you, sir!' "—Vol. i. pp. 104, 105.

#### GOODHUGH'S LIBRARY MANUAL.

The English Gentleman's Library Manual, or a Guide to the Formation of a Library of Select Literature, accompanied with Original Notices, Biographical and Critical, of Authors and Books. By William Goodhugh, Author of "The Gate to the French, Italian, and Spanish Languages unlocked;" and "The Gate to the Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac, unlocked by new and easy Methods." 8vo. 1827.

SUCH is the imposing title of the volume of which we shall attempt to give some account; but that we may not be suspected of wishing to deprive its compiler of any advantage that may arise from the additional flourish by which it is accompanied, we shall introduce him to our readers with his own extremely modest description of himself. That he is the door-keeper of three of the Oriental, as well as of three of the most popular, languages of Europe, is apparent from his title-page; but not contented with that announcement of his merits, he tells us in a sort of hermaphrodite puff, demi-commercial and literary, "That to render himself competent to undertake any department of bibliography, he has acquired a knowledge of *many* of the Oriental, and *most* of the modern, languages." He then proceeds to develop his true character, and, we shall take leave to add, the real cause of the publication of the trash before us, by saying, "I do not hesitate to avow, that it is as a BOOKSELLER I am desirous of appearing before the public, and to found a reputation upon a strict and punctual attention to *my business*, as best calculated to secure that confidence and favour which I am so desirous to obtain." Thus much for the threshold of the edifice. We are informed in the preface, that—"The fresh and unceasing influx of new books, has long required a sort of catalogue raisonné, where they may be viewed, placed in their several departments, with a short critical notice of their peculiar merits." If this passage means any thing, we are taught to believe that the work will consist of a catalogue raisonné of *new* books; and who would expect, within three lines, to be told that he is "conscious of having omitted *many modern works* which *ought*, perhaps,



to have found a place in this volume." His excuse, forsooth (citing a French bibliographer) is, that bibliography is to observe a methodical order in the classification of an infinite number of literary, scientific, historical, religious, and moral works; and to point out the good editions of books, as well as their merits and rarity; but no sooner is he delivered of this pseudo apology, than he flies off with puff the third: "If the present work be well received, it is my intention to undertake a similar one for the literature of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, accompanied with biographical and critical notices."!!! We fancy, however, that Mr. Goodhugh will be saved from the labour of his meditated lucubrations; for as he has shown his utter incapacity to compile a manual of English literature, a profound ignorance of even the common text books upon the most popular subjects, and a constitutional, as well as acquired, incapacity for the duties of a critic, we do not consider it likely that he will have the opportunity of making a similar exhibition with respect to that of any other country.

It is time, however, that we should adduce evidence of our charges. Like the bibliomaniacal colossus, Dr. Dibdin, Mr. Goodhugh has divided his Manual into divisions and sub-divisions. The former consists of theology, history, British antiquities and topography, biography, literary industry!!! libraries of useful knowledge, geography, English literature!!! dramatic literature, English poetry, translations, lounging books!!! philology, encyclopedias, voyages and travels, mathematics, physics, mental science, moral science, political economy, works on painting and painters. On this most extraordinary and incongruous arrangement we shall not waste a single sentence. Under the head of English Literature we are favoured with observations on bibliography; an account of libraries in AMERICA, Mr. William Goodhugh's remarks on "Style," and a memoir of Sir Thomas More; whilst among "English Poetry," nearly forty octavo pages are occupied by some unpublished letters of Thomson, the author of the Seasons. The books classed under the different divisions which we have enumerated, induce us to suppose that each article was pasted on the printer's copy; and that the only rule laid down for the process, was, to place the first which came to hand, under the head which happened to be nearest to the operator. We shall pass over the division of "Theology," which is ushered in by fifteen lines by Mrs. Barbauld, and by Mr. William Goodhugh, bookseller and stationer's, sentiments on "Theology," and "On the Study of Theology;" because, as our space is very limited, we wish to select the specimens of the compiler's judgment, from subjects on which general readers are likely to be better informed; and we shall, therefore, fix upon "The History of Great Britain," and "Biography."

"The History of Great Britain" is commenced by Dr. Farmer's Directions for its Study; but as this has nothing more to do with the compiler than that it was inserted by his directions, we shall take no further notice of it, but proceed to the nearest line in capitals; namely, THE CHRONICLES, the introductory note to which begins thus: "Hall, Hollingshed, Grafton, Camden, Speed, Stowe, Dugdale, Leland, and others of about the same age, may be called our original historians." Indeed! neither the "monkish writers," nor Froissart, nor Monstrelet, nor Harding, nor Fabian, nor others, many of whom wrote centuries

before Hall was born, are then, according to the *erudite* Mr. Goodhugh, "original historians;" but besides the absurdity of placing in a list of persons of "about the same age," men who existed at a distance of nearly a century and a half from each other, we find two who never wrote a chronicle, or any thing resembling one, in their lives, Leland and Dugdale! We are, however, afterwards told, that Bishop Nicholson has given "a full account of all the monkish writers;" and that "those who wish to read our early historians, may attain the reprint" of a *trade* collection of eight chroniclers, for 37l. 10s.; and that Johnes' Translation of Monstrelet may be procured for 21l.; by way of recommendation to which, Dr. Dibdin's bombastical description of that work is inserted. After an eulogium upon the superiority of the French in that department; and a second intimation that "the whole of the foreign literature is reserved for a *separate* and *distinct*, not, we therefore presume, "a *separate* and the *same*" volume, we find first, a notice of Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion; then, with inimitable attention to chronology, Lyttleton's History of Henry the Second, Hume's England with Smollett's Continuation, Henry's England, Sharon Turner's Historical Works, Lingard's and Goldsmith's England, and Sir James Mackintosh's long meditated History: the notice of the latter is accompanied by a flagrant puff, which cannot fail to disgust Sir James, and is strongly indicative of Messrs. Goodhugh and Co. of Berkeley-square, and Mr. Goodhugh, the compiler under our notice, having, or hoping to have, more than ordinary interest in that work. From the same puff we learn, that "it is uncertain when Sir James's History will make its appearance." Rest assured, worthy Mr. Goodhugh, that your book will have been consigned to the butter shop long before the publication of Sir James's volumes; hence we are at a loss to know, why they are included in this "Manual." The Works of Brodie, Dr. Aikin's Annals, Bissett's George III., Granger's Biographical History, Moleville!!! Millar, Godwin's Commonwealth, Mrs. Markham's History for Children!!! Campbell's Annals, and Hallam's Constitutional History from the Accession of Henry the Seventh, in three vols. octavo, 17. 16s. but which has just appeared in *two* vols. *quarto*—fill up Mr. Goodhugh's list of books on British History.

To point out the flagrant omissions, would be to give a catalogue double the length of his own; but where, we ask, and we will only enumerate those which present themselves to our recollection, are—Prynne's History of John, Henry III. and Edward I.? Barnes's Edward III.? Godwin's Henry V.? Bacon's Henry VII.? Godwin's and Lord Herbert's Henry VIII.? Baker's Chronicle? Bishop Kennett's History of England? Carte? Rapin? and a host of other authors, as well known, and far more valuable, than Hume or Smollett; to say nothing of those early writers, the primeval sources of all historical information, but whom, under the gloomy appellation of "monkish historians," Mr. Goodhugh has consigned to utter oblivion, or referred the reader to a work of the utmost merit, and the utility of which he should have minutely pointed out—Bishop Nicholson's Historical Library. Yet whilst volumes like those we have alluded to are forgotten, we find, comparatively speaking, such trumpery publications as Moleville's Chronological Abridgment, Goldsmith's History of England, Mrs. Markham's History for Young People, &c. carefully mentioned. Here we

pause, for what further proof is necessary of the utter worthlessness of "The English Gentleman's Library Manual." What person this side of Bedlam, will resign himself to a pilot who is ignorant of such headlands in historical literature—a department which claimed his utmost attention—as Rabin and Kennett: who will notice Moleville and Mrs. Markham, and yet pass over Godwin, Bacon, Prynne, Lord Herbert, and Baker? But what will be the astonishment of our readers, when they learn, that this exquisite bibliographer places Bishop Burnet's "History of the Reformation," and "History of his Own Times," among the mere *aids* to the History of Great Britain; under which department we find Parliamentary Papers, Ingram's Saxon Chronicle, the Parliamentary Review, Somers's Tracts, and the Annual Register; the Paston, and Shrewsbury Letters; Blackstone's Commentaries; De Lolme, and the Harleian Miscellany! jumbled together without order or propriety.

One specimen more of his judgment in this department, and we will cease. Under "Middle Ages," we find Hallam, Berington, and Mills's Travels of Theodore Ducas; whilst under "*Modern History*," we have Mills's History of the *Crusades*, the same author's History of *Chivalry*; and to complete the absurdity, his History of *Mohammedanism!!!* Nor is he happier in other places, for under *Zoology* he has placed Paley's *Natural Theology*, for no other apparent reason than that both belong to the "ologies."

With respect to "Biography," in the introductory remarks to which we find one, headed in all the lugubriousness of black letter, *The Poor Authors of Grub Street*, a race, which but for the definite article, we should deem long since extinct, Mr. Goodhugh's want of judgment in the books he has selected is only equalled by the contempt of all knowledge of their contents, which he manifests in his "Critical Notes." But we must first speak of his omissions. Under "Collected Biography," he mentions Chalmers, Aikin, and Watkins; Mr. Miller's recent work, Messrs. Hunt and Clarke's series of Autobiography, and at the end, Plutarch! but not a word occurs of Kippis, or of the previous edition of the *Biographia Britannica*; whilst of the value of his account of biographical works, our readers will judge when we say, that the whole number of publications mentioned under that head does not exceed forty. Even had Mr. Goodhugh ordered his porter to write down the names of those in his own shop, the list would have been quadrupled, or his stock must be infinitely more limited than that of any respectable bookseller in London. In every other department the omissions and errors are equally monstrous; and we would gladly abandon such a wretched catch-penny to the oblivion which awaits it; but justice must be shown even to one who has so completely forgotten it as to publish such a book, and to demand for it divers shillings from his Majesty's unoffending subjects; for as Mr. Goodhugh has appended "a critical notice of the peculiar merits" of the works mentioned in his "Manual," it is our duty to examine them. A very few extracts will however prove, either that he never opened the books upon which he comments; or if he did, that they were beyond his comprehension. Of Mr. Sharon Turner's History of England, for example, which is notorious for the unparalleled wretchedness of its style, Mr. Goodhugh says, "it is throughout most eloquently and powerfully written;" and of the work itself we are

told, that "compared with it all previous accounts were not only superficial but erroneous!"—Are the Messrs. Goodhughs part proprietors of Mr. Turner's works; or can the Mr. Goodhugh before us, read?

Nor is this incomparable critic happier in other instances; he has drawn largely on his predecessor Dr. Dibdin, on Granger, Dr. Johnson, and the different Reviews; and it is to be regretted, that he did not lay himself under still greater obligations; for whenever his own resources are taxed, we are sure to meet with arrogance, generally with ignorance; and on one occasion at least, both these characteristics are blended with no small share of illiberality. We allude to poor James's Naval History. This work, which is founded on the only sure basis, truth; and which has, with much justice, been termed "the only honest naval history ever published," the patcher of shreds and titles under our notice, who knows as much of naval warfare as of the North Pole, has the insolence to describe in these words: "The reader will find much naval information contained in these volumes, though, it must be admitted, they are spun out to a very unnecessary length. The work evinces considerable research, but the author displays little of historical tact; the page of history ought never to be disgraced by unmeaning commentaries, or pointed personalities."

We have already far exceeded the limits to which we intended to confine our remarks, and must take leave of Mr. Goodhugh, we hope forever: Want of space, not of matter, prevents our adducing additional proofs of the entire uselessness, as a work of bibliography, of the three hundred and sixty pages which he has imposed upon the public—for every division of his book rises in judgment against him. The criticisms, when his own, are strictly in character with every other part; and we surely do not require that those in Dr. Dibdin's "Library Companion" should be re-dressed. There are also gossiping anecdotes of printers and authors, culled from sources with which the world is intimately acquainted; and which, even if they were new and interesting, instead of old and dull, are wholly out of place in a "Library Manual," a work which should afford information about books instead of about their authors.

In short, Mr. Goodhugh's "Library Manual" is a wretched imitation of a bad original. Without a tythe of the little merit which is to be found in the "Library Companion," it has all its faults, and is far inferior in extent and information. Worthless as it is to the literary man, it is worse than worthless to the student, for it cannot inform the one, and is almost sure to mislead the other. One word more and we have done, and which we address to Mr. Goodhugh rather than to any other reader. We advise him to remember that admirable truth contained in one of the tritest proverbs, "*Ne sutor*," &c. Let him then sell books, and buy books, but not write them. We assure him, the former is the better trade, and that it is much more suited to his habits and capacity. By the one he may get rich, and become a useful member of society; but from the other he will derive no other harvest than ridicule and contempt. The sooner he sets fire to his "Gates" and "Manuals" the better—and if he will add his affectation and arrogance to the holocaust, he may be confident that both the public and himself will be considerably benefitted by such an *auto da fé*.

## DIARY

### FOR THE MONTH OF JULY.

1st. The newspapers are just now delighting in accounts of gluttons and the aggrandizement of their persons. Of Krocker, a prize German, weighing four hundred pounds, they give this history:—

"About the age of thirty he began to give way to a disposition to devour immense masses of meat; and the more he ate, the more his appetite increased, until his time was consumed in little else than eating and sleeping. His occupation was that of a butcher, and animal food was his favourite repast, contrary to the usual habits of such people. Krocker, however, would devour from eight to ten pounds of tripe at a meal, or from six to seven pounds of beef and sausages. He continued in this way to stuff himself, gradually becoming fatter, until it required sixteen pounds of beef daily to satisfy his hunger! For a bet he has frequently devoured the boiled flesh of an entire calf in a day, seasoned only with salt, in the presence of many persons; and on one occasion he declared himself ready to attack a second, but could get nobody to bet against him. He could not trust himself in the sausage manufactory, as he would eat the minced meat by the pound, spreading it over bread with as little ceremony as the people spread treacle. By way of breakfast, or supper, he would clear from two to three dozen of *pettitoes of pigs*; and it appears, at last, to have puzzled his friends to know how to supply him. His usual drink was beer, of which he daily drank from two to three quarts. In this way he continued to feed himself, gradually increasing in bulk, his breathing becoming daily more difficult, and his power of locomotion daily diminishing, until he was at last obliged to confine himself to his large chair and his bed. Every now and then he was in great danger of suffocation; and it was on one of these occasions that Graefe, who has related the case in one of the recent numbers of his journal, was called to him."

Here is something more new:—

"A French paper states, that a young man, one of the keepers of the menagerie at Stutgard, lately exhibited an example of a disordered appetite. Having taken a longing for lion's flesh, he killed one of two lions which were under his care, cut it up, and salted it. The lion not being inquired after for some time, was half devoured before he was missed. The criminal court at Stutgard has, it is said, condemned the keeper to five years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of 3,000 florins."

These, and all other instances of voracity which can be mentioned, are left at an immeasurable distance by the two cases described in M. Fournier's "*Cas Rares*." The first is attested by the principal physicians and surgeons of Brest:—

"A galley slave died at the naval hospital of Brest, of a complaint in the stomach, attended with cough and colicky pains. On opening him the stomach was seen occupying the left hypochondrium, the lambar, and iliac regions of the same side, and stretching down into the pelvis. It was of a long square form, and contained the following substances; viz. a piece of a stave nineteen inches long, and half an inch in diameter; a piece of a broom stick six inches long, and half an inch in diameter; another piece of the same, eight inches long; ditto, six inches long; twenty-two other pieces of wood, of three, four, and five inches in length; [a complete timber yard,] a wooden spoon five inches long, and half an inch in diameter; another piece

of the same, eight inches long; ditto, six inches long; twenty-two other pieces of wood, of three, four, and five inches in length; a wooden spoon five inches; the pipe of an iron funnel three inches long and one in diameter; another piece of funnel, two inches and a half long; a pewter spoon entire, seven inches long; a square piece of iron weighing nearly two ounces. Various other articles, among which were nails, buckles, knives, &c. The whole weighing about four-and-twenty English ounces. This poor creature was deranged in his intellects—a great glutton, and when he could not procure victuals to satisfy his voracity, he swallowed indigestible substances, as above, to all the painful sensations of hunger. This case is attested beyond all doubt.”

“Passing by the famous Bijoux, we come to a singular personage, well known in Paris, where he died a few years ago, named Tarrare. This man’s voracity would stagger all belief, were not the truth of the circumstances guaranteed by the most unquestionable testimonies, among which it is only necessary to mention Professor Percy. At seventeen years of age, Tarrare weighed only one hundred pounds, and yet he could devour in the space of twenty-four hours, a quarter of beef as heavy as his body! At the commencement of the revolutionary war, he entered the army, but here he was so scantily supplied with food that he soon fell ill, and was conducted to the military hospital at Soultz. On the day of his entrance he got four rations, which only serving to whet his appetite, he devoured every kind of refuse victuals in the ward, then searched the kitchen, dispensary, &c., devouring every thing that came in his way. In the presence of the chief physician of the army, Doctor Lorence, he ate a live cat (!) in a few seconds, leaving nothing but the larger bones. In a few minutes he devoured a dinner prepared for fifteen German labourers, and composed of various substantial dishes. After this tiffin, his belly appeared like a small balloon! As the French in those days turned every thing to account, the commander-in-chief had him brought before him, and after treating him to thirty pounds of liver and lights, he caused him to swallow a small wooden case, in which was enclosed a letter to a French officer then in the hands of the enemy. Tarrare set off, was taken prisoner, beaten, and confined. He passed by stool the case with the letter, before he could see the officer, but immediately swallowed it again to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. In another hospital where he was confined, the nurses frequently detected him drinking the blood which had been drawn from the sick; and when all other sources failed, he repaired to the dead-house, and satisfied his frightful appetite on human flesh. At length a child of fourteen months old disappeared all at once, and suspicions falling on Tarrare, he also disappeared for four years, when he was again recognized in the civil hospital of Versailles, where he ended his miserable career.”\*

“An ant there was whose forward prate  
Controul’d all matters in debate;  
Whether he knew the thing or no,  
His tongue eternally would go.  
For he had impudence at will,  
And boasted universal skill.”

We have, by the blessing of heaven, some superlatively wise creatures too among us, to whom no subject comes amiss. One of these all-knowing beings, whether a pismire, emmet, great-ant, or great-grandmother, we know not, holds forth thus oracularly on yacht-sailing in the Morning Herald:—

“We have seen lately, from the Portsmouth papers, that the Yacht Club

\* These extracts are copied from a review of the “Cas Rates” in the Medico-Chirurgical Review, for September, 1823.

are about to re-commence their operations, and that Lord Yarborough is to be the commodore. We have often observed the sailing of squadrons of yachts, and to us it appears very dull work, except the wind be favourable, and the breeze strong and steady. We wonder that, since steam navigation is brought to its present state of perfection, the nobility and gentry, who appear to be so fond of aquatic excursions, and to whom the expenditure of 5,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* for a steam-yacht would be of no consequence, do not part with their present yachts, and purchase steam-vessels in their stead. They might then circumnavigate the island in almost all weathers, let the wind blow from what quarter it might, and calculate on their arrival in a given time, at such places as they previously chose to fix upon. This certainty of progress, we should think, would do away with the ennui which they must occasionally experience, when the present sailing-yachts are out at sea in a dead calm, or contending with adverse winds. In our opinion, this mode of killing time and spending money on the part of the nobility and gentry, is much preferable to frequenting gaming-houses or horse races. Considering the number and wealth of the nobility and gentry of the United Kingdom, they might every year have a very grand display of steam-yachts, which indeed, in time of war, might be rendered available to the king's service, in towing the ships of the royal navy out of or into the harbours, as occasion might require, on any emergency. This patriotic pursuit would, in some respects, resemble the English barons of old, who always accompanied the king in his wars, and rendered him all the service they could."

Pah! The paragraph smells of soot and smoke like Cheapside. There is a Cockney conceit and Cockney nastiness in every syllable of it. "To us the sailing of squadrons of yachts appears very dull work."—Very likely. The writer doubtless prefers to such pleasures sitting in an harbour of scarlet-runners, commanding a near view of a skittle-ground, with a red table before him bearing a tankard of ale and a basket of sweet-heart's biscuits; and his preference is very natural and proper, but different men have different tastes, according to their different kinds and qualities—a profound truth which has probably escaped the omniscient editor. Now the members of the yacht-club would very likely be inclined to say, "We have often observed the leading articles in the Morning Herald, and to us they appear very dull things." The editor, on the other hand, wonders how men can waste their time in reading any thing else. Thus it is, that people vary in their estimates of pleasures and pursuits, according to the circumstance of *meum* and *tuum*. We for our parts agree in some measure both with our worthy contemporary and the gentlemen whom he admonishes; for we hold that the two most delightful things in the world are yacht-sailing and the leading articles of the Morning Herald. It would grieve us to see the style of either altered in the slightest particular—both are perfect in their peculiar ways; and we flatter ourselves that we can demonstrate in a few words, to the greatest of editors, the impropriety of the change he proposes. When he sits down to write an article, with his pen a peak, the fore-top-sail of his vocabulary loose, and the blue Peter at his mast-head for ideas to come on board, the very last thought in his head is the coming to a conclusion. If he went straight to his end, steaming his way as he recommends to yacht-sailors, he would run himself out in two or three lines at most; but this would give no pleasure to himself, or profit to his readers; so he courts the little vicissitudes of weather,—now lies like a log on the paper, becalmed, rolling and tumbling about in a heavy

swell of sentences, without the cat's-paw of a thought to steady his phrases,—now comes the flaw of an idea to fill his sails again, and give him way; and anon, reason blows great guns right in his teeth; when trimming his sails sharp, he beats to windward bravely against it, now lying on one tack, now the other. His passengers, who are of course deadly sick, wonder when he will come to an end—but the end is the last thing he thinks of. The vicissitudes and the buffeting with reason are elements of his enjoyment. Something like this is the pleasure of yacht-sailing. It does not consist, oh Morning Herald! in going in a right line from one place to another, but in the excitement and speculation produced by every circumstance and change of weather. If it be a calm, every cloud is watched with interest as it may indicate the coming breeze; if it over-blows, resource is in demand, and time flies faster than the scud. If the wind be fair, it is a good opportunity of trying how fast your craft can run; if foul, you see how she beats to windward: if neither one nor the other, that is a soldier's wind, and you find what she is good for at reaching. No weather comes amiss to an amateur sailor. Imagine these infinite varieties, and the trim clean deck of a sailing-vessel, and her well-standing white wholesome sails, exchanged for a filthy steam-boat with her great awkward chimney, her noisy paddles, her palpitation at the heart—thump, thump, thump, thump everlastingly; her pendant of black smoke; her heat, and her most filthy stink of frying grease, which would poison a tallow-chandler. But quoth The Herald, you should prefer this convenience because you can go straight to your voyage's end in her, instead of being danced about at the pleasure of the winds and tides. Tell a fox-hunter that he had much better ride straight along the high road, than be led over hill and dale, hedge and ditch, by the doubles of the fox! But another superior consideration is suggested—the steam-boats used for pleasure in peace, may serve the nation forsooth in war. Sheridan observes, that it is too much to be feared that people go to theatres principally with a view to amusement; and we very strongly suspect, that men go yacht-sailing, and always will go yacht-sailing, mainly with a view to their own pleasure, and without thinking or caring a rope's end for the nation. Nevertheless there is no amusement, the tendency of which is so directly useful. It leads to the build of the very best vessels, and encourages in our yards the finest naval architecture on a small scale; it employs too the very best hands, and in considerable numbers; and also some deserving officers, who would otherwise be pining and rusting on half-pay. It further makes our patricians pupils, parlour boarders as it were, in the great school of English glory. It becomes an English gentleman to be familiar with naval tactics; and he and the American are the only ones in the world who know any thing at all about the matter. I have always been much pleased with the vulgar error of the French on this subject. They suppose us to be all sailors to a man. On one occasion, having discovered before a Frenchman that I knew the stem from the stern of a ship, he broke into an expression of admiration at my nautical science, clenching all with this observation: "I am perfectly aware of the fact, that English gentlemen, who have scarcely ever seen the sea, are better skilled in naval tactics than our most ex-



perienced sailors!" I did not contradict him, though the recollection of lay-lords of the Admiralty smote upon my conscience.

— Mr. Wolff, the missionary, published a letter a short time ago, in which he declared the Jews of London the vilest of all Jews. Say what you will to them, he stated, their reply is, "Old clothes;" talk of their souls, "Old clothes" is their response; speak of Moses, "Old clothes" they cry; mention the Prophets, "Old clothes," and nothing but "Old clothes," can you get from them. Demosthenes, when asked the first, the second, and the third essentials of oratory, replied, "Action," "Action," "Action;" the Jews of London, according to Mr. Wolff, make "Old clothes," "Old clothes," "Old clothes," the alpha and omega of their discourse spiritual and temporal. This imputation has provoked from the children of Israel some remonstrance, rather more warm than befits so ridiculous an occasion; and Mr. Wolff has, in support of his original assault on the unbelievers, published another epistle, which is a perfect pattern of the mild, conciliatory spirit that becomes a Christian missionary. It was objected by the expostulators, that all the Jews of London do not cry "Old clothes," that some two or three Rothschilds and Goldsmids are above this vocation; Mr. Wolff thus disposes of the objection, falling foul by the way of poor Mr. D'Israeli:—

"You Jews of London, as well those who sell old clothes, as those who live in a more respectable style—you both are in a perishing condition! And I say more, the old clothesman of London is *better than the respectable Jew of London!* An Israeli, for instance, who was produced by one of the Jews of London as a literary character, is one of the most blind men I ever met with; his works contain nothing but literary trifles, and literary nonsense—he knows nothing of Moses and the Prophets. I HOPE TO CONTINUE TO HATE FATHER, MOTHER, BROTHER, AND SISTER, FOR THE SAKE OF JESUS MY LORD, AND FOR THE SAKE OF HIS PEOPLE, in order that they may come to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, whom they hitherto reject; but let the world know, that I consider not only the old clothesman in London, but likewise the respectable Jew of London, as the most hopeless set of people I ever met with in my life! And truth it is!

"Arise, ye Jews of London, and call on the Lord Jesus Christ! And though I declare you as the most obstinate of all the Jews I ever met with, I am, after all,

"Your affectionate brother,

"JOSEPH WOLFF."

A marvellously affectionate brother, of a truth, this Joseph Wolff! It would be pleasant for Jews or Gentiles to have many such kind relations, living in the steadfast hope of hating them, in order that they may come, through such good haters, to the knowledge of him who preached peace and good-will among men. Mrs. Malaprop's opinion, that it is best to begin our loves with a little aversion, seems to have become a right orthodox doctrine. There is something very happy and very characteristic, as it appears to us, in Mr. Wolff's allowing to certain Jews the description of *respectable*; and ranking them at the same time, in vileness below the despised old clothesman. By *respectable*, Mr. Wolff merely means *rich*. There is the Shibboleth of his origin in this identification of the terms. Dives himself in Tartarus would, doubtless, be described by our monied missionary, as the *respectable* gentleman frying in the batter of brimstone. Among the children and grand-children

of Mammon, every man who, as Junius has it, "pays his debts and abhors a beggar," is respectable. *Responsible* is the sense, but *respectable* is the word.

Considering Mr. Wolff's manner of making converts by the method of hating father, mother, brother, and sister, one cannot be surprized at the circumstance of his having found the Jews of London such obstinate Jews as he represents them. His declaration to this effect, considering the means pursued by him for the end, reminds us of the Spanish charlatan, who went about proclaiming, that he could raise the dead if properly paid in advance for the service. It chanced that as he was holding forth, a corpse was carried by, when the mob required him to give an instant example of his boasted accomplishment. The charlatan undertook the business without hesitation; and began reciting his charms, to which, however, the corpse turned a deaf ear; after a time, therefore, the operator flew into a violent passion, and told the bearers to carry off the body, observing, "Never in my life before did I meet with so obstinate a dead."\* Mr. Wolff's manner of dealing with the Jews, is probably about as effectual as the charlatan's method of revivifying dead bodies.

#### A GENUINE YANKEE PARAGRAPH.

"HOUSE LAUNCHING.—The launching of the two brick houses in Garden-street was completely successful. They were moved nearly ten feet, *occupied at the time by their tenants*, without having sustained any injury. The preparations were the work of some time: the two buildings having being put upon ways, or into a cradle, were easily screwed on a new foundation: The inventor of *this simple and cheap mode of moving tenanted brick buildings*, is entitled to the thanks of the public. *In the course of time*, it is likely that houses will be put up upon ways at brick or stone quarries, and sold as ships are, to be delivered in any part of the city."—*American Paper*.

"*In the course of time*" we really do not know what is not to happen in America. Jonathan promises to grow so big, and to do such wonders in a day or two, that no bounds can be placed to his performances *in the future tense*. Every thing will of course be on a scale of grandeur proportioned to his country, which, as he observes in his travels in England, is "bigger and more like a world" than our boasted land; instead, therefore, of going about in confined, close carriages as people do here, the Americans will rattle through the streets to their routs and parties in their houses. One tenanted brick building will be driven up to the door of another. A further improvement may here be suggested. Jonathan is fond of chairs with rockers, that is, chairs with a cradle-bottom, on which he seesaws himself as he smokes his pipe and fuddles his sublime faculties with liquor. Now by putting a house on rockers, this trouble and exertion of the individual on a scale so small and unworthy of a great people would be spared, and every tenant of a brick building would be rocked at the same time, and by one common piece of machinery. The effect of a whole city nid-nid-nodding after dinner, will be extremely magnificent and worthy of America. As for the feasibility of

\* The expression in this place is not exactly English, but it is the nearest to the original.

the thing, nothing can be more obvious. If houses can be put upon cradles for launching, they can be put upon cradles for rocking ; and if tenants do not object to being conveyed from one part of the city to another in their mansions, they will not surely take fright at an agreeable stationary see-saw in them.

10th. I observe this advertisement in *The Times* of to-day :

“WANTED, the entire possession, guardianship, and management of a little ORPHAN GIRL, between the ages of seven and twelve. She must be of genteel and *pious ancestry*, healthy, of warm affections, and apt to learn, motherless, and totally without any tie of consanguinity, or otherwise entitled to interfere, direct, or control the advertiser's views, and of sufficient property to maintain her decently the first ten years after transference. The child of some departed missionary, or serious clergyman, would be preferred ; and as the advantages would be progressively great, the most minute investigation would be observed. Address to S. S. at Poole and Edwards's, booksellers, Stationers'-court, opposite Stationers'-hall, who are not empowered to answer interrogations, and which, if instituted, will only defeat the end proposed, but to receive letters only, which will be duly attended to.”

The necessity of proving a pious genealogy is a curious condition of the treaty.

The language of the advertisements is often as whimsical as their substance. We read in that respectable authority, *Joe Millar*, of the trader who announced the sale of “mousetraps, and other sweetmeats.” A gentleman advertises thus in *The Times* of the 14th :—

“Lost yesterday, a Red Morocco Pocket-book with a gold clasp, containing notes to the amount of £85, viz: 1 £30, 2 £20, 1 £10, and 1 £5, a silver pen, *and other memoranda, &c.*”

— In the following police report, I find an example of a kind of logic which is as yet not laid down in any system, though extremely common in practice. A lady overseer gives a pauper a pair of breeches which are too small for him ; he expostulates, representing the inadequacy of their capacity ; she sends him another smaller pair, arguing in her own mind, that one little pair of breeches, *plus* a less pair of breeches, are equal to a big pair of breeches :—

“MANSION-HOUSE.—Yesterday the churchwardens of the parish of St. Olave, Hart-street, were summoned before the Lord Mayor by a pauper, who complained that they had refused to give him clothes to cover him. If the present appearance of the unfortunate man were to be considered a criterion of the liberality of the parish, the poor must certainly have some cause to complain. His lower garments were most woefully dilapidated.

“The Lord Mayor asked whether the churchwardens were present to answer the complaint?

“A female voice immediately cried out, ‘I attend for the churchwardens.’

“The Lord Mayor.—‘This poor old man says that he is in great want of something to cover him. Why is he not supplied?’

“The lady then stepped forward, and said—‘My lord, he only wanted a pair of breeches, and I looked him out a pair and gave them to him. *I am sure* (casting her eyes at his inexpressibles) *I don't know why he has not the breeches on.*’

“The Lord Mayor (to the pauper).—‘Why you have been already supplied with what you say you want. Why have you not put them on?’

"Pauper.—'Because I couldn't, your lordship. Them breeches as the lady gave me wasn't half big enough.'—

"The Lord Mayor, (smiling).—'That, certainly, is a bad fault, you might as well have had none at all.'—

"Pauper.—'I couldn't pull them up at all, my lord, so I was obligated to go without.'—

"The Lord Mayor.—'I am sorry, Madam, that you have been so unsuccessful in your attempt to fit the poor man.'—

"Lady.—'My lord, *when he told me that one pair of breeches did not answer him, I sent him another, and still he was not satisfied.*'—

"Pauper.—'No, my lord; the last breeches the lady gave me was *littler nor the 'other*; I couldn't heave my legs into them by no means.'—

"The Lord Mayor thought that it would be better to hand over the poor man to be fitted by some experienced person of his own sex, and desired that he should be accommodated at once with breeches of a proper size."

16th. The Morning Chronicle of to-day is extremely rich in every variety of niaiserie. There is a delightful report of the Vauxhall Juvenile Fête, in which we are told that the proprietors "had omitted, for this night only, *the formidable bustle of the battle of Waterloo*, which was considerably thought to be *too formidable an exhibition for the nerves of children.*"

What follows is better still:—

"The concert, ballet, and fire-works, were, as usual, the sources of much delight to the children, and the martial and manly air of the juvenile band from the Royal Military Asylum, which paraded and performed in the gardens, had likewise its imposing effect; *and possibly awakened and fixed in many a rising spirit that determination to seek renown in the profession of arms, which accident had early awakened in the breast of Young Norval!!!*"

The grave matter-of-fact allusion to Young Norval, as to a being of history, is original; and the conjecture respecting the effect of the drumming and fifeing on the infant generation, is profoundly philosophical. Parents who desire to bring up their children to peaceful professions, should have a care of taking them to Vauxhall. In continuation, the reporter gives a delectable idea of the pleasures of the entertainment:—

"The greatest amusement for suitably grown persons throughout the evening, was the constant rushing to and fro of shoals of elegantly dressed children, who ran from place to place on hearing the tinkling of the bell, which announced the succession of the performances. Young families were constantly separated in these rapid and excursive movements; but so convenient and well-arranged was the internal disposition of the gardens, that there was no difficulty in re-uniting the broken bands, before any unpleasant feelings could arise from their separation."

As the Americans say, "we should admire to know" what "suitably grown persons" are? It gives us extreme satisfaction to learn the amiable disposition of the gardens on this occasion; whether they are equally well disposed on all others, does not distinctly appear, but the natural inference is, that they are not.

The individual who has the Paul Pry department of the Chronicle is also in great force to-day; indeed he generally shines on a Monday. Here are four nice paragraphs in a string:—

"The Duke of Devonshire's tour to the Continent is expected to be very short. His Grace intends merely to take a peep into Paris [a place which

for its strangeness is quite a curiosity to him], visit his sister, Lady Granville, the spectacles, and the court, then return to his own palladian villa at Chiswick; there his Grace will remain but a short time, preparatory to his journey to Chatsworth, where immense improvements have been made, both in the mansion and the beautiful gardens and park.

"The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans gave a quiet dinner to a select number of their friends, at the Crown and Sceptre, at Greenwich, on Friday. Turtle, venison, and all the varieties of fresh water fish, including the delicate white-bait, now in prime season, with the aid of cold punch, iced champaign, and hock, *kept the joyous party together until a late hour.* [Ye gods! were they at the turtle, and the venison, the ice, and the champaign all the time? Are these the fond couple's bond of union?]

"The Duke of Wellington, Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot, Lord and Lady Tankerville, and a long et cetera of fashionables, had a grand banquet at the Ship Tavern, at Greenwich, on Friday. The party did not separate until a very late hour.

"Lords Stair and Reay are said to possess more *taste*, in the literal acceptation of the word, than any men of the present day. Lord Stair, with a select party, has, on more than one occasion, come from Paris to London, merely to dine at the Albion Tavern, where turtle is said to be dressed in greater perfection than at any other house. During the present week, this noble lord has given two or three entertainments at Greenwich in a very high style. His lordship, on these occasions, has always obtained the turtle from his favourite *Apicius in town.*"

This is a scribe who would be entirely spoilt were he to look his words out in the dictionary. It is our happiness that he does not know that it is uncivil to fashionables to put them in the neuter gender, ("cetera,") and that Apicius was not a tavern-keeper.

The above excerpts are followed by a string of pestilent puffs of mimes, drolls, and play-wrights. Nothing stinks in the nostrils of decent people so detestably as the stage, its people, and its trumpery affairs. It is bad enough to see its performances when they are perpetrated, and perfectly intolerable to be bored with reports of the preparations of atrocities—with details of the measures in progress for perpetuating the empire of dulness. The Morning Chronicle is eternally prating of the whereabouts of actors, and the meditations of managers. Some link-boy must surely hold the pen. Witness these examples taken at random:—

"The Rencontre, with Madame Vestris and W. Farren's acting, aided by Bishop's music, is a *decided hit*, at the Haymarket Theatre. Its popularity will necessarily delay Poole's new farce, called Pie-Crust Promises, and a new comedy, with songs, by that successful dramatist, Kenny, both of which are quite ready."

"The young lady who composed for the Haymarket Theatre the popular little comedy of Quite Correct, has, we understand, written a new farce, of which report speaks most favourably. It will be produced at the same theatre during the present season."

"Kenny, the dramatic writer, and his family, who, since the peace, have almost entirely resided in Paris, or the neighbourhood, are returned to England. Kenny has taken a beautiful and picturesque cottage in Bedfordshire, at a convenient distance from the county town, where he proposes to reside in future." [Interesting fact!]

"The Dublin Theatre, under the direction of its proprietor, Mr. Henry Harris, has commenced a very prosperous season. Braham, aided by Miss Hughes, who will make her first appearance before a London audience, at Covent Garden Theatre, have both been rapturously received by full audiences every night they have acted together."

Every thing is a *decided hit* we observe, in the theatrical slang; and judging from the appearances of the play-houses, one would say, that the managers had hit the public so hard, that they had fairly hit them out of the ring. *Hits* are things pleasant enough to the givers, but disagreeable to the sufferers. Sensible men avoid coming into contact with them. Your play-goers of the present day are either persons who have not arrived at years of discretion, or who have attained to detage, or the abject and unknown who have no other resource of an evening, and who desperately seek the shelter of a theatre as the refuge for the destitute. The watch-house is cheaper and less afflicting we should think.

— A frivolous action for libel (*Walker v. Monk*) has brought us acquainted with the style in which country tradesmen conduct their controversies; and the example ought to serve as a corrective to those gentlemen who still affect the composition of Junius, in treating of any little nonsense that concerns them. One of the worthy bourgeois of Chester, (the plaintiff in the action, and a jeweller by trade,) had gone over from the independent election party to the Grosvenor interest—a political sin which of course convulsed the whole empire—whereupon he is admonished by another bon bourgeois in this strain, after the manner of Junius. The whole world are supposed to be full of the jeweller's abandonment of his election colours:—

"Your notorious tergiversation, and the derelictions from the principles with which you set out in life, is looked upon with the utmost disgust even by your new friends, or at least by the respectable and thinking part of them. Nay, nothing gives them so much pleasure as to see you well lashed. They say you deserve it, and cannot receive too much; and what can be a more convincing proof of the feeling of contempt created by you in the minds of your new friends, than the absolute refusal to permit you to address them at the last election? — — — — —"

"Suppose you are enabled to add some 20l. to the portions of each of your children by your apostacy, will that be sufficient to console you for the loss of your political integrity, the sleepless nights you have already passed on that account; and the unhappiness of your future life, and more especially for the regret of your children in after times, that you had disgraced yourself? If you will take one word of advice, I would recommend you to leave Chester—quit the scene of your degradation, where the finger of scorn is pointed at you, at every turn or step you take."

The jeweller, who can be as fine as his neighbour, responds in much the same style; perhaps it is rather the sublimer. If the other is the Junius, he is the Sir William Draper:—

"It has been a decided matter with me, ever since the first development of a wicked, malevolent, yet impotent conspiracy, to slander my reputation, defame my character, and injure my property, to wait patiently for the crisis of maniacal paroxysm, to apply no corrective medicine, until the lunacy, or rather the demoniacal frenzy, had reached its acme of malice, its climax of absurdity. The perfection of folly and vice seems to have arrived at its utmost bearing, and I trust that the finale of the proceedings at the Black Dog has completed the measure of wickedness and imbecility introduced by the Courant newspaper, in its character of pander to falsehood, misrepresentation, and duplicity."

It is time that gentlemen should descend from the sublimities of composition, when Chester tradesmen show themselves such masters of the finest flights of rhetoric. Not satisfied with his literary demolition

of his fellow-townsmen, Mr. Walker brings his action for libel ; and it is given in evidence, that his declared ideas of the proper manner of dealing with an antagonist were, to the last degree, truculent. He appears to come up to the very beau ideal of a controversialist :

" John Faulkner stated, that he was a resident of Chester, and knew the plaintiff. He met him on the 2d of August last, when the plaintiff told him that he would give him a severe trimming in the Chronicle of the following Friday. Witness met him in June before the election, when he talked of the *Courant*, and said that the editor, Mr. Barry, had not spirit—he *wanted black venom*.—"When I attack persons," said he, "*I make them writhe*—when I attacked Fletcher, *he could not show his face for weeks after. I write in such a manner that they do not sleep.*"

There are writers who write in such a Christian manner, on the contrary, as to make their enemies, as well as their friends, sleep.

17th. No matter how absurd a man may endeavour to make himself, he is never completely ridiculous until a friend has undertaken his defence. A vindication seems essentially necessary to a thorough conviction. Last month the world very naturally and very properly diverted itself with the happy marriage of the tender Widow Coutts and the young and ardent Duke of St. Albans. This event kept every drawing and dining-room in conversation and mirth for three weeks. Some discreet friend of the glad bridegroom, having seen in a newspaper jokes or animadversions, we know not which, upon so sacred a subject, which have outrageously scandalized him, has addressed a letter to the editor of *The New Times*, in which he attributes to the duke these delicious reasons for marrying a lady old enough to be his mother (query, grand):—

" His grace being asked by one of his friends, what could induce him to marry a lady old enough to be his mother, replied : " My good friend, *I have known that lady, intimately, for a length of time, and she has known me. I have experienced so many proofs of her amiable disposition, kindness of heart, and good temper, which I consider to be such indispensable requisites, to render the marriage state happy, that I know not, in the wide circle of my acquaintance, a lady so well calculated to make me an affectionate and happy wife, as Mrs. Coutts.*"

Here we could burst out like the folks in *Sir Charles Grandison*, " Oh, the good young man ! Oh, the sensible creature ! it makes one shed tears of joy to read of such ripe sentiments in one so green in years indeed, but so old in judgment, so old we may add in his better half." It is especially admirable that in the catalogue of the late buxom widow's recommendations, not one syllable is said of her money. That was no consideration. Salary, as the newspaper advertisers express it, was no object.

" Oh talk not to me of the wealth she possesses,  
No int'rested motive but love do I own ;  
With her I'd be blest and content in a cottage,  
And wretched without her, though placed on a throne."

The duke never bestowed a thought on the widow's cash, his mind was fixed on her heart, not on her strong box. He scarcely knew that she kept a shop in the Strand. Age, beauty, and wealth, were things so utterly disregarded by so solid a youth as he, that he would have married his nurse for the love of reason ; saying, " My good friend,

*I have known that lady intimately for a length of time, and she has known me.* I have experienced so many proofs of her *amiable disposition, kindness of her heart, and good temper*, which I consider to be such indispensable requisites to render the marriage state happy, that I know not, in the wide circle of my acquaintance, a lady so well calculated to make me an affectionate and happy wife, as Mrs. Cloutem." These would be unanswerable reasons for wedding a dry nurse with a starched narrow high cap, long waist, pin-cushion hanging by a string on the sinister, scissars dangling by the dexter, side—ample pocket full of nutmeg graters, housewives, and wax-candle ends—character for honesty and sobriety. The duke wanted no pedigree or pelf, or youth, or beauty,—as Fribble says—"His joys were centered in the mind." I may as well quote the rest of the lines, for they are prettily apposite:—

"No brutal passion fires my breast,  
Which loathes the object when possessed;  
But one of harmless gentle kind,  
Whose joys are center'd in the mind."

I wish to heaven the correspondent of the New Times would favour us with another letter, telling us what the widow married the duke for. But we are neglecting his present epistle, which, in continuation, thus disposes of a scurvy insinuation:—

"It has been said, sir, the Duke of St. Albans had been solely influenced to form the alliance from interested motives. This I deny—surely it will not be disputed, but his grace might have offered his hand in marriage to the richest lady in the kingdom, possessing youth, beauty, and all the attractions of female loveliness, with a fortune equal, if not greater, than he acquired by his present marriage; this, surely, he might have done; but *all these attractive qualifications appeared to him light and trivial, when compared to the more loving and valuable ones possessed by the object of his choice*; it must, therefore, follow, that his grace has been solely induced to seek the hand of Mrs. Coutts in marriage, from a decided conviction on his mind, that she was the best qualified to make that state most happy into which he had resolved to enter."

These "*loving and valuable*" qualifications were, doubtless, of great weight; and youth, beauty, and female loveliness kicked the beam against them. Oh! that we had many young men like the Duke of St. Albans, what a blessing would it be for our poor superannuated lone (not *loan*) widows and grandmothers. What a stock of ancient goodness would be taken off hand. If there is another duke of this rational mind, I know of a very fine old woman particularly worthy of his attention. She has been accustomed to children, and is in all sensible places preferred to young hussies. Her richest gifts are in her bonny heart, and the foot of a worsted stocking wherein she banks her viler treasure. Lieutenant O'Shaughnasey, when he paid his addresses to her, professed the most gentlemanly indifference to her little peculiar, as the Scotch call it.

The advocate of the noble couple, whose loves have so occupied the public mind, declares—

"With the Duchess of St. Albans I am totally unacquainted; and, perhaps, shall continue so; of her character, however, not equally ignorant;



has, amongst a considerable collection of remains, a curious specimen of ancient glazed tile, a number of rare Saxon coins, and a considerable quantity of counters and gun money. The remains, as soon as they are discovered, are contended for with great zeal by rival collectors, and by persons who are desirous of having some memorial of the old bridge. The workmen, who at first considered all the coins they met with as being merely old halfpence, which were worth nothing, because they would no longer pass, soon discovered their error, and have now all become connoisseurs. Mr. R. L. Jones, the Chairman of the Bridge Committee, has zealously obtained all he could, with the liberal intention of presenting his set to the Corporation, to form the nucleus of a collection in the New City Library. He has, besides, amongst a number of indifferent coins found some time since, one Roman coin, with the inscription P L O N, which the antiquarians read *Pecunia Londini*, and consider to have been struck in the metropolis. Mr. Newman, the comptroller of the Bridge House estates, has also made a considerable collection. The most frequent of the Roman coins are those of Antoninus Pius, of which Mr. Knight has one fine specimen, in large brass. Saxon and old English coins have been found in great abundance, together with many ancient implements, warlike, sacerdotal, and domestic. *But there is reason to believe, that an extensive trade in antiquities has been carried on about the bridges, by unscrupulous individuals, through the medium of the workmen.* Not long since, a bronze head was brought forth, as having been found whilst digging thirty feet deep in the blue clay. The preservation of the article was considered most remarkable, and *its antiquity was conjectured to be long anterior to the Roman period.* From the workmanship it was judged to be Carthaginian. A gentleman, who is confident he is not mistaken, declares that he saw it some weeks before the time of its discovery, 'thirty feet deep in the blue clay,' and that it then occupied a place in the window of a broker's shop in the New Cut. To guard against impositions, and the dispersion of the articles found, the workmen have been directed to deposit all they discover with Mr. Knight. When the fact of the discovery is properly authenticated, they receive a fair compensation for the treasure, whatever it may be."—*New Times.*

Even under these precautions, a few bushels of old copper rubbish, thrown into the water, would be no bad speculation for the labourers. They may sow, and then reap.

19th. The following account of a scene at a Manchester Missionary meeting, is worthy the attention of all those who are curious in observing the phenomena of the human mind. The same spirit of emulation which caused these people to empty their pockets for the promotion of Christianity, would have led them into the most childish extravagances in an auction-room; and the same excitement would have made them beggar themselves at a gambling-table. *Sed causa facit rem dissimilem.*

"Mr. Orme had stated, that owing to extraordinary demands during the past year on the funds of the Society, its expenditure had exceeded its income by 9 or 10,000*l.*; and Mr. Orme, ably supported by the other speakers, had urged this fact as a motive for increased liberality on the part of the friends of the cause. While the collectors were retiring with their boxes, allusion was again made by some gentlemen to this defalcation; and Mr. Heron when rising to call upon the speaker who was to introduce the next motion, said, 'Our friend, Dr. Boothroyd, says, he dares not take here the same liberty which he took down in Yorkshire, where he is no stranger. He there interrupted the order of the meeting, by announcing himself as a donor of 5*l.* towards the deficiency, and his example was followed by several other gentlemen present. I wish we had some such interruptions here.' Mr. Richard Roberts, who sat away from the platform, called out to Mr. Heron, 'Set the

example, sir; let us have an example from the chair.' The chairman, thus appealed to, good humouredly answered, by stating, that he would give 20*l.* and called on Mr. Roberts, who rejoined with his 20*l.* also. Mr. J. B. Clarke followed with the same sum. The chairman then said, 'Mr. Smith (of Strangeways Hall) tells me to put him down 50*l.*, and says that we are all shabby, and ought to raise 1,000*l.* towards the 10,000*l.*' This called up Mr. George Hadfield, who exclaimed, 'I'll be 10 per cent. towards the 1,000*l.*' The applause following this very pithy speech drowned Mr. Hadfield's voice; but, as soon as silence was restored, he added, 'I give 100*l.* on condition that the meeting raise 900*l.* more.' 'Oh,' said the chairman, 'no conditions, sir; I take your 100*l.* absolutely.' Mr. Hadfield, however, in some very forcible remarks, insisted on the duty of extraordinary exertions in the present state of the society's affairs; and concluded by positively declaring, that his 100*l.* donation *should be conditional*, and that, if the meeting failed to produce 1,000*l.* he would give no more than 50*l.* The spirit in which these remarks were made, pleased the meeting; *they sprang obviously, not from a desire of giving the less sum, but from the most enlightened prudence, as regarded the means of raising the thousand pounds*; and they were much applauded. Several donations followed from different individuals; *the chairman at each pause reporting progress, and urging the people to oblige Mr. Hadfield to give the whole hundred.* The amount kept increasing; now it was 200*l.*; soon after it reached 324*l.* There was a dead silence of a few minutes, and a minister on the platform proposed, that as many individuals could give only small sums, and would not like to proclaim themselves aloud in such an assembly, the boxes should go round a second time. 'No, no,' said Mr. Roberts, 'we are doing very well; the boxes would spoil all.' He was quite right. Here was a gentleman calling out, '*put me down for 5*l.**' There was another impatient to commit himself for 10*l.* Another followed with 20*l.* Mr. Samuel Fletcher, after a short but very sensible and affecting speech, announced himself and his lady for 50*l.* each. The magnitude of the offering seemed to scare those whose lips were quivering with half-expressed twos and fives and tens and twenties, and the proceedings halted once more at about 440*l.* This was at half-past ten o'clock. One of the speakers began his speech, and might have continued till the fire of zeal had died away, but for the judicious interruption of the indefatigable Mr. Roberts, who again called for deeds—not words. The animated countenances and delighted motions of the people; *the fumbling in their pockets*; the pleasure and anxiety especially displayed by the ladies; their looking here and there for friends of the bolder sex to announce *their nameless offerings*; all these appearances at length led somebody to suggest, that some gentlemen from the platform should walk down the aisles, not to ask anybody for money, but quietly to take the gifts of those *who might not choose to make their doings known.* This scheme just met the wishes of the audience; donations were announced by those gentlemen, faster than the chairman could write them down. Some sums were thrown from the gallery wrapped in hymn-book leaves, which had been torn out for the purpose. All was bustle and eagerness. Gentlemen who had given for themselves, repeated their gifts in the name of their wives. *They grew warmer and warmer, and then gave for their children.* Many sums poured in from Methodists, and members of the Established Church. All seemed to be of one heart and one soul; and never, perhaps, was there seen before a larger number of persons unitedly acting as if they felt, in their inmost souls, that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'

'The whole spectacle was most interesting and most surprising too. Had gold been showered amongst the people, there could scarcely have been displayed more eagerness to come in for a share, than all classes, in this large assembly, manifested to empty their purses and their pockets. Franklin tells us, how Whitfield's eloquence, on one occasion, melted him into benevolence, in spite of his counter-resolutions: so that when the collection came to be made, he gave all he had. But here was apparently a whole congregation

busied, during three long hours, (*AFTER each had given what he designed to bestow,*) in pouring their offerings into the treasury of Christian philanthropy, with a zeal which glowed and burned so fervently and so intensely, that had not the lateness of the period to which the meeting had been protracted, obliged the leaders to bring it to a close, it really seems difficult to believe that the sum actually raised might not have been increased two or three fold. The sum, at the close of the meeting, a few minutes past twelve o'clock, was 1,043*l*."

It is impossible to contain our admiration of the address of the leaders, who showed so exact an acquaintance with that nice road which leads from men's hearts to their breeches'-pockets. How artfully the conditional hundred of Mr. Hadfield, was converted into a provocative to donations? Who could refuse himself the pleasure, at some little sacrifice to himself, of bringing down his neighbour's hundred. Mr. Hadfield's hundred became a kind of cock-shy, at which the others flung their charities. They staked away, not indeed for their own gain, but another's loss. These gentlemen, however, doubtless thought themselves actuated by none but the most purely religious motives. That foreign incentive which had given a false stimulus to their liberality, escaped them. The generalship of the leaders appears throughout to have been most masterly. They are able financiers. They seized upon every circumstance, and occupied each vantage ground for money-raising, with consummate skill. Profoundly true is the vulgar saying, that "one fool makes many." Given, therefore, one fool in a public meeting, and half a dozen clever fellows to turn him to advantage, and what number of fools may be made? or into what excesses may they not be led?

Since we wrote the above, we have seen the annexed account of another phasis of the same phenomenon. Whether men are performing that act of life which they commonly execute with the most reverent care, i. e. disbursing; or whether they are kicking their heels about, bobbing up and down, and plunging about, improperly called dancing; if the spirit of emulation possesses them, their extravagance knows no bounds.

"On Sunday last a congregation of Ranters, consisting of about one hundred and twenty persons, assembled at Falmouth, in a large loft over a stable, where they have for some time held their meetings. In the course of the service the fervour of the devotees was so strongly excited, that, as is frequently the case, they commenced jumping, in imitation of the description given of David's dancing before the ark, &c. Having continued this exercise, in which both sexes joined, for some time, the beams suddenly gave way, and the minister and his dancing congregation were suddenly precipitated into the stable beneath them. Screams and cries for assistance speedily succeeded to the joyous exclamations and violent gestures of the late zealous actors in the strange mode of worship already described. The uproar was great, and continued for some time; but when the whole terrified assemblage were extricated from the disagreeable predicament into which they had fallen, it was happily found that bruises and scratches, rent garments and dishevelled hair, were the worst evils sustained by the affrighted worshippers, who doubtless ascribe their escape to the signal interposition of heaven."—*West Briton*.

The emulation of our Manchester friends, artfully excited, brought down a thousand pounds; that of our West Britons brought down a house. Doubtless, too, there was some gouty old gentlemen among

the number, against whom the youngster set and pussed with extraordinary activity, on the same principle on which the Lancashire folks staked their money against Mr. Hadfield.

— Lord Lyndhurst is reported to have made the following declaration in the Court of Chancery. I quote the passage with the emphasis laid on it by the John Bull:—

“MR. HORNE, I HAVE HAD ALREADY SUFFICIENT EXPERIENCE OF THIS COURT TO KNOW THAT IT IS VERY DIFFICULT TO BRING FORWARD A MOTION, AND THAT THE DELAYS WHICH OCCASIONALLY OCCUR ARE BEYOND THE CONTROL OF ANY PERSON CONNECTED WITH THE COURT.”

The partisans of Lord Eldon have eagerly grasped at this speech, and absurdly endeavoured to argue, that it exonerates the late inefficient Chancellor from all blame. Nothing can be conceived much more weak and desperate than the attempt; and I am surprised that a paper now so respectably written as The New Times, should have lent itself to so impudent an experiment on the stupidity of the public. In the first place, every body who knows any thing about the matter, knows that much weight does not belong to the words of Lord Lyndhurst, as he cannot be supposed, even at this hour, perfectly *au fait* of the business of the court in which he presides. In the second place, the deduction of the late Lord Chancellor's exculpation does not follow from these words. Nobody ever argued that all the delay and obstruction of business was attributed to that intriguing old gentleman, the Lord Eldon. It was admitted on all hands, that a portion was to be laid to the account of the system; and what says Lord Lyndhurst, that “the delays which *occasionally* occur, are beyond the control of any person connected with the court.” His lordship here speaks, and doubtless speaks truly, of the delays which “*occasionally* occur;” while the delays imputed to Lord Eldon were of *daily*, not of *occasional*, occurrence. We will, adopting the words of Lord Lyndhurst, acquit Lord Eldon of the occasional delays, and only charge him with the daily ones. Let any man, possessed of the impudence of the arch enemy himself, turn over the Chancery reports during the presidency of Lord Eldon, and deny that his lordship was the author of daily delays; that his secret of disposing of business was summed up in that single word *delaying* it. *Crawshaw v. Collins*, *De Beauvoir and Rhodes*, *Hill and Rearden*, may be taken as general examples of the Eldon practice. After causes have been heard, after nothing has been wanting but the judge's decision, look at his postponements upon postponements, extending to the hour of his resignation, and say, if you have the impudence of the devil himself, that that man is not chargeable with having immensely added to the evils incidental to the Chancery system. Whether his peculiar infirmity of mind, or his habits of political intrigue, which occupied much of the time and attention due to the business of his court, was the main cause of his judicial inefficiency, it is now scarcely worth while to inquire—they were probably conjoint. Suitors seem perfectly to have comprehended their value in effect; for it speaks most unequivocally their sense of Lord Eldon's merits as a judge, that they rejected his beseechingly urged proposal, to be allowed to decide for them in the character of arbitrator, after his retirement from the

bench. They had had enough of him and his postponements; and in answer to his overture of arbitration, a limitation to time was scoffingly suggested—a merited insult.

— A Mr. Cunningham (a Scotchman we believe, as his work is noticed in the *Morning Chronicle*) has published a book on New South Wales, in which he proposes a grand improvement in the construction of the jails. From the extracts from Mr. Cunningham's production, we should be inclined to think favourably of it; but the humanity and expediency of these suggestions, seem to us to be about equally questionable. He would cage men like squirrels, and have them hung out in the sun when the day is fine. This he proposes as Gulliver proposed the introduction of artillery into Brobdignag, for the better slaughtering of the King's subjects, obviously without the slightest idea of its being in the least cruel, or liable to the suspicion of cruelty.

"Let a series of cells, of strong oak, be constructed, nine feet by four and a half, and seven high, hooped round with iron bars, and covered with plates of the same, to prevent being cut through; having a strong iron grating at top, and a sliding or folding cover, with a bull's eye in it, which the prisoner could open and shut; and small port-holes and slides at the bottom, for admission of air. A hammock slung between two rings might serve for a bed, setting the bed-clothes out to air daily; the cells being all placed under a common open shed, having a warm air-pipe passing up between them, and communicating by a stop-cock with each cell, to admit the prisoner warming it in cold weather, or whenever requisite. These cells being placed on trucks, could be moved out into the open air, to give the prisoners the benefit of a sunning in fine weather, while the nine-foot length of each would afford quite sufficient space to take exercise in, when its inmate became accustomed to that limitation, as any one who has been at sea can amply testify. A narrow gallery overhead, extending the whole-length of the shed, would serve as a place for the watchman or patrol, to prevent conversation, and guard against escape. The prisoners would not be enabled to see or speak to each other in the cells; while on their being placed at the mill, or allowed to walk out upon occasion, they should be dressed in loose flannel frocks, having the number of their cell painted thereon, and have tin masks on, so roomy as to admit of wiping their faces, without taking them off during labour."

The *Morning Chronicle*, which with characteristic judgment copied this project, in a favourable notice of the book whence it is taken, declines deciding "as to the *practicability or efficiency* of the plan." Did it never occur to the *Chronicle* that there might be something more than practicability and efficiency to be considered? It might be practicable and efficient to put the prisoners to the torture, but the humanity might to some minds appear doubtful. We are decidedly adverse to making jails places of enjoyment or of ease; but it is one thing to make them this, and another to put them on the plan of cages for wild beasts; with this difference, indeed, that the wild beasts are permitted liberty of roar, because it cannot be denied them, while liberty of speech is to be refused to the human prisoners. In a word, the discipline proposed would carry the punishment of imprisonment beyond the infliction contemplated by the law in imprisonment, and thus it would be unjust. While we imprison men for all sorts of trifles and nonsenses, we must have a care of giving it a severity only due to the gravest offences.

There is better matter than what we have instanced in Mr. Cunningham's book. This account, for example, of a praying pick-pocket, observed by Mr. Cunningham when surgeon to a convict-ship.

"Jones was quite enthusiastic in Scripture-reading, and I never passed his birth without observing him earnestly toiling away with a pair of huge spectacles arched over his nose, or else the Bible lying close to his hip, ready to be snatched upon the instant. Indeed, so earnest was he in his religious exercises, that he could not even attend muster on Sunday without the Bible in his hand, and his fore-finger stuck between the leaves, to mark the passage he had been reading. Just previous, however, to this godly person's dismissal from the hospital (where he had been placed on account of a fit of illness) my assistant lost a sum of money; and it ultimately came out, on the evidence of Jones's brother saint, John George, that the former was the culprit. Honest John, indeed, had a finger in the pie, but was induced to 'peach on account of Jones (whom he denounced as being the greatest ruffian in all Wales) having attempted to bilk him out of his due share."

Considering the encouragement held out to hypocrisy in people whose crimes or misfortunes have rendered them in any manner dependent, on the favour of their superiors, we are only surprised that the vice is not even more abundant than it is. We can hardly understand why it is that all beggars do not sing psalms. There are two stout strapping fellows with long flaxen hair hanging down their sleek cheeks, who go about dressed as sailors in trim nankeen trowsers, and with up-turned eyes bawl hymns as if they were singing to the man in the crow's nest in a gale of wind. These men make an excellent trade of their godliness. We have observed the pence pouring in upon them. One wonders that the example is not universally followed. As for the thieves, who are never deficient in astuteness, every rogue, the instant he is committed to Newgate, if there is a chance of his being served by character, a hope of reprieve, pardon, or mitigation of punishment, sends for Mr. Cotton, "takes up," as it is termed, and turns godly.

#### LIFE OF LORD ELDON.

The Life, Political and Official, of John, Earl of Eldon, late Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, &c. &c. London. Hunt and Clarke. 1827.

DE FOE wrote a *Life of the Devil*, and made a very dull book; somebody, of powers which we cannot suppose equal to De Foe's, has written a *Life of Lord Eldon*, and made a very piquant pamphlet. Lord Eldon is a better subject than the Devil. In the hey-day of youth and beauty, the Devil did a little matter of mischief in the world; but as it waxed old, he has been so beset and belaboured with church establishments and conventicles, printed sermons and field preachings, bible societies and tract societies\*, that his powers of harm

\* As far back as the time of St. Antony, when there were no bible or tract societies, he was on his last legs, as appears from this little anecdote in Athanasius's life of that respectable saint—"Somebody knocking one day at his cell, Antony went to the door, where he saw a tall meagre person, who being asked his name, answered, that he was Satan. His business, it seems, was to beg a truce of the saint, and to expostulate with him on account of the perpetual reproaches and curses which the monks so undeservedly bestowed upon him, when he was no longer in condition to give them any trouble; for since the desert was now filled with monks, and the Christians spread into all places, he was disarmed of all power to do them any mischief. So that the Christians had nothing more to do but to take care of themselves, and to forbear their needless curses against him."—*Athanasius's Life of St. Antony.*

have dwindled away to nothing, and he has become a mere cypher. So sunk, indeed, is he, that for many years his name has been omitted in pleadings as the instigator of crime; and when the lawyers give him up, he must be past praying for indeed. The stage thus clear—any thing like rivalry being excluded—Lord Eldon appears upon it with peculiarly forcible effect. It is the disposition of mankind to be curious about the lives of those who have been the authors of signal mischiefs to society; and, accordingly, a *Life of Lord Eldon* cannot fail to interest the public. The memoir before us is a brief, but pithy, sketch of the political and judicial character of its worthy subject. Since we read the *Life of Jonathan Wild the Great*, by Fielding, we have met with nothing which has in so panoramic a manner set before us the St. Giles's of the human heart. We are surrounded with little narrow ways, meanness, and squalor; and the eye seeks in vain the repose of any one point which may indicate a cleaner or more wholesome spirit. It sees only a labyrinth of dark turns and blind allies. Lord Eldon's has been an eminently consistent character; such as he was in the beginning, he is now, and will be to his last hour—a Cacus, whose whole art consists in pulling things back by the tail. His intellect, of a very contemptible order, seems to resemble the sight of some people, who can read the smallest print without glasses, immediately under their eyes, while they are blind to the grandest objects a few yards distant from their organs. Put a detached bit of law under his nose, as some one said, and he is all shrewdness; but for a great question, he has no comprehension. Whether this was a natural or an acquired defect, we cannot pretend to decide; but it is possible that his lordship, like certain accommodating husbands, saw the advantage of training himself to habits of blindness. Men put goggles on horses to prevent them from seeing any object but the road immediately under their noses; and the aspirant for the honours of the bar, may have voluntarily harnessed himself in such contrivances, to avoid the danger of shying on the road to preferment. Every part of Lord Eldon's history shows that he was *nil nisi leguleius*—the thorough going hack, with wretched paces, but a back for any burden. The following is an account of his political *début*:—

“ Mr. Scott broke his first spear in parliament against Mr. Fox's India Bill. Good God! that Charles James, so sound at heart, should have been so often rotten in the argument! the very best of breathing beings in practice, the next possible thing to a tyrant in theory. The speech of Mr. Scott was on the Pitt side of the question. It is a curious specimen of oratory, for it is marked by all the peculiarities of the man's mind. It ended in a glorious uncertainty; and the maiden speaker asked permission to take home the bill, that he might be able to give his opinion of it on a future day. That future day arrived in a fortnight, when Mr. Scott made an elaborate speech, as per order. This was, indeed, a Scotticism all over; a whining, canting, vacillating affair; here a bit of censure, there a bit of praise; then censure, then praise; censure and praise again; and then he ended without concluding any thing. Upwards of a third of his speech was a quotation from the Apocalypse; a couple of lines from Horace, a free extract from Shakspeare, constituted the more popular parts of this oration. He snatched, from some very respectable curate, perhaps, the opportunity of making his fortune: and in truth it might have been, with the utmost propriety, left to the parson to prove, that Mr. Fox's India Bill was prophetically described and condemned in the Revelations of St. John. This speech called forth a great deal

of observation. This one laughed at it: another grew serious at the thoughts of it. Sheridan declared, that the learned gentleman appeared to make his discourse according to Lord Coke's method of making a lawyer: that is, he allowed a good deal for sleep, a good deal for equity, and something for praying. The lines of the famous commentator are—

'Sex horas somno, totidem des legibus æquis,  
Quatuor orabis.'

"I have now to consider Mr. Scott as a king's servant, in the possession of one of those outworks of office which is [are] usually considered as the key to the heart of the citadel. In the year 1788 he was made solicitor-general, having attained his thirty-eighth year, being exactly the age at which the late Lord Gifford, thirty years afterwards, arrived at the same preferment. McDonald was the attorney-general. The two law officers were to be knighted according to custom. But so simple hearted was Scott, so averse to tawdry distinctions, that nothing but the dread of affronting the king could ultimately prevail with him to pass from the waiting-room into the royal presence, to submit to the *accolade*.

"The great Regency question now put Pitt upon his mettle, and made active the whole household of dependants and expectants. He had, it must be admitted, the whip-hand of the Whigs on this question; and if he left his case to be negatively established by the self-discomfited efforts of the other side, he would have done very well. But Sir J. Scott succeeded in entangling the simple question in such a mesh of subtleties, that Pitt himself could scarcely disengage it from its embarrassments. The adversary gained time, along with a number of petty advantages that tended to diminish the glory of Pitt's victory. While some great principle of ministers lay almost expiring under the resistless assaults of Fox's eloquence, poor Sir J. Scott would be splitting hairs by the hour, until the capillary subdivisions became absolutely impalpable to the sense. When he was not thus fondly engaged, you might have heard him strenuously labouring for Antiquity *versus* Innovation, and passionately menacing, and convicting, and sentencing, all modern improvements, at the suit of our ancestors. One of his most favourite tenets was, that the political and the personal character of the king were inseparable in the eye of the law—as long as the king lived, the king governed. There was no decomposing a king, in Sir J. Scott's legal chemistry. What said Fact? Fact said—'His Majesty is mad.' 'Impossible!' exclaims Law. 'But I have heard him howl like a dog, and I have seen him attempt to jump out of the window,' declares Fact. 'Oh, *distinguo*,' rejoins Law, 'it was the *man* that was mad—the *king* is still the old rock of wisdom that he was.' 'Is it so?' requires Fact; 'why then, I suppose, if the *man* jumped out of the window, the *king* would have remained behind.' Exactly so, was the reply. But the nonsense of this reasoning was the best part of it. It was very wicked to boot; for it imported that nothing but death could incapacitate a king from being king, whereas the Revolution declared that the title of the sovereign to the allegiance of the people might be forfeited. Such was the sort of reasoning, such the principles, by adopting which parliamentary lawyers began now to fall into contempt. Men remembered the golden times when Thurlow's sagacity, Wedderburne's skilful eloquence, and Dunning's acuteness, raised the authority of the House of Commons above its wonted level in the state, and they sighed to think that such times were not soon to return. Sir J. Scott's voice was naturally feeble; it was rendered more indistinct by a nasal sort of utterance which was peculiar to his family. So far he was disqualified for making any great impression on a popular assembly. Add to this his notions upon syntax and perspicuity, and you have a key to the causes why Sir John could never be heard with pleasure in the senate. His mode of thinking was sufficiently Dædalean—his language was a labyrinth all out. He would lay down a

\* See Admiral Payne's Letters to Sheridan.



principle—all goes fair for a while—but soon you find him hemming it in with conditions and provisos; he eats gradually into it, until the substance is utterly gone. He starts an assertion—it is not out of his reach, before he waylays it with a set of clauses; and poor Assertion gives up the ghost in the arms of Hypothesis. His mind was better fitted for the Sorbonne than for the House of Commons; his metaphysical antics could never be relished by an assembly composed of some who wanted to do business, and others who came for amusement.”—pp. 24—28.

The last passage is particularly happy—a rapid and exact sketch of the character of this worthy person’s little mind.

The next extract contains an anecdote which exemplifies the openness and honesty of his political ways, and shows how foreign any thing like *trickery* was to his noble mind:—

“With the abilities of the solicitor-general we have at present nothing to do. His principles are more of consequence. Let us mark, at this early stage of his career, the maturity of that hatred of *change* which characterised his after-life. His motto, in every thing but his own preferment, was *semper eadem*. On this he reposed. He put his back against the stream of improvement: he was sometimes moved off his centre by the swell of the current, but he shifted, as soon as possible, to his old position. What he did not or could not oppose successfully, he endeavoured, as it were, to hustle; and, by sly thrusts in the dark, to destroy. Fox’s great bulwark of liberty—the Libel Bill—was brought forward in 1792. It is very well known that this bill gave to the jury the whole right to decide upon the law and the fact in libel cases. Sir J. Scott took hold of the bill while it was in the lower house, and now picked a hole here, and now detected a flaw there; and after a great deal of complaining and whining, he at last came forth with his amendment. The preamble of this glorious bill ran thus: ‘Whereas doubts have arisen, whether the jury can take into their consideration the whole matter of charge.’ The solicitor-general proposed to shape the preamble in this way: ‘Whereas doubts have arisen, whether the jury, *with the assistance and under the direction of the judge*, can take, &c.’ This was insidiously to do the very thing which the bill proposed to undo. ‘What!’ exclaimed Fox, ‘you want to keep up the old quarrel—you want again to let loose the judge upon the jury.’ Erskine indignantly rejected the amendment also. It was, in any view, a strange proposition. It was so perfectly innocent in appearance, that it might have imposed upon less acute and vigilant understandings than those of Fox and Erskine. The wily assailant returned to his lair, disappointed of prey.”—pp. 29, 30.

It is necessary, to the just appreciation of the character of Lord Eldon, that it should be known that the staunch opponent of every improvement in the law, was himself fully sensible of its defects and abuses.

“In the session of 1794 a bill was brought into the House of Commons; the object of it was to assimilate the criminal laws of Scotland with those of England. The policy of such a measure it belongs not to me to discuss. Sir J. Scott opposed it: let us listen to his reasons with profound attention. He thought the criminal laws of this country were too defective, too full of abuses, to be deliberately handed over to another with the recommendation of an act of the legislature. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘your laws are full of abuses; there are your judges with a discretion in awarding punishment—a dreadful power! And look, how severe is this code of yours! It happens that men are daily tried for crimes which the law calls capital, but for which it would be so horrible to inflict capital punishment, that the judge makes the jury find a verdict which fixes the value of the stolen article at a sum under one shilling, when it is notoriously worth several pounds.’ Let us pause at these words: let us think of them over and over: let us recur to the parliamentary record, and be sure that we mistake him not: let us strive to make out that these were

not the expressions of a man who spent a quarter of a century afterwards in protecting and praising this criminal code, in calling down vengeance on the profane hands that dared to meddle with the discretion vested in the reverend judges for the wisest of all possible purposes! Well, but he denounced the abuses of the criminal code! Ah, there was no harm in being a critic then: there was no Romilly in Parliament, no Macintosh in political existence. The words were spoken to the winds. Here indeed was one little slip of candour; but the consistent life of Sir J. Scott makes the indiscretion almost less than venial."—pp. 49, 50. - - - - -

"Nothing affects me with more unmixed surprise than the review of Lord Eldon's public life. How is it that one who was haply vested with almost omnipotence in the state, to whom health and such a length of official existence have been granted, how he could yet be the man to whose exertions scarcely a solitary measure of comprehensive utility can be attributed, is a problem of hopeless difficulty, at least, to the simplicity of reason. It is strange that, from taste, from duty, from whim even, he should never have taken it into his head to alter one thing or another during his life."—p. 58.

We must be just. This statement is not accurate. The late Lord Chancellor did alter one part of the law in the course of his official life, and that one reform remains, though a solitary, a splendid monument of his legislative greatness. It commonly goes by the modest name of the Chancellor's Bum Act. By an old law the Chancellor could only make serjeants in term time. A gentleman of the name of Bum\*\*s being a candidate for the coif, the Chancellor admitted the force of his claims, and promised him the promotion, but always delayed it till the period for effecting it had expired. Mr. Bum\*\*s remonstrated; the Chancellor promised the promotion next term, and next term, but term after term slipped away and Mr. Bum\*\*s was not nearer the coif than when first he urged his pretensions. At last a lucky thought struck the Lord Eldon that term time was too narrow a time to allow of a Lord Chancellor's making a serjeant; and for once in his life having espied a flaw in the law handed down to us by the wisdom of our ancestors, he proposed a remedy for it—he brought in a bill to enable himself, and all future Chancellors, *to make serjeants in vacation*. It passed into law, and is named after the occasion, as we have before said, the Bum Act. We believe that after all he did not make Mr. Bum\*\*s a serjeant, even when he had altered the law for the express purpose. If we recollect right, Mr. Bum\*\*s's very proper advancement has its date subsequent to the Lord Eldon's happy retirement. Be that however as it may, whenever his lordship departs this life, his admiring profession will inscribe on his slab those simple words which so comprehensively speak his merits as a legislator:—

*"John, Earl of Eldon.*

*"HE WAS THE AUTHOR OF*

*"THE BUM ACT."*

Simple and grand memorial! The name of Eldon will live in the minds of a grateful posterity, as of him who gave the power of making serjeants in long vacation. He who effected this stupendous reform may be excused some omissions. What if the criminal law remained written in letters of blood? still he made serjeants in long vacation. Forget not his Bum Act. Our author not being aware of this all-redeeming fact, is too severe on his lordship's predilection for the

punishment of hanging. But surely some allowances may be made for that man's disposition to deal rigorously with his fellow creature's necks, who put black patches on barrister's wigs *in long vacation*. We should ever bear this grand set-off in mind when considering the omissions chargeable against the Lord Eldon. So enlightened as this little great man was on the subject of making sergeants in long vacation, it is yet, as the author of his vexatious life remarks,

"Almost painful to observe to what straits he was reduced, when forced to state the grounds of his uniform opposition to the melioration of the criminal law. He clung to the old system with an obstinacy that only wanted a good cause to become heroism. Vehement eloquence carried all the out-works of his garrison a dozen times over; he starved longer than any human being could upon a stint of argument and reason; and though the roof of the venerable fabric was tumbled about his ears, still he would not hear of any terms. When the bill for removing the penalty of death for the offence of stealing from a shop under the value of five shillings, which, as we have stated, had been six times sanctioned by the House of Commons, was first presented to the Lords for their concurrence, the late Lord Chancellor declared against it. 'You have already committed enough of mischief by the 48th of Geo. III.; for God's sake take care what you do! The prosecutions are now twenty to one as compared with what they were under the old state of the law: here is a bounty given to crime, and crime accordingly increases.' Thus the bill was resisted, a measure of great and salutary efficacy postponed for many years; and all because there was a gentleman on the woolsack who *would* not see that it was the number of prosecutions and not of crimes that increased; for where one man could be got who would demand the penalty of death for the felonious abstraction of five shillings' worth of property from his shop, twenty men were found to call for the lesser punishment of imprisonment or transportation for the same offence. Twist his words as you please; survey them even through the partial prism of his own explanations, and you discover only one principle—that every offence ought to be visited with death. In the discussion on the Frame-work Knitters' Bill, on the 27th of Feb. 1812, ever memorable for having been the theme of an ardent burst of eloquence from Lord Byron, the Lord Chancellor deliberately declared that the punishment of death was a salutary terror on the minds of offenders. But it has not remained for me to draw this conclusion, and cast it in the face of Lord Eldon. The accusation stands recorded against him upon far higher authority. On the 2d of April, 1813, the bill which has just been alluded to, for altering the state of the law respecting the offence of stealing in shops, was pressed upon the House of Lords with a degree of force which no reason, at all events, could resist. A small section, if I may be allowed the expression, of the debate which arose upon that bill, will accomplish the object I have in view, far better than the most elaborate description of that celebrated scene:—

"The Lord Chancellor, in the course of a lengthened speech, took occasion to ask their lordships, whether it was an encouragement or discouragement to crime, in the eyes of any man of common sense, when he knew that, instead of being hanged if he committed it, he could, at the most, be only transported.

"Lord Grenville boldly and pointedly declared, that if the argument of the noble and learned lord was of any avail, it would warrant the conclusion, that it would be advisable to enact at once the law of Draco for every offence, however trifling.

"The Lord Chancellor.—'I must interrupt the noble lord, to assure him that I never made the assertion, that the punishment of death is fit for every offence.'

"Lord Grenville.—'I do not impute any such assertion to the noble and learned lord. I only maintain, that if the noble and learned lord's argument

is of any avail, it necessarily leads to this conclusion. Does he not assert that capital punishment is in itself productive of salutary dread? Does he not triumphantly urge that, to deny the efficacy of capital punishment in deterring men from the commission of crimes, is repugnant to experience and common sense? Does he not, following the same line of argument, ask, whether the adoption of the present measure, by taking away the capital part of the punishment, would prove an encouragement or discouragement from the commission of the offence in question, obviously inferring that the former would be the consequence? Does not his argument necessarily infer that the best mode of preventing *any* offence would be to constitute it a capital crime?

"It was quite necessary that charges so striking, so peremptorily urged, should be met with all expedition; and, accordingly, the Lord Chancellor rose. 'I rise to explain that I am misunderstood if it has been supposed that I have expressed any opinion as to the propriety of enacting the punishment of death for every species of offence.' Why, nobody had said that he did express, or even entertain the opinion. But all the world saw, and Lord Grenville reiterated once more, that the principle and reasoning of Lord Eldon must inevitably lead to this conclusion—that every offence ought to be visited with death."—pp. 63—66.

Lord Eldon had never more logic than a cow, and his reasoning powers were not of sufficient force to enable him to see the necessary tendency of his own argument.

Here is a creditable passage of his life:—

"Let us now come to the beginning of the year 1811, when the king's malady returned. There were many discussions on the subject. In the course of one of these debates, Earl Grey excited a very great sensation, by openly declaring that he must have some better proof of the state of the king's health than the word of Lord Eldon; for he remembered that the noble lord had in his place, in 1804, stated that there was no suspension of the royal functions at a moment when, from the evidence of the physicians, it appeared that his majesty was still labouring under the effects of his malady. Lord Eldon was very much agitated and affected by this charge. However, he most fervently appealed to his character for integrity; solemnly alleging the love and affection he bore his sovereign, and said, he would sooner die on the scaffold, than desert him. 'Let me only see my sovereign well, and then let me depart in peace. I cannot on this affecting occasion take my heart out of my breast, and forget that my most gracious master is a man; let those who can do so, do so; I am not made of such impenetrable stuff; I have not nerve or apathy sufficient for such a stern act of duty. I will judge, as I have done, for myself of the state of my sovereign's health. I pay no attention to the opinion of physicians respecting this disorder. The restoration of my sovereign to health depends on other causes than medical aid. In the language of the Scriptures, if it is the pleasure of God that there should be light in the royal mind, light there will be; I say no more at present, than that there is a material amendment in his majesty's health; and as I hope for salvation, this is the truth.' The propriety, and even decency of such rhapsodies as this, in any political assembly, cannot be easily made apparent, I should think. They were condemned and ridiculed without mercy; and such was the general impression to which they gave rise, that Earl Grey was induced to follow up the threat to a practical accusation. The bill, appointing a regency, had been agreed to; it only remained that the individuals who were to form the council should be nominated. When the name of Lord Eldon was proposed, Earl Grey rose, and said, that nothing should make him consent to the appointment. 'I arraign,' said he, 'the noble lord of an offence little short of high-treason; neither his agitations, nor his fears, nor his rank, shall deter me from accusing him. What is the punishment due to him who, in the full conviction that his sovereign is incompetent to act, and knowing him to be under personal restraint, should come here and tell us that

there was no necessary suspension of the royal functions: who, under these circumstances, should, in his majesty's name, and under the pretext of his majesty's commands, put the royal seal to acts which could not be legal without his majesty's full acquiescence? I say it is treason against the king and the constitution. I hope your lordships will not suffer such a man as this to be included in the council that is to report on his majesty's recovery.' The acts here mentioned were sixteen in number, and one of them conferred a very considerable grant of lands to his late Royal Highness the Duke of York. Lord Eldon defended himself with warmth: he said he was not bound by the opinion of any physician—that he had seen the king, and formed a judgment for himself of the state of his majesty's disorder—that he had acted with the best intentions, and that he was sure he stood acquitted in the sight of God. He lastly complained that he should have been chosen out of all the ministers of the time as the object of attack. But Earl Grey reiterated the charge, and darkly alluded to the coincidence which appeared to exist between the interruption of the negotiation going forward between Pitt and Fox, and the date of the alleged convalescence of his majesty. In fine, an express motion was made by Lord King to exclude the Lord Chancellor from the council, as an improper person to be in it, and it was pressed to a division. There were no fewer than fifty-four peers who voted for the exclusion, but their opinion was over-ruled by a considerable majority. The impression against him still survived in the breasts of a few. It was afterwards embodied in the form of a protest, and solemnly recorded in the journals of the house.

"There is no precedent in the annals of Parliament for such a curious document, nor will the interest which it is calculated to excite be abated, when we refer to the names by which the matter of it is authenticated and approved.

"That whilst his majesty was in a state to require medical guidance, and subject to personal control, the said John Lord Eldon, as Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, did receive his majesty's pleasure in divers important matters of his majesty's regal government, and did, in virtue of his said office, perform various public acts, requiring the sanction of the king's public authority. Because John Lord Eldon having so conducted himself, is not in our judgment a person to whom the sacred trust of acting as one of her majesty's council, in the care of his majesty's person, and in the discharge of the other most important duties by this act committed to the said council, can with propriety or safety be committed.

(Signed)

"Grey, Lauderdale, V. Holland,  
Erskine, Rosslyn, Derby, Ashbur-  
ton, Ponsonby, Ponsonby Imo."

In another part of this publication, (The Diary,) the impudent assertion that no portion of the delays in Chancery was justly attributable to Lord Eldon, has been observed upon. In the pamphlet before us we find a remarkable example in support of our coadjutor's comment, that after the sum of the delays and obstructions incidental to the vicious Chancery system had been reached, there were superadded those which grew out of the peculiar habit of the Chancellor's mind, or the distraction of his attention from the business of his court, to the intrigues of the cabinet. The case we are about to quote is far from solitary; it has too many parallels, not less striking, but not, perhaps, capable of such good authentication, for,

"It is the statement of a man upon his oath, that man a member of the House of Commons, and the solicitor in the causes; that statement made in the presence of Lord Eldon's dearest friends and relations.\*

\* The gentleman alluded to is W. Leake, Esq. M. P., who was examined before the Commissioners for inquiring into the abuses of Chancery.

"In the year 1806 a gentleman named Garthshore, who was one of the Lords of the Admiralty, became insane, when a commission of lunacy was sued out. He died the same year, and as his property was under the control of the Court of Chancery, an amicable suit was instituted, having for its object to ascertain what claims existed against that property, in order to their being satisfied, and the residue paid over to those who were entitled to it. A gentleman, of the name of Husbands, appears before the Master in Chancery with a claim. While this claim is undergoing inquiry, Mr. Husbands dies, and it is taken up and pressed by his widow. On the 4th of June, 1810, the master makes his report that the sum of 2,041*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* is due to Mrs. Husbands. But Garthshore's friends contest the grounds of the demand, and the Chancellor at last sends the report back to the master to revise it. This report, so sent back, remains in the master's office two years and four months, when he returns the report, stating that he was right on the first occasion, and that the sum now due is 2,217*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* This second report is then discussed at the greatest length in the court, and, as soon as it was concluded, the Chancellor declared that he would give judgment in a few days. So far his lordship cannot be charged with any part of the delay, although full ten years had passed since the claim was put in by Mr. Husbands. We are consequently arrived at the year 1816, and it was in the November of that year that the Chancellor promised his judgment in a few days. The few days passed away, and many more to the back of them, and no judgment appeared. The gentleman who came in for Garthshore's property now dies; but by his will he set apart a sum sufficient to cover this claim, in case the Chancellor should give a decree against him. Two years before this, the poor widow, who had been absolutely bowed down to earth by poverty and disappointment, fell a victim to her sufferings, leaving two children, now orphans, with no other legacy than their right to upwards of 2000*l.* The year sixteen concludes, the year seventeen passes over, the year eighteen follows it, and nineteen and one-half of twenty are gone, and, alas! no judgment can be wrung from the inexorable Chancellor. The wretched orphans meantime are living on the charity of the solicitor in the cause; and he, worthy man, having a large family of his own to engross the fruits of his earnings, now, tired and disgusted with the delay, is forced to the hard measure of sending the poor orphans to the workhouse. In this state of things Mr. Leake, who was the solicitor opposed to the claims, feeling anxious that the matter should be closed one way or another, proceeds to the hazardous step of addressing a private note to the Chancellor. The following is the copy of this note. 'Erskine v. Garthshore.—The solicitor for the representatives of the parties in the cause, is desired on their behalf humbly to entreat the Lord Chancellor's judgment in the above cause. The subject matter in question came on to be heard before his lordship in the shape of exceptions to the master's report on the 20th and 22d November, 1816.—22d May, 1820.'—In two or three days the Lord Chancellor was pleased to return the following answer: 'In the cause of Erskine v. Garthshore the papers were, long ago, taken from my table. I have desired Mr. Hand to make due inquiry for them, and understanding from your note that I have been mistaken in supposing that that cause was arranged, as soon as I get the papers I will dispose of it. Your's, with much respect, Eldon.' This is all the system, not the man. We have now got as far as the year 1820; we have seen all the original parties go to their graves, and we have seen the two orphan claimants put into the workhouse, after having been supported upon charity for several years. What is the next fact that we have to contemplate? Mr. Leake shall state it. 'I have only to add,' he says, 'that notwithstanding the promise contained in his lordship's note, the cause still stands for judgment in his lordship's paper, and is still undisposed of!' The day when this was asserted upon oath was the 3d of August, 1825, more than five years after the date of Lord Eldon's promissory note. Mr. Leake concludes by saying, that he believes the orphans died in the workhouse—peace be to them."—pp. 79—82.

¶ Superstitiously attached as Lord Eldon was to antiquity, he was yet the first Chancellor who ever departed from old usage, in respect of the state of his office, which he dropped because, as we believe, it cost money. We only remark upon this circumstance as it is characteristic of the man. He could understand the principles of utility when they bore upon his own purse; and never had a doubt when his self-love was moved, his passions touched. None of his weaknesses, foibles, or imperfections, call them what you may, ever stood in his own way—between him and his profit, or between him and his resentment. He never *doubted* the demerit of an antagonist for a moment, or suffered the wisdom of our ancestors to cost him a state coach, with an additional pair of horses; no, nor even a ratafia cake and a glass of wine. We quote a passage touching on this subject, and ending with a very sound remark:—

“With the private life of Lord Eldon I have nothing whatever to do except in so far as it may bear on the public character of the functionary. The chancellorship is a very dignified office, and from time immemorial, up to the era of Lord Eldon’s elevation, it was usually sustained with a degree of splendour which would surprise the modern generation. I inquire not into motives, but facts are fair game; and whether it be mere scandal or truth, the story goes, that once upon a time Lady Eldon fell ill, and continued to be indisposed on the first day of a certain term. It became necessary that the Chancellor’s breakfast to the judges should be held in Lincoln’s Inn Hall; and the benchers of that ancient society were all so much pleased with the condescension of the Chancellor, that they insisted upon paying the expense. The point was ruled: Lord Eldon depart indeed from a precedent? the very matting of the hall would mutiny against him—the Chancellor’s breakfasts were, ever afterwards, until the famous resignation, celebrated at Lincoln’s Inn, at the cost and charges of the reverend society of that place.

“It is very proper that a judge should lead a life of dignified retirement—the due admiration of justice requires it. But it is not necessary, it is not even justifiable, for a man in a judicial office so wholly to estrange himself from society as to be utterly ignorant of what passes in it, to be a perfect stranger to its prevailing sense, to the alterations of habits and manners which it experiences. No doubt can be entertained that it was in consequence of carrying the principle of non-intercourse with the world too far, that Lord Eldon was so long insensible to the necessity of altering the policy of our laws and institutions. He had no acquaintance with the state of the institutions of other countries, and he had no notion of the rapid improvements that were going forward in his own. His studies in modern literature were confined to the Gentleman’s Magazine, or the report of a debate in the House of Commons on the abuses of the Court of Chancery.”—pp. 83, 84.

Lord Eldon’s manners are universally confessed to have been extremely winning; but there was an inconsistency in him in this particular, for with an obvious desire to propitiate every human being, was combined an indecent proneness to censure those whose good opinion was of some consequence to him, and whose fair repute could not be lightly shaken without greatly prejudicing the administration of justice.

“It was an anomaly in the eyes of those who best knew his lordship, that one so courteous to persons, one who had so many faults of his own to correct, should exercise the function of critic upon the failings of others with so much severity. He never made a public allusion to Sir J. Leach without a sneer or an aspersion; and indeed it was well known to all lawyers, that appeals from the Vice-Chancellor’s Court to that of the Chancellor, were inordinately

numerous, encouraged by the notorious tendency of his lordship to shake, and, upon any pretence whatever, to overturn the judgment of the inferior Court."—pp. 90, 91.

We remember that some few months ago the *Morning Chronicle* quoted, as something very commendable, a sneer uttered by his lordship on some Scotch judges, in an appeal case; insinuating that they might have decided in favour of a certain gentleman's claim to an estate, because they received hospitality under the roof in dispute, or an imputation to that effect. On recollection, we think that the unbecoming insinuation was conveyed in a question—Did their lordships receive hospitality in the defendant's house, when on their way to the neighbouring town?

Here we must stop, recommending the political and official *Life of Lord Eldon* to our readers, as a memoir containing much shrewd and sound observation, and presenting the salient points of the subject character with considerable skill.

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#### THOMPSON'S TRAVELS IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

*Travels and Adventures in Southern Africa, by George Thompson, Esq. eight years a resident at the Cape. Comprising a View of the Present State of the Cape Colony; with Observations on the Progress of British Emigrants. Second Edition. London. Colburn. 1827. 2 vols.*

THE travels of this enterprising gentleman consist of two distinct journeys; the first lies to the east of the colony and the north; the second, to the west and the north: each approaching and partly traversing, the course of the Great Orange, or Gariep River; which, running from east to west, more than includes within its grasp the entire boundaries of the settlement. Both these tours abound in incidents of a novel and singular kind; they lie through a country of very remarkable features; and the details throw much light upon the morals and mode of life of many classes of men, in all degrees of civilisation, and the absence of it. In addition to the two divisions, which contain the active proceedings of Mr. Thompson, there is a third, consisting of speculations and observations of a general kind, chiefly relating to the interests, value, and resources of the colony; and especially concerning the situation and prospects of the British emigrants.

We shall follow Mr. Thompson in both his very interesting journeys, not certainly step by step, but just close enough to catch the more remarkable of his adventures, or pick up the most striking of his observations.

On the 20th April, 1823, Mr. Thompson departed from Cape Town, on an expedition to ascertain the resources of the eastern districts, in a commercial view; and partly to satisfy the impulse of an enlightened curiosity, respecting regions hitherto imperfectly known. Compared with former travellers, his equipments were by no means imposing; instead of the formidable apparatus of Sparrman and Burchell, Mr. Thompson seems to have contented himself with little more than he could cram into the eight pockets of his shooting-jacket. It is true that this shooting-jacket weighed, when packed upon the traveller's



back, 25 lbs. and if we may judge from the inventory of each pocket, was in itself a practical refutation of the popular line, that "man wants but little here below." This marvellous jacket contained a couple of maps—this was the geographical pocket; four volumes of poetry—here was the library; eau de Cologne and other medicines—this was the medicine chest; the memorandum pocket—those immortal tablets on which this very journey was inscribed by twelve bad pencils, also in the pocket, together with three pocket-knives; a tinder-box, a roll of twine, and all that may be understood under an &c. were stuffed into another—a compass, a thermometer, and a burning-glass, with doubtless a complete collection of mathematical instruments, amply occupied another: we are not particularly informed as to the precise furniture of the other pockets; but this specimen may serve to show, that every portion of space, however small, would be turned to account. Besides this all-capacious shooting-jacket, Mr. Thompson took with him a small portmanteau, a rifle, a great-coat, and a saddle; a large straw hat for hot weather, and a seal-skin cap for cold weather, which, when not wanted, was, wonderful to relate, stuffed into one of the bottomless side-pockets; the hat, while the cap was in service, was tied to the traveller's back—for ornament we suppose—for who can doubt that there was space in one of the side-pockets?

Mr. Thompson proceeded, for the first two hundred and fifty miles, to Elbes Kraal, in the district of Swellendam, in company with an African landholder, who drove him in his horse waggon. From thence he started with two hired horses, and a Hottentot guide; and after fording some dangerous streams, arrived at George, on his way to the Knysna. From this place he travelled through a romantic country, and passed the precise spot where Vaillant pitched his tent, and penned those romantic descriptions of scenery, and invented those delightful elephant hunts, which, had they been true, would have put the French traveller at the head of all Nimrods instead of all novelists. Some elephants, in spite of Vaillant's feats, still remain, and buffalos yet abound. That the scenery of Auteniqualand, for so the country was formerly called, was not entirely indebted to the charming imagination of Vaillant, we may judge from even the calmer and more voracious traveller whose course we are accompanying. He even speaks of lofty rugged mountains crested with clouds—of majestic forests, dark, hoary, and ancient looking—of ideas of wildness, vastness, and solitary seclusion, almost oppressive to the heart.

The forests supply Cape Town, the timber being carried by sea from Plettenberg's Bay, and after that by land, far into the interior, even across the Great Karroo, or desert.

Passing Vaillant's camp, the traveller arrived at the brink of a tremendous ravine, called Kayman's-gat (crocodile's hole). This name is probably derived from the visits of a kind of pseudo-crocodile, an amphibious lizard, which grows sometimes to the length of six feet, but is quite innocuous. The banks on either side descend with an abruptness almost perpendicular for fully three hundred feet: its grim precipitous sides are shaded with gloomy woods, and with its black Stygian waters winding below, seem to have made a deep impression on Mr. Thompson's mind. This picturesque country lies by the shore, the sea occasionally bursts on the view, and its backwater compelled

the traveller to keep near the mountains. While crossing one of the most precipitous of the ravines with which this country abounds, he was overtaken by a tremendous shower of rain, which rendered it necessary to seek for shelter. The author and his black guide luckily hit upon the retreat of all others the most desirable for passing an evening in these regions of nature—a neat little house, inhabited by Mr. Tunbridge, a collector of specimens of natural history. Here, in the heart of these mighty woods, in a retirement worthy of Waterton himself, dwells Mr. Tunbridge, a true naturalist, a stuffer of the beautiful and much-prized golden cuckoo, and the shooter of the great black eagle of the Cape. This worthy gentleman and his wife treated our traveller with much hospitality, and he passed a pleasant evening with them, conversing about the productions of the neighbouring country. Mr. Tunbridge had gone out to the Cape in the suite of Lord Caledon, and at the conclusion of his lordship's administration, had betaken himself, with his wife—another Eve—to this paradise, far removed from the haunts of man. The elephant track leads up to the cottage door; the brilliant birds of Africa sparkle about the trees that overshadow their retreat; troops of monkeys gambole before their doors: rising before the sun, the naturalist, gun in hand, brushes through the golden vapour of the morning, to kill his game, to gather his specimens, or to watch the haunts, or the ways and the varieties, of the animated kingdom of nature. Mr. Thompson lets nothing detain him; he stays only one night with the naturalist, to dry his jacket of pockets, and then after one cup of coffee, in the morning resumes his journey. After many difficulties, and after passing through much magnificent scenery, he arrives at Port Elizabeth, in Algoa Bay, the settlement of the British emigrants. Proceeding through Uitenhage, Bethelsdorp, and Salem, to Theopolis, (significant names,) Mr. Thompson arrives at the beautiful location of Mr. Thornhill. In the course of this journey he passes the spot where the Grosvenor Indiaman was wrecked; and the change which the progress of civilization and emigration has made in this quarter, suggests some very natural and well expressed reflections:—

“As I travelled along through this rich and smiling scene, now enlivened by the dwellings and improvements of civilized man, and saw the flocks of sheep pasturing on the soft green hills, while the foaming surge broke along the beach on my right hand, I could not help recalling to mind the fate of the Grosvenor's shipwrecked crew, who traversed this beautiful country in other times and far different circumstances. It was not far from this very spot that the poor boy, Law, after surmounting incredible hardships, lay down to sleep upon a rock, and was found dead in the morning. At that time the boundary of the Colony extended only to Algoa Bay, and the wretched wanderers had still innumerable toils and perils to endure before they could reach the residence of Christians—and but few survived indeed to reach them. A skeleton, which was lately found by my friend Mr. Thornhill, in one of the sand-banks, a few miles farther to the eastward, in a sitting posture, may not improbably be the remains of one of those unfortunate wanderers; for many instances are related, in the journal of the survivors, of individuals exhausted with hunger and fatigue, sitting down to rise no more; and a corpse left in such a situation would be covered up by the drifting of the sand in a few hours, if the wind happened to blow strong from the south-east.

“This coast has been rendered but too remarkable by many other disastrous shipwrecks. Many years ago the Doddington Indiaman, a fine large vessel,

having struck upon a rock near Algoa Bay, was totally wrecked, and all on board perished. In February, 1796, a vessel from India, under Genoese colours, was wrecked between the Bushman and Sunday rivers. The boors flocked from all sides to plunder; and one person, who alone attempted to assist the unfortunate crew, was, on this account, as it is said, murdered by his barbarous countrymen. Very different was the conduct of the Caffé 'savages,' when the American ship Hercules was stranded in 1797, between the Fish River and the Keiskamma. They treated the crew with the utmost kindness and hospitality, and conducted them safely into the Colony."—p. 18, 19.

In company with Mr. Thornhill, Mr. Thompson made a visit to the mouth of the Great Fish River. This river partakes of the general characteristic of all South African streams; navigation is wholly prevented by the bar at the mouth, against which the surf breaks with violence. Within the bar, the mouth of the river opens out into a magnificent sheet of water, extending eight or ten miles into the country, and is wide and deep enough to afford safe anchorage for a large fleet. Could the removal of this bar be permanently effected, the prospect of this part of the world, and of the British settlers, would be marvelously changed.

The traveller next reached Bathurst, a village founded by Sir Rufane Donkin, and designed by him as the seat of the magistracy of the English settlement. Lord Charles Somerset, on his return, undid Sir Rufane's work, and re-established the government at Graham's town, a place, in comparison, so disadvantageously situated, that it is difficult to believe that the governor was actuated by a consideration of the suitableness of the spots. At Bathurst, a drostdy, or government-house, having been built, and other indications of the residency of the magistracy there having been made, the parties who were induced to settle there, are, of course, loud in their complaints.

Leaving this deserted drostdy, Mr. Thompson reached the residence of a settler, commonly known by the name of "Philosopher Bennett." This person's claim to the honours of philosophy seem much better founded than usual. He is celebrated for his indefatigable industry. In his garden, the old gentleman, by means of his own labour, had produced a profusion of vegetables of almost every sort fit for the table, and had planted a vineyard, which looked thriving and beautiful. It was Philosopher Bennett's opinion, that in spite of the blight in the corn, all the settlers who *deserved* it, would be successful. Perhaps this condition might limit the number of the prosperous to the philosopher himself. Subsequent to Mr. Thompson's visit, the dreadful hurricane took place, which caused such calamities in this quarter. Among other misfortunes, the philosopher's labours were swept away, and not a vestige of his beautiful garden and vineyard remained. That which a philosopher should do on such an occasion, philosopher Bennett did—he *replanted* them with success in a *safer* situation.

Mr. Thompson found Graham's Town increased from eighty houses, at the time of a former visit, (in 1821,) to three hundred, then May 17, 1822. The drostdy-house, barracks, and prison were erecting. Hence our traveller proceeded northward, along the course of the Great Fish River, which runs through a bleak and dreary country, the retreat of antelopes, and troops of wild dogs and wolves. Mr. Thompson's first stage was at the house of a poor, one Mynheer Espagh, a veld-cornet,

or petty magistrate. Here the traveller amused himself with watching the boor, employed in the primitive occupation of folding his herds and flocks, attended by his wife, children, slaves, and Hottentots: and at night he slept in an outer apartment, the sitting-room of the house, which was without a door, and into and out of which a number of large dogs were running continually all night making a dreadful clamour. These were the protectors of the flocks from the roaming Caffers, and the beasts of prey, who, attracted by the scent of the stranger, were led constantly to see that all was right. A lion, a few days before, had killed two horses near the house, and had bit the head of one completely off. Espagh had lost fourteen horses, besides other cattle, &c. within the last two years. Before day-light our traveller started again, and when the sun rose found himself winding through thorny jungles on the river bank, and surrounded by quaghas, ostriches, spring-boks, and other wild animals: and soon after he came upon a pack of jackals, not less than thirty in number, who scampered off very nimbly into the bushes.

It was in this vicinity that Vaillant resided among the Gonaqua Hottentots, and romanced about the pretty Neringa. This tribe is now, like many other Hottentot clans mentioned by the earlier travellers, extinct. Mr. Thompson passed an old herdsman, tending his master's flocks, who looked like the last of his race. He was not a Gonaqua, but he well remembered the days, he said, when that tribe and his own were the masters of the country, and pastured their flocks and herds, and hunted the buffalo and the eland on the banks of the Fish River. A ride of about three hours farther brought the traveller to Somerset Farm, an extensive government establishment, being rather a commissariat dépôt for the supply of the troops on the frontier, than a farm. Mr. Thompson thus speaks of its situation:—

“The farm-house and offices are delightfully situated close to the foot of the mountain, which rises steep behind to the height of two thousand feet, most picturesquely diversified with hanging woods, rocks, and waterfalls; and seemingly supported at regular intervals, like the wall of a gothic cathedral, with narrow sloping buttresses covered with a smooth turf of the liveliest verdure. The garden is watered by a little brook, and contains a few fine orange trees, and a variety of other fruits. These trees are some of them of considerable age, having been planted by the boors who first occupied this fine country about sixty years ago. It was, I believe, at this very spot, or at a farm in its immediate vicinity, then occupied by a family of the name of Prinsloe, that the Swedish traveller Sparrman resided some time in 1776; the banks of the Fish River in Agter-Bruinjes-Hoogte being the farthest limit attained either by Sparrman or Vaillant. A descendant of Sparrman's host, who occupied the farm adjoining to this, was the principal leader of the rebels in 1815, and was one of the five individuals executed in consequence of that foolish and criminal insurrection.”—p. 31, 32.

Passing over a considerable space of country, we find our traveller at Cradock where the deputy landdrost, Captain Harding, entertains our author with his campaigns against the Caffers. He had been in Egypt with Abercromby; in Spain with Sir John Moore; at Walcheren, in Sicily, Malta, &c.; but had never seen a more spirited little nation than at Graham's Town, about three years before, when ten thousand Caffers stormed the town and

barracks, which had only about two hundred and fifty soldiers to defend them.

The Cradock district, though generally of a dry and desert aspect, is rich in sheep and cattle. The farms here, and indeed throughout all the frontier district, except Albany, are of the average extent of six thousand acres—this immense extent only being considered a *full place*. They are, however, mere cattle farms; neither the nature of the land, nor the scanty supply of water, will permit culture. By the aid of a copious spring, Captain Harding had cultivated a large field of corn land, and also a well stocked garden and meadow. This farm, called "Three Fountains," had belonged to a boor, who had left behind him a memorable monument of his residence, in a prodigious dunghill, just in front of the house. The manure had accumulated into a solid mountain, which Captain Harding for several years had been exerting himself to reduce, though but with little apparent effect, by cutting it out in square pieces, like peat, and erecting out of this material extensive enclosures and farm-yards. Besides this gigantic deposit, we hear of several other such heaps in the course of the volume, which are only to be got rid of by setting them on fire. One dunghill took seven years to consume. Mr. Thompson passed by one on fire, which had already burned nine months.

Mr. Thompson's route now lay to the south-west, turning back somewhat over part of the mountains of Sneeuwberg, towards Graaff-Reinet. This place is wonderfully improved since the time that it was visited by Barrow; when it consisted merely of a few miserable straw huts. It now contains three hundred houses, almost all of which are neat and commodious brick edifices—many are elegant. The population amounts to about one thousand eight hundred souls. Mr. Thompson's testimony to the merits of the landdrost, Captain Stockenström, deserves to be spread:—

"The town owes much of its prosperity and embellishment to Captain Stockenström, who, though an African born, and educated entirely in the colony, has been long distinguished as one of the most intelligent, enterprising, and public-spirited magistrates which the Cape settlement has ever possessed; and his district, though far the most extensive, and the wildest in South Africa, is administered on a system at once mild and efficient; so that I found every where and among all classes his character respected and beloved. At Graaff-Reinet he had just established an agricultural society, to promote emulation and European improvements among his countrymen. On the recent appointment, too, of an English teacher for that district by government,\* he added six hundred rix-dollars to his salary from his own pocket, in order to secure the opening of a class for the classics at the teacher's leisure hours. Besides this, he provides a salary of four hundred rix-dollars to encourage a day-school for females, just opened here by the daughter of an English settler: and what seems to me no less worthy of notice than all this, he has lodged his private library, collected with much expense and difficulty, in one of the school-rooms, and rendered it accessible to every respectable person who in this remote quarter of the world may be disposed to avail himself of such a privilege. Many of these circumstances I only became acquainted with after my departure from Graaff-Reinet, as Captain

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\* A teacher of respectability has lately been sent by the home government to every district, to teach the English language gratis to the inhabitants.

Stockenstrom's house, where I resided, was the last place where I was likely to hear them spoken of."—p. 44, 45.

It fortunately happened, that at the time our traveller arrived at Graaff-Reinet, the landdrost was about to proceed with his surveyors to inspect some lands on the frontier: this afforded Mr. Thompson an excellent opportunity of crossing a cold and inhospitable country in safety and tolerable comfort. This is the country of the Bushmen, and a solitary traveller runs considerable risk of being plundered by these wretched savages, who are hunted and shot down like game by the inhabitant boors. The landdrost's baggage-waggons started in advance, and Mr. Thompson followed with some of the landdrost's officers, in a lighter vehicle, drawn by eight fine horses. The landdrost himself, being detained by business, was to follow on horseback next morning. Towards the latter part of the day, the travellers began to ascend the Sneeuwberg mountains, and stopped for the night at the place of a boor, called Muddy Fountain. Of these farm-houses Mr. Thompson gives a general description, which we shall quote:—

"The farm-houses in the Sneeuwberg, and in most of the colder districts of the colony, are usually of the following description:—The house resembles a large barn divided into two or three apartments. One of these is the kitchen, which also serves for the sitting and eating apartment. In the others the family sleep; while, in the outer one already mentioned, visitors and travellers are accommodated with a rush mat, a feather-bed, and a coverlet spread on the clay floor. In this situation I have often enjoyed, after a fatiguing day's ride, the most balmy repose; while a swarthy train of slaves and Hottentots were moving round the embers of the fire, wrapped in their sheepskin mantles, and dogs, cats, and fowls, were trampling over my body. The more wealthy and long settled families, however, usually have the kitchen separate from their sitting-room. In such houses curtained beds, and other articles of decent furniture, are not unfrequently found; but the poorer classes are content with a few thong-bottomed chairs and stools, two or three wagon chests, and a couple of deal tables. At one of the latter sits the mistress of the house, with a tea-urn and a chafin-dish before her, dealing out every now and then *tea-water*, or coffee, and elevating her sharp shrill voice occasionally to keep the dilatory slaves and Hottentots at their duty. In this same apartment is also invariably to be seen the carcase of a sheep killed in the morning, and hung up under the eye of the mistress, to be served out frugally for the day's provision as it may be required. The houses, being without any ceiling, are open to the thatch; and the rafters are generally hung full of the ears of Indian corn, leaves or rolls of tobacco, slices of dried meat, called *bill tongue*, &c. The last is a sort of ham from the muscular part of the thigh of the ox, or the larger species of antelopes; it is very convenient for carrying on journeys, and is found in the boor's houses in every part of the colony. It is cut into very thin slices, and eaten with bread and butter, or with bread and the melted fat of the sheep's tail, which is a common substitute for butter: either way it is a most contemptible dish when one is a little hungry, and many a time I have heartily enjoyed it.

"A traveller, on arriving, if it does not happen to be meal time, is always presented with a cup of tea, without sugar, milk, or bread; unless occasionally, when you may be favoured with a small piece of sugar-candy out of a tin snuff-box, to be kept in your mouth to sweeten the bitter beverage as it passes. When their tea and coffee are exhausted, a succedaneum is found in roasted grain, prepared in the same way as Hunt's radical coffee, which, if not very palatable, is nevertheless a refreshingment to a thirsty and weary traveller. They never think of asking you to eat unless at meal-time; but then you are expected to draw in your chair, and help yourself, without invitation, in the

same easy manner as one of the family. The dishes consist for the most part of mutton stewed in sheep's tail fat, or boiled to rags; sometimes with very palatable soup, and a dish of boiled corn, maize, or pumpkin. Cayenne-pepper, vinegar, and a few home-made pickles, are also usually produced to relish the simple fare, which, served up twice a day, forms, with tea-water and the *soopie*, or dram of Cape brandy, the amount of their luxuries. In this quarter of the colony, however, I found every where excellent bread; and, upon the whole, the farmers of Bruinjes-Hoogte and the Sneeuwberg appeared in much more independent and comfortable circumstances than those along the coast."—p. 46—48.

As they proceeded, they passed the lofty Compass-berg, (or Spitskop,) the highest point in the colony, ascertained by Colonel Gordon to be six thousand five hundred feet. On the descent from the heights of Sneeuwberg, while the party had *outspanned* at midday, and "were busy cooking a mutton chop for dinner," they were surprised by the appearance of two lions, passing within a few hundred yards of the waggons. Perceiving the travellers from a neighbouring height, that overlooked the encampment, they lay down and gazed at them eating their dinner, speculating perhaps on their own supper. The travellers, however, in about an hour, proceeded without commencing hostilities, and left the lords of the forest undisturbed. A curious account is given of a mode of hunting these animals practised by the boors:—

"Ten or twelve colonists, mounted, and armed with their large guns, go out; and having, with the assistance of their dogs or Hottentots, ascertained where the spoiler lies, approach within a moderate distance, and then alighting, make fast the horses, to each other by their bridles and halters. They then advance to within about thirty paces, backing the horses before them, knowing that the lion will not spring till within half that distance, and being aware from his aspect and motions whether he is likely to anticipate their attack. As they advance, the lion at first surveys them calmly, and wags his tail as if in a pleased or playful humour; but when they approach nearer, he begins to growl, and draws his hind parts under his breast till almost nothing of him is seen except his bushy bristling mane, and his eyes of living fire gleaming fiercely from the midst of it. He is now fully enraged, and only measuring his distance, in act to spring upon his audacious assailants. This is the critical moment, and the signal is given for half the party to fire. If they are not successful in killing him at the first volley, he springs like a thunderbolt upon the horses. The rest of the party then pour in their fire upon him, which seldom fails to finish his career, though, perhaps, with the loss of one or more horses; and sometimes, though more rarely, some even of the huntsmen are destroyed in these dangerous encounters."—p. 52, 53.

Proceeding along the plains, the travellers discerned thousands of antelopes, quaghas, and gnos. Hundreds of the last fantastic animal, which is minutely described by Baron Lichtenstein and Burchell, would play about them in troops, and then joining a herd of quaghas (wild ass,) all would bound off the latter skelter across the plains, throwing up clouds of dust from their arid soil. This country is sterile and desolate to the last degree; since leaving Graaff-Reinet, Mr. Thompson had not observed a tree or bush.

At the close of a journey of about forty miles on this day (June 1,) the travellers arrived at a deserted farm-house, the family having gone to spend the winter in the plain. They, however, broke into the house without ceremony, and took up their quarters for the night. Here they found a large quantity of the herb *dac-ha*, a species of hemp, hung upon the rafters. The leaves of this plant are eagerly sought after by the

slaves and Hottentots to smoke, either mixed with tobacco or alone. It is much more stimulant and intoxicating than the other weed, and sometimes renders its votaries temporarily mad. An agreeable excitement in a dull country.

The next day the party, *outspanned* at a deserted boor's-house; near it they found a bushman and his family in a small hut of rushes. The man had just killed a gnoo with poisoned arrows, and he and his family were feeding on the carcase. The power of sustaining hunger in these people is astonishing. Captain Stockenstrom mentioned an instance of his having once found a bushman who had been for *fourteen* days without any other sustenance than water and salt. The poor creature seemed thoroughly exhausted and reduced to skin and bone. When food was given him, before many hours had elapsed, he had nearly eaten up half the carcase of a sheep. Next day, the fellow appeared in excellent plight, and as rotund as an alderman. However, we shall see in Mr. Thompson's second journey, that many instances of this kind came under the traveller's own notice, and that he himself in that land of hunger was obliged to wear the girdle of famine, viz. a strap or cravat pinched round the waist.

The day after this (June 4) the party arrived at the hut of Veld-Cornet Vanderwalt, near the old boundary of the colony, which was the limit of Captain Stockenstrom's expedition.

Here a number of boors were awaiting his arrival, some to accompany him on his survey, others to make applications for grants of the places they already occupy. For it is the practice of the boors here, when one of them wants a farm, to proceed beyond the nominal boundary of the colony, and to take possession of the choicest situation he can find in the Bushman country; this they notify to the governor; and forward a memorial, requesting a grant of the farm; this is remitted to the landdrost to report upon, and in the meantime the boor is generally permitted to retain the occupation under the title of a "request place." Six thousand acres are considered a "full place," and it is the great ambition of Dutch boors to see their children settled in full places. The country is so arid, and water so scarce, that six thousand, or even ten thousand, acres of land are frequently not supplied with water more than sufficient for one family. The want of timber is also severely felt here; for fuel, dried cow-dung is used; and for building, with much labour, very indifferent wood is procured from Cradock River, about forty miles distant.

Mr. Thompson now set out alone, being generously provided with all sorts of assistance by his new friend, Captain Stockenstrom. He set off with the captain's waggon and eight horses, and four led horses for his future use. As he was proceeding northward, the boors he encountered, all endeavoured to persuade him, as Captain Stockenstrom had done, to return, and threatened him with Bushmen, and lions, and certain death. Mr. Thompson persevered; he had had some hopes of persuading a boor to accompany him, but he quickly abandoned such an expectation.

The farms in this neighbourhood lie so near the wild Bushmen, that the inhabitants are all well armed, and rifles seem to be the only furniture of their cabins. Mr. Thompson visited a *kraal* of Bushmen; he found them in a wretched condition, destitute of clothing, and



crouching under a few thorn bushes. They seemed, nevertheless, in excellent spirits, and began begging tobacco. The poor creatures subsist chiefly upon wild bulbs, locusts, white-ants, and other insects.

Mr. Thompson found the Cradock River at the place where he arrived, four hundred yards broad, and gliding down with a steady current. He forded it; and then leaving his waggon, commenced his tour through the wilderness, on the opposite side, with his four horses, and single companion and guide, the Hottentot Frederick. Our traveller soon found that his guide, though a faithful creature, yet, partly from his apprehensions, and partly from his ignorance of the route, was incapable of directing him. This discovery was made at the same time that it appeared their joint stock of provisions was reduced to a crust of bread and a sausage. The aid of a map, describing the course of Cradock River, in some measure assisted them, and they proceeded towards Griqua town, a place inhabited by a mixed race, sprung from the intercourse of the Dutch and the Hottentots, formerly called *Bastaards*; the weather was intensely hot, a sudden change from the chilly heights of Sneeuwberg; there were no trees, and the travellers became much distressed for water. As they were thus proceeding, an adventure befel them, which we shall tell in Mr. Thompson's own words:—

“As we travelled along, I observed my Hottentot continually looking out for the *spoor* (track) of human feet, being exceedingly anxious to get to some kraal before night: but the only tracks he could discover were those of wild animals abovementioned, and of their pursuer, the lion. The foot-prints of the latter were so frequent and so fresh, that it was evident these tyrants of the desert were numerous and near to us. Frederick also remarked to me, that wherever such numbers of the large game were to be seen, we might be certain lions were not far distant. The numerous skeletons of animals scattered over the plain, presented sufficient proofs of the justness of our apprehensions, and these were soon confirmed by ocular evidence. We were jogging pensively along, the Hottentot with two horses, about ten yards before me,—I following with the other two: Frederick was nodding on his saddle, having slept little, I believe, the preceding night. In this posture, happening to cast my eyes on one side, I beheld with consternation two monstrous lions reclining under a mimosa bush, within fifteen yards of our path. They were reclining lazily on the ground, with half-opened jaws showing their terrific fangs. I saw our danger, and was aware that no effort could save us if these savage beasts should be tempted to make a spring. I collected myself, therefore, and moved on in silence; while Frederick, without perceiving them, rode quietly past. I followed him exactly at the same pace, keeping my eyes fixed upon the glaring monsters, who remained perfectly still. When we had got about seventy or eighty yards from them, I rode gently up to Frederick, and, desiring him to look over his shoulder, shewed him the lions. But such a face of terror I never beheld, as he exhibited on perceiving the danger we had so narrowly escaped. He was astonished, too, that he had not previously observed them, being, like most of his countrymen, very quick-sighted. He said, however, that I had acted very properly in not speaking nor evincing the least alarm while passing the lions; for, if I had, they would probably not have let us pass so quietly. Most likely, however, we owed our safety to their hunger being satiated,—for they appeared to have been just devouring some animal they had killed; a quagga,—as it seemed to me from the hurried glance I had in passing.”—pp. 67, 68.

Shortly after this, meeting with the Cradock River again, Mr. Thompson, in spite of the entreaties of his Hottentot, attempted to

ford; he failed, and narrowly escaped drowning. They are, however, successful, after much suffering, in finding a Griqua village. One of the difficulties they had to overcome, arose from a shrub, very significantly called in the colony, *wait a bit* (*acacia detinens*). This rough riding is thus described.

"Another description of country now presented itself, covered with flints, and overgrown with bushes. Having no track, we were continually in danger of falling into the numerous holes of the *aardvark*, or great ant-eater. The bushes consisted chiefly of a thorny shrub (*acacia detinens*), well known in the colony by the name of *wagt een bilje* (*wait a bit*), the prickles of which being shaped like hooks, there is no getting loose from them when they catch hold of one's clothes, except by tearing out the part entangled. Their grappling properties I soon experienced to my sorrow, for I was nearly pulled off my horse several times by their catching hold of my clothes, and only retained my seat by throwing my arms round the animal's neck. The poor horses, too, got quite nervous, by feeling their lacerating effects. As we galloped through the jungle as hard as we could spur on, (for we had no time to lose,) on nearing a bush my led horse would throw himself against me with all his force, to avoid touching the thorns; at the same time crushing me and the horse I rode upon the bushes on the opposite side; so that I came in for a severe share of bruises and scratches. This rough riding continued the whole afternoon."—pp. 76, 77.

On arriving at Griqua village, Mr. Thompson found that there was a schism among the Griquas, and that the discontented chiefs had retired from Griqua Town to Griqua Village. Mr. Melvill, who resided among these people as the government resident, appears, by his imprudent conduct, to have given birth to this quarrel. He had raised a person to be a chief, called Waterboer. Now Waterboer's blood was not so pure as that of the bastard Griquas, and they resented this indignity with great warmth. Mr. Thompson arrived opportunely to act as mediator; but he had scarcely entered upon his office, before a serious and common danger compelled them all to unite for the general safety.

One day, as Mr. Thompson and Mr. Melvill were sitting conversing upon the rumours that had reached them of a powerful army of invaders, who were said to be pouring down from the north, they discerned a waggon approaching on the road from New Latakoo, the capital of the Bechuana tribe. When it approached, out jumped a white man with a long black beard, dressed in a jacket of leopard-skin. This was Mr. Moffat, the missionary, who had come from the borders of the Matchapee tribe of Bechuanas to solicit the assistance of the Griquas against the common invader. No certain information concerning the enemy had been obtained, but rumour was as strong and as inventive as usual. The Griquas have fire-arms—powder is supplied to them through the colony—and their 500 rifles form a very good frontier force. They promised their assistance, and Mr. Thompson took the opportunity of returning with Mr. Moffat to pay a visit to the Bechuana tribe, among whom he resided. The Matchapees seem to be a horde of savages, very low in the scale of civilization. Arts, such as are necessary to the manufacture of rude arms, the club, the bow, and the arrow, they possess. Their houses are not incommodious, and their cleanliness is creditable; but they are a boasting, lying, cruel, and cowardly race; and seem to possess most of the vices, but few of the virtues of a savage state. In the contest which took place shortly after the time we are speaking of, between the Mantatee

invaders and these Bechuana tribes, the latter were absolutely indebted for their existence to the rifles of the Griqua auxiliaries; but after the enemy had been routed by the valour and skill of their allies, they came down with that savage ferocity that seems to characterise cowards all over the world, and satiated their vengeance over the wounded, the women and the children.

King Mateebè, their chief, received Mr. Thompson with vast honour; and on learning that Moffat, or Mishat, as he called him, had returned with the promise of aid from the Griqua nation, he called a council—named by them a Peetsho—and harangued the warriors on the duty of fighting vigorously in defence of their country.

This Peetsho is held on a circular enclosure; the warriors, and women and children, sit around the circumference in rows, while the orator occupies the vacant space in the centre. On the present occasion various speakers addressed the assembly, and used every method of excitement; some the weapons of reproach and expostulation, others the arts of encouragement and exhortation; others the topics of necessity and the arguments of utility. The debate, which is a curious specimen of a savage council, was closed by the king. He concluded by saying: "Again, I say, ye warriors, prepare for the day of battle: let your shields be strong, your quivers full of arrows, and your battle-axes sharp as hunger." Then turning to the women, he said: "Prevent not the warrior from going forth to battle by your timid councils. No! rouse up the warrior to glory, and he shall return to you with honourable scars—fresh marks of valour shall cover his thigh: \* and then we shall renew the war-song and dance, and rehearse the story of our achievement." After this assembly was dismissed, a secret council was held, and the people employed themselves in the war-dance, a slow and monotonous kind of movement, and in listening to and inventing stories respecting the invaders, whom they described in such terms as the ancients used to amuse themselves in attributing to Lies-trijons and Cyclops. As no certain information could be procured respecting these formidable people, and as no pains were taken by the king and his chiefs to ascertain either their progress or their number, or the nature of their arms, Mr. Thompson ventured forth himself to reconnoitre. It appeared evident, that unless the Griquas came up in time, the Bechuanas would take to flight, in despite of their lofty speeches, the first moment of the arrival of the enemy. Mr. Thompson having horses, a vast advantage in this country, where they are not used by the natives, was enabled to ride fifty or sixty miles in advance without much danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. On the second day of his reconnoitre he found the town of Lattakoo wholly deserted, not a living creature remained within its walls, and every thing bore signs of having been abandoned in the utmost haste. Mr. Thompson then proceeded cautiously, and had nearly, unawares, rode into the very centre of a countless host.

"Having crossed the bed of the Lattakoo river, which at present was only a chain of pools, a gentle eminence covered with fine grass, and adorned with beautiful camel-thorn trees, opened to our view the expected town at a little distance. As we approached, I was delighted to see the extensive fields of millet spreading on every side, which indicated that the inhabitants of the old capital

\* The warriors receive a new scar on the thigh for every enemy they kill in battle.

were considerably more industrious, or more successful agriculturists, than those who had emigrated with the king. The unusually still and solitary appearance, however, of those fields, and the town itself, which we were now approaching, rather struck me; and I said to my companion, 'Let us ride gently, and keep a sharp look out; perhaps the place is already in possession of the enemy.' We proceeded accordingly with some caution, and, on entering the town, found it, as I had begun to surmise, entirely deserted by the inhabitants. We rode into the heart of it without seeing a human being; and a place which, a few hours ago, had contained a population of six or eight thousand souls, was now as solitary and silent as the most secluded wilderness. On looking into some of the huts, we perceived that the inhabitants must have fled in great haste, for the implements of cookery were standing with the food in them, half dressed. It was, therefore, pretty evident that the approach of the enemy had taken them somewhat by surprise; and we naturally inferred that the invaders could not be far distant. I said, however, to Arend, that perhaps some old or infirm people might still remain out of such a large population, and that we would try whether the report of a musket would bring them from their lurking places. Taking aim at a large white vulture,\* which sat perched like the genius of desolation upon a tall camel-thorn that shaded the residence of some chieftain; I brought him fluttering to the ground. But the report died away in solitary echos; not a living thing greeted our presence.

"And now," said Arend, 'let us retreat. The town has been hurriedly abandoned by the inhabitants; the savages must be at hand; your horses are weak with long travelling, and fatigued with this day's journey; if we venture farther they will give up, and we shall fall helpless into the hands of those murderous cannibals. That there was sense and prudence in this advice I could not deny, but to follow it would have but ill served the purpose I came upon: so I told Arend we must proceed until we gained some more certain intelligence of the invaders to carry back to our friends. Desiring him, therefore, to guide me on towards Nokuning, we left old Lattakoo, standing 'a desolate city of the desert,' and pushed on, though with circumspection, towards the north-east.

"Our way for a few miles lay among clumps of fine camel-thorn trees, without any path,—the road from Nokuning leading direct to the former site of Lattakoo upon the west side of the river. We had not got any great length, undetermined whether or not to proceed farther on our weary steeds, we stopped for a few moments, being very thirsty, to deliberate about venturing down to the river to refresh ourselves, and consider what farther course we should adopt; and we had just come to the resolution of descending to the valley, when Arend suddenly called to me with great agitation—'The Mantatees! the Mantatees!—we are surrounded!' On looking towards the spot to which he pointed, I beheld them sure enough marching in an immense black mass in the valley below us, and pushing on towards the river. Arend, with considerable presence of mind, immediately said—'Don't move, else they will perceive us.' Accordingly we remained for some time motionless as the trees around us, and observed, through the avenues of the umbrella-shaped camel-thorns, the motions of the barbarians. We soon saw that they had not perceived us by their continuing their course towards the river, trampling into blackness the grassy meadows over which they passed."—pp. 121-123.

Mr. Thompson, with his companion, after having with some danger, and not without being observed and pursued, gained a nearer view, got back to Kuruman, King Mateebè, and the missionaries, as fast and as well as he could.

His sudden return excited the utmost alarm; and as the Griquan cavalry, for these semi-Dutch fight on horseback, had not arrived,

\* *Vultur per enopterus*, the sacred vulture of the ancient Egyptians.

every body proposed for immediate flight. The principal chiefs gathered round Mr. Thompson, and seemed doubtful of his veracity, being well aware of their own disregard of truth. They placed a finger on each eye, and demanded whether he had with his own two eyes seen the Mantatees? Mr. Moffat told them that their informant was a *Macoa* (a white), and not a *Bechuana*, and that they might depend upon the report. The chiefs smiled at this remark, and seemed to acknowledge the force of the observation.

Before, however, this valorous nation had an opportunity of decamping, *en masse*, the Griquas came up, and confidence was restored. But the hungry Mantatees, being fully occupied with the plunder of the deserted capital, of Latakoo and the Griquas being too fatigued with their march to make a spontaneous attack, there was little chance of the parties coming to blows immediately. It appeared to Mr. Thompson that he might be more usefully employed in carrying the news of the incursion of this floating mass of armed population to the government at Cape Town, than in waiting to take a part in the contest, or to watch it as a spectator. He accordingly took a direct route to Cape Town, across an arid and most uninteresting district, and arrived there, after having travelled 1100 miles, in fourteen days. The news which he carried gave wings to his movements, for the boors no sooner heard of the cloud of Mantatees on the northern frontier, than horses and guides were produced with a speed almost magical. Mr. Melvill, and the missionary Moffat, subsequently informed our author of the events that took place after his departure. The immense force of the Mantatees—their numbers are calculated at more than fifty thousand—could not stand against the rifles, and the rapidity of movement which distinguished the Griquas. The Mantatees fought with great vigour, and untameable courage; but when they found their chiefs shot off, and multitudes of their countrymen killed, without an opportunity of even coming in contact with the cavalry, they turned about in a mass, and retreated as well as they were able. Then was the time for the cowardly Bechuanas to rush upon their inhuman work. They slaughtered every one they found defenceless, but even the slightly wounded of the Mantatees were foes too formidable for the cowardly assailants. Mr. Moffat saw one man with ten javelins, and as many arrows, sticking in his body: another he observed fighting desperately with one knee on the ground, and he plucked a javelin out of his own body and hurled it at the crowd that were bearing him down. Many fought on their knees after their legs were broken; and others, in the agony of death, would suddenly spring up and hurl a battle-axe or a spear with the utmost fury.

Mr. Moffat, with a courage and humanity that ought to make his name celebrated all over the religious world, set forth with a waggon and attendants, at the imminent risk of his life, to rescue the women and children from the carnage. The merit is the greater, that the poor creatures to whom he offered safety, and who were indebted to him for existence, could not distinguish him from an enemy, were utterly incapable of understanding his motives, and were either lost in total apathy, or else fancied that he was collecting them for some cruelties of a peculiar kind, which he kept in reserve. Hunger seemed the only sensation to which they were alive. When victuals

were offered to them, they asked no question, but fell upon them voraciously. In fact, the whole nation appeared in a state of starvation, and in their emigration to be impelled forward by the sharp goad of hunger.

Mr. Thompson departed on his next tour from Cape Town, on the 24th of July, 1824. Up to within no great distance of the boundary of the colony in this quarter, the district had been minutely traversed by Lichtenstein; but when across the frontiers, Mr. Thompson penetrated a country which has been visited by no European except the missionary Campbell, who has written a description of it.

Mr. Thompson gives many anecdotes of the deplorable condition of the Bushmen on this frontier. Here they are hunted with a persecuting spirit, more cruel than usual. The Veld Cornet Nel, at whose house Mr. Thompson equipped himself for his distant enterprise, had himself been upon thirty-two commandoes, in which great numbers had been shot. On one expedition, not less than two hundred Bushmen had been massacred! The rude and often brutal boors, however, it appears, learning that these cruelties are unattended with good, are beginning to try pacific and conciliatory measures.

After much difficulty in procuring two Hottentot guides, through the Bushman country, Mr. Thompson started from a place called Tee Fonteyn, on the 7th of August. He travelled on horseback, and trusted to the compass for his direction. At night they bivouacked, and were visited by Bushmen, who exhibited dancing before them, and seemed altogether exceedingly well disposed. Mr. Thompson wished his Hottentots to keep watch alternately, but he could not prevail. For, first they said it was unnecessary, and next, impossible; for, after a hard day's journey, "no man can keep himself awake." The next day, the travellers crossed the *Salt-pan*, a prodigious valley of fine dry salt, of a brilliant whiteness. It is not less than forty miles in circumference. In a day or two, they became in want of water, and food also grew scarce. The Bushmen, with whom they fell in, were similarly distressed. The latter feed upon white-ants, which are called "Bushman's rice." The country through which they passed, is one vast inclined plane, descending from the Nieuwveld Mountains to the banks of the Orange River.

As they proceeded, the sufferings of Mr. Thompson and his Hottentots grew intense; they were likewise annoyed by lions; their horses were knocked up, and one of the Hottentots was ill and exhausted, and was only prevented from laying himself down to die by a salutary fear of the beasts of prey. Arriving at the bed of a river, to which they had looked for some time, they found it dried up; they had no resource but to lie down, and trust that should they be discovered by the lions, they would prefer the horses to themselves. In the morning, the travellers awoke in the picturesque bed of a river, bordered with mimosa trees, filled with singing birds. At another time, Mr. Thompson says, that he should have been penetrated with admiration of the scene; in the present instance, such was his hunger, he only regretted he had no small shot with him.

"Witteboy then went out with his gun in search of game, Jacob followed to look after the horses which had strayed to some distance in quest of pasture, and I stayed behind to guard the baggage. While I sat here musing in no very comfortable mood, two Korannas suddenly made their appearance, and

without hesitation, came and seated themselves beside me. They were miserable-looking beings, emaciated and lank, with the withered skin hanging in folds upon their sides, while a belt, bound tight round each of their bodies, indicated that they were suffering, like myself, from the long privation of food. I attempted to make them understand, by signs, that I was in want of provisions, and would gladly purchase some; but they replied in a language that could not be misunderstood, by shaking their heads, and pointing to the 'girdles of famine,' tied round their bellies; and I afterwards learned that they had been subsisting for many days entirely on gum. I gave them a little tobacco, which seemed to please them; but, as they continued to gaze very earnestly on my gun, I took care to keep it ready, in my own grasp, being somewhat suspicious of their intentions. In this position we sat together for upwards of two hours, until, at length, Witteboy made his appearance, leading the old horse that we had left some miles behind the preceding night, but without any game."—pp. 248, 249.

After the return of Witteboy without his errand, they started again.

"After about an hour's ride, we came to a spot marked with the recent foot-prints of the natives; and, looking around us, we saw two human beings seated at a little distance under a mimosa. On approaching them, a picture of misery presented itself, such as my eyes had never before witnessed. Two Koranna women were sitting on the ground entirely naked; their eyes were fixed upon the earth, and when we addressed them, one of them muttered some words in reply, but looked not upon us. Their bodies were wasted by famine to mere skin and bone. One of them was apparently far advanced in years. The other was rather a young woman, but a cripple; an infant lay in her naked lap, wasted like herself to a skeleton, which every now and then applied its little mouth alternately to the shriveled breasts of its dying mother. Before them stood a wooden vessel, containing merely a few spoonfuls of muddy water. By degrees, the Hottentots obtained for me an explanation of this melancholy scene. These three unfortunate beings had been thus left to perish by their relatives, when famine pressed sore upon the horde, because they were helpless, and unable to provide for themselves. A pot of water had been left with them; and on this, and a little gum, they had been for a number of days eking out a miserable existence. It seemed wonderful that they had so long escaped falling a prey to the wild beasts; but it was evident that one or two days more of famine would be sufficient to release them from all their earthly sufferings.

"My heart was moved with commiseration for these deserted and dying creatures, but I possessed no means of relieving them. We had looked forward with confidence to the relief of our own pressing wants on reaching the Koranna hordes upon the Gariep; but if the others were in a similar condition with those we had seen, our prospect was, indeed, a very gloomy one. Leaving with melancholy forebodings this scene of misery, we continued our journey down the bed of the river; a little farther on, we found several more Koranna women and children on the banks, in a condition not much better than those we had just left. The men belonging to the party had been absent several days in quest of game, and had left them to subsist on gum till their return. From them, of course, we could procure no assistance. From the long want of food, I now began to feel myself so weak, that I could with difficulty maintain an upright posture on horseback. The jolting of the horse seemed as if it would shake me to pieces. It struck me that I would try the method which I saw adopted by the famishing Korannas, and by my own Hottentots, of tying a band tightly round the body.

"I unloosed my cravat, and employed it for this purpose, and had no sooner done so, than I found great and immediate relief. We continued travelling in this manner, sometimes in the bed of the river, sometimes along its banks, till about two o'clock, when we found the heat so overpowering; that we unsaddled at the foot of a conical hill, and turned the horses out to graze.

" Witteboy and I then ascended the hill to look over the plain for game, and thinking we perceived some at a distance, we set off in pursuit, leaving Jacob in charge of the horses. I felt so weak that I threw off my coat and waistcoat, my gun being a load more than sufficient for me, and was often obliged to rest by the way. On reaching the spot where we thought we had seen the game, we could perceive no living creature; so that either the animals had fled, or our eyes had deceived us. The latter was probably the case, for the glare of light reflected from the dry and calcareous gravel in the heat of the day, was almost enough to destroy my sight, and frequently dazzled and deceived even that of the Hottentots. After a weary trudge of about two hours, we returned with desponding hearts to Jacob; saddled up our horses, and again proceeded, having bestowed on this spot the name of 'Hopeless Hill.' We moved slowly on till sunset, without observing any game, or finding water. Passed the bed of a considerable branch of the Hartbeest River, which takes its rise, as my guides informed me, about twenty or thirty miles to the westward, near some large salt-pans. At eight o'clock, finding ourselves quite exhausted, though we had not travelled to-day above twenty-five miles, we unsaddled in the bed of the river, tied our horses to a tree, and stretched ourselves on a bank of sand. Our rest, however, was but indifferent, disturbed by cold, hunger, thirst, and the howling of wild beasts, and by frightful dreams, produced by all the afflictions combined."—pp. 249—252.

This extract will give a pretty good idea of the pleasures of travelling in Africa; but it does not describe the worst extremities to which the traveller was obliged to submit. Perhaps they are more forcibly depicted in the following passage; at any rate, ending as it does in a joyful relief, it is a less dreary piece of description:—

" The tedious day wore on apace, as we thus sat anxiously awaiting the return of Witteboy, who, with his party, had been long hidden from our view by the undulations of the country. The old Koranna was talkative and friendly in his way, and did his best to entertain me; sometimes supplying me with a morsel of gum to stay my stomach, sometimes sending a little girl to bring us water in an ostrich egg-shell. This water, though the best they could procure, was so much impregnated with salt, that it seemed only to increase the thirst it was intended to relieve. The hot dry wind from the north-east blew witheringly upon us, parching up the lips till they cracked, and relaxing our wasted frames to exceeding languor. I felt oppressed by a torpid lethargy, but tried in vain to escape from my cares by sleep; a horrible night-mare constantly invaded my slumbers, and soon awoke me. Jacob was still worse than myself, and seemed already almost exanimate. It was with much difficulty that I could rouse him up now and then to interpret the questions I put to the old Koranna.

" Evening at length approached, and still the hunting party appeared not. The pangs of hunger pressed sore upon us, and our only relief was to draw our 'girdles of famine' still tighter round our bodies. I wished much that I had provided myself with a pair of dandy stays, which, in my present circumstances, would have been invaluable. At length, just as the sun was sinking under the horizon, we descried Witteboy and his Koranna followers returning; and the sharp eyes of my comrades soon discovered that they were loaded with flesh. As they approached, this joyful news became certain. A zebra had been shot, and each was carrying a piece of it for immediate consumption. The Korannas, old and young, sprang forth to meet the huntsmen, skipping, dancing, and shouting for joy. Jacob and I, exhausted as we were, were re-animating by their jocund cries, and by the sight of so seasonable a relief, to a sense of joy and gratitude, less clamorous, but scarcely less intense than that of these half-famished savages. We had now been nearly four days without food, and but very ill supplied with bad brackish water. Had Witteboy again failed of success in hunting, we must



have killed one of our horses—a resource which the Hottentots were even more unwilling than myself to resort to.

“Without questioning Witteboy how or where he killed the zebra, we all commenced roasting and eating. In a short time I had picked several of his ribs: as for the Hottentots, I do not exaggerate when I say, that each of them had devoured eight pounds of meat within an hour, and an additional allowance of three or four pounds more before they slept. The Korannas marched off in a body to the place where the zebra was shot, to feast upon the offals, and certain parts of the carcase which we had allotted them, on condition of their keeping careful watch over the remainder, until we joined them in the morning.

“The sudden change in the appearance of my Hottentots this evening, after their hunger was assuaged, was remarkable; hope and happiness again reanimated them, and that haggard and horrid appearance which had invested their visages, began to disappear. So voracious was their appetite, that I really became apprehensive they would kill themselves by repletion; and in the middle of the night, when I awoke, I again found them eating and smoking by turns.”—pp. 254—256.

After all this want of water, the travellers arrived at the Gariep River, which they found flowing in a majestic stream, five hundred yards broad.

“We hurried down to the channel, and plunged our hands and faces into the cooling waters, and at length assuaged a thirst which the briny wells of the Korannas seemed at every draught to increase. We then turned our horses out to refresh themselves on the herbage along the banks, while we employed ourselves under the shade of the willows, in cutting up our zebra flesh into thin slices, to dry in the sun. Having now abundance of meat, and a whole river of fresh water, we made a princely feast, though without either salt or sauce, or any sort of vegetable. We found the zebra flesh sweet and good: yet it never seemed somehow sufficiently to satisfy our hunger, and we had scarcely finished one meal, before we found ourselves ready for another.”—p. 257.

This route to the Gariep has never been followed by any other European: the next traveller, we trust, will go better provided than with a jacket of eight pockets, filled with maps, compasses, and seal-skin caps.

Water was doomed to be the traveller's plague, either in its scarcity or its too great plenty. The Gariep is subject to sudden inundations, and the natives are careful not to sleep too near its banks. Mr. Thompson and his companions, however, bivouacked in the very channel, and in the night were awaked by a deep and thundering roar: they started up in a terrible fright, and ran to their horses. The sound, however, died away: it was the noise of a great rapid up the stream, which a sudden gust of wind had brought down, to scare the affrighted wayfarers from their dreary beds of sand. The birds, especially the crows, were at this place perfectly familiar, picked the bones thrown to them, and showed that they were very little annoyed by mankind. The travellers made their way down the stream, and fell in with a party of native Korannas. This friendly people conducted Mr. Thompson to view a magnificent waterfall in this neighbourhood, of which he is the first writer who has ever spoken.

“My swarthy guides, although this was unquestionably the first time that they had ever led a traveller to view the remarkable scenery of their country, evinced a degree of tact, as *ciceroni*, as well as natural feeling of the picturesque,

that equally pleased and surprised me. Having forewarned me that this was not yet the waterfall, they now pioneered the way for about a mile farther along the rocks, some of them keeping near, and continually cautioning me to look to my feet, as a single false step might precipitate me into the raging abyss of waters; the tumult of which seemed to shake even the solid rocks around us.

"At length we halted, as before, and the next moment I was led to a projecting rock, where a scene burst upon me, far surpassing my most sanguine expectations. The whole water of the river (except what escapes by the subsidiary channel we had crossed, and by a similar one on the north side) being previously confined to a bed of scarcely one hundred feet in breadth, descends at once in a magnificent cascade of full four hundred feet in height. I stood upon a cliff nearly level with the top of the fall, and directly in front of it. The beams of the evening sun fell upon the cascade, and occasioned a most splendid rainbow; while the vapoury mists arising from the broken waters, the bright green woods that hung from the surrounding cliffs, the astounding roar of the waterfall, and the tumultuous boiling and whirling of the stream below, striving to escape along its deep, dark, and narrow path, formed altogether a combination of beauty and grandeur, such as I never before witnessed. As I gazed on this stupendous stream, I felt as if in a dream. The sublimity of nature drowned all apprehensions of danger; and, after a short pause, I hastily left the spot where I stood to gain a nearer view from a cliff that impended over the foaming gulf. I had just reached this station, when I felt myself grasped all at once by four Korannas, who simultaneously seized hold of me by the arms and legs. My first impression was, that they were going to hurl me over the precipice; but it was a momentary thought, and it wronged the friendly savages. They are themselves a timid race; and they were alarmed, lest my temerity should lead me into danger. They hurried me back from the brink, and then explained their motive, and asked my forgiveness. I was not ungrateful for their care, though somewhat annoyed by their officiousness."—p. 263, 264.

The traveller exerts the privilege of the discoverer, and names the cataract after one of the King Georges—which, he does not specify.

The Korannas are a well disposed race of Hottentots, who inhabit the banks of the Gariep through the chief part of its course. They are at peace with all other people except the Bushmen, with whom they wage perpetual war. They are a pastoral people, one remove beyond the state the hunter, into which some of them have relapsed. From the station of the waterfall, Mr. Thompson starts on his journey with the intention of following the course of the river. The steepness of the banks, however, drives him into the plains, and he again encounters hunger, thirst, and despair. One of his horses drops by the way, and his patient and obedient Hottentots refuse to follow him any longer, but determine to ride the remaining horses direct to the colony, and when they drop, to eat them. At this crisis of his affairs, Mr. Thompson spies two Griquas, who, although destitute of provisions, direct him in his search after the missionary station, which we find on the banks of the river, near the spot at which he has arrived. The Hottentots return to their allegiance, and Mr. Bartlet, the missionary, is found. Mr. Thompson most assuredly talks of the delights of devouring enormous meals every two or three hours, with such rapture, that he would persuade us to be starved for a season, to recover a wholesome appetite. The Hottentots, in all this gormandizing, are not forgotten: the first thing our traveller does is to buy a sheep for them, and on it they *gladly* work their will.

From this station Mr. Thompson proceeded to Namaqua Land, a country lying in an angle made by the southern bank of the Gariep and the shores of the Atlantic. His passage through, in this direction, enabled him to enlarge our knowledge of this tribe of Hottentots, and to gather further information of the people who lie beyond the Gariep, and dwell on the western shores of the continent. Several topics of interest occur before his return within the boundary of the colony; but want of space prevents us from doing more than refer to this part of his route. At the missionary station at Kamiesberg, in Namaqua Land, Mr. Thompson takes occasion to make some general observations in favour of the African missionaries, which, in the perusal of these travels, have several times presented themselves to our minds most forcibly. We quote the passage, in justice to men who have been often differently viewed in this country:—

“ Having now visited nearly the whole of the missionary stations in Southern Africa, it may not be improper to express in a few words the opinion I have formed regarding them. The usual objections against them are, that the generality of missionaries are a fanatical class of men, more earnest to inculcate the peculiar dogmas of their different sects, than to instruct the barbarous tribes in the arts of civilization; that most of them are vulgar and uninformed,—many of them injudicious,—some of them immoral;—and finally, that their exertions, whether to civilize or christianize the natives, have not hitherto been followed by any commensurate results.

“ Now my observations have led me to form a very different conclusion. It is no doubt true, that the missionaries labouring among the tribes of the interior, are generally persons of limited education, most of them having originally been common mechanics: but it seems very doubtful whether men of more refined and cultivated minds would be better adapted to meet the plain capacities of unintellectual barbarians; and were such teachers ever so preferable, where could they be procured? On the whole, the missionaries I have been acquainted with in South Africa, appear to me generally well adapted for such service. Most of them are men of good, plain understanding, and industrious habits, zealously interested in the success of their labours, cordially attached to the natives, and willing to encounter for their improvement, toil, danger, and privation. A few instances, in a long course of years, of indiscreet, or indolent, or immoral persons having been found among the missionaries, proves nothing against the general respectability of their characters, or the utility of their exertions. Imperfection will be found wherever human agents are employed. But such unfavourable exceptions are rare; while, among them, several persons of superior ability, and even science, are to be found: and I may safely affirm, that at every missionary station I have visited, instruction in the arts of civilized life, and in the knowledge of pure and practical religion, go hand in hand.

“ It is true, that among the wilder tribes of Bushmen, Korannas, and Bechuanas, the progress of the missions has hitherto been exceedingly slow and circumscribed. But persons who have visited these tribes, and are best qualified to appreciate the difficulties to be surmounted in instructing and civilizing them, will, if they are not led away by prejudice, be far more disposed to admire the exemplary fortitude, patience, and perseverance of the missionaries, than to speak of them with contempt and contumely. These devoted men are found in the remotest deserts, accompanying the wild and wandering savages from place to place, destitute of almost every comfort, and at times without even the necessaries of life. Some of them have without murmuring spent their whole lives in such service. Let those who consider missions as idle, or unavailing, visit Gnadenthal, Bethelsdorp, Theopolis, the Caffer stations, Griqua Town, Kamiesberg, &c. &c. &c.—let them view what has been effected at these institutions for tribes of the natives, oppressed, neg-

lected, or despised by every other class of men of Christian name: and if they do not find all accomplished which the world had, perhaps too sanguinely, anticipated, let them fairly weigh the obstacles that have been encountered before they venture to pronounce an unfavourable decision. For my own part, utterly unconnected as I am with missionaries, or missionary societies of any description, I cannot, in candour and justice, withhold from them my humble meed of applause for their labours in Southern Africa. They have, without question, been in this country, not only the devoted teachers of our holy religion to the heathen tribes, but also the indefatigable pioneers of discovery and civilization. Nor is their character unappreciated by the natives. Averse as they still are, in many places, to receive a religion; the doctrines of which are too pure and benevolent to be congenial to hearts depraved by selfish and vindictive passions, they are yet every where friendly to the missionaries, eagerly invite them to reside in their territories, and consult them in all their emergencies. Such is the impression which the disinterestedness, patience, and kindness of the missionaries, have, after long years of labour and difficulty, decidedly made even upon the wildest and fiercest of the South African tribes with whom they have come in contact; and this favourable impression, where more has not yet been achieved, is of itself a most important step towards full and ultimate success."—pp. 302-4.

The length to which this article has run, compels us to close our notice at this point. We can say nothing of Mr. Thompson's opinions of the interests of the Cape, and of the prospects of the late settlers; beyond this, that the perusal of his remarks disposes us to think very favourably of his good sense, and of the extent and accuracy of his information.

To the library of knowledge respecting Southern Africa, Mr. Thompson's work must be considered an important addition. This library is not very extensive; Peter Kolben gave us the first detailed account (1718) of its early state. After him came Sparman (1772-6), who made a variety of excursions in the vicinity of the Cape: his observations are chiefly confined to natural history. In 1772-5 Thunberg resided at the Cape, and added to our information; and then came the traveller Paterson (1777-8) who accompanied Captain Gordon in an expedition to the Sneeuwberg. Between the years 1780 and 1785 Le Vaillant performed his well-known travels. But the completest and most important information relative to this part of the African Continent, was given to the world in the volumes of Mr. Barrow, who in 1797 traversed the greater part of the territory belonging to the colony. After him, in 1803-6, Lichtenstein went over much of the same ground, and increased our knowledge of the Bushmen, and made many new remarks on the natural history of the country. The missionary Campbell's narrative comes next in order of time; and though his attention was directed to other topics, than those which generally interest the traveller, yet his route was new, and his narrative adds something to our previous knowledge: he visited the Bechuanas (or Boshuanos), and was acquainted with king Mateebè, the king of the tribe of Matlhapees, whom Mr. Thompson visited, as has been mentioned, at an interesting moment. Since Campbell, Mr. Burchell has pursued his meritorious inquiries into this country, and given us the result of them in two large quartos. Mr. Burchell may be said almost to have completed the survey of this part of the world as a naturalist. He penetrated one degree beyond

Latakoo, to the frontier of the Karrikarri; beyond which his guides and attendants refused to proceed.

Mr. Thompson in his work has considerably added to our information as to the southern banks of the Gareip and the river itself; he has confirmed and corrected much of what was previously believed respecting the Bechuanas and the tribes beyond; he has also added, on the testimony of oral communication, several particulars respecting the country beyond Namagualand, who dwell between the great desert to the north of the Gareip and the western shore of the Atlantic.

It is not, however, chiefly as a geographer that we are indebted to Mr. Thompson; his contributions to the commercial and agricultural departments of knowledge are more considerable. Much light is thrown upon the interest and condition of the colony; and, in the catalogue of his merits, it must not be forgotten, that though several slight works have been published respecting the state of the settlers in Algoa Bay, in none do we find more information or less prejudice and irritation than in these travels.

We should add, that a good map, several drawings, and numerous wood-cuts, adorn these volumes; they form in truth, both in illustration and typography, as well as in more important points, a work most creditable to the British merchant.

#### THE WELLESLEY CASE.

Of all the qualities by which a man becomes useful to his country and annoying to his friends, obstinacy or perseverance is the chief; without it, no man can be a thorough bore, or, we fear, a benefactor to his country. Obstinate men—men who persevere long after an attention to their own interests and their own peace would induce them to stop, are the fountains of all justice; for such is the disposition of uninterested parties to save themselves trouble, that not only but for this sort of obstinacy would injustice be very frequently done; but justice, when done, would, for want of due discussion, be done upon wrong grounds.

The great element of this obstinacy is the power of a man to persuade himself that he is always in the right, and that being in the right, he must necessarily succeed. There is not, as far as the individual himself is concerned, a more melancholy spectacle than a man possessed with these errors,—that he is fit judge in his own cause, or if he were, he is at all nearer success for having justice on his side.

In the case before us, nothing can be more shocking than the wrong-headedness of Mr. Wellesley, in regard to his own interest. A man with a grain of sense must have known, that after the disclosures concerning him, whatever palliative circumstances he may have been conscious of, to lessen the apparent criminality of his conduct, he should have avoided, by any compromise, or concession, a public discussion of his affairs.

From the beginning, the strongest opinion has been entertained against him, by nearly all impartial persons; and he now publishes a

pamphlet, apparently intended to show, that even those who might be expected to be partial to him, his nearest relations, and all the principal members of his family, are of the same opinion. He is, however, of great use to the public, by preventing a very dangerous power, which, if not absolutely new, has been very rarely exercised, from being strengthened into law, without the fullest discussion of its conveniences and its evils.

We believe, that much as this case has occupied the public attention, the nature of the jurisdiction of the Lord Chancellor in the case is very little understood by the public; and that though very strong opinions have been formed on it. By some it is commonly supposed that the Lord Chancellor possesses the power, in any case in which the father of a child seems unfit to be trusted with its education, to take it from the father, and appoint a guardian for its education. By others it is supposed, that the great property with which the children of Mr. Wellesley are connected, compared with that of Mr. Wellesley himself, and the death of one of their parents, constitutes the peculiarity which enables the Chancellor to interfere. Both of these opinions are erroneous.

In the first place, the Lord Chancellor has not, in ordinary cases, the power of interfering with a child's education, however atrocious the misconduct of the father may be. He can only interfere, if there be some property settled on the children, in respect of which they are made wards of the Court of Chancery. In the next place, the amount of this property, compared with their expectations from their father—compared with the possessions for the enjoyment or non-enjoyment of which they depend on his good will, has nothing to do with the question of jurisdiction. The life or death of the mother, also, (who in no case during the life of the father has any legal control over legitimate children) has nothing to do with the matter.

For example, in the case of the Wellesleys, if the children had had no property settled on them, the Chancellor could not have interfered. On the other hand, though Mrs. Wellesley had been living in harmony with her husband,—though he had been proprietor in fee of the great estate which is now the property of his eldest son, yet if any person, whether a relation or not, had settled upon the infants a sum of money, no matter how insignificant in proportion to their expectations, it would have been competent for the Chancellor to interfere, and take the children from both the parents.

It is the more necessary to bear this in mind, because the female part of the community, who naturally take great interest in such a question, and we believe have given the tone to public opinion on it, consider the Chancellor as the representative of the defunct mother—the heir to her rights, which he exercises in behalf of her offspring. But he inherits no rights from her, because, when living, she had none; and because he might have exercised the same power had she lived, and in spite of her, as he now exercises after her death.

When we say the Chancellor has this power, and that these are the conditions under which it is exercised, we mean to say, that the late Lord Chancellor has so declared the law; and it must be taken to be law till a higher authority shall think fit to declare otherwise.

It is to be observed, as a corollary from this state of the law, that if any person, a capricious relative for instance, chooses to settle a sum, however small, on the children of any man; no matter what his rank or possessions may be—no matter whether the mother be or be not living, he may institute a suit in Chancery, to deprive the father of the guardianship of those children; may put in affidavits as to the past life and morals of that father—his religious belief, his companions, and present habits and conversation; produce any of his private letters he may get possession of, and compel him to put himself on his defence on all these points.

If the Chancellor, however, be persuaded to deprive the father of the guardianship of his children, he cannot on that account deprive the father of any of his rights of property. The full liberty of bequest allowed by our law it is not within his power to impair. The father, in such a case as we have supposed, would be at liberty to disinherit his children in favour of other children, to whom the same care of the Chancellor had not been extended; or indeed in favour of any other persons.

There seems, therefore, in the exercise of the jurisdiction, these inconveniences and contradictions: it interferes to protect the morals of children, yet it can never take effect unless the children have some property independent of their parents; it interferes in consequence of property, yet it does not extend to secure the interests of the children in respect to property.

That these inconveniences are not ideal, may be perceived by the only two cases in which this power has been exercised; the two cases which, in fact and in practice, if not in law, lay the foundation of the jurisdiction—that of Mr. Shelley—and that before us.

Mr. Shelley, who is well known to the lovers of poetry, was the son and heir of a baronet of ancient family. The estates of the family, amounting to several thousands a year, were so settled, that Mr. Shelley had been enabled, by fine, or recovery, to obtain the power of bequeathing the reversion of them. When very young, he had married the daughter of a respectable man, but very much below himself in station and fortune, the keeper of a coffee-house, by whom he had two children. She died, and Mr. Shelley married again. One of the relatives of the first wife settled a small sum upon the children, barely sufficient for their education in an humble way, thus made them wards of Chancery; and instituted a suit to deprive Mr. Shelley of the care of them, on account of some extravagances in his life and opinions. It succeeded. Mr. Shelley died, and left a will, by which the children of the first marriage were entirely disinherited.

In the Wellesley case, though the eldest of the children has a vast fortune settled on him, the fortunes of both the younger are only 6000*l*. Mr. Wellesley has the power of bequeathing what he says is worth between 2 and 300,000*l*.; at any rate, the property, whatever it is, on which his father, Lord Maryborough, supports his dignity. He is, in respect of these children, in the situation in which Mr. Shelley was placed towards his. In the ordinary course of things, he would have bequeathed them his property, the elder son being sufficiently provided for. But it is not now improbable that, as in the case of Mr. Shelley, his affections and fortune may be transferred to another family.

It does not on this account follow, that the children may not be benefitted by the protection of their morals, (supposing their morals are protected) at the expense of their property. Wealth is of little consequence as compared with morals; but it is plain, that all the interests of the children are not protected by this jurisdiction, since, out of the very two cases which form the foundation of it, the objects of it have been, in regard to their pecuniary interests, ruined in the one and endangered in the other.

The jurisdiction seems to have arisen out of the general power of guardianship vested in the king, of which the exercise was formerly entrusted to the Court of Wards and Liveries, which was abolished by the 12th Chas. II. chap. 24; out of one of the sections of which statute another difficulty, concerning the power of the Chancellor, arises.

That section viii. enacts, "that where any person hath, or shall have, any child or children, under the age of twenty-one years, and not married at the time of his death, that it shall and may be lawful to and for the father of such child or children, whether born at the time of the decease of the father, or at that time *in ventre sa mere*; or whether such father be within the age of twenty-one years, or of full age, by his deed executed in his life-time, or by his last will and testament in writing, in the presence of two or more credible witnesses, in such manner, and from time to time respectively as he shall think fit to dispose of the custody and tuition of such child or children, for and during such time as he or they shall respectively remain under the age of one-and-twenty, or any lesser time, to any person or persons in possession or remainder, other than Popish recusants; and that such disposition for the custody of such child or children, made since the 24th of Feb. 1645, or hereafter to be made, shall be good and effectual against all and every person or persons, claiming the custody or tuition of such children, as guardian in socage or otherwise; and that such person or persons, to whom the custody of such child or children hath been, or shall be so disposed or devised as aforesaid, shall and may maintain an action of ravishment of ward or trespass, against any person or persons which shall wrongfully take away or detain such child or children, for the recovery of such child or children, and shall and may recover damages for the same in the said action, for the use and benefit of such child or children."

It is to be observed, that this statute was framed for the express purpose of limiting some and abolishing others of the prerogatives of the king; and that the right which is here given to the subject of choosing guardians for his children after his death, is carved out of the royal prerogative. And though it does not absolutely follow that a man, who has the power of disposing of a privilege at his death, must have the power of exercising it during his life; yet we might have expected, in so very guarded and wordy a statute, some notice of the prerogative by which a man might be deprived of the guardianship of his children during his life, if by the legislature of that day it had been known to exist.

But putting aside all question as to the lawfulness of the Chancellor's jurisdiction during the father's life-time, can we doubt the power most expressly given him by this act; and specially in bar of the king's prerogative, out of which whatever power the Chancellor has



arises? If the father, not having the right of guardianship during his life, can appoint a guardian by his will, we have an additional inconsistency and defect in the jurisdiction; if on the other hand, the Chancellor acting under the royal prerogative, have the power of removing (not for any abuse of his trust, but for exceptions which he may take beforehand to his person or morals) the guardian appointed in pursuance of this act, the security for the subject against the royal prerogative, for the sake of which a special compensation was made by the statute, is null.\*

If the power is so limited in its extent, as to be inapplicable to the greater number of instances of the misuse of maternal authority—if it be liable to vexatious abuse in family quarrels; if it be often necessarily prejudicial in its exercise to the temporal interests of the children, we ought to feel very confident as to the moral advantages to the objects on whom it is exercised, before we are induced to approve of it.

Supposing that the mode of investigation were judicious, and the decision in each case satisfactory, it appears to us we own a hazardous experiment on a child, to sever him by a judicial process from the paternal authority, on account of the moral unfitness of the parent. To a child endowed with the slightest degree of susceptibility, the disgrace of a parent must be the most galling, and at the same time the most corrupting, of all inflictions; that which most wounds, and at the same time sears the feelings—that which excites pain and hatred of the world. After an exhibition, such as this jurisdiction supposes, how is it possible for a child, in the course of his education, to avoid being taunted with the vices of his father—from justifying them if he be bold, or being entirely broken down and degraded, if he be mean-spirited. It may reasonably be doubted whether the effect of a father's vices, thus forced upon the child's attention, are not of much more pernicious consequence to a child than if allowed to come before him in the ordinary intercourse of father and son. In moral experiments nothing is certain; but we think he must have had little experience of the world who has not seen, that nothing is more common than an abhorrence in children of the particular vices and infirmities which they avoid in their parents; an abhorrence first created by the painful consequences which they see attendant on those vices long before they can sympathize in the uncertain pleasures which attend them. It has almost grown into a proverb, that a prodigal son generally succeeds a miser; and it is almost as common to see a careful and penurious son succeed a prodigal father. In one case the son early sees the disgrace of avarice, in the other of profuseness.

The vices which can be laid hold of for the purposes of this jurisdiction, are generally those which arise out of infirmity of purpose, or violence of temperament, not those which grow out of corruption of heart. Loose, rakish, or ranting personages may be brought under the Chancellor's jurisdiction; but those persons, who have abundance of self-indulgence, are not necessarily indulgent to their children. They have experience of the vices to which children are prone. If

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\* By this statute excise duties were granted to the crown, "as a full and ample recompense and satisfaction" for the curtailment of the prerogative.

there be one characteristic of this class of persons, it is suspicious watchfulness of their female children—the natural result of vicious experience, and of observation of the miseries which follow unchasteness in females. The “tame cheater,” “the exceeding knave,” the liar, the swindler, defy the Chancellor’s jurisdiction; yet their examples are of much more certain injury to the morals of children. It may be said that their vices are not of such prejudicial consequence to the pecuniary interest of the wards; but we must again call to mind that the jurisdiction is in its nature exercised in contempt, and to the destruction, of that interest.

A difficulty which embarrasses the question (the more because it is not always apparent) is, that the desire of taking revenge on a father for his irregularities, mixes itself up with the concern for his children; but if we could put the feelings of the father entirely out of the question, and consider it quite indifferent whether we conferred on him a benefit, or inflicted an injury, and picture to ourselves the probable fate of the children in the Wellesley cause, now, and what their fate would have been if this investigation had never been entered upon, scarcely a doubt can remain as to the absurdity of the jurisdiction. The boys will be sent to Eton now, and would probably have been sent there if the suit had never taken place; they have, and they probably would have had, a competent tutor. But had the public discussion never taken place, they would have gone there as any other boys, unnoticed for any peculiarity attending them. They now go with all the filthy stories about Mrs. Bligh and Mrs. Scott—the Hell and Tommy Letters—the affidavits and counter-affidavits—the disgrace and folly of their father sticking about them. That all this is an infliction on the father we admit; but can we, if we put ourselves in the place of the boys, bring ourselves to believe that it is a kindness to the children—that it can tend to their advantage and comfort; though they may in their holidays go home to their aunts instead of their father. As for the girl, Mr. Wellesley asserts, that he was anxious she should be placed under the care of a lady of the name of Wright, to whose character and fitness there appears to be no objection; and that they should take for their model his own mother (Lady Maryborough). Of course his assertion as a party is not worth much; but it is we think probable, from the whole purport of the correspondence which he has printed, that he intended to make some such arrangement; and altogether improbable that he would have exposed his daughter to whatever pernicious influence might have flowed from the example of his life. The benefit to the girl we should think questionable; for her comfort and character must be affected by the investigation; to the boys the disadvantage positive.

We have said nothing of the collateral inconveniences arising from this jurisdiction in the exposure of private transactions, even when it is not exercised for purposes of annoyance; for this sort of exposure is not without its advantages. If an unlimited censorial power be allowed for the purposes of this jurisdiction; if the times when a man enters and leaves a hackney-coach be made the subject of judicial investigation; if all his private letters may be produced, in order that his language may be known; at any rate there will be, in this collateral sort of punishment, a new inducement to correctness and decency of

conduct. But if these investigations into private affairs were, as they have been supposed to be, evils, it would be more than doubtful whether the peace and fame of a father should be sacrificed for the sake of an uncertain advantage to the child. At any rate, it can scarcely happen that in the examination and re-examination, to which this sort of jurisdiction must give rise, the feelings even of blameless people will not frequently be wounded.

We have said nothing, too, of one of the grounds on which the Lord Chancellor assumes the right to interfere—the heterodox opinions of the parent. It is the inconvenience of this jurisdiction, that as it is founded on the *tout ensemble* of a man's life, habits, conversation, opinions, and pecuniary circumstances, no one case can be a precedent for another; and it is always impossible to say in what proportion any one circumstance has contributed to the decision. Mr. Wellesley boasts that to be the pink of orthodoxy; but Mr. Shelley's religious opinions, expressed many years before the suit, *seem* to have been among the grounds of the Chancellor's decree against him. If his opinions, as well as his acts, are to be among the reasons why a father may be deprived of his children; if he may be called upon to say, not only whether he has done so and so, but whether he has thought so and so, the foundation is laid for a religious persecution; not the less mischievous because an inquiry into a man's belief is mixed up with a general investigation of his life and manners; so that a care for morals may be brought forward as a pretext for the judgments of which intolerance is the real motive.

But if we suppose the power to be good in itself, the Court of Chancery is the worst authority in the world to exercise it with usefulness. A court which decides entirely on written evidence, may be very well fitted to unravel those affairs which are generally transacted in writing,—matters of account, imperfect contracts, and so on; but it is the worst fitted in the world to get an accurate notion of a man's general character and behaviour. Even special questions of fact—as whether A. did or did not make a certain will—or whether title of such and such produce has usually been paid at B. are commonly sent by the Court of Chancery to be tried in the common law courts, from its confessed inability to extract the truth, without the power of cross-examining witnesses. But how much more difficult must it be by affidavits and counter-affidavits (for we believe even the imperfect mode of examination by written interrogatories are not admitted in such cases as these), to get at the truth on questions on which there is so much greater room for equivocation, exaggeration, or extenuation; such as whether a man drinks so much, and so often, as to be considered a drunkard? whether his conversation is so larded with oaths that he may be called a blasphemer? whether an adulterous intercourse is carried on with or without decency? or whether, on the balance of his good and bad qualities, the evidence as to his past, and the probability as to his future conduct, a man may safely be entrusted with the management of children? and whether, if he is likely not to educate them well, his mismanagement is likely to injure them more than a separation from their parent would injure them?

Such a question as the last nothing could enable a man to determine rightly, except the most intimate personal knowledge, entirely divested

of personal prejudice. It is a paternal power, which needs the knowledge, and more than the wisdom of a father. But how would a father manage his family if their concerns were only brought before him on affidavit?

The expensiveness of the process, by which the Chancellor attempts to get at the truth in causes of this sort, is not peculiar to them, and therefore is only to be reckoned among the objections to the jurisdiction, in so far as it is an objection to all interference of law, where the benefit to be obtained is doubtful.

The affection between parent and child, which is supposed by some persons to be the foundation of all society, is certainly the first source of morality in infants; it is to them, indeed, morality and religion: when it is violently broken, the mind is left in a state of moral atheism, without any fixed principle of attachment or obedience. Now, if we suppose this jurisdiction to be pushed to the extent, to which, for the sake of judging of its propriety, we must suppose it to be carried, to what a degree will it be necessary to interfere with this feeling. Let us suppose that the young persons who are taken from their parents choose to obey the dictates of nature and habit, rather than the decree of the Court of Chancery, and fly from their guardian to their father; are they to be treated as culprits? are they to be punished for contempt of court? We do not dwell upon supposed cases of this sort, which may be rare; but it is necessary to be prepared for them.

The jurisdiction, then, we think we have shown is uncertain and capricious in its application; is unaccompanied with the powers necessary to make it harmless to the objects of it; must be frequently injurious to the property of those whom it endeavours to protect, and is of very doubtful benefit to their morals; it is extremely liable to be abused for the purposes of vexation in family quarrels (and we may add, however much needed, it will never be resorted to, unless some such quarrels exist); it is liable to be abused for the purposes of religious intolerance; it is entrusted to a court, the forms of proceeding in which are peculiarly ill-suited to get at the truth in such cases; and, to crown the whole, it is necessarily attended with enormous expenses,\* which a father cannot be called upon to defray without great injustice, and sometimes ruin.

One of the consequences of this sort of jurisdiction, if it be confirmed and exercised to any extent, will be, that it will give birth to pamphlets, such as that which has given occasion to our remarks;† very much in the style of the "*Mémoires à consulter*," published in causes in France, in which there will be an extreme license in assertions and insinuations, respecting the conduct and motives of the adverse parties. Mr. Wellesley's pamphlet is, in fact, a true "*Mémoire à consulter*," in which he expounds the motives and conduct of his family in the whole affair; and, as far as it can be relied on, is a curious piece of family history; or, at any rate, of family controversy, with much cleverness, and some of what the vulgar will take for hypocrisy.

\* Mr. Wellesley in his pamphlet says, that for his law expenses (he does not clearly state whether in this case alone) he has already paid 5500*l*. The fortunes of his two younger children are only 6000*l*.

† Two Letters to the Right Hon. the Earl of Eldon, Lord Chancellor, &c. &c. &c. with official and other Documents; by the Hon. W. L. Wellesley. London, 1827.

Mr. Wellesley holds up his sisters-in-law as readers of sectarian tracts, and expresses his apprehensions in the most moving manner, that his children will be made "puritans and republicans:" he hints that he is a victim to his orthodoxy. "The very charities," he says of the Misses Long, "are doled out by the disciples of puritanism, who are almost the exclusive objects of their perseverance and favour. That I endeavoured, during Mrs. Wellesley's life, to produce a more favourable state of things is well known; I did not confine myself to my own representations, but fortified myself with the works of Paley, Blair, Watson, and other divines, which I presented to Miss Dora Long, and entreated *her* to peruse them."—p. 29. He does not say whether he perused them himself. His love of divinity was probably like J. B. St. André's love of fighting:—

"John fled soon on the first of June;  
But he bade the rest keep fighting."

His alarm at a plot to bring him before Master Stephen is amusing:—

"I am quite prepared to expect that every effort will be made by the Wesleyan conclave to have the case referred to a master in Chancery, who is not supposed to be very hostile to these roundheads."

It appears from the following statement of Mr. Wellesley, that he renewed his connexion with Mrs. Bligh in order to refresh his memory:—

"In the earlier stages of these proceedings it was sufficiently shown, that I was earnestly endeavouring to put an end to the connexion, and that all my efforts were directed to that end. How and why were they frustrated? By your lordship's self; by the process instituted in the court over which you preside. Your lordship, in your own handwriting, demands explanation of statements on affidavits; not connected with my paternal relation to my children, but relating solely to transactions in which that lady and myself were implicated. In what possible way could these affidavits be answered, but by direct and personal intercourse with her?"

We will venture to say, Lord Eldon never dreamed of such a way of answering an affidavit.

The following is a fine touch of character:—

"How happens it, that out of one hundred letters from me, Mr. Pittman has only preserved thirty? that he has not preserved the one I wrote upon courage; another upon *sound religious feeling*; and another in which I introduced a *quotation from Cicero*; another in which I inserted a prayer I composed for my little girl at Arras."—p. 56.

We fear again "the base unknowing vulgar" will cry fudge! but we, who have a theory, take Mr. Wellesley to be sincere after a certain fashion; he is probably wroug-headed enough to suppose that he has a pretty notion of "sound religion."

It seems the cause is not yet ended: he declares his intention to appeal to the House of Lords, with this mysterious threat:—"My honour, and my duty towards my children, make it necessary that I should oppose the nomination of the Duke of Wellington and the Misses Long to be their guardians, or in any way to interfere with their education, with my assent. *I pray to God that I may not be driven*

*to close this tragedy, by declaring upon oath, that which will satisfy all mankind that my objections to the wishes of the Misses Long are founded upon reasons, the validity of which no parents dare dispute."*—p. 114.

What sort of recrimination is threatened here we cannot conjecture; but recrimination and slander are among the natural results of the jurisdiction of which Mr. Wellesley, by his perseverance and the due intermixture of folly and ability in his composition, is well fitted for displaying all the evils. If the principle of interference between parent and child be admitted, we feel little interest in the individual case; for though thinking the principle bad in any case, we should think it improper to be applied in this; the great evil to the children has been, not in the decision, but in the discussion.

## TWO YEARS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

Two Years in New South Wales; a Series of Letters, comprising Sketches of the Actual State of Society in that Colony; of its peculiar Advantages to Emigrants; of its Topography, Natural History, &c. &c. By P. Cunningham, Surgeon, R.N. In 2 vols. London. Colburn, New Burlington-street.

MR. CUNNINGHAM is a surgeon in the navy, (brother of the estimable poet of the same name,) who has been employed on several voyages in the superintendence of convicts in their passage to New South Wales, and has become a possessor of land in that colony. The arrangement made with the surgeon of a convict ship, is, that he receives a certain sum per head on those who are landed safely in the colony, and he is entrusted with the full control as well of their morals as their health. In this situation, therefore, he is not only enabled, but obliged to make himself intimately acquainted with the characters of his subjects, and he is thus enabled to obtain a knowledge of delinquents which seldom falls to the lot of any honest men, except police officers and Old Bailey attorneys. In addition to this acquaintance, with one great element of Botany Bay population, he has resided long enough in the colony to be thoroughly informed as to its condition. He is, besides, a very shrewd, intelligent, unprejudiced man, with a disposition to be witty and inventive. His book is very valuable, and would have been still more so, if some parts of it had been written in a more straightforward style.

The growth of our colonies has been made so often a matter of wonderment, that it is scarcely allowable even to wonder at the spectacle of a great state springing up out of the refuse of our gaols, and the leavings of the halter. In fact, like all other matters of wonderment, it loses by being examined. In the first place, the great secret of the advance of New South Wales, has been the lavish expense bestowed on it. From 1788 to 1797, according to the information collected by Wentworth\* (p. 220), the total expense of the colony was 1,037,230*l.* or 86,435*l.* per annum; from 1798 to 1811, it amounted to 1,634,926*l.* or 116,709*l.* per annum; and from 1812 to 1815, both inclusive, to 793,827*l.* or 198,456*l.* per annum; in 1816, the expense was 193,775*l.*, and in 1817, it was 229,152*l.* The expense since that time we have

\* Description of New South Wales. By W. C. Wentworth. 1819.

not taken the trouble to collect, but if added to the sums we have enumerated, it cannot have amounted to much less than *five millions* sterling; a large sum to expend for the purpose of deluding rogues with the idea that they are to be punished.

The sums we have mentioned include the expense of transporting the convicts, but not the expense of recruiting the troops, and the various additions, which, in every direction, an extension of its possessions makes to the general expenses of the empire. When Mr. Cunningham says, "it is pleasing, as surprising, to look back to the foundation of the colony, by Governor Phillips, in 1788, a period of only thirty-eight years, and contemplate the wonderful changes that have been wrought by the labour of the outcasts, thrust by England from her bosom, to expiate their offences on these remote shores." He should take into account what those changes have cost to those who have been left at home in the "bosom."

It could be proved, if an error, past remedy, were worth exposing, that the mode of making a colony of convicts was the most expensive and unprofitable of all plans of colonizing; and that with the same advantages of soil, climate, and position, a third of the expense bestowed on free settlers, would have produced much greater results.

At the first establishment of a "penal colony," the trouble of guarding the rogues must be more than equal to the profit derived from their labour; all the benefits of spontaneous enterprise are wanting. In New South Wales, in particular, as the number of males transported greatly exceeded that of females, there was much more debauchery than marriage, and population did not at first increase with rapidity. After the colony had been settled thirty years, and nearly three millions and a half sterling had been expended on it, the total of the population was only twenty thousand, and the land cleared only forty-five thousand acres. In fact, every acre of cleared land had cost three times as much as it would have cost in England; every man, woman, and child, had cost on an average 175*l.* to settle. The more rapid improvement since that time is owing to the fact, that the colony is now rapidly losing its original character. But the difficulties of a colony are in the first formation; and those difficulties, the use of convicts are calculated to increase.

What has made the experiment less ruinous than it would have otherwise been, is, that under the working of our criminal code, many of the persons transported are as good as those who remain behind. The peasantry transported for the breaches of the Game Laws in England, and those for offences against the Insurrection Act in Ireland, may be just as good as the average of the rural population. There is now, too, a *selection* in the convicts sent to New South Wales, and the increase of free settlers very much adds to the security against the misconduct of the culprits. The great body of the convicts, Mr. Cunningham says, now turn out to be good servants to the settlers to whom they are assigned—though this character, from his account, is still liable to great deductions.

The following is his account of the manner of managing them:—

"The convict-servants are accommodated upon the farms in huts walled round and roofed with bark, or built of split wood and plaster, with thatched roofs. About four of them generally sleep and mess in each hut, drawing

their provisions every Saturday, and being generally allowed the afternoon of that day, whereupon to wash their clothes and grind their wheat. Their usual allowance I have already stated to be a peck of wheat; seven pounds of beef, or four and a half of pork; two ounces of tea, two ounces of tobacco, and a pound of sugar, weekly; the majority of settlers permitting them to raise vegetables in little gardens allotted for their use, or supplying them occasionally from their own gardens. Wages are only allowed at the option of the master; but you are obliged to supply them with two full suits of clothes annually; and you also furnish a bed-tick, (to be stuffed with grass,) and a blanket, to each person, besides a tin-pot and knife; as also an iron pot and frying-pan to each mess. The tea, sugar, and tobacco, are considered *bonusses* for good conduct, and withheld in default thereof.

"To get work done, you must feed well; and when the rations are ultimately raised upon your own farm, you never give their expense a moment's consideration. The farm-men usually bake their flour into flat cakes, which they call *dampers*, and cook these in the ashes, cutting their salted meats into thin slices, and boiling them in the iron-pot or frying-pan, by which means the salt is, in a great measure, extracted. If tea and sugar are not supplied, milk is allowed as a substitute, tea or milk forming the beverage to every meal. Though not living so comfortably as when every thing is cooked and put down before them, yet it is more after their own mind, while the operations of preparing their meals amuse their leisure hours and give a greater zest to the enjoyment of those repasts. When the labour of the day is over, with enlivening chit-chat, singing, and smoking, they chase away *cassai*, and make the evening hours jog merrily by. Indeed, without the aid of that magic care-killer, the pipe, I believe the greater portion of our 'pressed men' would 'take the bush' in a week after their arrival in our solitudes, before time had attuned their minds to rural prospects and industrious pursuits.

"Convicts, when first assigned, if long habituated to a life of idleness and dissipation, commonly soon become restless and dissatisfied; and if failing to provoke you to return them into the government employ, wherein they may again be enabled to idle away their time in the joyous companionship of their old associates, will run off for head-quarters, regardless of the flogging that awaits them on being taken or on giving themselves up,—the idle ramble they have had fully compensating them for the twenty-five or fifty lashes they may receive, in case they should not be admitted among the list at head-quarters. Many, too, start off for want of something for their fingers to pick at,—the leader of one batch of runaways from a friend of mine, exclaiming to those he left behind, on bidding them adieu, 'Why, I may as well be dead and buried in earnest, as buried alive in this here place, where a fellow has not even a *chance*!'—The chance here wished for, not being the *chance* of bettering his condition by good conduct, but by emptying the full pocket of some luckless wight! If they can be coaxed or compelled to stop, however, for a *twelvemonth* or so, the greater portion, even of the worst, generally turn out very fair and often very good servants; cockneys becoming able ploughmen, and weavers, barbers, and such-like soft-fingered gentry, being metamorphosed into good fencers, herdsmen, and shepherds; a little urging and encouragement on the part of the master, and perseverance in enforcing his authority, generally sufficing.

"The convict-servants commence labour at sunrise, and leave off at sunset, being allowed an hour for breakfast, and an hour or more for dinner. It is long before you can accustom the greater portion to steady labour, the best of them usually working by fits and starts, then lying down for an hour or two, and up and at it again. To get your work readily and quietly done, the best method is certainly to task them, and allow them to get through it as they please; but as it is an object to accustom them to *regular* industry, it will eventually serve your purpose better, and benefit them more, to keep them at constant work. Even some of the free-men who have served their time are perpetually skipping about, seldom remaining long in one situation.



One of the consequences of the mode in which the colony was first settled, is the growth of feuds between two parties—the free settlers and the freed convicts—or, as they are termed in the colony, *Emigrants* and *Emancipists*,—feuds which oppose an obstacle to the introduction at present, of a representative constitution into the colony, and form the staple of Australian politics. Mr. Cunningham blames the late Governor Macquarie for their origin; though the seeds of such feuds scattered throughout the colony, could scarcely have been prevented, at some time or other, from germinating.

“ It was during the administration of Governor Macquarie that those party feuds commenced which have kept the colony in a ferment ever since. Deeming the colony to have been founded as much with a view to the reformation as punishment of offenders, he justly concluded that the surest way of achieving the former object was, by elevating the character of the emancipated convict, in raising him to a suitable moral station in society again. But, unfortunately, the mode Governor Macquarie took of carrying his correct and beneficent views into execution, entirely frustrated the attempt. He conceived that the governor’s countenance alone would overwhelm all opposition, and that *authority* ought to step in, to enforce what a mere expression of his *wish* failed to effect. Now, in matters of opinion, man is like a pig,—if you attempt to force him on, he only retrogrades from the point you wish to urge him to, and you must coax him along quietly, if you are really serious in attaining your object, or else drive him onwards by making him believe the *reverse* is the object you have in view. Governor Macquarie, finding a number of demurrers to his opinions, instead of coaxing them on to his views, or taking no notice of what was done or said, but quietly inviting such individuals of the emancipist body to his table as he deemed respectable enough, and letting time and reason work the rest; forthwith began to look upon all who opposed his projects as *personal* enemies, and often indeed treated them as such. This line of conduct *at once* severed from him many individuals; while the more marked attention he paid to members of the emancipist body in comparison with the free inhabitants, made it be believed by others that it was his intention to exalt the emancipist *above* the emigrant, and thus disgusted those who might probably have countenanced the plan. Now, what has been the result in Van Dieman’s Land, where a different course was pursued by the able and judicious Sorell? An individual of the emancipist body has been lately elected there to the bank-directorship, in opposition to several most respectable emigrants, and by a body of proprietors too, the greater portion of whom are *free emigrants*.—On Governor Macquarie’s departure the emancipists were again thrown into the shade, and not one ever visited the succeeding governor at a party of any description, nor did he ever dine even in company with a single emancipist, until the very close of his administration. This sudden downfall produced, as you may suppose, a disheartening effect upon the whole body, and some most respectable individuals among them felt it, I know, keenly; deeming themselves and their descendants thus for ever doomed to be, like the seed of Cain, a stigmatised race,—as they saw even their very children debarred from the governor’s society, and thus held forth as equally unworthy with themselves. Things continued in this state, till the appearance of the ‘*Australian*’ newspaper roused the emancipist body to oppose the course pursued toward them in omitting their names in the new list of magistracy, in conformity to the commissioner’s recommendation, and driving them out of the pale of respectable society; contrary, however, to the commissioner’s evident wish.

“ The individuals supposed to have influenced the commissioner were the principal objects of attack, personal motives with some of these assailants having obviously even greater weight than their professed public creed. A case was now got up to make it appear that the emancipists were an oppressed

body, trampled on by the *emigrants*, and deprived by unfair means of what they deemed their rights. Now, neither the magistracy nor council were shut by any legislative enactment against the emancipists, the local government having the power to appoint any individual, whether emigrant or emancipist, whom it deemed deserving—juries being the only bodies they were at that period legally disqualified from. This disqualification they were most anxious to remove; but the commissioner, who foresaw great disturbance likely to ensue either from the emancipists or the emigrants being admitted to sit on juries, suggested that *both* parties should be excluded, and the juries composed of military and naval officers alone as formerly, who might be fairly presumed destitute of all prejudice as to either class. Another cry was now raised by the emancipists for a house of assembly, but stoutly opposed by the emigrants, who saw nothing therein but the seeds of disorder and confusion."—Vol. ii. pp. 131—135.

The emancipists too are divided into *pure* and *impure*. The *impure* are those who have been convicted of offences since their transportation, (all lapses and relapses in England go for nothing,) and these are shunned by their pure brethren as these are by the emigrants.

These inconveniences would have been probably avoided, if, from the commencement of the colony, the free settlers had borne a large proportion to the convicts, instead of making the convicts, as it were, the nucleus of the population. Labour is valuable where there is capital to employ it; and if the convicts had not been sent to the colony till there had been free colonists to employ and guard them, they would have been less expensive in the first instance, and less an object of jealousy afterwards. But the greater part of the capital of New South Wales seems to have accrued from the profits of individuals on a large, if not wasteful, government expenditure; and there was, at least in the early times of the settlement, such a scarcity not only of capital, but of intelligence and honesty, that moderate portions of these qualities enabled the convicts to amass fortunes. They have, in fact, we believe, if not the greatest landed possessions, the greatest part of the wealth of the colony.

The feuds arising from this source must, however, disappear with the present generation; and the probable fate of the colony is an interesting subject of speculation; as there are physical peculiarities which distinguish it in many respects from any of our other colonies. The following is the account of the differences in the circumstances which an emigrant meets with in Australia and America; the more worthy of attention, as Mr. Cunningham has resided in Canada as well as New South Wales:—

"In the American States and the Canadas, you have to proceed seldom less than a thousand miles inland before you can obtain unlocated ground, which even then, in the states, you are obliged to purchase, while your produce has all to be transported by land and interior water carriage from one to two thousand miles, before it reaches the point of exportation. In New South Wales, on the contrary, you may have abundance of land within from fifty to a hundred and fifty miles of the coast, upon terms neither irksome nor burdensome. In America, the soil is almost uniformly covered with such dense forests, that a cart cannot pass readily through them without cutting down trees here and there on the route; while the grass is either completely choked by the fallen leaves, or so smothered by the overshadowing summer foliage, that its scantiness and sickly vegetation quite unfit it for pasture, except in the interior *prairies* and a few spots on the banks of rivers,

where the soil is too wet for the growth of timber. Upon our very sea-coast, or as soon as you have traversed at farthest from twenty to forty miles, the country is generally so thinly timbered that you may drive a carriage over it in all directions; while the trees also, being but slightly clothed, and all evergreens—consequently never shedding their leaves—afford both a cool retreat for the cattle in the summer heats, and a tolerable protection for the sward of native grass which every where abounds. Hence all kinds of stock may be kept here at the very outset—a thing quite impracticable in America.

“Again—In America, the severe winter totally precludes the field-pasturing of cattle, which must during that season be supported on hay, or the tender buds and sprouts of the forest trees, lopped off for them to browse upon. Here the winters are so mild, that native grass always sufficiently abounds whereupon to winter all the stock you are for many years likely to possess. In America, labourers are so scarce, labour so dear, and agricultural productions so low, that the settler is necessitated to perform most of his field labour himself, (or with the assistance of his family,) to insure even a moderate profit for his outlay of capital. Here, labourers are plentiful; labour consequently cheap; and a handsome profit in general easily realised in the colony on most agricultural products. Indeed, when you consider that upwards of 100,000*l.* sterling is annually expended here by the British government in paying the expenses of the civil administration, the military, and the convicts, and this sum too distributed among a population not yet exceeding forty thousand, the advantage resulting to the agricultural emigrant must be clearly apparent. In America, again, look at the diseases which carry off yearly so many new comers, and even not a few of the native population; such as yellow fever, agues, remittent fevers, and so forth—in New South Wales, we have neither ague, remittent fever, nor indeed *any* fever but the *rum* fever—while measles, hooping-cough, small-pox, and all your similar European pests, are alike strangers to our soil—the most common and fatal diseases being dysentery, which is seldom productive of danger to any but the imprudent and intemperate.

“To be sure, the passage to America is much cheaper; but when you come to add the expense of the *inland* journey to that of the voyage, I think the passage to this country will turn out to be fully as moderate. The land in America is certainly, generally speaking, richer, from being fattened by the manure of the deciduous leaves accumulated for centuries thereupon; but our more genial climate surely compensates this deficiency; while all the other eligibilities I have stated, combine to throw the relative merits of America as a desirable abode for an English emigrant quite in the shade—not to say, that a man who takes an honest pride in many of the institutions of his native land, will feel small pleasure in transplanting himself into a country where (as in the United States) the discordant name of ‘*foreigner*’ is perpetually jarring in his ears.

“Over Van Dieman’s land, (or *Tasmania*, as we love to call it here,) New South Wales enjoys also many advantages. Though the climate of Tasmania is generally cooler than that of New South Wales, (or *Australia*, as we colonials say,) yet on the extensive table lands beyond the fine pastoral country of Argyle, and at Bathurst, the climate differs little from that of Tasmania. In the latter country, the good land is now granted; so that an individual emigrating there with a rising family, sees no prospect of acquiring ground for them on their attaining the age of manhood; when both policy and the course of nature prescribe for them a separate establishment. Besides, from this want of good unlocated land whereon to graze his superfluous stock, (when increased beyond the means of his farm’s maintenance,) he will be forced ineligible to kill or dispose thereof. But in Australia, boundless districts of fine grazing land lie open to the north and south of Sydney for the selection of the emigrant man with a family, whenever the government shall render them accessible by means of roads from the sea-coast; in which districts all his children may have ‘ample room and verge enough,’ and all

his superfluous stock means of pasturage. The constant failure of crops at the English Cape settlement; the total want of a good harbour near it; the numerous savage animals existing there—human and otherwise; these circumstances combine to render any comparison between it and Australia altogether unnecessary.

"I would counsel no man encumbered with a family, however, to risk emigration to New South Wales with a capital of less than £200*l.* and even then he should proceed cautiously and economically. If Australia is better suited to the agricultural *capitalist* than America, the latter is probably more advantageous to the agricultural *labourer*. In Australia, farm labour is performed almost entirely by convicts, whose only remuneration consists of food and clothing; to which arrangement they are compelled to submit; and as their numbers are generally abundant, farm labour is kept low. But in America, labourers have and ought to have a *veto* in the question of remuneration; so that wages there cannot be thus arbitrarily kept down, but will necessarily be regulated according to the relative supply and demand. I question much, however, whether many *English* labourers live better than our convict servant here, whose weekly ration consists of a sufficiency of flour to make four quatern loaves at least, of seven pounds of beef, two ounces of tea, one pound of sugar, and two ounces of tobacco, with the occasional substitution of two or three quarts of milk daily for the tea and sugar allowance. Numbers of the English working poor would doubtless be happy to bargain for such a diet; and thus their situation might in these points be bettered, by their being placed upon an equality with convicts! (Mechanics, nevertheless, of all descriptions, earn here liberal pay.) The wages of labour therefore, being so low, and the price of farm produce comparatively so high, it must be apparent to all how profitably capital may be invested here."—Vol. i. pp. 5—11.

Part of these advantages, it will be observed, however, depend on political accidents, the accidents of extraordinary generosity and profusion on the part of the government. The great subjects of alarm in New South Wales are the projects in England for the employment of convicts at home; while the colonial wage work on the fears of the settlers, "by propagating alarming reports of the increasing morality of the people of Great Britain, and the *lightness* of the last gaol deliveries."

It certainly is a fit subject of consideration, whether we should continue to part with our convict labour on such favourable terms. A good plan, if some precaution could be taken against the buying off of delinquents by their friends, would be, to sell the transported convicts for the term of their sentences to the best bidder. These are times of economy; and though the bounty of Providence has liberally supplied us with rogues, they are much too costly a commodity to be given away. It is, in fact, the great disgrace of modern ingenuity, that rogues are in all their stages expensive; costly in the time of their impunity—costly in the time of their trial—horribly costly in the time of their punishment. Bentham's Panopticon scheme, which was for a time entertained by the government, and which promised to make them less expensive in the latter state, was rejected, apparently because some sentimental parson thought it would be very horrible to see a number of rogues collected in dens like wild beasts; and, in consequence, a penitentiary has been built, in which the penitents stand the nation at about 30*l.* a year per head, for rent alone. Hanging, on a liberal scale, (to which, on the first blush of the matter, the unprejudiced mind turns with affection,) is not only inconsistent with the humanity of the times, but would create a ferocity among criminals much more

mischievous than the evils to be avoided. Corporal punishment is cheap indeed ; but the offender is set free, not reformed, but degraded ; and the rogue population is not lessened. In such a country as England, what is wanted is some cheap mode of carrying off the growth of rogues ; and selling their forced labour is, perhaps, the best mode that can be devised. We should not be without hopes that, if the thing were judiciously managed, a lease of a rogue for seven years would be found worth the expense of transporting him. But to return from this digression.

The great peculiarity of New South Wales, as far as it is yet settled, seems to be its fitness for flocks and herds ; though on the long line of coast there are capabilities for productions of all climes—the tea-tree, the sugar-cane, the vine, the olive, the *cereal*ia. The growth of the import of fine wool thence is well known. Of all the countries in the world, it seems best suited for that valuable produce. If the flocks increase as they have done in the last two or three years, Mr. Cunningham calculates, that the wool exported to England, which this year exceeds half a million, will in 1840 reach to between thirty and forty millions of pounds ; that is to say, quite as much as England now imports from all parts of the world. The three-hooped shall then have ten hoops ; we shall all be clothed in the finest cloth.

The following is an account of the establishment of Mr. Macarthur, who first introduced this source of wealth into the colony :—

“ Mr. Macarthur’s property in this county in grants and purchases exceeds thirty thousand acres, all lying contiguous, and consisting chiefly of undulating, thinly wooded hills, covered with a sward of fine dry native pasture, with alluvial plains towards the margin of the river of the most fertile description, producing wheat equalling in quality and quantity the best in England, and maize of the most luxuriant growth. About four hundred acres adjoining the river were originally clear of timber, and being intersected with ponds, having no ready outlet for the discharge of their waters, this portion was always considerably flooded in every heavy fall of rain, and the whole bore much the appearance of a rich English meadow. Here a herd of wild cattle (originating from a stray bull and two cows) was first discovered by a runaway convict ; and backwards from this the largest herds are still found. It was this circumstance which suggested to the acute mind of Mr. Macarthur the idea of selecting a grant here,—conceiving that cattle, being the best judges of their own food, would naturally graze upon the land which produced it in greatest abundance, and most suitable to their taste. A forty miles’ remove from Sidney, through a line of country where no human habitations were then fixed, was, in those days, counted such a piece of thoughtless boldness, that some pitied and most laughed at Mr. Macarthur, for taking the step : but perceiving ere long the rapid increase of his stock in these fine pastures, where all had free range of food without being crippled by a neighbour’s encroachments,—they soon saw it was true wisdom on his part, and that the *fully* rested only with *themselves*.

“ It was while ruminating deeply on the future prospects of his adopted country, that Mr. Macarthur was led to conceive the Merino sheep-husbandry as peculiarly suitable to it. He knew that in order to *import*, it must *export* too ; and what that export should be, became the matter of consideration. Its natural productions afforded no hopes of realizing his wishes on that head, and towards artificial resources his views were therefore directed. He considered what England could *not* produce, and what this country *could*. Almost all England’s great wants he saw provided for, either within her own territory or that of her other colonies, *excepting* the article of fine wool, for which she had to depend upon a foreign country, and that country her enemy.

This decided the point. Here, he saw, was an article which neither England nor any of her other colonies could produce; and its cultivation (while it did not enter into hostile competition with any of the home or colonial productions of Great Britain) would place her independent of the precarious resource of *foreign* supply. The fine, dry, pastoral nature of the country,—wherein he saw the coarsest fleeces sensibly ameliorated,—all tended to confirm him in his resolve; and we now reap the valuable effects of his sound reasoning and discernment.

“From three ewes and a ram, with which he began the breed, his stock of pure Merinos exceeds now two thousand, and from their produce he has sold upwards of forty rams annually, these many years back, at an average of 17*l.* sterling per head, besides improving his other flocks by crossing, until many of the cross-breds are quite equal to the pure bloods. Mr. Macarthur has been for some years experimentalizing to increase both the quantity and quality of his fleeces, by selecting the largest and finest ewes and rams, and keeping up a distinct breed therefrom; and there can be no doubt that this experiment, founded on sound deductions, will prove eminently successful. All breeds naturally deteriorate at first in a new country, because we look then more to numbers than individual value; it is only when land becomes more valuable, and capital accumulates, that people find their interest in attending to the amelioration of the breeds.

“Neither has the breed of horses and cattle passed unnoticed by Mr. Macarthur; his cattle partaking much of the Devon peculiarities, being mostly of a deep red with large spreading horns, and appearing to answer this climate particularly well, from being hardy feeders; fattening easily; giving a good supply of milk; and standing well, as working oxen, the fatigue of farm labour.—A thriving vineyard is seen planted upon the face of a rising ground, with an eastern exposure, from which a progressive quantity of wine is yearly making; while a patch of the various English grasses, cultivated in rows for seed, occupies a site nearer to the river. An excellent pack of foxhounds are also kept here, affording much enlivening sport when opening in chorus after a native dog.”\*—Vol. i. pp. 108—112.

The increase of black cattle has also been rapid, as well as that of sheep; and there are we think some indications, that instead of the squatters and hunters of North America, a population like the Ganchos of the Pampas will spring up on the frontiers of our Australian settlements. There are already on the outskirts of the settlements large herds, “as wild as deer, and almost as fleet,” which require to be hunted into the stock-yard by bands of horsemen.—(p. 290, vol. i.)—When an ox is wanted for killing or branding, a noose (the *lasso*) is thrown over its horns, and the rope carried round a post, to which it is dragged. Horses will speedily increase also, and a population of mounted herdsmen, as wild as the cattle they guard, will soon be seen on the out-settlements.

The ancient Greek colonies retained the name and stamp of the particular city which sent it forth; its dialect and habits. Australia is a colony of the Athens of England; not the false Athens of the north, but the true Athens within the sound of Bow bell. We hope to live to see the day when, in a parliament of the great Australian empire, the *voice* of eloquence shall be heard in an Attic dialect, not to be rivalled in the Ward of Vintry. The following is a picture account of the growth of the Australian Athenians. It is pleasing to mark the infancy of nations as well as of individuals:—

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\* The native dog is hunted in New South Wales, as well as the kangaroo and th gnue, a sort of ostrich.

"Our colonial-born brethren are best known here by the name of *Currency*, in contradistinction to *Sterling*, or those born in the mother-country. The name was originally given by a facetious paymaster of the seventy-third regiment quartered here,—the pound currency being at that time *inferior* to the pound sterling. Our Currency lads and lasses are a fine interesting race, and do honour to the country whence they originated. The name is a sufficient passport to esteem with all the well-informed and right-feeling portion of our population; but it is most laughable to see the capers some of our drunken old Sterling madonnas will occasionally cut over their Currency adversaries in a quarrel. It is then, 'You saucy baggage, how dare you set up your Currency crest at me? I am *Sterling*, and that I'll let you know!' To all acquainted with the open manly simplicity of character displayed by this part of our population, its members are the theme of universal praise; and, indeed, what more can be said in their favour, than that they are little tainted with the vices so prominent among their parents! Drunkenness is almost unknown with them, and honesty proverbial; the few of them that have been convicted having acted under the bad auspices of their parents or relatives. They grow up tall and slender, like the Americans, and are generally remarkable for that Gothic peculiarity of fair hair and blue eyes which has been noticed by other writers. Their complexions, when young, are of a reddish sallow, and they are for the most part easily distinguishable—even in more advanced years—from those born in England. Cherry cheeks are not accompaniments of our climate, any more than that of America, where a blooming complexion will speedily draw upon you the observation, 'You are from the old country, I see!'

"The young females generally lose their teeth early, also like the Americans and West Indians,—this calamity always commencing about the period of puberty: it may possibly be ascribed to the climatizing process, as we see nearly all plants and animals suffer considerable change in appearance on transplantation to a different latitude: we may therefore hope this defect will subside when a few generations have passed away. 'The Currency lads' is now a popular standing toast, since it was given by Major Goulburn at the Agricultural dinner, while 'The Currency lasses' gives name to one of our most favourite tunes.

"The young men of low rank are fonder of binding themselves to trades, or going to sea, than passing into the employ of the settlers, as regular farm-servants. This, no doubt, arises partly from their unwillingness to mix with the convicts so universally employed on farms, partly from a sense of pride; for, owing to convicts being hitherto almost the sole agricultural labourers, they naturally look upon that vocation as degrading in the same manner as white men in slave colonies regard work of any kind, seeing that none *but* slaves *do* work. It is partly this same pride, as much as the hostile sentiments instilled into them by their parents, that makes them so utterly averse to fill the situation of petty constables, or to enlist as soldiers.

"The young girls are of a mild-tempered, modest disposition, possessing much simplicity of character; and, like all children of nature, credulous, and easily led into error. The lower classes are anxious to get into respectable service, from a laudable wish to be independent, and escape from the tutelage of their often profligate parents;—and like the 'braw Scotch lasses,' love to display their pretty curly locks, tucked up with tortoiseshell combs—and, slipshod or bare-footed, trip it merrily along. They make generally very good servants, their wages varying from 10*l.* to 15*l.* per annum. They do not commonly appear to class chastity as the *very first* of virtues, which circumstance arises partly from their never being tutored by their parents so to consider it, but more especially from never perceiving its violation to retard marriage. They are all fond of frolicking in the water, and those living near the sea can usually swim and dive like dab-chicks.

"The Currency youths are warmly attached to their country, which they deem unsurpassable, and few ever visit England without hailing the day of their return as the most delightful in their lives; while almost every thing

in the parent-land sinks in relative value with similar objects at home. Indeed, when comparing the exhilarating summer aspect of Sydney, with its cloudless sky, to the dingy gloom of a London street, no wonder a damp should be cast over the ethereal spirits of those habituated to the former; and who had possibly been led into extravagant anticipations regarding London, by the eulogiums of individuals reluctantly torn from its guilty joys. A young Australian, on being once asked his opinion of a splendid shop on Ludgate-hill, replied, in a disappointed tone, 'It is not equal to *Big Cooper's*,' (a store-shop in Sydney,) while Mrs. Rickard's *Fashionable Repository* is believed to be unrivalled, even in Bond-street. Some of them, also, contrive to find out that the English cows give *less* milk and butter than the Australian, and that the choicest Newmarket racers possess *less* beauty and swiftness than *Junius*, *Modus*, *Currency Lass*, and others of Australian turf pedigree;—nay, even a young girl, when asked how she would like to go to England, replied with great *naïveté*, 'I should be afraid to go, from the *number of thieves* there,' doubtless conceiving England to be a downright hive of such, that threw off its annual swarms to people the wilds of this colony. Nay, the very miserable-looking trees that cast their annual coats of bark, and present to the eye of a raw European the appearance of being actually *dead*, I have heard praised as objects of incomparable beauty! and I myself, so powerful is habit, begin to look upon them *pleasurably*. Our ideas of beauty are, in truth, less referable to a *natural* than an *artificial* standard, varying in every country according to what the eye has been habituated to, and fashion prescribes.

"The youths generally marry early, and do not seem to relish the system of concubinage so popular among their Sterling brethren here. In their amorous flirtations, I cannot find that they indulge in exchange of love-tokens, mementos of roses, shreds of ribbons, broken sixpences, and the like tender reminiscences, fashionable among the melting striplings of humble birth in England; the only approach to these antique customs witnessed by me, consisting of a hock of pickled pork and a pound of sixpenny sugar, conveyed by way of *sap* to undermine the *impregnable fortress* reared by the virtue of one of our Newgate nuns; but whether in accordance to colonial custom, or to minister to the lady's refined *penchant* for such delicacies, I cannot take upon me to decide.

"A number of the slang phrases current in St. Giles's *Greek* bid fair to become legitimatized in the dictionary of this colony: *plant*, *swag*, *pulling up*, and other epithets of the Tom and Jerry school, are established—the dross passing here as genuine, even among all ranks, while the native word *jirrand* (afraid) has become in some measure an adopted child, and may probably puzzle our future Johnsons with its *unde derivatur*. In our police-offices, the slang words are taken regularly down in examinations, and I once saw a little urchin, not exceeding ten years, *patter* it in evidence to the bench with the most perfect fluency. Among the lower classes, these terms form a part of every common conversation; and the children consequently catch them. An acquaintance in Van Dieman's Land, who had ordered his eldest boy to give up a plaything to a younger, only a week after arrival, was puzzled to make out the meaning of the latter, on its afterwards running in to him and calling out, 'Pa! Bill has *planted* it' (hid it). In addition to this, the London mode of *pronunciation* has been duly ingrafted on the colloquial dialect of our Currency youths, and even the better sort of them are apt to meet your observation of 'A fine day,' with their *improving* response of 'Wery fine indeed!' This is accounted for by the number of individuals from London and its vicinity, who speak in this manner, that have become residents in the colony, and thus stamped the language of the rising generation with their unenviable peculiarity—an explanation according with all past experience. In the north of Ireland, Scotch superstitions, Scotch prudence, and Scotch pronunciation, still strongly mark the majority of the people, though that portion of the country was settled two centuries ago by emigrants only partly from Scotland. To similar causes may be traced the various



tones and expressions now prevalent in the United States. Thus the nasal twang generally current there is doubtless derived from the Puritan ancestors of New England, who would—

' Quarrel with mince-pies, and disparage  
Their best and dearest friend plum-porridge ;  
Fat pig, and goose itself oppose,  
And blaspheme custard through the nose.' "

Vol. ii. pp. 53—61.

If the corruptions of modern times had not destroyed the religious feelings which bind colonies to their founders, the Currency youths would send envoys annually to hunt at Epping, and roll down the hill of Greenwich, and to join in the celebration of the Pan-cockneys on Lord Mayor's day.

The Currency lads are famous, like their progenitors, for pugnacity. Boxing is practised in the purest style, and " scientific mills " often take place.

' The extent to which this estimable population can spread hereafter, is unknown: uncertainty yet hangs over the interior of the Australian continent. Parallel to the coast, and at a distance of from fifty to one hundred miles, runs a chain of mountains. It is beyond these mountains, if at all, that a great nation must be formed in Australia. The mountains have been passed; fertile land has been found; a river has been traced for some distance, till its current seemed lost in marshes; but whether it has an outlet, and if any exist, where it is to be found, is entirely unknown. The following is Mr. Cunningham's speculation on the subject:—

" But the question regarding the termination of all those rivers which take their rise in the interior of this extensive barrier range, is a problem yet to be solved, and one which deserves the most serious consideration of the government. That they have an outlet *somewhere*, is evident from the very sudden fall of the Macquarie's inundation, observed by Mr. Oxley, where that river merged in the extensive interior marshes, and from the rapidity of the current even after he lost the channel among the reeds there. That, also, there can be no very extensive interior sea, may be argued from the fact that no rain clouds are ever seen coming from that quarter. It is more than probable that these marshes communicate with the Alligator rivers, discovered by Captain King, which fall into Van Dieman's Gulf, opposite to Melville and Bathurst islands, on the north-west coast, to which direction the current of the marshes tends. The distance from the junction of the Macquarie, with the marshes to this point, is about eighteen hundred miles, while Mr. Oxley calculated the height of the river at that junction to be two hundred feet above the sea,—giving thus four inches per league of descent to the sea, which is equal to that of the Nile from Cairo to Rosetta. This calculation of two hundred feet, however, is mere guess-work, as no barometrical measurement was made; but it is evident, that rivers taking their rise from great altitudes, will have the water in the portions of their channel below (where there is but trifling descent) impelled onwards with greater rapidity than the portions of those rivers (having the same descent as the former, in their channels towards the sea) which derive their origin from a less elevated source; inasmuch as, the impetus from behind being greater, increased rapidity in the whole course will naturally ensue. Thus the origin of the Macquarie being two thousand six hundred feet above the sea, it will be manifest that a considerable impetus must necessarily be given to the more level portions of its channel-current towards its termination.

" Three rivers, named Alligator Rivers, were all seen to discharge their waters into Van Dieman's Gulf, at so short a distance from each other, as to make it very probable they will turn out to be the mere mouths of one great

river. Up two of these, Captain King sailed: one having a mud-bar of twelve feet at its entrance, but deepening to six and eight fathoms beyond; and the other having eight fathoms for nine miles up, and shoaling very gradually afterwards to fifteen feet at high water, thirty-six miles from its mouth, at which place it was one hundred and fifty yards broad. The bottom and banks were found to be composed of soft alluvial mud, and the country in the direction of its source, and indeed nearly all round, is so low, that no high land could be seen, even in the distance.

"No other part of the coast affords such hopes of finding the outlet of our interior waters as this; for almost every where else (as far as examinations have been made), mountains are found to approach so near the coast as to preclude the likelihood of rivers forcing their way through, whilst here the country is one continued level, as far as the eye extends. Even Regent's River, at no very great distance herefrom, is discovered to have its course nearly parallel to the coast, like our Hawkesbury,—from being jammed in between the sea and the dividing range of mountains so nearly approaching it. The depth of the Macquarie, at the point where Mr. Oxley lost it in the marshes, was five feet only; but it is generally supposed that gentleman had here lost the proper channel, since he had thirty feet of sounding immediately before. For more than a hundred miles of the river's previous course, the depth of water was never less than ten feet, and often as great as thirty—the medium being about twenty,—and the stream navigable much beyond. If the Alligator Rivers prove to be the outlet of the Macquarie marshes, and a navigable communication should be traced to them from the Macquarie, a fine field will be opened for successful colonization and commercial adventure; and the supposition is strengthened by the frequently reported accounts of animals, resembling alligators, being seen in the Macquarie, manifesting its actual termination to be in the sea, and that in tropical latitudes.

"At Melville Island, fronting the entrance of the Alligator Rivers, a commercial establishment has been some years formed, for the purpose of attracting the trade of the adjoining Malay islands, and the Chinese trade with the Dutch likewise, to this spot—and certainly few places could be found better adapted for fixing a settlement upon with such a view; but it would require the genius and enterprise of a Sir Stamford Raffles to carry the plan successfully into effect."—Vol. i. pp. 28—32.

The most recent examinations have not added to, but have rather lessened, the hopes of finding a navigable inlet to the interior of this great continent. But still, if the interior beyond the reach of Mr. Oxley's investigation, shall prove to be an arid plain, as some anticipate, the country already explored will maintain a large population. That conjectures on the subject are of little value, is proved by their variety and contradictiveness. There are many anomalies in geography, and the interior of New South Wales may add one to the number.

If we had not made this article so long, we should have liked to have given some of Mr. Cunningham's notices of the manners of the colonists, and his humorous description (though in that the newspapers have generally anticipated us) of the tricks and management of convicts on their passage. The manners and etiquette of the colony seem to be those of a small town, heightened by the too well founded suspicion that every stranger is a rogue.

"The pride and dignified *hauteur* of some of our *ultra* aristocracy far eclipse those of the nobility in England. An excellent Yorkshire friend of mine, in command of a merchant ship, unaware of the distance and punctilio observed here, very innocently stepped up to one of our 'eminent lawyers,' (to whom he had been casually introduced but a few days previous), to ask some trifling question, which he prefaced with 'Good morning, Mr. —.' The man of

the law, however, recoiled as if a toad had tumbled in his path, and ejaculated with a stern frown, 'Upon my life, I don't know you, sir.' This proved a subject of much merriment afterwards to my friend, who would receive my usual 'How d'ye do's,' when we met, with a disdainful toss of the head, and 'Upon my life, I don't know you, sir!'

"While strolling once with an acquaintance on my first arrival in the colony, we chanced to encounter a couple of our men of rank, with one of whom my friend walked aside, to hold some private conversation, leaving the other and me standing together. As the gentleman was known to me by sight, and I knew him also to have lately come down the country in a direction which I was about to take on the morrow, I incautiously asked of him the state of the roads. But what was my surprise when, drawing himself up with a most self-important air, he replied in the exact terms of the lawyer before-mentioned, 'Upon my word I don't know you, sir.' Being yet a novice with respect to colonial dignity, I naturally concluded that some wag had been chalking P. B. or such-like villanous insignia upon my back (as is sometimes practised), which had brought on me this contemptuous rebuff; but on satisfying myself of the incorrectness of the surmise, I naturally began to marvel who this *great man* could be, and should doubtless have set him down as the Duke de las Sierras, or the Marquis of Aquaro at least, had I not been afterwards assured that he was nothing more than a retired subaltern of infantry some time rusticated here."--Vol. ii. pp. 121--23.

We shall conclude with a picture of the progress of the colony. Dearly as it has been paid for, it is pleasant to contemplate; though, not having been in Australia, we cannot sympathize in the raptures at "eleven separate benches of magistrates."

"But when we seriously contemplate the wonderful revolution wrought in the colony since its formation, we cannot but be proud of the energies displayed by our enterprising community. Here, where, thirty-eight years ago, not one civilized being disputed the dominion of the woods with their savage inhabitants, now forty thousand such exist, spread over an extent of country of two hundred square miles, having justice administered by civil and criminal courts;—six separate courts of quarter sessions, and eleven separate benches of magistrates being instituted among them. Where, thirty-eight years ago, not a single European animal breathed, now upwards of 200,000 sheep, upwards of 100,000 head of cattle, and many thousand horses and other animals destined for the support and pleasure of man, are peacefully grazing. Where, thirty-eight years ago, not an ear of grain was cultivated, we now see fifty thousand bushels advertised for—for the mere annual consumption of one of our distilleries;—while four steam-mills, ten water-mills, eighteen windmills, and two horse-mills, furnish us with an abundance of excellent flour from our own wheat; two very extensive distilleries, with several hundred thousand gallons annually of a pure spirit from our barley and maize; and thirteen breweries, with ale and beer from our various descriptions of colonial grain,—eight thousand hogsheads being the average yearly amount of this wholesome beverage supplied to the public.

"On the site of Sydney alone what a change has been effected! Where, thirty-eight years ago, not a human hut was to be counted, nor the slightest hum of commerce heard, we have now a city occupying a mile square, crowded with industrious citizens, and teeming with vehicles wheeling along the varied productions of the soil,—the market-dues for this traffic renting, the present year, at 840*l.*, and the toll-gate dues at 1000*l.*:—the town containing twenty-two agents for the management of shipping affairs; eleven auctioneers for expeditiously disposing of colonial and foreign wares; a chamber of commerce to push forward and watch over colonial enterprise, effect insurances, and arbitrate in matters relating to shipping; two flourishing banks, dividing forty per cent on their advances; and three newspapers, (one weekly, and two printed twice a week,) in one of which I counted one day 124 advertisements.

"Our commerce I may say is but of six years' duration; only beginning to rise at that period from its prostrate state, in consequence of the repeal of the absurd regulations with which Governor Macquarie had oppressively chained it down.

"Six years ago, the colonial shipping was in a manner annihilated:—now we have four vessels constantly whaling; six sealing: two employed as regular packets between Sydney and Newcastle; one between Sydney and Hobart Town (the principal traffic this way being carried on in English vessels on their way out and home); several trading constantly between Sydney and Port Dalrymple;—besides irregular traders to all these places, and a number of small craft coasting to the Hawkesbury, Illawarra, and other points.

"Our English and foreign commerce is so mixed up with that of Van Diemen's Land, that the two colonies must in this respect be taken *partially* together; but six years ago, their whole intercourse with England did not exceed three ships annually, while in the thirteen months preceding June 1826, we had twenty-four ships from England, conveying to us numerous respectable emigrants, and importing cargoes valued at 200,000*l.*, while we exported in seventeen ships to England, cargoes consisting of wool, skins, oil, timber, pearl-shells, trennails, and hides, to the value of more than 100,000*l.*, the difference being made up in ship's disbursements while in harbour, and the invested capital of the various individuals who came to reside among us.

"Again;—six years ago some six or seven vessels yearly from India and China, comprised the *whole* of our foreign traders; but in the period above alluded to, we imported cargoes of teas, sugars, silks, nankeens, India calicoes, tobacco, Cape wines, &c. valued at about 200,000*l.*, in ten vessels from the Isle of France,—five from India,—four from the Brazils,—two from the Cape, and five from China; amounting thus to twenty-six foreign, and altogether to fifty vessels entered inland from England and other parts, with cargoes estimated at 400,000*l.*; the foreign importations being paid principally in government bills and dollars. We have also a tolerably thriving trade with the South Sea islands, and New Zealand, wherefrom we import sandal-wood, pearl-shells, arrow-root, salted pork, spars, &c. Our tea and sugar imports are a considerable drawback to colonial advancement, seeing that nearly the whole must be paid for in government bills and dollars, thus rendering government expenditure in a manner essential to enable us to procure these luxuries. If we could exchange our flour, wool, beef, pork, coals, timber, &c. for this tea and sugar, we should be not only independent of government expenditure, but import more than we now do from England."—Vol. ii. pp. 73-77.

#### ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

[A TRANSLATION of Cuvier's Animal Kingdom has been published which does more honour to the science of zoology among us than any thing that has lately been done for that branch of philosophy in this country. It is edited by Mr. Griffith, who, under the modest form of a mere translation, has published the text of Cuvier, with a most copious body of observation and annotation, which fully entitles it to the character of an original work. At present we confine ourselves to a selection of anecdotes of animals from this storehouse of zoological information; this selection we shall continue from time to time, and add to them a more minute and critical account of the work to which we are indebted.]

**DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MAN AND APES.**—The occipital foramen in the apes is placed farther back than in man, consequently when they stand perfectly erect, the head is no longer in equilibrio, and the eyes are directed

upwards; but when the body is in a diagonal direction, its most ordinary position on the branches of trees, which seem hence, and are found accordingly to be the natural and proper habitation of these animals, the eyes have then an horizontal direction. The body is equally unfitted with the head for the vertical position of the animal. The pelvis has its plane of entrance parallel with the spine, and too narrow to furnish a basis of support or equal points of articulation to the limbs; the body cannot, therefore, without violence, remain in a perpendicular posture. The lower extremities still more decidedly negative the erect position. The hands or feet do not rest on an entire sole but on the exterior edge only, thus presenting no proper surface of rest for the frame. The groove of the femur into which the rotula slides, when we extend our legs, is so short in these animals, and the flexor-muscles are inserted so low, that they always have the knees half bent. The muscular calves and buttocks also necessary to the erect position of the legs, are wanting. The forest, therefore, is the natural domicile of these animals in common with all other monkeys, and when necessity or inclination brings them to the ground their locomotion upon it is quadrupedal.

Few animals are more strictly and narrowly located than the apes, as their rarity in this part of the world, even under all the care and artificial means we can employ for their preservation, sufficiently testifies; indeed they seem rigorously excluded from such powers of body as enable man to establish himself every where.

The larynx of the apes can articulate no sound, the air having to fill two considerable cavities placed in the front part of the neck, and communicating with the trachea, before it can pass through the glottis. Here then we seem to observe a complete bar against the invaluable prerogative of speech, though it seems certain at the same time, that no such material obstacle was absolutely necessary in an animal which displays no capability of that consecutive train of thought which presupposes the power of speech.

**DR. ABEL'S ACCOUNT OF AN ORANG OUTANG OF BORNEO.**—The individual described by the doctor, "on his arrival in Java from Batavia, was allowed to be entirely at liberty, till within a day or two of being put on board the *Cæsar* to be conveyed to England; and whilst at large made no attempt to escape; but became violent when put into a large railed bamboo cage for the purpose of being conveyed from the island. As soon as he felt himself in confinement, he took the rails of the cage into his hands, and shaking them violently, endeavoured to break them in pieces; but finding that they did not yield generally, he tried them separately; and, having discovered one weaker than the rest, worked at it constantly till he had broken it, and made his escape. On boardship an attempt being made to secure him by a chain tied to a strong staple, he instantly unfastened it, and ran off with the chain dragging behind; but finding himself embarrassed by its length, he coiled it once or twice, and threw it over his shoulder. This feat he often repeated; and when he found that it would not remain on his shoulder, he took it into his mouth.

"After several abortive attempts to secure him more effectually, he was allowed to wander freely about the ship, and soon became familiar with the sailors, and surpassed them in agility. They often chased him about the rigging, and gave him frequent opportunities of displaying his adroitness in managing his escape. On first starting, he would endeavour to outstrip his pursuers by great speed; but when much pressed, eluded them by seizing a loose rope, and swinging out of their reach. At other times, he would patiently wait on the shrouds, or at the mast-head, till his pursuers almost touched him, and then suddenly lower himself to the deck by any rope that was near him, or bound along the main-stay from one mast to the other, swinging by his hand, and moving them one over the other. The men would often shake the ropes by which he clung with so much violence, as to make me fear his falling; but I soon found that the power of his muscles could not be easily overcame. When in a playful humour, he would often

swing within arm's length of his pursuer, and, having struck him with his hand, throw himself from him.

"Whilst in Java he lodged in a large tamarind-tree near my dwelling, and formed a bed by intertwining the small branches, and covering them with leaves. During the day, he would lie with his head projecting beyond his nest, watching whoever might pass under; and when he saw any one with fruit, would descend to obtain a share of it. He always retired for the night at sunset, or sooner if he had been well fed, and rose with the sun, and visited those from whom he habitually received food.

"Of some small monkeys on board from Java, he took little notice, whilst under the observation of the persons of the ship. Once, indeed, he openly attempted to throw a small cage, containing three of them, overboard; because, probably, he had seen them receive food, of which he could obtain no part. But although he held so little intercourse with them when under our inspection, I had reason to suspect that he was less indifferent to their society when free from our observation; and was one day summoned to the topgallant-yard of the mizen mast to overlook him playing with a young male monkey. Lying on his back, partially covered with a sail, he for some time contemplated, with great gravity, the gambols of the monkey, which bounded over him: but at length caught him by the tail, and tried to envelope him in his covering. The monkey seemed to dislike his confinement, and broke from him, but again renewed its gambols, and although frequently caught, always escaped. The intercourse, however, did not seem to be that of equals, for the orang outang never condescended to romp with the monkey, as he did with the boys of the ship. Yet the monkeys had evidently a great predilection for his company; for whenever they broke loose, they took their way to his resting-place, and were often seen lurking about it, or creeping clandestinely towards him. There appeared to be no gradation in their intimacy: as they appeared as confidently familiar with him when first observed, as at the close of their acquaintance.

"But although so gentle when not exceedingly irritated, the orang outang could be excited to violent rage, which he expressed by opening his mouth, showing his teeth, and seizing and biting those who were near him. Sometimes, indeed, he seemed almost driven to desperation: and, on two or three occasions, committed an act, which, in a rational being, would have been called the threatening of suicide. If repeatedly refused an orange when he attempted to take it, he would shriek violently, and swinging furiously about the ropes, then return and endeavour to obtain it; if again refused, he would roll for some time like an angry child upon the deck, uttering the most piercing screams; and then suddenly starting up, rush furiously over the side of the ship and disappear. On first witnessing this act, we thought that he had thrown himself into the sea; but, on a search being made, found him concealed under the chains.

"This animal neither practises the grimaces and antics of other monkeys, nor possesses their perpetual proneness to mischief. Gravity, approaching to melancholy, and mildness, were sometimes strongly expressed in his countenance, and seem to be the characteristics of his disposition. When he first came among strangers, he would sit for hours with his hand upon his head, looking pensively at all around him: and when much incommoded by their examination, would hide himself beneath any covering that was at hand. His mildness was evinced by his forbearance under injuries, which were grievous before he was excited to revenge: but he always avoided those who often teased him. He soon became strongly attached to those who kindly used him. By their side he was fond of sitting; and getting as close as possible to their persons, would take their hands between his lips, and fly to them for protection. From the boatswain of the *Alceste*, who shared his meals with him, and was his chief favourite, although he sometimes purloined the grog and the biscuit of his benefactor, he learned to eat with a spoon; and might be often seen sitting at his cabin door, enjoying

his coffee, quite unembarrassed by those who observed him, and with a grotesque and sombre air, that seemed a burlesque on human nature.

"Next to the boatswain, I was, perhaps, his most intimate acquaintance. He would always follow me to the mast-head, whither I often went for the sake of reading apart from the noise of the ship; and, having satisfied himself that my pockets contained no eatables, would lie down by my side, and pulling a topsail entirely over him, peep from it occasionally to watch my movements.

"His favourite amusement in Java was in swinging from the branches of trees, in passing from one to another, and in climbing over the roofs of houses; on board, in hanging by his arms from the ropes, and in romping with the boys of the ship. He would entice them into play by striking them with his hand as they passed, and bounding from them, but allowing them to overtake him, and engage in a mock scuffle, in which he used his hands, feet, and mouth. If any conjecture could be formed from these frolics of his mode of attacking an adversary, it would appear to be his first object to throw him down, then to secure him with his hands and feet, and then wound him with his teeth.

"On board ship he commonly slept at the mast-head, after wrapping himself in a sail. In making his bed, he used the greatest pains to remove every thing out of his way, that might render the surface on which he intended to lie uneven: and, having satisfied himself with this part of his arrangement, spread out the sail, and lying down upon it on his back, drew it over his body. Sometimes I preoccupied his bed, and teased him by refusing to give it up. On these occasions he would endeavour to pull the sail from under me, or to force me from it, and would not rest till I had resigned it. If it were large enough for both, he would quietly lie by my side. If all the sails happened to be set, he would hunt about for some other covering, and either steal one of the sailors' jackets or shirts that happened to be drying, or empty a hammock of its blankets. Off the Cape of Good Hope he suffered much from a low temperature, especially early in the morning, when he would descend from the mast, shuddering with cold, and running up to any one of his friends, climb into their arms, and clasping them closely, derive warmth from their persons, screaming violently at any attempt to remove him.

"His food in Java was chiefly fruit, especially mangostans, of which he was extremely fond. He also sucked eggs with voracity, and often employed himself in seeking them. On board ship his diet was of no definite kind. He ate readily of all kinds of meat, and especially raw meat; was very fond of bread, but always preferred fruit, when he could obtain them.

"His beverage in Java was water; on board ship it was as diversified as his food. He preferred coffee and tea, but would readily take wine, and exemplified his attachment to spirits by stealing the captain's brandy bottle. Since his arrival in London he has preferred beer and milk to any thing else, but drinks wine and other liquors.

"In his attempts to obtain food, he afforded us many opportunities of judging of his sagacity and disposition. He was always very impatient to seize it when held out to him, and became passionate when it was not soon given up; and would chase a person all over the ship to obtain it. I seldom came upon deck without sweetmeats or fruit in my pocket, and could never escape his vigilant eye. Sometimes I endeavoured to evade him by ascending to the mast-head, but was always overtaken or intercepted in my progress. When he came up with me on the shrouds, he would secure himself by one foot to the ratlings, and confine my legs with the other and one of his hands, while he rifled my pockets. If he found it impossible to overtake me, he would climb to a considerable height on the loose rigging, and then drop suddenly upon me. Or if, perceiving his intention, I attempted to descend, he would slide down a rope, and meet me at the bottom of the shrouds. Sometimes I fastened an orange to the end of a rope, and lowered it to the

deck from the mast-head; and as soon as he attempted to seize it drew it rapidly up. After being several times foiled in endeavouring to obtain it by direct means, he altered his plan. Appearing to care little about it, he would remove to some distance, and ascend the rigging very leisurely for some time, and then by a sudden spring, catch the rope which held it. If defeated again by my suddenly jerking the rope, he would at first seem quite in despair, relinquish his effort, and rush about the rigging, screaming violently. But he would always return, and again seizing the rope, disregard the jerk, and allow it to run through his hand till within reach of the orange; but if again foiled, would come to my side, and taking me by the arm, confine it while he hauled the orange up.

"I have seen him exhibit violent alarm on two occasions only, when he appeared to seek for safety in gaining as high an elevation as possible. On seeing eight large turtles brought on board, whilst the *Cæsar* was off the Island of Ascension, he climbed with all possible speed to a higher part of the ship than he had ever before reached, and, looking down upon them, projected his long lips into the form of a hog's snout, uttering at the same time a sound which might be described between the croaking of a frog and the grunting of a pig. After some time he ventured to descend, but with great caution, peeping continually at the turtle, but could not be induced to approach within many yards of them. He ran to the same height, and uttering the same sounds, on seeing some men bathing and splashing in the sea; and since his arrival in England has shown nearly the same degree of fear at the sight of a live tortoise."

**THE DELICACY OF THE MARIKINA.**—The marikina is a pretty little animal which has often been brought into Europe. Its elegant form, graceful and easy motions, beautiful fur, intelligent physiognomy, soft voice, and affectionate disposition, have always constituted it an object of attraction.

The marikina, or silken monkey, can be preserved in European climates only by the utmost care in guarding it from the operation of atmospheric temperature. The cold and humidity of our winters are fatally injurious to its health. Neatness and cleanliness to a fastidious degree, are constitutional traits of the marikina, and the greatest possible attention must be paid to it in this way, in a state of captivity. The slightest degree of dirt annoys them beyond measure, they lose their gaiety, and die of melancholy and disgust. They are animals of the most excessive delicacy, and it is not easy to procure them in suitable nourishment. They cannot accustom themselves to live alone, and solitude is pernicious to them in an exact proportion to the degree of tenderness and care with which they have been habitually treated. The most certain means of preserving their existence, is to unite them to other individuals of their own species, and more especially to those of an opposite sex. They will soon accustom themselves to live on milk, biscuit, &c., but mild and ripe fruit is most agreeable to their taste, which to a certain degree is also insectivorous.

**THE SQUIRREL MONKEY.**—The squirrel monkey or titi of the Orinoco (*Simia sciurea*, Linnæus). This very pretty little animal is called *Bitachet-schis* and *Bitilenis* by different tribes of the native Americans. The fur is of a golden yellow colour, and the animal is not larger than the last. It exhales a slight scent of musk. The physiognomy may be called infantine; with the same expression of innocence, the same unruffled smile, the same rapid transition from joy to sadness. If it cannot laugh, the peculiar faculty of man, it can weep; and when its fears are excited, the eyes become suddenly suffused with tears, and it seems to appeal only to the softer passions for impunity and protection. Irritation seems almost a stranger to it. At other times all its movements are rapid, light, airy, and graceful. It has a habit of stedfastly watching the mouth of a person while speaking, and if it be allowed to sit on the shoulder will frequently touch the lips, teeth, or tongue. Like many of the small American monkeys, it is extremely



fond of insects. During damp or cold weather, in the forest, or when several of these animals are in a cage, they crowd as closely together as possible, embrace each other with their arms and with the tail, which seems to have induced an erroneous idea that their tail is prehensile. They are difficult to domesticate, and fetch a considerable price.

OF THE MOLE.—But it is the parts of generation which are chiefly remarkable in the mole. "Nature," says Buffon, "has been munificent, indeed, to this animal, in bestowing on it, as it were, the use of a sixth sense. It possesses a remarkable apparatus of reservoirs and vessels, a prodigious quantity of seminal liquor, enormous testicles, the genital member of exceeding length, and all secretly concealed in the interior of the animal, and, consequently, more active and vivid. The mole is, in this respect, of all animals, the most advantageously gifted, the best organized, and must, of consequence, possess the most vivid sensations." - - - - -

Of all animals, the mole is, probably, the most advantageously gifted by nature. With the exception of sight, which is the weakest of all its senses, because it is the least exercised, its other organs possess very great sensibility. Its hearing is remarkably fine, its touch delicate, and its sense of smelling most exquisite. Its skin is fine, and it always maintains its "embonpoint." Its fore-limbs are terminated by hands rather than feet. Its strength is very considerable in proportion to the volume of its body; and it possesses an address, in addition to its vigour, that accurately directs the employment of all its faculties. - - - - -

There is no animal more accustomed to labour than the mole. Its means of subsistence are dispensed through the very bosom of the earth, and it is continually occupied in searching them out. Long alleys, usually parallel to the surface of the soil, and in depth from four to six inches, constitute the evidence of its laborious life. A skilful miner, it forms its galleries with equal art and activity. Sometimes it only raises the superficies of the soil, and sometimes it digs deeper, according to circumstances and temperature. All the roads which it opens have channels of inter-communication. According as it digs, it throws out the earth which it detaches, which produces these little domes of ejected earth, called mole-hills. If, while engaged in its excavations, it should happen to be disturbed, it does not attempt to fly, by issuing from its galleries, but buries itself in the earth, by means of a perpendicular tunnel, to the depth of nearly two feet. If its channels of communication be disarranged, or the heaps of earth which it has formed, it comes instantly to repair them. The mole is said to pant and blow, when with its muzzle and paws it pushes the earth to a mole-hill, or when it forms a sort of oblong vault of moveable earth in the place where its track has been intercepted.

The male of this species is lustier and more vigorous than the female. Its labours are easily recognised from the volume and number of the hillocks which it raises. Those of the female are smaller and less numerous. Those of the young are small, imperfect, of a zig-zag form, and the channels or trenches which terminate each are nearly on a level with the surface of the soil. It has been observed that the hours of labour with the mole are sunrise and sunset, noon, nine in the morning, and nine at night.

OF THE *URSUS CANDESCENS*, OR AMERICAN BEAR.—An instance is recorded, by these travellers, of the tenacity of life in this species. An individual received five balls through his lungs, and five other wounds; notwithstanding which, he swam more than half across a river to a sand-bar, and survived more than twenty minutes. He weighed between five and six hundred pounds, and measured eight feet, seven inches and a half, from the nose to the extremity of the hind-feet; five feet, ten inches, and a half, round the breast; three feet, eleven inches, round the neck; one foot, eleven inches, round the middle of the fore-leg; and his claws, five on each foot, were four inches and three-eighths in length. A specimen of this species is now in the Tower.

**CHARACTER OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN COATI.**—An individual of the fawn-coloured variety was presented to the French menagerie by General Cafarelli. Though very tame, it would never leave its cage, until it had tried to smell out every object around. When its distrust was abated, it would traverse the apartment, examining every corner with its nose, and putting aside with its paws every object that would be an obstacle in the way. At first it would not permit itself to be touched, but turned and threatened to bite when any one put his hand near it. But as soon as it was given something to eat, it became perfectly confident, and from that moment received all the caresses which were bestowed upon it, and returned them with eagerness, thrusting its long muzzle into one's sleeve, under the waistcoat, and uttering a little soft cry. It took a fancy to a dog, and they both alept in the same cage, but it would not suffer another to approach it. When it scratched itself with its fore-paws, it often made use of both at once; and it had a singular custom of rubbing the base of its tail between the palms of its fore-paws, an action that appeared quite inexplicable. In drinking it lapped like dogs, and it was fed with bread and soup. When meat was given to it, it would tear it with its nails, and not with its teeth, to reduce it to small pieces. It had six teats. Before it came to the menagerie it enjoyed complete liberty, and would run through haylofts and stables in pursuit of mice and rats, which it caught with great dexterity. It would proceed also into the gardens in search of worms and snails.

**OF THE BADGER.**—The badgers pass a great part of their time under ground in burrows which they dig with much dexterity. Two young badgers were seen at their work by M. F. Cuvier; they were caught in the burrow of their mother, and placed in a fenced yard. They soon unpaved it, and made a burrow, where they passed an entire year, never quitting it except by night, to take the food which was placed within their reach. From this, they were transferred into a moat, surrounded with walls, in the middle of which was a large mound of earth. These animals first sought all round the walls for a place in which they could dig. Having discovered an empty space between two stones, the upper of which was projecting, they tried to increase it; but as it was rather elevated, and they were obliged to stand on their hind feet to reach it, it was with much difficulty that they tore away the plaster and stone which they wanted to get rid of. The male would then several times lie down at the foot of the wall, and the female mount upon his body to reach the hole more easily, which she was trying to augment. When they found that all their efforts were useless, they recommenced operations under another large stone, the only one in the place beside the former, which projected; but here they found a resistance which they could not overcome. Tired of their vain attempts on the side of the walls, under projecting stones, they turned their attention to the mound of earth, and worked, the female especially, with uncommon ardour and perseverance. At first they made little trenches or excavations all about this mound, and fixed themselves exactly opposite the place where they had made their second attempt against the wall. They commenced by removing the earth with their nose, then they made use of their fore-paws to dig and fling the earth backwards between their hind legs. When this was accumulated to a certain point, they threw it still farther with their hind-paws; and finally, when the most distant heap of earth impeded the clearance they were making from the hole, they would come walking backwards to remove it still farther, making use both of their hind and fore-paws in this operation; and they never returned to work at their burrow until they had completely removed this heap of mould out of their way. One of these animals would often lie down by the side of the other when it was digging, and seemed to annoy it as much in its labours as its own repose must have been disturbed by its coadjutor. During the night the burrow was finished.

**OF THE GRISON (*Viverra Vittata*).**—An individual, possessed by M. F. Cuvier, had, notwithstanding its natural ferocity, nevertheless, been tamed

to a very considerable degree. It appeared to recognise no person in particular, but it was fond of play, and, for that purpose, all corners were alike to it. It seemed to derive pleasure from being stroked down the back with the hand. When invited to play, it would turn over, return with its paws the caresses addressed to it, bite gently the fingers it could seize, but never so as to hurt or wound them. One might almost have imagined that it felt the degree of resistance which the skin was capable of making, and proportioned the force of its bite accordingly, when it meant only to express its joy. It knew the fingers of a person without seeing them. Nevertheless this animal preserved its ferocity for all those living beings that could become its prey. Even when satiated with food, it testified, in a lively manner, the desire of getting possession of such animals. One day, it broke the bars of its cage to attack a lemur that was within reach, which it mortally wounded. When it could catch a bird, it killed it directly, and laid it by for provision, as was its custom to do with the meat it received, when it had eaten sufficiently.

**DESCRIPTION OF THE YAGOUARE OF AZARA, AND THE AMERICAN SKUNK.**—This animal is generally identified with the *moufette de Chili* of Buffon, and the *viverra conepati* of Gmelin. It is described at length, by Azara, as an inhabitant of South America, and generally found in the open country rather than in the forests. It lives on insects, eggs, and such birds as it can seize by surprise. Its motion is gentle and gliding, and it carries its tail horizontally. It will not run from a man; and indeed, exhibits no signs of fear at the sight of any animal, however powerful; but if it perceive itself about to be attacked, it curves its back, raises its hairy tail into a vertical position, and then ejects, with considerable force, its urine, which is mixed with such an insupportably fetid liquid, produced by certain glands for the purpose, that neither man, dog, nor any animal, however fierce, will venture to touch it. If a single drop of this most powerful liquid fall on a garment, it is rendered absolutely useless; for washing it twenty times over will not destroy its horrible stench, which it will even diffuse throughout the whole house in which it is kept. Azara declares he was not able to endure the disgusting stink which a dog, that had received it from the yagouare a week before, communicated to some furniture, although the dog had been washed and scrubbed with sand above twenty times.

This animal is comparatively slow in its motions; for although it gallops occasionally, it does not then go faster than a man. It digs holes in the ground for retreat, and deposits its young in them. Its fetid urine, when ejected in the dark, is said to emit a phosphoric light.

When they are hunted, it appears the natives irritate them first with a long cane, in order to make them void their urine, and exhaust their means of defence. They will also approach by surprise, and, seizing them by the tail, will quickly suspend them by it, in which situation they are incapable of emitting their offensive liquor; and the hunters are enabled to destroy the pouch in which it is secreted, before they kill and skin them. When taken by these means, and deprived of their strange mode of annoyance, they are said to be sometimes domesticated. - - - - -

In the American skunk, the white marks of the female differ in shape from the male. The hairs are long in the tail: two-thirds, from their root upwards, they are white; the remaining third of each hair is black.

These mephitic animals are very clumsy, and not nearly so active as their congeners; whence a certain awkwardness, resulting from their make, which may be the cause of their being provided with their singular mode of defence; and thus, as their means of flight are limited, nature has supplied them with powers the most effectual, not merely for self-defence and preservation, but also for actual annoyance. It is a known fact, that young and sporting dogs, unacquainted with their quality, sometimes pounce upon them; but the dash of fetid liquid in their nose instantly forces them to quit the

animal; they then dig, with miserable whinnings, in the earth, rub their noses into it, and scratch themselves so violently at the same time, as to produce considerable bleeding. They are seldom appeased till exhausted with fatigue, and never will pursue a second of the same species. Washing and baking clothes is insufficient; and Mr. Skidder, the owner of the New York Museum, (as Major Smith states,) had a set of clothes spoilt, which, after washing, were hung upon the roof of his house, full fifty feet high, and yet could be very distinctly smelt some distance off in the streets, or the square near the house. On one occasion, as the major was travelling by the coach, the vehicle gained upon a skunk, which was attempting to get through a fence, which any other species would have passed in a moment; not succeeding, however, in its endeavours before the coach came up with it, it emitted the mephitic vapour, and, by a whisk of the tail, sent it on the seat of the driver, next to whom sat a young buxom American girl, all of whose clothes were completely ruined by a few drops.

DESCRIPTION OF A PACK OF DOGS; FROM BURCHELL'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.—“Our pack of dogs,” says he, “consisted of about five-and-twenty of various sorts and sizes. This variety, though not altogether intentional, as I was obliged to take any that could be procured, was of the greatest service on such an expedition, as I observed that some gave notice of danger in one way, and others in another. Some were more disposed to watch against men, and other against wild beasts; some discovered an enemy by their quickness of hearing, others by that of scent: some for speed in pursuing game; some were useful only for their vigilance and barking; and others for their courage in holding ferocious animals at bay. So large a pack was not, indeed, maintained without adding greatly to our care and trouble, in supplying them with meat and water; for it was sometimes difficult to procure for them enough of the latter; but their services were invaluable, often contributing to our safety, and always to our ease, by their constant vigilance; as we felt a confidence that no danger could approach us at night without being announced by their barking. No circumstances could render the value and fidelity of these animals so conspicuous and sensible, as a journey through regions which, abounding in wild beasts of almost every class, gave continual opportunities of witnessing the strong contrast in their habits, between the ferocious beasts of prey which fly at the approach of man, and these kind, but too often injured, companions of the human race. Many times when we have been travelling over plains where those have fled the moment we appeared in sight, have I turned my eyes towards my dogs to admire their attachment, and have felt a grateful affection towards them for preferring our society to the wild liberty of other quadrupeds. Often, in the middle of the night, when all my people have been fast asleep around the fire, have I stood to contemplate these faithful animals lying by their side, and have learned to esteem them for their social inclination to mankind. When wandering over pathless deserts, oppressed with vexation and distress at the conduct of my own men, I have turned to these as my only friends, and felt how much inferior to them was man when actuated only by selfish views.

The familiarity which subsists between this animal and our own race, is so common to almost every country of the globe, that any remark upon it must seem superfluous; but I cannot avoid believing that it is the universality of the fact which prevents the greater part of mankind from reflecting duly on the subject. While almost every other quadruped fears man as its most formidable enemy, here is one which regards him as his friend. We must not mistake the nature of the case: it is not because we train him to our use, and have made choice of him in preference to other animals, but because this particular species feels a natural desire to be useful to man, and from spontaneous impulse attaches itself to him. Were it not so, we should see in various countries an equal familiarity with various other quadrupeds; according to the habits, the taste, or the caprice of

different nations. But everywhere it is the dog only takes delight in associating with us, in sharing our abode, and is even jealous that our attention should be bestowed on him alone: it is he who knows us personally, watches for us, and warns us of danger. It is impossible for the naturalist, when taking a survey of the whole animal creation, not to feel a conviction, that this friendship between two creatures so different from each other, must be the result of the laws of nature; nor can the humane and feeling mind avoid the belief that kindness to those animals from which he derives continued and essential assistance, is part of his moral duty.

**ANECDOTE OF A WOLF.**—The wolf is one of those ferocious animals in which attachment may be carried to the greatest extent, and which presents us with one of the most singular examples of the development to which the desire of affection may attain—a desire so extraordinary, that it has been known to prevail, in this animal, over every other necessity of his nature.

The individual, instanced by M. F. Cuvier, must undoubtedly have been, naturally, of a very peculiar disposition. Brought up like a young dog, he became familiar with every person whom he was in the habit of seeing. He would follow his master every where, seemed to suffer much from his absence, was obedient to his voice, evinced, invariably, the most entire submission, and differed, in fact, in nothing, from the tamest of domestic dogs. His master being obliged to travel, made a present of him to the Royal Menagerie at Paris. Here, shut up in his compartment, the animal remained for many weeks, without exhibiting the least gaiety, and almost without eating. He gradually, however, recovered; he attached himself to his keepers; and seemed to have forgotten his past affections, when his master returned, after an absence of eighteen months. At the very first word which he pronounced, the wolf, who did not see him in the crowd, instantly recognised him, and testified his joy by his motions and his cries. Being set at liberty, he overwhelmed his old friend with caresses, just as the most attached dog would have done after a separation of a few days. Unhappily, his master was obliged to quit him a second time, and this absence was again, to the poor wolf, the cause of most profound regret. But time allayed his grief. Three years elapsed, and the wolf was living very comfortably with a young dog, which had been given to him as a companion. After this space of time, which would have been sufficient to make any dog, except that of Ulysses, forget his master, the gentleman again returned. It was evening, all was shut up, and the eyes of the animal could be of no use to him; but the voice of his beloved master was not effaced from his memory; the moment he heard it, he knew it; he answered, by cries, indicative of the most impatient desire; and when the obstacle, which separated them, was removed, his cries redoubled. The animal rushed forward, placed his two fore-feet on the shoulders of his friend, licked every part of his face, and threatened, with his teeth, his very keepers, who approached, and to whom, an instant before, he had been testifying the warmest affection. Such an enjoyment, as was to be expected, was succeeded by the most cruel pain to the poor animal. Separation again was necessary, and from that instant the wolf became sad and immoveable; he refused all sustenance; pined away; his hairs bristled up, as is usual with all sick animals; at the end of eight days, he was not to be known, and there was every reason to apprehend his death. His health, however, became re-established, he resumed his good condition of body, and brilliant coat; his keepers could again approach him, but he would not endure the caresses of any other person; and he answered strangers by nothing but menaces.

Such is the recital of a scientific naturalist, himself an eye-witness of the facts which he relates, and who, we may well believe, as he himself asserts, has exaggerated nothing in his account of them. It is the narrative, not of an ignorant exhibitor, or an ambitious traveller, but of a philosopher, not less distinguished for his patient habits of observation and comparison,

than for the soundness and calmness of his general deductions. We dare not, therefore, refuse it a particle of credit, however little it may agree with the popular notions concerning the disposition of the wolf, and the reports of travellers concerning it. But this species has hitherto been known only in its wild state, surrounded with enemies and dangers, among which no feelings could be developed, but those of fear, hatred, and distrust. Certain it is, that dogs suffered to run wild in the woods, from birth, become just as savage and ferocious as wolves, and yet we cannot suppose that they are so essentially. So true is it, that to acquire a complete knowledge of the character of a species, of its fundamental intellectual qualities, it must be seen under every circumstance adapted for their manifestation.

### THEODORE KÖRNER.

Theodor Körners Sämtliche Werke. 5 Bände. Leipzig 1823. Siebente Auflage.

The Life of Carl Theodore Körner, (written by his Father,) with Selections from his Poems, Tales, and Dramas. Translated from the German by G. F. Richardson, Author of "Poetic Hours." London. Hurst. 1827. Two Vols. 8vo.

THE first work here mentioned is the seventh edition, which, in the course of ten years, has been given of the works of this German poet; besides various reprints and piracies in Austria, Wirtemberg, and the duchy of Baden. The second is a translation of parts of the other very recently published by a writer, celebrated for the universal diffusion of his poetry, in an edition only to be perused with a microscope.

Theodore Körner was born in Dresden on the 7th of September 1791, of highly respectable and well-educated parents. He was sickly in his infancy, and this ill-health gave him a certain delicacy and sensitiveness which, united with a strong will, and a fervid imagination formed the most remarkable traits in his character. By degrees, as his frame, through a judicious physical education, acquired vigour, the rays of his fine genius began to develop themselves. He remained until the age of seventeen under his paternal roof, where he had every advantage of instruction. Goethe and Schiller were the first poets whom he read, their works being in highest estimation with his parents; and by these the spirit of poetry was early awakened in him. His parents, not perceiving the tendency of his mind, and being desirous to place their son in some useful course of life, sent him to study mineralogy, first at Fribourg, then at Leipzig, and afterwards at Berlin. But the study of the exact sciences ill suited his lyric enthusiasm; he neglected his prescribed pursuits, sought the company of congenial associates, and delighted in varying his occupations alternately with the sword and with the lyre. In the memoir written by his father, this direction of his mind is, however, explained, by the necessity his son lay under to cultivate some science as a profession. The youth is there said voluntarily to have chosen the profession of mining.

For some years that martial and patriotic spirit had been diffusing itself in Germany, among men of ardent minds, which broke forth so powerfully after the conflagration of Moscow. The war of 1809, between Austria and France; the revolt of the Tyrolese, and the heroism which signalized their adherents; the works of Jahn, Arudt, and Fichte, had inspired the hearts of the young with an intense eagerness to enter at once into open conflict with the French oppressor. What

was to be the interior fate of their fine country did not enter into their thoughts: they were occupied wholly by one deep feeling,—liberty or death! Such was the operation of this spirit, that in the universities the students were more addicted to duelling than ever, and engaged in trials of courage, that they might inure themselves to danger, and acquire dexterity in the use of those arms which were one day to be fatal to the enemies of their country. This warlike, restless, and turbulent spirit could not fail to animate the heart of Körner; and his father, a mild, peaceable, and faithful agent to the king of Saxony, perceiving that his son neglected his severer studies, yielded himself up to the delirations of poetry and martial sports, determined to withdraw him from the university and send him to Vienna, where he might moderate his impetuosity, and restrain his too lively disposition. And although his father gives a somewhat different complexion to the motives for this step, it is pretty clear from his own account, that he dreaded the wild and infectious spirit that was fermenting in the German universities.

Of all capitals in the world, Vienna is the one most calculated to captivate an ardent and poetic mind. In London, Paris, or Naples, a young poet remains isolated; society divides itself into small circles; the individual is lost; his works alone are preserved, and the social relations have little influence upon his mind. In Vienna, the state of things is entirely different: there is a greater degree of social feeling; the circles are more ramified and connected with each other; and the man who acquires distinction by his personal graces, or his talents, is almost deified by the women, who there regulate every thing. The ladies of Vienna are well educated, sentimental, and enthusiastic admirers of the beauty of nature and art; or, in other words, blue stockings, while still young, ardent, and lovely; and all the favours of fortune are lavished on him, who can adapt himself to their tastes. Theodore Körner, youthful, handsome, and of good family, and moreover endowed with talents for lively poetry, could not fail to be idolized in that capital; and he rose so rapidly into notice, that in a short time he was appointed poet to the court theatre. In this office he wrote, within the space of seventeen months, (his father says fifteen,) many comedies and operas, and two tragedies: of their merits we shall presently take occasion to speak. But amidst these allurements, and in the joys of the tender passion, which attached him to a lovely young woman, of whom even his father cannot speak coldly, the free spirit, and the lyric enthusiasm of the young poet, were rather subdued than excited. The conflagration of Moscow scattered its lightnings throughout all Germany: from the Oder to the Adige, from the Danube to the Rhine, from mouth to mouth, and from heart to heart,—wherever a manly spirit existed,—the universal exclamation was, “Liberty, or death!” Nor were those words ineffectual, as they had been in the late revolts: united by what they called the sacred bonds of virtue, animated by a true love of their country, and by sincere faith in the sanctity of the cause, as well as by a hearty and holy spirit of religious enthusiasm, the Germans voluntarily brandished their swords, and urged on their princes to battle against the oppressor of Europe. It was the fight of the people. Körner was one of the first to take the field: and with the lyre and the sword to contend for liberty: the

union with him was no poetical fiction. He went as a volunteer in the corps of Lützow, fought with energy and heroism, and being wounded by a musket-shot, fell dead on the field in the neighbourhood of Schwerin, on the 26th of August, 1818. On the very morning of his death he had composed the song "To his Sword." He had felt frequent forebodings of his death. He was buried by his comrades under an oak, near a milestone on the road from Lübelow to Dreikrug. His parents obtained a grant of it from the prince, and erected a monument, on which are sculptured a lyre and a sword, ornamented with an oaken crown. A silent grief for the loss of her brother, whom she tenderly loved, preyed on the life of his sister Emma Sophia Louisa. She survived him only long enough to paint his portrait, and to make a drawing of his burial-place,—where now she herself reposes.

It has repeatedly happened to many men of great genius, either for a short time, or for their whole lives, to be at variance with themselves, for want of having sufficiently ascertained their own inclination, and the kind of study most congenial to them. Thus, Petrarch, before he wrote his immortal sonnets, had fixed his mind on becoming a Latin epic poet; and among the Germans, Klopstock, with a genius exclusively lyric and elegiac, sacrificed almost the whole of his life to the study of the *Epopœa* and the drama. Körner's dramatic works are entirely the fruit of this contrariety between a talent for lyric composition and the rage for shining in theatrical productions. We are very far from agreeing with Mr. Richardson in considering them his highest efforts. Without having sufficiently studied the dramatic art in the works of the Greek poets, and in those of Shakspeare and Goethe; without acquainting himself with the nature of mankind, and much less with the prophetic spirit of history; led away by the facility of versifying, and of imagining some scenes in which, by coupling the sentiments of Schiller with the declamations and situations of Kotzebue, he wrote two tragedies, *Zriny* and *Rosamund*, and some other lachrymose dramas. The public of Vienna applauded them; and these applauses were multiplied an hundred fold in all places after the glorious death which he died for his country. The very persons who were capable of deciding that these two tragedies are wholly destitute of the genuine constituents of poetry, skill in plan, truth in character, and ingenuity in the conduct of the incidents, still maintained that in him Germany had lost a great dramatic poet. The fact is, that this poet chose a path quite contrary to the bent of his genius. As the Messiah of Klopstock possesses all the poetic requisites except those belonging to the epic; so the theatrical works of the hero and poet exhibit many beauties, but not those of tragedy. In the most imperfect pieces, whether juvenile or senile, of the great dramatic writers, may be discerned a peculiar manner of developing the passions and of depicting character. He who chooses the career of an historic poet, begins, in his first designs, to combine some groups, to sketch some situation wholly peculiar; and if he delineate a landscape or a portrait, he is sure to introduce a figure in one, and an attitude in the other. In all the dramatic writings of Körner, we do not find one original trait bespeaking in him a talent for delineating either man or woman with the characteristic physiognomy; or for disclosing and developing a single quality of the human heart. Of that grand conflict which man has to



sustain with himself and with destiny, of those mysteries of moral life and death, of the virtue which is disregarded or persecuted, and of the vices which are idolized and protected, he has not given a single sketch. There is no perceptible symmetry in his divisions of dramatic action ; no unity in the composition or colouring. This, and not his violation of the things called the rules of art, is the cause which, in our view, would have ever tended to prevent Körner from becoming a tragic poet. But the present question is, not what he might have become, but what he really did become.

He wrote, as we have said, two tragedies, the *Zriny* and *Rosamund*, with other dramas. Of the first-mentioned composition, which was highly commended, and is now translated into English by Mr. Richardson, the following is the outline.—Solyman the Great, weary and exhausted, is occupying Belgrade: he feels that his energies begin to fail, and he consults his physician for the purpose of ascertaining how many years he may yet live. The latter, after evading the question for some time, answers, that if he will allow himself repose, he may prolong his life for ten years. Desirous of accomplishing, before his death, his intention to subdue Austria, he is very willing to sacrifice nine years, and purposes to occupy one year in war. He, however, summons the grand vizier, and communicates his design first to him, and afterwards to a council of grandees. In this council is discussed the plan of the war; and during the formation of this plan, the grandees betray very great apprehensions of Nicholas Zriny, lord of Sigeth, a castle on the confines of Hungary, and propose instantly to attack Vienna, and leave Sigeth to itself. Meantime a messenger arrives with intelligence that Zriny is in Sigeth. This incites the grandees to insist still more strongly on the prosecution of their plan; but the sultan, in his pride, is disposed first to storm and reduce the castle to ashes, and thus vanquish the enemy most dreaded: he, therefore, gives orders for the army to move and pass the Drau, at that time swoln with the rains of spring. All this is comprised in the first six scenes of the first act. The seventh scene, with the remainder of the act, passes in the castle of Sigeth. The Countess Eva, wife of the hero of the tragedy, is seated on a chair near a window: near her stands her daughter, looking from a balcony into the court. The girl, Helena, a sentimental love-sick heroine of romance, is sighing and trembling; she has some evil forebodings; the whole castle is soon after in agitation; it appears that the Turks are approaching, and that affairs are becoming critical. Helena, enamoured of Juranitsch, a young Hungarian knight, is in the utmost anxiety concerning him; the mother consoles her, and to dispel her melancholy tells her that Zriny would not oppose her nuptials, as he prefers a hero to a prince for his son-in-law. Zriny arrives, and endeavours to prepare the women against the impending crisis: his wife wishes to know, for a certainty, if the danger be at hand; he replies that it is; Helena weeps, the mother inspires her with courage. Messengers arrive in quick succession; the Turks are in motion; a body commanded by Mehmed has passed the Drau, and is laying waste the whole country like a torrent. Juranitsch presents himself in arms before Zriny; the ladies tremble; before he takes leave, he demands Helena in marriage. Zriny promises her hand to him who shall be victorious. The enamoured youth hastens to the battle; Helena swoons;

the curtain falls. The second act commences with a sentimental scene. Eva and Helena are together in the same hall in which we first saw them. The mother endeavours to assuage the bitter grief of the sighing girl, and teaches her what ought to be the duty of a hero's wife; the passage that follows, after showing what must be the life of a lady whose husband passes his days in the tranquil and uniform routine of domestic and civil society, describes the condition of her who is married to a hero:—

“Thou yet must learn to conquer thy weak heart,  
 If thou, indeed, would'st be a hero's bride,  
 And wear the wreath that crowns a life like her's.  
 Full many a transport feels the poor man's wife,  
 Who, peaceful in the hut by labour earn'd,  
 Doth share with him the fetters of their life;  
 And when their barns and cupboards all are fill'd,  
 And produce hath repaid their weary toil,  
 While fortune bears them prosperous on her tide,  
 And heaves their joyous vessel on her keel,  
 Then she rejoices in her well-paid labour,  
 And in the eyes of her delighted spouse,  
 And in the lively faces of her children,  
 As they divert them with their varied gifts,  
 Life blooms for her all tranquil and serene,  
 And sweet enjoyment reconciles her lot!  
 But otherwise must be that woman's breast  
 Who twines her ivy-blossoms of affection  
 Around the oak-stem of a hero's love;  
 Each favourable moment she must seize,  
 And must retain it as her highest good;  
 Her life must ever float 'twixt joy and sorrow,  
 'Twixt pains of hell and highest bliss of heaven!  
 And if her hero, for 'his country's freedom,  
 Would rashly tear him from her arms of love,  
 Offering his brave breast to the murderous steel,  
 She must confide in Heaven and in his valour,  
 And prize his honour dearer than his life!

*Richardson's Translation.*

This lyrical animation quickly subsides into tumid declamation and sentimental hyperbole. Amidst these tender discourses of the ladies Zriny arrives, and tells them that he has sent messengers to the emperor, to claim aid against the menacing host of Turks that are approaching. The horn of the castle sounds; a cloud of dust is seen in the distance; soon afterwards is heard the trampling of cavalry; Juranitsch approaches, loaded with hostile spoils. Alapi relates the victory over Mehmed, and describes the valour of Helena's lover. Zriny summons the youthful pair, and joins their hands with paternal benedictions. The sound of the horn announce the arrival of a new messenger; this is the Count Vilacky, who brings a letter from the emperor, containing orders for maintaining the assault against the enemy to restrain his fury, without waiting for succours. Zriny resolves to sacrifice himself and his wife for the Emperor Maximilian. The monologue of Zriny, in which he expresses his sentiments, could not fail to merit the applauses of the court and people of Vienna. But, most assuredly, if it be decorous to die for our country and for liberty, if the sacrifice of a man's person and family be highly honour-

able when he makes it in defence of the most sacred rights ; it is, on the other hand, the most foolish of actions to fight for a foreign despot, and to sacrifice life to perpetuate the slavery of his native land ; or to sell himself, and all that is dear to him, to the factitious idol of imperial majesty. All is prepared for defence ; Vilacky demands that the ladies be placed in security ; they choose to share the perils of the knights ; Zriny retires with his own people and with his wife : Juranitsch and Helena are left together ; a dialogue between them, full of love and heroism, and a Petrarchal sonnet from the young lady, form the materials of the eighth and ninth scenes. The knights are assembled in the court-yard of the castle ; Zriny soon arrives among them, reads the emperor's letter, and having prescribed to them the severest rules of military discipline, swears, in their presence, that he will be faithful to his sovereign unto death. They all repeat this oath ; and thus ends the second act.

The first assault having failed, the captains of Solyman wished to sound a retreat ; he alone is disposed to overcome resistance by force. Vilacky, wounded and taken prisoner, is brought before him : this youth, fired with noble ardour, does not bend in the presence of the sultan, whom the poet in his allegory supposes to represent Napoleon. This scene, full of fulminating attacks on the hero of the age, is the best in the tragedy. The sultan desires to know the state of the fortress. Vilacky answers, that against those walls the fury of his fortune will be broken. " Vain resistance," exclaims Solyman ; " mariners, who senselessly navigate against the stream amidst rocks and precipices, suffer shipwreck ; the whirlpool swallows them up ; and time forgets the very sound of their names."—" No," answers the knight ; " their names survive and shine amidst the storms of time, like an eternal star, to all posterity. Can greatness consist in ruling as an imperial conqueror over a subjugated and prostrate world ; believe me, there is a glory still more sublime ; that of sacrificing ourselves for the liberty of our country, and of perishing in battle when a destructive meteor menaces in thunder to annihilate the spheres of society. Thee, Solyman, will posterity judge : thou wilt be branded with infamy and denounced as a tyrant. I tell thee this."

The sultan, as if in disdain, is disposed to spare his life ; and Vilacky, to show how little he values it, tears off the bandages of his wounds, and falls into a swoon. The Grand Turk orders him to be taken up and carried away ; then reflecting on the losses incurred in the passage of the Drau, and in the attack of the fortress, resolves to send one of his grandees into the castle to treat for its surrender, with the offer of Croatia to Zriny, as an equivalent. Meanwhile the knights, assembled in council at the castle, are deliberating whether they shall defend or burn the town ; they determine to burn it ; and the requisite orders are given for this to be done on the first signal. The envoy of the Turks is announced, and introduced to Zriny. Every one naturally imagines that his proposals must fail ; the chief rejects them ; and to show that even the women in Sigeth are heroines, he summons them into the presence of the Turk, and repeats before them his assurance, that the wives and the mistresses of the heroes will follow them to death. These scenes are too full of declamation and heroico-sentimental conceits, to derive any increase of effect from the

lighted balls which are thrown to set fire to the town. The curtain falls.

The fourth act opens in the tent of the sultan; he is grievously sick; the physicians almost despair of his life; as his strength has visibly declined since Zriny's decisive answer was communicated. The news that Gyula has surrendered, serves only to plunge him in deeper grief, and augment his desire to possess himself of Sigeth. Hearing that through Hamsa Beg's fault the bridge over the Drav has been constructed too late, and that his allies have thus been prevented from joining him, he is inflamed with wrath. The offender must expiate the fault by the loss of his head. The prince becomes more and more enfeebled. The last day is arrived; the anniversary of many of his victories—the last day of Zriny. Another assault commences, and is bravely repelled; another is attended with the same result; the strength of Solyman, though not his ill-will, begins to fail; he orders a third attack, even should it cost thousands of lives, and seas of blood. A captain who advises him to desist he kills with his dagger. This is his last murder; he orders another assault, and dies.

The grandees agree to conceal his death from the army; to send secret messengers to the heir-apparent, and meanwhile to destroy Sigeth, and retreat. In the castle of Sigeth there is a want of forces and of provisions; the women are conducted to a subterranean vault, where the mother and daughter may be more secure from the impending ruin. A pathetic speech of the heroine is interrupted by Zriny, who comes to visit her with Juranitsch, and to inform her that the assault has been valiantly repelled; but that further resistance being useless, it is necessary to die, either under the ruins of the castle or amidst the flames, or in a sortie by the sword of the enemy. Zriny prefers the last, as the most glorious death; and being resolved to die fighting, he determines to confide his wife and daughter to Juranitsch, that he may conduct them by secret paths to a place of safety. Juranitsch wishes to die by the side of the hero; it is through him that the magnanimous heart of Körner speaks, and declares what he himself in the hour of his country's danger would do, and was capable of doing; he says:—

“In the first place I must pay to my countrymen the great tribute; my heart! my love! soul of my soul! I am thine, gentle sponse, and shall be thine to all eternity; but that which is called life, this span of time during which I still breathe on this terrestrial globe, belongs to our country.”

Zriny assents to the wish of Juranitsch, and orders that Scherenk, with two faithful servants, shall accompany the women; but they refuse to go; their intention is to die by the side of those who possess their love. “Let us die,” says Helena: “what cheer can the sun give to us? eternal night darkens the eye of sorrow: let us die near you, and pass together from the night which oppresses us; let us pass in eternal love to eternal life.” The knights cease to oppose them, and they all prepare to meet death together. In the fifth act, Zriny appears in a knightly garb which he wore on the day of his marriage; the faithful warden of the castle, Scherenk, weeps on seeing the dawn of the hero's last day; Zriny orders him to bring his swords, that he may choose the favourite one; the warden departs, and the

hero is left alone. His soliloquy is a poem in ottava rima, too tender and sentimental to form part of a tragedy, but, as an ode, most sweet and full of animation. Perhaps it would be more effective if it were not vitiated by some sententious conceits. Scherrenk returns with the swords, and Zriny chooses that which was given to him by his father when he first went to the wars. With this sword, and without cuirass, he is determined to confront the ferocious enemy. The ladies and the knights arrive; the leave-taking is too long and theatrical; they all depart, except Juranitsch and Helena. This scene is a bad and repulsive imitation of Virginia, and of Emilia Galotti. It is an absurdity, contrary to all truth, and offensive to every feeling, to place in public view, with all the florid ornaments of romantic and lyric diction, a young girl demanding to be killed by her lover; and to represent him not with a holy enthusiasm plunging the dagger in her bosom, but amidst kisses and caresses, and endearing speeches, inflicting the fatal blow; and inhaling her last sighs with kisses while dying, she utters these words:—

“Thank thee, oh! thank thee, for this sweet, sweet death;  
Let me not wait thee long!—Yet one kiss more!  
And with this kiss my spirit flies to heaven!”

[Dies.

Juranitsch, having sealed the fatal blow with a kiss, has still fortitude to stand near her, and to exclaim: “Adieu, adieu, my sweet wife!”—and then, hearing the trumpets sound to arms, he takes up the beloved corse, places it in a niche, and makes a speech over it.

All the knights, together with Zriny and his wife, bearing lighted torches in their hands, and the Hungarians with their banners, are in the court-yard at the castle. Zriny makes a long emphatic harangue to the warriors, who all exclaim: “Lead us on, sir; we are ready.” Juranitsch arrives: “Where is Helena?” asks Zriny. “In her country,” answers the knight; “the angel of death has joined our souls. Come, let us go to the battle. Lady, a parting kiss?” Eva is resolved to see the contest from the battlements, and then blow up the tower with gunpowder, and lay the castle in ruins. The Turkish drums and cymbals are heard to give signal of onset. Juranitsch waves the banner; Zriny unsheaths his sword, the trumpets sound, and the heroes sally forth.

The scene changes; flames are seen devouring the ancient castle; farther behind is seen the new castle, with the draw-bridge raised. The din of the trumpets and drums, and the shouts of the Turks in making their furious assault, rend the air. The bridge is lowered by two cannon shots; the Hungarians rush on the enemy; Juranitsch advances with the flag, followed by Zriny, and the other knights and soldiers. On the walls of the castle, near the powder-tower, stands Eva, with a burning torch. The combat is sanguinary; Juranitsch falls first, after him Zriny. Eva casts the torch to the bottom of the tower, and with a terrible explosion the castle is blown up. Thus ends the tragedy.

The reader may now judge whether Körner had the slightest talent for tragic composition. All is effected rather for the eye than for the mind; the characters are insipid, the situations unnatural, the development forced; and the different scenes remind us alternately of

Goetz von Berlichingen, and Giovanna of Montfaucon; while the thoughts and language bring to recollection the style of Schiller. That which is really good in the tragedy is the heroic and lyric fire, which shines through the clouds of an ill-digested drama, in which there is neither plot nor *dénouement*. The whole might be comprised in one act.

The Rosamund, the Toni, the Hedwig, and the Joseph Heyderich\*, are of the same kind of sentimental spectacle, void of truth and of genuine art.

Nor was Körner less unfortunate in epic than in dramatic composition, if we may judge from his Letters of Villa Rosa, and from his Bohemian novel, Hans Heilins Roch's. The Letters of Villa Rosa are sentimental effusions, in the manner of Augustus La Fontaine, without the clearness of style and originality of colouring which can give life to such recitals.

Körner was much happier in treating burlesque subjects; though his little comedies do not display the acute and satirical spirit of Aristophanes; or the humour, the richness, the marvellous combinations of Shakspeare; or the judicious management of Molière. His sphere is that of pleasant and innocent raillery, juvenile boldness, and girlish artfulness. The intrigue is laughable, the dialogue easy, the verse smooth; but the development rather strained, and the ridicule overcharged. But he wrote for the people of Vienna, to please whom, the jests must not be too subtle. These little comedies are—

1st. *The Wife*.—A rich widower of sixty wishes to marry a young, beautiful, but poor girl, whom he believes to be a creature of thorough innocence and simplicity—a very dove. He arrives with his beloved at an inn, to meet a son, whom, after the death of his wife, he had sent to be educated by a pious relation, without ever having seen him. This youth arrives at the inn, without knowing his father or his future step-mother. He hears her sing, and boldly enters her apartment, but she repels him; the father approaches, and taking him for a rival, begins to abuse him, and receives various mockeries in return. The one jealous, and the other in love, are each anxious to carry away the prize. This contest soon ripens into an open quarrel, and they challenge each other. The accident of a letter makes a discovery, and the old gentleman surrenders his intended to his son.

2d. *The Green Domino*.—Two friends, Maria and Paulina, the former of whom is promised by her parents in marriage to the brother of the other, who is not yet known to his betrothed, have been at a ball, in which a mask wearing a green domino has made a thousand protestations of love to Maria. Paulina employs every feminine art to discover if her friend has opened her heart to the lover, and she is equally intent on keeping her flame concealed; but as neither love nor fire can be hidden, she unconsciously betrays her secret. Paulina, who is well aware that the brother and the mask are one and the same person, pretends to know nothing about it; and to ascertain more clearly, the sentiments of her friend, she goes away, and returning disguised as a youth, makes to Maria all the foolish, stupid, and affected grimaces peculiar to the fops of Vienna. Maria, who had expected that the

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\* Heyderich alone, of these, is translated in Mr. Richardson's work.

mask would prove a genteel, handsome youth, full of manly virtues, on beholding this little beardless coxcomb abandons all her expectations, and dismisses him with contempt. Paulina pretends to go away, but soon returns, and reveals to her friend and sister the agreeable deception.

3d. *The Watchman*.—A whimsical comedy, somewhat of the same class with that called *Life in London*. A watchman of a small German town has a pretty ward, who might well pass for his grand-daughter, and of whom he is violently enamoured. He guards her with the greatest care, day and night; but she, notwithstanding the vigilance of the old dragon who has not quite an hundred eyes, and is moreover rather obtuse of intellect, is engaged to a young lawyer, who would gladly make her his wife, but cannot. Fortunately a former fellow-student of his, at the university, a young man of agreeable manners, and a great inventor of stratagems, comes to visit him, and undertakes to lead the girl away from the custody of the old ape. Opposite, and very near the mansion of the burgomaster, is a small house, from which any thing may be very easily introduced through the window. By means of a handsome present, they persuade the guardian to ascend at night, by means of a ladder, to the top of this small house, and place some flowers in the window of the burgomaster's daughter, supposed to be in love with one of them. In the evening, the good man goes up to the house-top, and meanwhile one of the friends takes the young ward under his arm, and the other removes the ladder by which the watchman had ascended. Perceiving the trick when it is too late, he sounds his horn so loudly as to awake the whole neighbourhood. Some believe him drunk, others think him mad. Thus, amidst the curses of the neighbours, the threats of the burgomaster, and the noise of the horn, the curtain falls.

*The Cousin from Bremen*.—A pleasant love-story, very natural, and not of the lachrymose cast; its versification is easy, correct, and harmonious. A robust young peasant is in love with the only daughter of one of his neighbours. He presents himself to her father, and frankly demands her in marriage. The father, though also a peasant, is descended from a long line of schoolmasters, and entertains the old intention of marrying his daughter to a scholar, to repair the wrong he has done in abandoning his hereditary profession: he has already made a promise to an old cousin of his, the pedagogue of Bremen, that he shall have his daughter: on this very day he expects his future son-in-law, so that the youth's proposals are ill received by the good father. But the suitor talks with all his might, and with so much love, that the old man is softened, and resolves to leave the matter to the decision of his daughter, choosing to compensate the pedagogue with a sum of money rather than to sacrifice her felicity. For this purpose he disguises himself in the dress of his ancestors, and prepares to personate the expected lover. On the other hand, the two lovers, desirous of obtaining by stratagem what they do not hope to gain through good will, agree that the young man, in the disguise of a schoolmaster, shall impose upon the father, who is presently to bid adieu to the pseudo son-in-law. Veit, meanwhile, appears before the daughter, and she believing him to be the spouse, gives him such a reception, and tells him such things, that the father, unable to restrain his affection, resumes his natural voice, and exposes

himself. The disguised youth appears, and the two pretended school-masters believing each other betrayed and detected, are in great embarrassment. The girl avails herself of their situation to withdraw into the ancient wardrobe, where assuming the dress of a schoolmaster, to increase the distress of the two suitors, she appears before them, and in a short time they all three recognize each other, and the marriage of the lovers is celebrated.

In the same taste are written the Officer of the Guard and the Governess.

But if Körner had not a genius for tragic or for epic composition—if his comedies are merely pleasant and innocent jests—if all these works are not likely to resist the ravages of time, his reputation will be enduring, not only as a hero who died in the holy war, against the spoiler of his country, but as a lyric poet. His sword and lyre form a sacred and perpetual monument of high genius, profound feeling, and Pindaric fire. So long as the German language shall be spoken, the songs of Körner will inspire all who read them with divine enthusiasm. It is thus that a German speaks of these productions in a tone truly German:—

“The sentiment of infinity is that which reminds man that he is more than a brute or an automaton, or an animal destined for slaughter; it is that sentiment which dispels the clouds of earthly life with rays from the celestial spheres, which makes us courageously sacrifice every thing, contend against every danger, stand firm as rocks against adverse fortune, through faith in a Supreme Being, and the consciousness of moral dignity, founded on the immortality of the soul. The feeling of infinity has taken such deep root in the nations of German origin, that no philosophical sophistry can shake it; and it gives to those nations that strength of character, that rectitude and depth of feeling which, amidst every species of corruption, degeneracy, and slavery, ennobles their hearts. Körner was thoroughly imbued with this feeling, and it was the basis of his ardent zeal for the liberty and independence of his country. Hence it is that his hymns so forcibly penetrate the hearts and minds of all Germans.

These poems were collected or composed during the time when Körner was fighting as a volunteer for his country; they are dedicated to his friends in three stanzas, in *ottava rima*, the four last lines of which are particularly remarkable, as they allude to that presentiment which ever attended him, that he should never more return to his country among the victorious.

This collection begins with a fine Sonnet, dedicated to Andrew Höffer. Who has not heard of the hero of the Tyrol? of the infamous manner in which his generous country was sacrificed by the baseness of Austria, to the rage of the Corsican tyrant?

The song called The Oaks, is full of profound melancholy. It is thus but imperfectly translated by Mr. Richardson:—

“’Tis evening: all is hush’d and still;  
The sun sets bright in ruddy sheen;  
As here I sit, to muse at will  
Beneath these oaks’ umbrageous screen;  
While wand’ring thoughts my fancy fill  
With dreams of life when fresh and green,  
And visions of the olden time  
Revive in all their pomp sublime.



- " While time hath called the brave away,  
 And swept the lovely to the tomb;  
 As yonder bright but fading ray  
 Is quench'd amid the twilight gloom:  
 Yet ye are kept from all decay,  
 For still unhurt and fresh ye bloom,  
 And seem to tell in whispering breath,  
 That greatness still survives in death!
- " And ye survive!—'mid change severe,  
 Each aged stem but stronger grows,  
 And not a pilgrim passes here,  
 But seeks beneath your shade repose.  
 And if your leaves, when dry and sere,  
 Fall fast at autumn's wintry close,  
 Yet every falling leaf shall bring  
 Its vernal tribute to the spring.
- " Thou native oak, thou German tree,  
 Fit emblem too of German worth!  
 Type of a nation brave and free,  
 And worthy of their native earth!  
 Ah! what avails to think on thee,  
 Or on the times when thou hadst birth?  
 Thou German race, the noblest aye of all,  
 Thine oaks still stand, while thou alas! must fall."

*Richardson's Translation.*

The sonnet to Maria Louisa of Prussia, is somewhat sentimental; the song on the field of battle, at Aspern, is rather too long, and laboured, like that in honour of Austria, of Prince Charles, and of the music in Prince Ferdinand, but it is interspersed with some fine thoughts.

The song, *Mein Vaterland* (My Country), is not, in respect to its form, well polished; but, with regard to the sentiments, it is truly German, manly, and full of confidence in God. What can be more energetic than the conclusion, even in the baldness of a prose translation:—

What hope has the country of the poet?  
 She hopes in the justice of the cause.  
 She hopes that the faithful people will awake;  
 She relies on the vengeance of the great God;  
 Nor is she disappointed in her avenger:  
 This is the hope of the country.

The hymn composed for the benediction of the free Prussian corps, is most perfect in its form, and sacred in respect to the thoughts; so is the song, entitled *Trost* (Consolation), which ends with a strophe truly poetic.

Supremely poetical is the commencement of the song, entitled *Durch* (Through); though the last stanzas are too artificial. The *Farewell to Vienna* is magestic and tender:—

- " Farewell, farewell!—with silent grief of heart  
 I breathe adieu, to follow duty now;  
 And if a silent tear unbidden start,  
 It will not, love, disgrace a soldier's brow.  
 Where'er I roam, should joy my path illume,  
 Or death entwine the garland of the tomb,  
 Thy lovely form shall float my path above,  
 And guide my soul to rapture and to love!

" O hail and bless, sweet spirit of my life,  
 The ardent zeal that sets my soul on fire ;  
 That bids me take a part in yonder strife,  
 And for the sword, awhile, forsake the lyre.  
 For, see, thy minstrel's dreams were not all vain,  
 Which he so oft hath hallow'd in his strain ;  
 O see the patriot-strife at length awake !  
 There let me fly, and all its toils partake.

" The victor's joyous wreath shall bloom more bright  
 That's pluck'd amid the joys of love and song ;  
 And my young spirit hails with pure delight  
 The hope fulfill'd which it hath cherish'd long.  
 Let me but struggle for my country's good,  
 E'en though I shed for her my warm life-blood.  
 And now one kiss—e'en though the last it prove ;  
 For there can be no death for our true love !"

*Richardson's Translation.*

Martial and heroic, like the watchword with which Winkelried, the Helvetic hero, confronted the enemy's lances, saying, " Make way for liberty," is the commencement and end of the Exhortation. The two Hunting Songs are harmonious and sweet ; profound and full of animation are, the Last Consolation, and the song of Re-union before the Battle. But who can express the sublime beauty of the Prayer during the Battle. Prostrate on the earth the young hero exclaims:—

" Father, I invoke thee !  
 I am involved in clouds of vapour from the warring mouths of fire,  
 The lightnings of those thunderbolts flash around me.  
 Ruler of battles, I invoke thee !  
 Father, lead me on.

" Father, lead me on !  
 Conduct me to victory ; conduct me to death !  
 Lord, I recognize thy will !  
 Lord, conduct me as thou wilt !  
 God ! I acknowledge thee !

" God, I acknowledge thee !  
 As in the autumnal whisper of the leaves,  
 So in the storm of the battle.  
 Thee, primeval fountain of grace, I recognize !  
 Father, oh, bless me !

" Father, oh, bless me !  
 Into thy hands I command my life !  
 Thou can'st take it away, thou did'st give it !  
 In living and in dying, bless me !  
 Father, I worship thee !

" Father, I worship thee !  
 It is not a combat for the goods of this world ;  
 The most sacred of things we defend with the sword,  
 Wherefore, falling or conquering, I worship thee !  
 God, to thee I resign myself !

" God, to thee I resign myself !  
 If the thunders of death salute me,  
 If the blood flow from my opened veins,  
 To thee, my God, I resign myself !  
 Thee, Father, I invoke !"

This is the literal and of course most inadequate translation; Mr. Richardson's metrical one is as follows:—

“Father, I call on thee!  
While the smoke of the firing envelops my sight,  
And the lightnings of slaughter are wing'd on their flight,  
Leader of battles, I call on thee!  
Father, oh lead me!

“Father, oh lead me!  
Lead me to vict'ry, or lead me to death!  
Lord, I yield to thee my breath!  
Lord, as thou wilt, so lead me!  
God, I acknowledge thee.

“God, I acknowledge thee!  
In the grove where the leaves of the autumn are fading,  
As here 'mid the storms of the loud cannonading.  
Fountain of love, I acknowledge thee!  
Father, oh bless me!

“Father, oh bless me!  
I commit my life to the will of heaven,  
For thou canst take it as thou hast given.  
In life and death, oh bless me!  
Father, I praise thee!

“Father, I praise thee!  
This is no strife for the goods of this world;  
For freedom alone is our banner unfurl'd.  
Thus, falling or conquering, I praise thee!  
God, I yield myself to thee!

“God, I yield myself to thee!  
When the thunders of battle are loud in their strife,  
And my opening veins pour forth my life,  
God, I yield myself to thee!  
Father, I call on thee!”—*Richardson's Translation.*

The metre, the language, the verse, all correspond with the ideas. Charles Maria Weber has set this prayer to vocal music in such a measure and style, that the thoughts and the melody are one and the same. Every speech is a thought—every bar is a sentiment.

The Lamentation, and the Sonnet to the King, have not the same freshness and purity of form; but the beautiful song of the Cavaliers makes ample amends. Replete with sweet, melancholy, and tender emotions, is the sonnet entitled, *Adieu to Life*, composed at the time when he was severely wounded.

“FAREWELL TO LIFE.

*Written in the night of the 17th and 18th of June, as I lay, severely wounded and helpless in a wood, expecting to die.*

“My deep wound burns;—my pale lips quake in death,—  
I feel my fainting heart resign its strife,  
And reaching now the limit of my life,  
Lord, to thy will I yield my parting breath!

“Yet many a dream hath charm'd my youthful eye:  
And must life's fairy visions all depart?  
Oh, surely no! for all that fired my heart  
To rapture here, shall live with me on high.

" And that fair form that won my earliest vow,  
That my young spirit prized all else above,  
And now adored as freedom, now as love,  
Stands in seraphic guise, before me now ;

" And as my fading senses fade away,  
It beckons me, on high, to realms of endless day !"

*Richardson's Translation.*

The Wild Hunting of Lützow is a complete whirlwind of thoughts, that flash and blaze like lightning. It may be called the Marseillois Hymn of Germany. It is another song of Aristogeiton.

During the war of Germany against the French, it appeared that a spirit of discord, views of interest, and provincial antipathies, were likely to impede the progress of the sacred contest. Körner's poems were admirably well adapted to raise the minds of men from all low feelings of selfishness to a noble sacrifice of private interest to the public good : with this view was *Our Conviction* written.

This Poem contains the following passage, which we render literally—

" That battle is not easy which virtue must maintain for victory ; so great a good must be conquered with severe toil ; before an angel can soar to heaven, the heart of a man is broken in death. Let falsehood raise her temples in this life of delusions, and let the impious worldlings tremble and quail at the aspect of fortitude and virtue, and stand in the dizziness of ignorance before the people which rouses them from their lethargy ; let them call themselves brothers, and lacerate each other with implacable hatred ; we shall not waver. Thou shalt beat down tyranny, and give freedom to thy people."

In another poem this modern Tyrtæus thus writes in a strain well calculated to affect a German heart :—

" Let hell roar and threaten ; the tyrant enthral us not ; he cannot rob heaven of its stars ; our star still rises ; death may take away our generous youth ; the will dies not ; and the heroic bloom of German blood shall glow as the dawn of freedom advances."

Full of enthusiasm, and of bitter reproof, against those wretches who were never truly alive, and who, through baseness, abandon the just revenge of their country, and indeed against all sluggards and poltroons, is the song called *Donzelli* (men and boys).

The song *To the Sword* is wonderful, both in respect to the invention and to the time of its composition ; it was written by Körner, as has been stated, a short time before his death. Beautiful, heroic, and novel is the idea of giving form and life to the weapon ; and of representing it as speaking to him and he to it, as to a mistress. The moment of battle is to be that of their marriage. There is an inexpressible poetic beauty in this discourse, in which is expressed the ardent desire to enter into the warlike combat. We have seen no adequate translation of it ; the best appeared some time ago in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Mr. Richardson's we cannot admire.

With this admirable dialogue end the lyrics of Körner, an eminently national work ; it is this character which has established the glory of the poet ; and if Germany honours him as a hero, who, in the flower of his age, quitted the flattering allurements of a capital which idolized him, and relinquished the delights of love, to pursue glory in a sacred warfare, she does him but justice ; if she appreciates his lyrics

among the finest productions of her literature, she has reason to be proud of them.

It is but a very few of the poems that have been mentioned that Mr. Richardson has thought proper to translate; had we been satisfied with the manner in which he has performed his task, we should much have regretted the absence of many of the lyrical compositions of this enthusiastic poet. A complete translation of *every* thing that is valuable in Körner's work, *ought* to be given in two volumes, which are published at the price of fifteen shillings.

#### ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.

It is amusing to see how invariably the private interests of some individuals are identified with the public good. Mr. Buckingham, the projector of a new weekly newspaper, called the *Sphinx*, having made his own name familiar in the mouths of people, cannot understand why others should not court the same notoriety; and because he thinks it will be a favourable feature of his new periodical, to avow himself in the most public manner possible, he has discovered that it is a foul stain upon the periodical literature of England, that every editor does not print his name in the title page, and that of his contributor at the close of each article. This is so egregious an example of the behaviour of the fox who had lost his tail, that we cannot but exclaim, Immortal *Æsop*—thou hast written for all ages, and for every variety and complexity of human nature. This we doubt not very meritorious editor and traveller is one of those persons alluded to above; if *he* is injured, it is not so much the insulated injury of an individual, it is the principle; it is to guard against the precedent; it is the general weal of the country, of all mankind, for which he stands up; if he has a scheme, it is not that he may put money in his pocket, but that wrong-doers may be shamed, that the poor deluded world may be undeceived, and its interests be protected. Should it be desirable even that pecuniary aid be requested of the world, it is, that individuals may mark their reprobation of injustice, and by administering a balm to a private wound, show their sense of the violation of public rights. It is just so with this paper; somebody left the Editor, in India, five hundred pounds as an injured man; another person would have applied it as he judged best for his interests, without saying any thing about it, but Mr. Buckingham would not appropriate "the smallest portion of such a free-will offering to any but a strictly public purpose;" of course there is nothing private in the proceeds of a successful newspaper. The free-will offering was not, however, sufficient for a speculation of such magnitude; he consequently looked round for other free-will offerings, and finding more friends disposed to assist him in behalf of the public, he adds, as he says, their "mites" to his own "talent," and has thus been enabled "to launch his adventurous bark" all for the improvement of newspapers and mankind. We should, however, have let this pass; the public might or might not have seen through all this disinterestedness; but the agitation of the question of the utility and propriety of anonymous criticism, though very

imperfectly, and indeed absurdly, discussed by the editor of this *Sphinx* may be useful; his boast of himself and his charges against others, may serve as a peg, on which to hang a few remarks on the subject of our own craft. In the following passage will be found the substance of Mr. Buckingham's remarks on this subject; if that can have substance, which is little else but a flatulency:—

“From the anonymous character of nearly all the periodical criticism of England, personal responsibility can scarcely be said to be incurred by any writer in the principal Reviews. - - - - -

“In France, and many other countries which we are accustomed to regard as much behind our-own in manliness of character and freedom of government, the greatest men have never scrupled to affix their names to the boldest articles contributed by them to the *Révue Encyclopédique*, and other periodicals of the Continent; few of which, indeed, are without the names of the principal editor and his *collaborateurs* imprinted on their titles. But in England, so constantly boasting of the courage and the virtue of its public men, a contributor may write, and an editor may admit, the most assassin-like and murderous attacks on the private character of an absent individual, inflicting upon his name a stigma, which it shall need a whole life to wipe entirely away: and to whom, either legally, or morally, is the guilt of all this imputed? To a mere publisher, or sometimes even to an obscure printer, neither of whom, in nine cases out of ten, are participators in the slightest degree of any portion of the iniquity for which they are so unjustly made the sufferers in reputation, in fortune, and even in personal incarceration and disgrace.

“If the Quarterly Review, under its new editor, or the Edinburgh, under its old, were each to contain the most flagrant outrage on justice and truth, what sort of *retribution* would that be which should consign the innocent printers of these periodicals to a dungeon? And yet this is both the law and the practice. Messrs. Shackell and Arrow-smith have been the scape-goats for the sins of the John Bull; and some equally innocent persons, we believe, have been made to suffer for the offences of The Age. But the question constantly presents itself—Would the secret conductors of the public journals of England (for secret they are to the world in general, if no specific and open avowal of their names be made) *dare* to commit the outrages, which many of them still *do*, and which all *may* commit with impunity, if their several works bore upon their fronts the names of those by whom they were severally edited and conducted?—If they *would* so dare, then their withholding their names, and permitting other men to be visited with the execrations of society, or the terror of the law in their stead, is a piece of injustice which no terms can sufficiently condemn. If they would *not* so dare, what language can adequately characterise the baseness and the cowardice of putting on the air of a fearless bravado, and defying their antagonists to the field; and then, while these are open to all their weapons, covering themselves in impenetrable armour, and after inflicting on their victim deep and empoisoned wounds, escaping through the throng in mask, and leaving their armour-bearers to suffer all the weight of the punishment which the treason so well deserves, but which the traitor alone should bear?

“This is a practice so disgraceful in its nature, that all who wish to

purge the periodical literature of England from the stain, should assist in effecting its removal. It would come with a better grace from the editors themselves; and we beg to suggest to all who believe the publications they conduct, to be such as are honourable to themselves, and useful to mankind, whether they do not do injustice to their own characters by remaining behind a veil, and thus depriving themselves of the reward which those who think and feel with them are ever ready to bestow. If they consider that such open avowals would deprive their several works of the charm which mystery alone can give them, they are then abettors of a system of deception, quite as gross as that practised in many of the most popular periodicals, where authors are known to review their own books, and, for the favour thus rendered to the editor, in the saving to him of labour and expense, permitted to praise themselves and their labours without restraint.

"It is really high time that this disreputable system of fraud and juggle should be exposed; and we call upon all who wish to see political and literary criticism purified from the hypocrisy, and selfishness, and personal favour or dislike, and party spirit, and insincerity, which characterizes it, to unite with us in this labour: when, if a sense of its importance to the interests of truth and morality should be insufficient to effect its reform, we will gladly assist in getting some public spirited individual to introduce an act of the legislature, compelling the affixing of the name of the real editor of every periodical on its title; instead of the obscure, and often, we believe, fictitious, names of the proprietors in the secret records of the Stamp Office; or the still humbler and less known names of the printer and publisher occupying the lowest corner of the paper, and scarcely seen or regarded by one reader out of a thousand. We are as friendly as any living being can be, to the utmost freedom of the press, here, and every where, persuaded as we are that, if equally permitted by all parties, its influence must be destructive only of evil, and promotive only of good. But it is no infringement of that liberty, though it would be a great additional security for its just exercise, to call on every man to state what he has to say in his own proper name, to answer for his expressions in his own proper person; or, at least, if that be inconvenient as it regards every individual paragraph or contribution to the columns of a periodical, to call on every editor, who acts as a censor on the writings of those who furnish materials for his pages, to give *his* name at least to the world, and submit himself to all the responsibility which such a charge inevitably involves. We say distinctly, that he who is *afraid* to do this, is unworthy of his trust; and if *other* motives than those of fear deter him, he ought to relinquish his charge."

It appears from this, first of all, that personal responsibility can scarcely be said to be incurred by any of the reviewers. Can Mr. Buckingham give us a reason why personal responsibility should be incurred? Does it conduce to the investigation of truth, or the correction of error, that the detected plagiarist, or the wrong-headed reasoner, or any other person who may fancy that he is aggrieved, should be enabled immediately to resort to the readiest weapon, the *argumentum ad hominem*: the short cut to a conclusion—personal violence. If a party conceiving himself injured wishes for redress,

does Mr. Buckingham recommend the adjustment by law—or that by pistol? There is always a party legally liable, if twelve men can be found who will say wrong has been done: but this, it seems, is poor *retribution*. Does Mr. Buckingham, the public-spirited and disinterested citizen, does he want retribution?—has he yet to learn, that the law is not instituted for the retribution, but the prevention of crime? and that as long as there is a party liable, without whose participation the crime cannot exist, that all is done which is necessary to be done, except for the satisfaction of vindictiveness? Where is the monstrous injustice complained of, though the party liable to be punished is not the actual inditer of the injurious words? If he did not write—he published; and that, with a knowledge of the state of the law. Where then is the harm of neither editor nor writer in a periodical being ordinarily responsible in person for articles either approved or composed by them? The usefulness of this *public* irresponsibility will be shown: we say *public*, for the parties are always amenable amongst each other. If a publisher finds he has to deal with a dangerous editor, he knows how to dissolve the partnership—or to guard against his own loss.

Mr. Buckingham talks of a person *daring* to write with his name that which he would write anonymously—as if courage or temerity were the only thing concerned. He must be, as we believe he is, with all his travelling, very ignorant of the world, if he does not know that men *dare* do many things which they do not like to do—that inconveniences might be felt by expressing your opinion of your neighbour's book which have nothing whatever to do with physical courage. There is no reason on earth why, of two individuals moving in the same society, one should not expose the literary errors, or condemn the opinions of the other: nevertheless, we all know it would never be done, were Dr. A. aware that the day after he had appreciated the value of Mr. B.'s talents and acquirements at a very low rate, and put his name to the censure, that he would sit opposite to him at dinner at Mr. C.'s. This may be thought but a slight *désagrément* in a social party by some, and certainly it has nothing to do with *daring*; for perhaps Dr. A. neither cares for, nor fears, Mr. B. a rush—nevertheless the *critique* would never be written. Dr. A. would respect his own ease, and would not risk the disturbing or the frigidifying of any social circle. And pray where is the use of Mr. B. knowing that his censor is the identical Dr. A.? Is he any better? Is the public any better for the knowledge? On the contrary—the public runs a chance on one hand of not being informed, and on the other hand, of losing, by the broils and quarrels of the learned world, which are only calculated to warp their inquiries and interrupt their pursuits. Mr. Buckingham, probably, understands little of all this: he has been master of a vessel—has travelled about Asia in a turban; and then astonished the Indian world by setting up as an oracle. This is a kind of life unsuited to prepare either an example or a reformer of the literary tactics of so highly a civilised country as this.

He quotes an instance which shows as forcibly the strength of his own ignorance, as it does the weakness of his case. He quotes, forsooth! the continental reviews, and especially the *Révue Encyclopédique*. Is he not aware that the latter work is the tapest weed that grows!—that it is so considered by every literary man in this



country?—that it never contains a *bold* article at all?—that it is little more than a mere nomenclature of literature; that is scarcely read at all in France, where the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews are eagerly sought after?—that its pompous list of *collaborateurs* is mere *puffery*?—that it is customary for French literati to lend their names to a title-page, while the real drudgery is done by a few scrubs? Look at the articles that Sismondi has sometimes written in this very review, and then compare them with the animated productions of very inferior men in this country, who write with the unshackled freedom of our periodical press. As to the other continental reviews, the most celebrated by much are those of Germany, where the names of the writers are not mentioned. In fact, it is in Germany alone, after England, that periodical criticism has at all flourished, and by this very cause, which this same Oriental philosopher would speak to Mr. Hume that he may get destroyed.

The Parisians have long been anxious to get up a review on the plan of our Edinburgh, and they have always failed in securing this most essential point—concealment of names—the *entrepreneurs* have never been able to meet with a set of men of a character to conceal their own glory. A Parisian cannot withstand a success: if his paper or pamphlet is making a noise, he must run and tell all the world; thus disclosing himself, his friends, his party; and reducing the work in which he writes to that enviable state that this writer so strenuously recommends.

Does Mr. Buckingham know why he approves the vote by ballot? It is not that men, in thousands of cases, *dare* not vote as they think—but that they will not—they prefer to be on good terms—not to be at enmity—with this or that person, to acting up to an opinion.

The experiment of avowed criticism has been tried in England. Cumberland commenced a review called *The London*, the principle of which was to affix the name of the writer to each article. It proved worthless, and crawled over, we believe, not more than a wretched year of existence, and then died: just as the Sphinx Atropos, or Death's-head moth, flutters a day or two, and then sinks into dust.

Much has been said about the first person plural used by reviewers. In a well-conducted review, there is more foundation for it than half-informed sneerers may suppose. A review is generally the organ of a party—of a body of men who, on most points, think alike; a writer being a constituent of such a body, finds his sentiments and opinions somewhat modified by the consciousness that he is one of a party—he does not disguise or change his opinions, but he refrains from expressing those which he is aware others acting generally with him dissent from. Thus a spirit of plurality interposes itself. It is the same with a speaker of a party in the House of Commons, or any such assembly. Then again—writers subject their compositions to an editor—he often mixes up his opinions, or reduces those of the contributor, to a standard he approves; it is not unlikely that the paper is referred to a third and a fourth friend, who is supposed to be conversant with the subject, and here are more claims to plurality. Now how would Mr. Buckingham sign such an article?—and it is a common case:—would he have a round-robin adorn its *finis*?—would he have witnesses, as in wills, to testify to the interlineations of the editor or the reviser? But it is needless to go into the

detail of the objections, when the principles of utility so plainly point out the excellence of the present practice.

Our reviews, instead of being free and spirited examinations into the merits of a work, would, by being *named*, be turned into polite expressions of dissent, feeble hints at error, or, what is more likely, into downright flummery and unmeaning eulogy. Perhaps some wrong-headed man or other, always poking his crotchets into the eyes of the world, might be hasty, and captious, and disagreeable in his critiques—but no one would regard him: he would be thought an ill-bred person, who knew no better.

It is impossible to deny that many severely unjust, and some very injurious articles, have been written under the present system of reviewing; and it is probable that the addition of the names of the writers would have altered their quality—but it would also alter and deteriorate the quality of all articles. We must not look at the few cases of abuse, but of the abundance of use. It is contrary to the interests of a work to be either unjust or even injurious; should it, in spite of this interest, continue to be so—its character becomes known—and the venom is then innoxious. It is, in short, enough to say, that the Edinburgh and the Quarterly Reviews are indebted for their very existence to the plan of anonymous criticism:—little more need be advanced on the subject. With that mixture of obtuseness and fluency which distinguishes the controversial writing of Mr. Buckingham, he talks of Mr. Mill, Sir James Macintosh, Mr. Barrow, and asks, why should they sooner withhold their names from the articles they write in the Westminster, Edinburgh, or Quarterly Reviews, any more than they would from the works of which they are the authors, such as the "History of India," or "the Travels in China." He seems totally unaware of the distinction between criticism, and history or topography. We may ask him, in our turn, why he should refrain from expressing his opinion of an individual's talents in his presence, when at the same time he would be ready to give his opinion on the Catholic Question, the Corn Laws, or the Freedom of the Press. His answer is, first, it is not called for, and therefore why should I hurt a person's feelings; and next, though I have no fear of this person, I do not choose to be brought so unpleasantly in contact with an individual. Now, in the case of reviewing, the opinion *is* called for by the interests of literature, and by the system of anonymous criticism, the unpleasant contact is avoided.

"In larger works (says he) this system of concealment is not practised. Books of Travels have their authors' names, or they would be regarded as of no authority whatever; Histories of countries, ancient or modern,—Treatises on Legislation,—Dissertations on Political Economy,—Reports of Law Proceedings,—Works on Art or Science,—even Dictionaries and Encyclopædias; in short, all works of eminence involving questions of fact as well as of opinion, are given to the world with the names and designations of their authors, or they would be held comparatively valueless. And yet, why should Mr. Barrow withhold his name from an article in the Quarterly, or Mr. Mill conceal his being the writer of an article in the Westminster, any more than the one from his 'Travels in China,' or the other from his 'History of India?' Why should Sir James Mackintosh or Mr. Brougham be more ashamed to avow themselves the authors of any article in the Edinburgh, than the speakers of any speech in the Court of King's

Bench or in Parliament? And if Mr. Canning, or Lord Dudley and Ward really communicate official secrets to the 'Times,' why should they shrink from the most open announcement of their names as authorities for the facts, whether it be the existence of a pencil memorandum of Lord Liverpool's—in the 'THIS IS TOO BAD'—upon an application for a pension, or any other matter? The dullest person must see that the principal reason is this—that Mr. Barrow and Mr. Mill, Mr. Brougham and Mr. Canning, may dare *much more* anonymously than they could venture under their hand and seal; and that by thus changing their shapes, they may escape individual identification and personal censure, however innumerable their errors and inconsistencies, or however much they may differ from themselves at different times, and on different occasions."

Suppose it were the case that a writer *dare much more* anonymously than in an article under his hand and seal. Where is the harm that the timidity of a writer should be corroborated by his being placed behind a shield? Who has the advantage of the artificial courage? undoubtedly the public. It does not necessarily follow, that because a critic dare not do in his own name that which he dare do without any name, that he necessarily does wrong. Junius dared not have written avowedly what he did secretly; and yet the world thought itself benefited by the publication of his letters. Many a man is qualified to expose corruption, or to denounce error, who has neither the *physique* nor the *morale* of a martyr. That Mr. Buckingham's facts are on a par with his reasoning, may be seen from the following anecdote, which somebody has imposed upon him:—

"It is not long since that great expectations were excited by the disclosure of some gross iniquities of this description, by means of a copy of the Quarterly Review, in which, it was said, Mr. Gifford had marked, opposite each article, the name of the author, and the price paid for it; but the fact was no sooner announced, than the secret record was destroyed! And why? There *could* be but one reason: a desire to save the names of many from just and inevitable odium; though all, of course, were not likely to be so visited. But this is the very reason why the public at large should desire to possess them: that every man might bear the burden of his own sins, and no name might be suffered to enjoy, either living or dead, greater honours than should be really due to it, after the full examination of every act and expression emanating from him who bore it."

The secret of all this attack upon anonymous criticism, we take to be the same which leads Mr. Buckingham to consider his private matters the public cause. In his own case, he has suffered unjustly from an article written by an individual who certainly would not have put his name to it; it is consequently clear to him that all the world is reached through his sides; and that until writers sign their articles, honesty, justice, and candour must be banished from the light of day. We are so well aware that this is the pivot upon which this attack turns, that we should not have thought it worth while to have repelled it, had it not been precisely one of those calumnies with which people delight to run away; it is nicely adapted to delude a multitude of goodnatured folks, who are always alarmed at power of any kind, bad or good, and who are easily caught with high-sounding phrases and lofty professions.

## MAGAZINIANA.

**ABERNETHY ANTICIPATED.**—Although it has been often said that “there is nothing new under the sun,” it would scarcely be expected that the prescription of one of the most celebrated surgeons of the day, with respect to diet, should have been anticipated by the author of the *Vision of Pierce Plowman*, who wrote about the end of the fourteenth century; but no one can peruse the excellent advice contained in the following lines, without being struck with the resemblance to an important part of Mr. Abernethy’s directions, “Never to drink until some time after eating.” Lord Chesterfield’s injunction of “Always to rise from table with an appetite,” seems to be equally as ancient, nor was it reserved for the moderns alone to brand doctors with the name of “murderers.”

“Yet I pray you quoth Pierce par charite and ye can  
Any leefe leche craft, lere it me my deare,  
For some of my servaunts, and miselfe both  
Of al a weke worke not, so our wombe aketh,  
I wote wel, quoth Hunger, what sikenes the ayleth,  
Ye have manged over muche, and that maketh you grone,  
And I hote the, quoth Hunger, as thou thy hele wil reste,  
*That thou drink no day, ere thou dine somewhat,*  
Eate not, I hote the, ere hunger the taketh,  
And send the of his sauce, to savour with thy lypes,  
And kepe some tyl souper time, and syt not to longe,  
*And ryse up ere appetite have eaten his fyll.*  
Let not Sir Surfyte syt at thy borde,  
Leve him not for he is licherous, and lycorous of tong,  
And after mani maner of meat his maw, is a hungred.  
And if thou diet the thus, I dare lay my cares,  
That phisike shal his furred hode, for his fode sell,  
And his cloke of Calabrie, with all the knaps of golde:  
And be fayne, by my fayth, his phisike to let  
And learne to labour with hond, for lyvelode is swete,  
*For myrtherers are many leches, lorde hem amende*  
*They do men dys by their drinks, yer destinie it would.”*

Ed. 1550, f. 35.

**INDIAN HARDINESS.**—Between Ranganham and Zinore, I stopped with one of our party under a friendly banyan tree, near a tank to refresh the bearers; a young and graceful Hindoo woman passed us in her way to a temple on the opposite side of the lake. Concluding she had gone there on some religious visit, we took no further notice, but in less than half an hour she returned, carrying a bundle on her arm with such anxious care as arrested our attention. Having nothing of the kind when she first passed us, we inquired after the contents; smiling at the question, and removing the drapery, she showed us a fine infant of which she had just delivered herself at the water side; its birth having unexpectedly happened while walking to her own village at no great distance, whither she then proceeded. The whole transaction was begun and finished within the space of half an hour. - - -  
Dr. Fryer, a professional man, made a similar remark. “The Gentoo women, at their labours, seldom call in midwives: it is a profession only in esteem among the rich and lazy; the poorer, while they are labouring or planting, go aside, deliver themselves, wash the child, lay it in a closet, and return to work again.”—*Forbes’s Oriental Memoirs.*

**PERSIAN WHITTINGTON.**—Sir William Ousley, in his *Travels in Persia*, says, "It is not a little singular that in countries widely separated, and in various languages, the story of our English Whittington, so long the hero of a favourite nursery tale, has been related of several different persons." On the authority of a Persian manuscript, he assigns the name of an island to the following anecdote:—

"Keis, the son of a poor widow in Siráf, embarked for India, with his sole property, a cat. There he fortunately arrived at a time when the palace was so infested with mice and rats, that they invaded the king's food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. Keis produced his cat, the noxious animals soon disappeared, and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the adventurer of Siráf, who returned to that city; and afterwards, with his mother and brothers, settled in the island, which, from him, has been denominated *Keis*, or according to the Persians, *Keish*.

"The worthy Florentine, (Sir William adds,) 'Messer Ansaldo degli Ormauni,' was indebted to feline assistance for riches and celebrity: his two cats, 'due bellissimi gatti, un maschio e una femmina,' relieved the king of an island (Canaria) on which he had been cast by a violent tempest, from the plague of mice; and he was rewarded 'con richessimi doni.'"—Vol. i. p. 170.

**SETTING IN OF AN INDIAN MONSOON.**—The shades of evening approached as we reached the ground, and just as the encampment was completed, the atmosphere grew suddenly dark, the heat became oppressive, and an unusual stillness presaged the immediate setting in of the monsoon. The whole appearance of nature resembled those solemn preludes to earthquakes and hurricanes in the West Indies, from which the east in general is providentially free. We were allowed very little time for conjecture; in a few minutes the heavy clouds burst over us. - - - I witnessed seventeen monsoons in India, but this exceeded them all, in its awful appearance and dreadful effects.

Encamped in a low situation, on the borders of a lake formed to collect the surrounding water, we found ourselves in a few hours in a liquid plain. The tent-pins giving way, in a loose soil, the tents fell down, and left the whole army exposed to the contending elements.

It requires a lively imagination to conceive the situation of an hundred thousand human beings of every description, with more than two hundred thousand elephants, camels, horses, and oxen, suddenly overwhelmed by this dreadful storm, in a strange country, without any knowledge of high or low ground; the whole being covered by an immense lake, and surrounded by thick darkness, which prevented our distinguishing a single object, except such as the vivid glare of lightning displayed in horrible forms. No language can describe the wreck of a large encampment thus instantaneously destroyed, and covered with water; amid the cries of old men and helpless women, terrified by the piercing shrieks of their expiring children, unable to afford them relief. During this dreadful night more than two hundred persons and three thousand cattle perished, and the morning dawn exhibited a shocking spectacle.—*Forbes's Oriental Memoirs*.

**PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.**—The nairs, or nobles, form the second tribe in the kingdom of Travancore: they are a well made, handsome race, of a fairer complexion than the inferior castes, from whom they entirely separate themselves; and neither eat, nor intermarry with any other. Their marriages are very extraordinary, and directly contrary to the usual system of polygamy adopted in Asia. Among the nairs, one wife is common to many husbands, who cohabit with her by turns; during this temporary attachment, the arms of the inmate are placed over the door of the house to prevent the intrusion of another husband. These marriages are attended with fewer disputes and disagreeable consequences than might be imagined: the wife nominates the father of the child; and he is obliged to provide for it.—*Forbes's Oriental Memoirs*.

**HOSPITAL FOR THE DUMB.**—The Banian hospital at Surat is a most remarkable institution; it consists of a large plot of ground, enclosed with high walls; divided into several courts or wards, for the accommodation of animals; in sickness they are attended with the tenderest care, and find a peaceful asylum for the infirmities of age. When an animal breaks a limb, or is otherwise disabled from serving his master, he carries him to the hospital; and, indifferent to what nation or caste the owner may belong, the patient is never refused admittance. If he recovers, he cannot be reclaimed, but must remain in the hospital for life, subject to the duty of drawing water for those pensioners debilitated by age or disease from procuring it for themselves. At my visit, the hospital contained horses, mules, oxen, sheep, goats, monkeys, poultry, pigeons, and a variety of birds; with an aged tortoise, who was known to have been there for seventy-five years. The most extraordinary ward was that appropriated to rats, mice, bugs, and other noxious vermin: the overseers of the hospital frequently hire beggars from the streets, for a stipulated sum, to pass a night among the fleas, lice, and bugs, on the express condition of suffering them to enjoy their feast without molestation.—*Forbes's Oriental Memoirs.*

**AMERICAN TRAVELLING.**—June 7th, at three in the morning, the steam-boat (which was of immense size, and on the high pressure system) arrived at Albany, having come one hundred and sixty miles in seventeen hours, including stoppages. I found that, unluckily, the mail coach had left the place just before our arrival, so I booked myself in an accommodation-stage, which was to reach Boston (a distance of one hundred and sixty miles) in three days, and entered the wretched looking vehicle, with a heavy heart, at eight o'clock. - - - The machine in which I travelled was slow and crowded. The proprietor had undertaken to let us rest at night on the road; but we found that his notions of rest were very imperfect, and that his night was one of the polar regions. - - - Having partaken of a wretched dinner at Sand Lake, we arrived about one in the morning at Cheshire, where we were to sleep.

By dint of most active exertion, I secured a bed to myself, the narrow dimensions of which precluded the possibility of participation, and plunged into it with all possible haste, as there was not a moment to be lost. Secure in "single blessedness," I was incredibly amused at the compliments of nocturnal arrangement which passed around me among my Yankee companions. They were nine in number, and occupied by triplets, the three other beds which the room contained. Whether it was with a view of preserving their linen unrumpled, or of enjoying greater space, I cannot tell; but certain it is, that they divested themselves of clothing to a degree not generally practised in Europe. A spirit of accommodation appeared to prevail; and it seemed to be a matter of indifference, whether to occupy the lateral portions of the bed, or the warmer central position, except in one instance, where a gentleman protested against being placed next to the wall, as he was in the habit of chewing tobacco in his sleep!

At four o'clock in the morning we again set off, and, as much rain had fallen in the night, the roads were in a dreadful state. The coach company now consisted of nine passengers inside, one on the top, (which, from its convex form, is a very precarious situation,) and three on the box, besides the coachman, who sat on the knees of the unfortunate middle man—an uneasy burden, considering the intense heat of the weather.

It matters little to the American driver where he sits; he is indeed, in all respects, a far different personage from his great-coated prototype in England. He is in general extremely dexterous in the art of driving, though his costume is of a most grotesque description. Figure to yourself a slipshod eloven, dressed in a striped calico-jacket, and an old straw hat, alternately arranging the fragile harness of his horses, and springing again upon his box with surprising agility; careless of the bones of his passengers, and confident

in his skill and resources, he scruples not frequently to gallop his coach over corderoy roads, (so called from being formed of the trunks of trees laid transversely,) or dash it round corners, and through holes that would appal the heart of the stoutest English coachman, however elated by gin, or irritated by opposition. I was once whirled along one of these roads, when the leathers (barbarous substitutes for springs) which supported the carriage, gave way with a sudden shock. The undaunted driver instantly sprang from his box, tore a stake from a rail fence by the road-side, laid it across under the body of the coach, and was off again before I properly recovered the use of my senses, which were completely bewildered by the jolting I had undergone. I can compare it to nothing but the butt of Regulus, without the nails. When the lash and but-end of the whip fail him, he does not scruple to use his foot, as the situation of his seat allows the application of it to his wheelers.

We dined at New Salem at six, and arrived at Petersham, where we were to sleep, at twelve o'clock at night, having been twenty hours coming sixty miles.

Though tired and disgusted with my journey, the prospect of a short respite from this state of purgatory, was embittered during the last few miles, by alarm at the idea of passing the night with one, if not two, of my fellow-travellers; and I internally resolved rather to sleep upon the floor.

After a desperate struggle, I succeeded, to my great joy, in securing a bed for myself, not, however, without undergoing a severe objugation from the landlady, who could not understand such unaccommodating selfishness. Short were our slumbers. By the rigid order of the proprietor, we were turned out the next morning at three, and pursued our journey.—*De Roofs's Personal Narrative.*

URSINE EPICURISM.—Bears abound in many mountainous tracts of Hindostan: its natural history is too well known to need a description; but Captain Williamson mentions some traits in their character of less publicity. This gentleman says, it has often been in his way to see the operation of bears, and he is confident that no animals are more cruel, more fierce, nor more implacable. Such as have suffered under their brutality have, in all instances within his knowledge, borne the proofs of having undergone the most dilatory torments, some having their bones macerated with little breaking of the skin; with others, the flesh was sucked away into long fibrous remnants; and in one instance the most horrid brutality was displayed.

Whilst stationed at Dacca, Captain Williamson went with a party several times to Tergong, about five miles from thence. They had on many occasions seen bears among the wild mango tops, and did not consider them so dangerous; until one day, returning with another gentleman from hunting some hog-deer, they heard a most lamentable outcry in the cover through which they had to pass; being provided with guns and spears they alighted, not doubting but a leopard was attacking some poor wood-cutter. They met a poor woman, whose fears had deprived her of speech, and whose senses were just flitting: she, however, collected herself sufficiently to pronounce the word *baubo*, which signifies a bear. She led them with caution to a spot not more than fifty yards distant, where they found her husband extended on the ground, his hands and feet sucked, and chewed into a perfect pulp; the teguments of the limbs in general drawn from under the skin, and the skull mostly laid bare; the skin of it hanging down in long slips, obviously effected by the talons. What was most wonderful, the unhappy man retained his senses sufficiently to describe that he had been attacked by several bears, the woman said seven; one of which had embraced him, while the others clawed him about the head, and bit at his arms and legs, seemingly in competition for the booty. The gentlemen conveyed the wretched object to the house, where, in a few hours, death released him from a state in which no human being could afford the smallest assistance.—*Forbes's Oriental Memoirs.*

**ROYAL FAMILIARITIES.**—Queen Elizabeth gave sobriquets, or nicknames, to her ministers and favourites. Burleigh was her Spirit; Walsingham, her Moon; Lady Norris, her own Crow. Two of these epithets occur in a letter from her secretary Davison, to Lords Burleigh and Walsingham in October, 1586, immediately after their arrival at Fotheringay, for the trial of Mary Queen of Scots; and which presents a curious example of the opinions then entertained on a journey of eighty miles. Davison says, he is “specially commanded by her majesty to signify to you both, how greatly she doth long to hear how her Spirit and Moon do find themselves after so foul and wearisome a journey,” i. e. from London to Fotheringay.—*Nicolas's Life of Davison.*

**ANGELIC EMBASSY.**—The Commons in a petition to Henry the Sixth, in 1449, entreating him to enact, that neither fairs nor markets should in future be held on Sundays, to support their wishes, recite the following message “sent by our Lord Crist, his myld Moder, Seynt John the Baptist, and Seynt Peter, by an aungell in mannes likenesse to King Harry the Second at Cardyf, the Sunday next after Estur day, seid in this maner fourme: ‘We gret the well, comaundyng stedfastlych that ther be no merketts in thy places of thy Roialme, ne other servile werkes, don uppon Sondays, out take tho things that be to use of mete and drynke alonly; the which precept yf thou wilt kepe, which that thes begynne, thou shalt graciously emde. This y write in the Cronicle of Polichronicon the vij boke the xxij capitule.’”

**EARLY ADOPTION OF THEATRICAL COSTUME.**—That the adoption of costume in scenic representations is at least as old as the time of Edward the Fourth, is evident from the fact, that the ordinance in that reign regulating the apparel of every class of people, contains an exception in favour of “Pleyers in their Enterludes.”

**MOST EXTRAORDINARY DOCUMENT !!!**—The magazines and newspapers gravely inform us, that “The Secret Treaty concluded in 1670, between Charles II. and Louis XIV. which *has never been seen*, and the very existence of which has been only surmised, *will be exhibited* by Dr. Lingard in the forthcoming volume of his History of England.” They do not, however, explain the machinery by which the learned historian became aware of its contents; or the process by which an *unseen* article is to be exhibited. The compositors must, doubtlessly, be blindfolded; and there can be no doubt, that the copiest who wrote, as well as the parties who attested it, were also hood-winked on the occasion. But though we are now to be favoured with the publication of a treaty which *has never been seen*, greater historical miracles have often been performed, by other agency, in the publication of treaties and charters, which *never existed*, instead of their “*very existence being only surmised.*”

**PUNCTILIOUS WAITERS.**—The lower tribes of Hindoos are not so scrupulous as the higher about what they eat, or what they touch; especially if they were not observed by others. When at a distance from their families, and out of sight of their priests, many divest themselves of these nice ideas of purity. Those domesticated with Europeans, generally affect to be very scrupulous: an English table, covered with a variety of food, is necessarily surrounded by a number of servants of different castes to attend the guests. At Baroche, Surat, and Bombay, a Hindoo will not remove a dish that has been defiled with beef, a Mahomedan cannot touch a plate polluted by pork, nor will a Parsee take one away on which is hare or rabbit. I never knew more than one Parsee servant who would snuff a candle, from a fear of extinguishing the symbol of the deity he worships; nor would this man ever do it in the presence of another Parsee.—*Forbes's Oriental Memoirs.*



**ICE-BOATS.**—There are several old ships in the harbour, chiefly in a half sunken state. On board one of them I saw what is called an ice-boat. It is about twenty-three feet in length, resting on skates: one attached to each end of a strong cross-bar, fixed under the fore-part, and the remaining one to the bottom of the rudder, which supports the stern of the vessel. Her mast and sail are similar to those of a common boat. Being placed on the ice when the lake is sufficiently frozen over, she is brought into play. Her properties are wonderful, and her motion is fearfully rapid. She can not only sail before the wind, but is actually capable of beating to windward. It requires an experienced hand to manage her, particularly in tacking, as her extreme velocity renders the least motion of the vessel of the utmost consequence. A friend of mine, a lieutenant in the navy, assured me that he himself last year had gone the distance of twenty-three miles in an hour; and he knew an instance of an ice-boat having crossed from York to Fort Niagara (a distance of forty miles) in little more than three quarters of an hour. This will be readily believed, when we reflect on the velocity which such a vessel must acquire when driven on skates before the wind. These boats are necessarily peculiar to the lakes of Canada.—*De Roos's Personal Narrative.*

**EMPRESS MARIA THERESA AND THE DUC DE CHOISEUL.**—The duke returned again to the subject which had occasioned this discussion, inveighing in strong terms, against the obstinacy of the empress queen's temper; to demonstrate which, he related the following story: "While I was ambassador at Vienna, the siege at Olmutz was formed. Just before one of my audiences, a courier arrived to acquaint her majesty that the place was hard pressed; this news she imparted to me. I told her that affairs seemed to go very indifferently, and advised her to consult some of her generals about repairing the fortifications of her capital, not then in good order." She answered, 'That she would defend them to the utmost, and then retire from town to town, till she came to the last village in Hungary;' to which she added, turning to me, 'Sir, would you follow me there?' 'My personal service, (I replied,) should attend your majesty to the utmost; but I cannot answer that the king my master would go quite so far with you. How would your majesty act when you were driven to that extremity?' 'I would,' she said, 'send the King of Prussia a challenge to meet me in a post-chaise with musket, powder, and ball; thus would we decide the quarrel in person.' She would have kept her word, (added the duke,) yet I have persuaded her to give up Regal Prussia upon the future treaty."—*Thackeray's Life of Lord Chatham.*—[We shall fulfil our promise of returning to this work in our next number.]

**INSECT SAGACITY.**—The banbul tree affords a curious specimen of insect sagacity, in the caterpillars' nests suspended by thousands to the branches. This little animal, conscious of its approaching change, and the necessity of security in its helpless state as a chrysalis, instinctively provides itself a strong mansion during that metamorphosis. As a caterpillar, it is furnished with very strong teeth; with them it saws off a number of thorns, the shortest about an inch long, and glues them together in a conical form, the points all tending to one direction, the extremity terminating with the longest and sharpest. This singular habitation is composed of about twenty thorns, for the exterior, lined with a coat of silk, similar to the cone of the silk-worm, suspended to the tree by a strong ligament of the same material. In this asylum the banbul caterpillar retires to its long repose; and, armed with such formidable weapons, bids defiance to birds, beasts, and serpents, which might otherwise devour it. When the season of emancipation arrives, and the chrysalis is to assume a new character in the papilio tribe, the insect emerges from the fortress, expands its beautiful wings, and with thousands of fluttering companions, released at the same season from captivity, sallies forth to enjoy its short-lived pleasures.—*Forbes's Oriental Memoirs.*

**KANGAROO WAGGERY.**—One of the largest tame kangaroos I have seen in the country is domiciled here, and a mischievous wag he is, creeping and snuffing cautiously toward a stranger, with such an innocently expressive countenance, that roguery could never be surmised to exist under it—when, having obtained as he thinks a sufficient introduction, he claps his forepaws on your shoulders, (as if to caress you,) and raising himself suddenly upon his tail, administers such a well-put push with his hind-legs, that it is two to one but he drives you heels over head! This is all done in what he considers facetious play, with a view to giving you a hint to examine your pockets, and see what *bon-bons* you have got for him, as he munches cakes and comfits with epicurean *gout*; and if the door is ajar, he will gravely take his station behind your chair at meal-time, like a lackey, giving you an admonitory kick every now and then, if you fail to help him as well as yourself.—*Two Years in New South Wales.*

**PORTUGUESE LADIES.**—The Portuguese ladies, even of the higher class, I believe, do not pay much attention to the cultivation of intellectual accomplishments; at least we hear strange stories of the deficiency of the most rudimental instruction among them. We had little opportunity ourselves of forming an opinion on the fact—and still less on that of the higher matters of manners and morals; with respect to which last we should not place much reliance on the accounts that are gotten from others, for the subject is one on which there is always exaggeration. Besides, *ce n'est pas l'affaire des honnêtes gens*—not at least of a passing stranger, who may be well content to worship the outward and visible loveliness of this class of objects without troubling himself with speculations upon matters on which, perhaps, we judge best when we judge least. For after all, the fashions and habits of the country, though they affect not at all the obligation of any one moral duty, necessarily form a material element in estimating the moral pravity indicated by the violation of it. In the instance of women, too, there are other considerations besides those of mere gallantry, which should always suggest a gentler tone of animadversion on their errors. At all times, I believe, we shall find women as good as the practice and precept of the men will allow them to be; their morality indeed, in its reaction, exercises a most momentous influence upon our own; but the tone of it is always in the first instance taken from the other sex; and this circumstance should in mere justice be suffered to lighten a little the burden of their responsibility.

Of their persons we had abundant means of observation; and up to the last, saw nothing to change the very favourable impression we had received on arriving.—*Rambles in Madeira.*

**THE ABORIGINES OF NEW SOUTH WALES.**—They are not over delicate in their food at any time, but more particularly when hunger presses; grubs, snakes, stinking whales, and even vermin, being then all eagerly gobbled up;—so that when every other resource fails, like the monkey tribe they pick their breakfasts off each other. In hunting the kangaroo, emu, and opossum, they display great quickness of sight and sagacity, often walking up close to the two former by dodging from tree to tree, and spearing them before they are aware of the vicinity of their enemy.—On passing through the wood, they examine every tree with a hole or hollow limb in it, and also all the adjacent trees, for marks of the opossum's claws; because the opossums often run up a neighbouring tree and jump to the one wherein their retreat is, to avoid being traced. On the claw-marks being discerned, they climb up by successive notches in the bark, to place the great toe in; and reaching the hole, probe it with a long stick, the feel of which when it reaches the bottom of the hole, tells them whether there is an opossum there or not. If they cannot now reach the opossum with their hand, they cut a hole a little way above it, then probe well again, to make it hide its head, thrust in their hand, and seizing the animal by the tail, pull it out, and kill it by a swinging dash against the trunk of the tree.

They are very fond of having their hair cropped by a white, on account of the comparative quickness and ease with which the scissors perform the

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operation, to their usual instrument—a shell. On my first taking up my abode in the vicinity of some tribes in a great measure unacquainted with Europeans, I had frequently this ceremony to perform, to amuse them, and get rid of their importunities; and whenever afterwards I chanced to meet them in the woods, they would shout loudly as soon as they saw me, and pat their heads, to show they were my old friends by the token of their cropped polls. Some were excessively alarmed on my showing them their face in a glass, one old man looked so comically grave and terrified, that I could not help laughing; and opening my mouth, I made a bite at his visionary head, as if going to snap it off, when he gave a sigh and a shiver—turning on one side to avoid the sight, but making no attempt to run away. I then turned the glass constantly toward his face, whichever way he twisted himself; when, as if to hide the terrible apparition before him, he shut his eyes determinedly, as though he would squeeze them into his head, shivering like a man in an ague-fit all the while, and giving a cautious wink every now and then to ascertain if the goblin was gone! and there I stood with smiling lips and he with chattering teeth for a minute's space, till another native smoothed down his fears; but the anxious hurried look and forced hoarse laugh he afterwards gave when taking another peep, showed how little he relished the vision.—*P. Cunningham's Two Years in New South Wales.*

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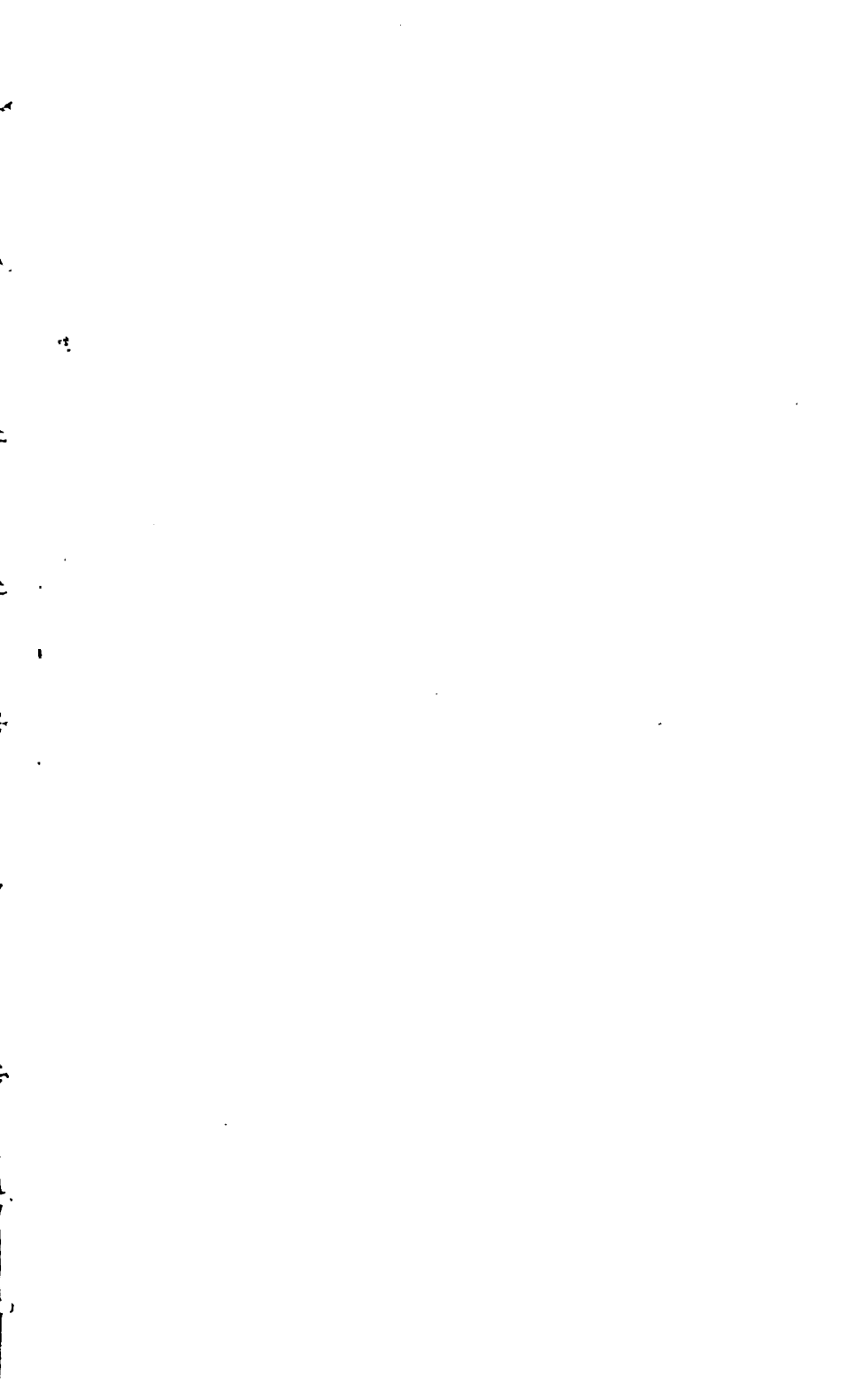
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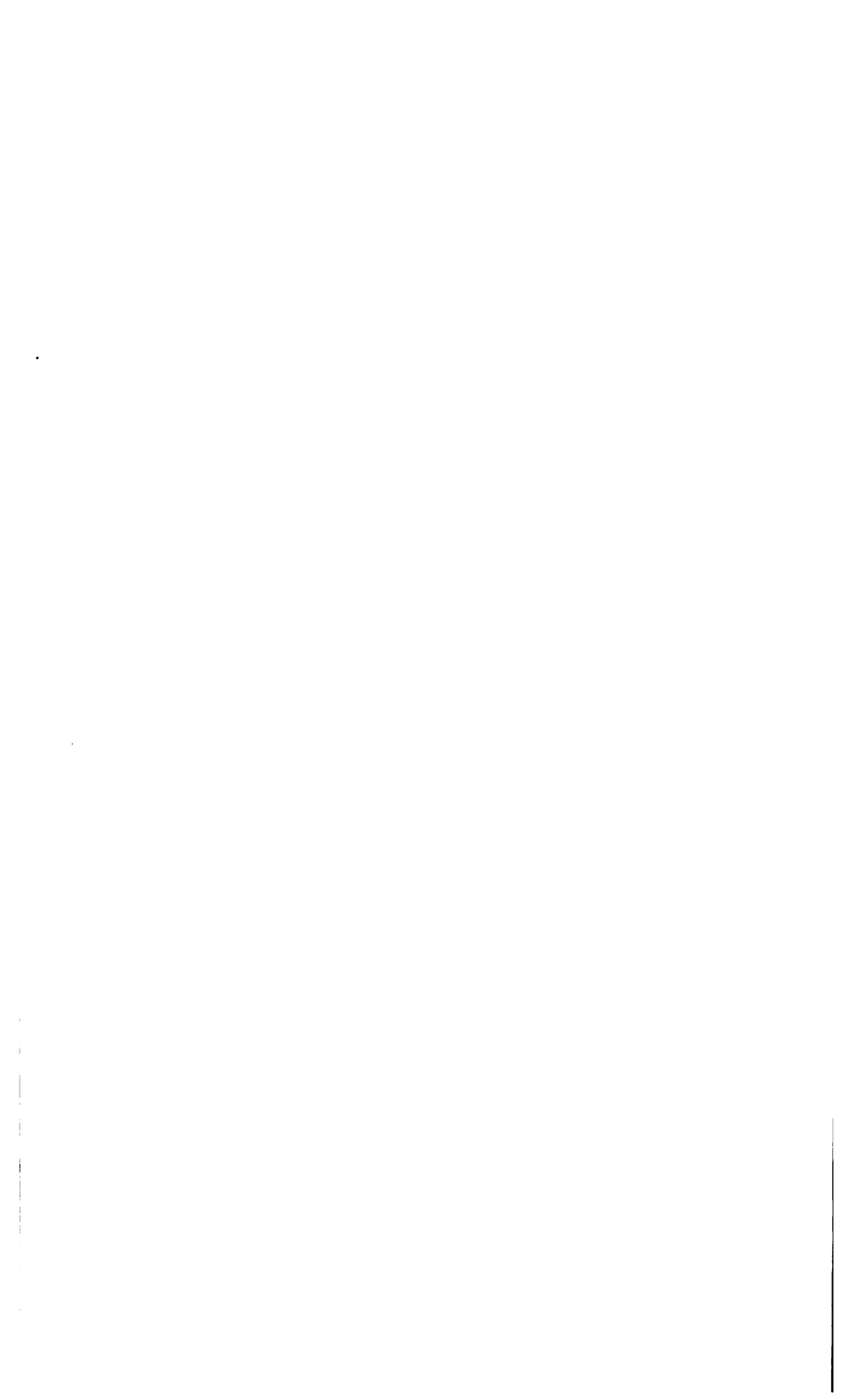
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